Business Cards

Drs. Sproule & Ego

[illegible] MARKDALE ONT. Offices: Sproule Turner's Drug Store [illegible] residence, late [illegible] two doors above Herk[illegible].

A. Ego, M.D.M.C.P.&S.O.

[illegible] CAMPBELL, L.D.S., D.D.S. [illegible] College of Dentistry [illegible] Toronto. Office [illegible] bank, [illegible] Falls the 1st [illegible] month. Holland [illegible] day.

[illegible] OLIVER, V. S. [illegible] MARKDALE. [illegible] Veterinary [illegible] College. [illegible] Domestic An[imals] [illegible] Free of [illegible] Practice. [illegible] Surgery [illegible]

[illegible] HOLMES

[illegible] Surgeon [illegible] Markdale, Ont. [illegible] Horses [illegible] bought.

Affidavits [illegible] Deputy [illegible] Ontario [illegible]

McCULLOUGH [illegible] Money

[illegible] & Batsor [illegible]

[illegible] PSON [illegible]

[illegible] LCAN [illegible]

[illegible] Sperton [illegible]

[illegible] Photos [illegible] and [illegible] Studio

[illegible] OULE MARKDALE [illegible] Instrument [illegible]

[illegible] DALE

PERFECT TEA

MONSOON TEA

[illegible] A PLANT TO THE TEA CUP [illegible] PURITY.

[illegible] is packed under the supervision [illegible] and is advertised and sold by them [illegible] qualities of Indian and Ceylon [illegible] they see that none but the [illegible] into Monsoon packages. [illegible] Monsoon, the perfect Tea, can be [illegible] as inferior tea. [illegible] sealed caddies of ½ lb., 1 lb. and [illegible] flavours at 40c., 50c. and 60c. [illegible] does not keep it, tell him to write [illegible] ER & CO., 11 and 13 Front St.

[illegible] by R. H. Benson Co

A BROKEN BETROTHAL

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

Author of "When Lovely Maiden Stoops to Folly," "Parted by Fate," "Parted at the Altar," Etc.

over which the maddening waters rushed [illegible] foamed, meant instant death. [illegible] a moment he stood there as if [turned] to stone, and looked down into [the] sad waters, sparkling and curling [under] the pale light of the moon—the [waters] that had but a moment before [closed] over that beautiful, dark head [and] white, childish, despairing face. [Horror] had almost robbed him of [his senses], deprived him of his strength. [With] an awful cry he staggered back [from] the rock and rushed toward the [Hall], crying loudly for help and lights. Poor little Theo, the lovely little creature to whom he had plighted his troth [scarcely] an hour before, lying dead—[drowned] in the dark waters, and for his sake!

She had believed that he hated her, [and] she found death easier to bear than [that]. Oh, the shame and horror of it! Poor, pretty Theo had not laid a trap to entangle him into an engagement, as he had so stormily accused her in his heart of doing as he parted from [her an hour] since in the sick-room. He [knew] now, for no scheming girl, who [sought his] gold, would have taken her young life rather than endure his [scorn and] pitiless contempt, and that, when success had been hers.

Poor little Theo! He had driven her [to a] suicide's doom, and the child loved [him] with all her heart.

"Lights! Lights!" he cried, hoarsely, [as he came] rushing up the broad marble [steps] two steps at a time.

[All] the servants, who rushed out in answer to their young master's cries, [heard] in a few gasping words what [had] happened.

[There] would be no question of saving [her] now, they told him. Her death [must] have been instantaneous. They [would] get the drags out and search [for the] body. This was quickly done. [It was] a perilous task guiding a life-[boat over] those mad eddying waters. [Strong] hands bent to the oars.

[Cold] and still and ghastly white, [Harry] Strathmore sat in the boat, he [had been] watching it all—sat like a [figure] wrought in marble, sat with the [same] white despairing face of a man [whose] thoughts were torturing him to [madness].

[The] rush of the waves that beat [against] the boat every stroke of the [oars] struck, the water seemed [to say]: "This is your work! You [longed] for freedom, she has given [it to you]; she has given you your heart's [desire], has set you free!"

[The] drags were dipped, splashed and [dragged] through the inky waters, only [to] come up tangled with weeds and [drift]. No, not white, childish [hands] clinging to it. No streaming [hair] coiled in rings of wet brown hair, [no] white body clinging to it, no stiff [white-]robed figure, came up with [the drags] from the river's depths.

[Hour] after hour passed in useless search; [and] their hearts grew sick within [them]. "The dark waters refuse to [give] up their prey." It was useless to [search] longer; the body was certainly [caught] among the huge rocks, and [would] never be extricated unless it [was] loosened by the swift [current].

With a bitter, despairing cry, Harry [Strathmore] walked slowly back to the [Hall], entered the library and threw himself down in one of the cushioned arm-[chairs], his heart heavy with the bitter-[ness of] remorse. So the servant found him [when he came] to break the news to him [that the] major had passed quietly away. [He went] back into that had something [of] [illegible], and he paused on the thresh-[old], [under] the impression that Harry [had] fallen asleep.

"I won't awaken him," he muttered. "[It] can do no good, for the poor [master] is beyond all earthly aid. And [it will be] after all his weary hours [before he] can do Master Harry no [good]." [illegible] and left the room as quietly [as he had] entered.

[A] few moments later the door opened [again]. It was Violet Kensington. [illegible] her quick, firm tread. [illegible] troubled, haggard face. [illegible] heard what has happened. [illegible]" he asked. "Poor little [Theo]" [illegible] into the river; [illegible] she did it to set me [free]."

[To the] last day of his life Harry [could] never forget the shock of [illegible] him to hear the triumph [illegible] that broke from Violet's red [lips].

"[Dead] is she, Harry? Was there [ever] such a fortunate stroke of fate [for you] and me? I could scarcely be-[lieve it] was true when I heard it, and [I said] over and over again to myself, [illegible] in Harry's path is removed. [illegible] and he will be [illegible]."

[Harry] Strathmore started to his feet [with] horror. Could it be that [he had] heard aright? Great Heaven! [Could the] lips he had kissed with love's [fervor speak such] words as [these]? Was her heart marble, that [she could] speak of poor little Theo's un-[timely death] like this?

"[Violet]," he cried, sternly, "do you [realize that] you are speaking of little [Theo as] though you were glad?"

"[And] so I am glad," asserted Violet; "[are not] you?"

"[Glad]—glad?" cried Harry Strath-[more], [illegible]. "Oh, would that I [could] give life into that still heart again, [and] brightness into those dim dark eyes! I would suffer a life-time of pain to do [it]."

Violet Kensington wreathed her [white] arms round his neck, tossing back the long, fair clustering hair from his [burning] brow with her cold, white hands.

"You have forgotten that if she lived, she would have come between you and me and happiness," she murmured, in a low, sweet, cooing voice that had always sounded like the sweetest music [in] Harry Strathmore's ears. Now it sounded strangely discordant, and the [strange] wonder flitted across his mind whether indeed it would be happiness with Violet, after all. The chances were that, if Violet had remained silent then, the whole course of her after life would have been different. A slight [incident], a word, a look, or even a gesture have been known to change the [deepest] love into abhorrence. Love [comes] to the heart swiftly, and it may [take] wing just as swiftly, and is often [but] a fickle, transient guest. But feeling so sure of Harry Strathmore's love and blind adoration, Violet went on hurriedly:

"Yes, I am glad she has made away with herself. How we would have hated her [illegible] she had lived to spoil our lives! She was a designing, artful little minx. No wonder she drowned herself when she found out that we knew—"

"Violet, remember that you are speaking of the dead!" exclaimed Harry Strathmore, sternly. "Do not say another disparaging word of poor Theo, if you wish to retain the respect in which I have always held you."

Violet [drew] a step backward and looked at his pale, angry face.

"One would almost imagine that you were all [illegible] as much in love with the pretty [little] beggar as she was with you and [your] glittering gold," and that you had just discovered that the smouldering [illegible] existed, when her untimely taking off wakened it into life."

She had hit at the idea into his head, and he [illegible] at the thought with a strange [illegible]ness. Was the great pain in his [illegible] the quivering throb of love? Merciful Heaven! had his heart gone out [to] Theo, and he unconscious of it?

He fell back in his chair with a deep groan, covering his face with his trembling hands. As in a glass darkly a consciousness of the truth came home to him, [all] too late. He loved little Theo with all the mad, passionate ardor of [his] heart. The mighty thrill that stirred his pulses as he saw her standing [on] the flame-wrapped balcony, a[nd] made him peril his life to save her, instead of pity, as he had thought it, was love, love, too, that had prompted him to-night to follow her down [to] the banks of the dark river—love that bemoaned her loss, and cried out [to] him that his life was ruined and [blighted] now that Theo was gone; and the bitterest drop in his cup of remorse was the knowledge that Theo had loved him so well, and that she had [died] for him!

Violet [Kensington] had charmed and bewitched him with those dangerous smiles and [lovel]y eyes and tremulous sighs and [sweet-]breathed words, that had led him [on] in the glamour of delusive love. He had been drawn skilfully on into breathing words of love, he hardly knew [how]. He had seen only the sweet side of Violet's nature before; now she [had] revealed to him a vindictive, [treach]erous woman—one capable of the [most] desperate, relentless hate—one who [would] hold glory in an [illegible] rival's death, if it removed an obstacle from her path. He was [shock]ed, amazed, cruelly disappointed [in] her.

"You [must] not speak you do not attempt to [deny] it?" sneered Violet. "I believe you [did] love the girl, and, if that be true, [I am] glad, that she is dead! [Never] trifle with my love, Harry Strathmore," she added, in a voice of [illegible] warning, "for, if you do, I shall take a terrible revenge upon you. [We must] not quarrel, Harry. [Kiss] me again. We will forget Theo and be happy."

CHAPTER VIII.

While Harry Strathmore and Violet were having that spirited discussion, which was [little] better than a quarrel, in the library of Strathmore Hall, quite a thrilling [scene] was transpiring on the river road, [scarc]ely five miles distant.

Daylight, cold and gray, was breaking through the [illegible] clouds of night as a little [boat] shot rapidly through the dark waters making for a group of heavy willows that skirted a desolate [stretch] of [land] known as the Marshes. [Its] occupant, Frank Hawthorne, the [ex-]secretary, hastily secured the skiff, raising a small, unconscious figure that lay in the bottom of the boat, [stro]de rapidly through the reeds and brambles toward a small, frame house that was almost hidden from view by the luxurious wild creepers that [cover]ed it. There was no sign of life [about] the dilapidated structure, but, [notw]ithstanding this, Frank Hawthorne gave a low, peculiar whistle and [a] [im]patient, imperative knock at the door.

A moment [l]ater, and there was a sound of [sha]ffling feet from within, the door was [open]ed ever so slightly, and a tall, angular woman peered out.

"Oh, it [is you], Frank Hawthorne?" she exclaimed in surprise, and with a touch of [fear] in her voice. "What in the world [bring]s you up the Marshes at this time o' the morning? It's three years [since] you set foot here before. You didn't know or care whether your old [aunt] was alive or dead."

She stopped short. He had pushed past her with an angry exclamation of annoyance [an]d a muttered imprecation, and she saw with amazement, he held in his arms the inanimate form of a beautiful young girl. No bonnet covered the little head, but in the meshes of her hair [some] buds were clinging, and the strange and most mysterious part of the whole affair was, her dress and long curling hair were dripping with river water that trickled from her garments to the floor in tiny pools.

"Never mind talking now," said Frank Hawthorne, striding into an inner room with his unconscious burden. "Let us see if the girl is alive or dead. Tell me if you'd [illegible] drowning. You know [how] to understand such things, Aunt Dorcas. Why don't you set about trying to revive her?" he asked, impatiently.

"I'll see about it as soon as I can get you out of the room," grumbled Dorcas Lane. "I don't suppose she would appreciate the situation if she opened her eyes and found you staring at her."

He turned on his heel and quitted the room. For an hour or more he paced the outer room excitedly.

"I can [bear] the suspense no longer," he told himself. "If Theo Chester lives, my fortune is made; if she dies—"

The sudden opening of the door of the inner room interrupted his meditations. It was Dorcas Lane.

"I guess the girl will live," she answered to his look of eager inquiry. "It has been a close call, though; the work of resuscitation was hard. I have given her a [strong] cordial and under its influence she has dropped into a deep sleep."

"Bravo!" cried the young man. "This is the best day's work that you have ever done. I'll pay you handsomely for it. A golden prize has dropped into our hands. If she lives, our fortune is made, Aunt Dorcas; she must live."

"But who is she?" questioned Dorcas Lane, eyeing Frank Hawthorne, sharply. "I wouldn't be at all surprised to find that you had abducted the girl! You're none too good to do it."

The young man threw back his head, displaying a handsome set of white teeth, as he uttered a short laugh.

"Upon my word, you haven't the best opinion in the world of me, it seems; well, in this instance, your surmise proves incorrect. I was boating in the location of Strathmore Hall, when suddenly I was attracted by a piercing cry, and the next moment a white-robed figure fluttered down the path, and with suicidal intent, of course, plunged from the rocks down into the river, scarcely three feet ahead of my boat.

"As she touched the water, I caught her; another instant and she would have been drawn down by the undercurrent to certain death upon the sharp rocks that lay beneath.

"The moment I looked into her face I knew who she was—Theora Chester, of Strathmore Hall, the major's ward. I had drawn her into the boat, and a few rapid strokes sent us into the shadows of the draw-bridge.

"A few moments later there was an exciting search for her body; I could have called out to them from the shadow of the bridge that the girl was safe and secure, but I would not. A sudden plan had entered my head, its execution with your help will be comparatively easy, and it will make me a rich man for life."

"But who is she?" again questioned Dorcas Lane; "some heiress, I suppose."

Again Frank Hawthorne laughed that peculiar laugh, showing his white teeth beneath his black curling moustache, and leaning forward, fearful lest the walls might overhear the strange secret he had to impart, he whispered a few startling words into his aunt's ears, words which nearly took her breath away. She started back with a white, scared face.

"You must be mad," she cried; "how could you possibly have discovered all this?"

"When I was Major Strathmore's private secretary," he replied. "One night, some ten years ago, he had kept me writing letters until a late hour, when suddenly there was a sharp peal of the door-bell in the vestibule below. The servants had retired long since, so turning to me, the major said irritably, as he dictated hurriedly a few sentences, 'Make haste and finish that letter, I will answer the bell myself.' He had forgotten to close the door after him, and a moment after he had opened the door below I heard a sharp cry, and the major uttered in tones of the greatest horror, 'My God, Theora, how came you here?'

"I stole to the baluster and peered cautiously over. The midnight visitor was a woman, young and as beautiful as a dream. I fairly held my breath as I gazed enraptured upon that wondrous face; she had a strange kind of beauty that made it the most marked—eyes of melancholy velvet darkness, and hair that glittered like gold under the light of the chandelier.

"Major Strathmore's face was as pale as death, and he drew her quickly out of the house. It was storming heavily, too. He hitched up a horse and carriage at once himself and took her away again, driving like one mad. I was petrified, amazed. While I was [illegible] there gazing about me in utter bewilderment; my eyes fell upon the major's safe; he always kept it securely fastened, and the key attached to some other one hung by a silken cord about his neck. Now it stood in the lock, the safe door stood open.

"In a moment I was beside it, but I could not discover that it contained anything of particular value. In disgust I tossed the papers back, and shut the door to with a bang. The spring lock snapped. Then I discovered I had not put back an old memorandum book of accounts, and, fearing lest it should be discovered, I thrust it into my pocket, and threw it into my trunk when I reached my room. Major Strathmore returned the next morning, but he did not notice there was anything amiss with the safe or its contents. There it lay long years this memorandum in my trunk.

"The day the major turned me from the Hall because he found me [reading] one of his private letters, I came across this old book. I would have thrown it into the fire, but something on the fly-leaf caught and held my attention. It was these words in the major's handwriting:

"'I must not forget to destroy the dangerous papers that are hidden in the old chest in the attic. I must overcome my reluctance, for procrastination is the thief of time.'

"That night, when all the household at Strathmore Hall slept, I stole to the attic to find out the mysterious secret of the old iron-bound chest. I forced the lid, and found a bundle of papers lying in an ebony box.

"Across the back of the papers I read these startling words."

And again Frank Hawthorne lowered his voice and whispered the words close to Dorcas Lane's ear.

"While I read on in the most intense surprise, a step sounded on the stairs—a cautious step. I dropped those papers that I would have given a small fortune to have finished reading, and fled precipitately. Major Strathmore stood on the threshold.

"For days and weeks I have hung about in the vicinity of Strathmore Hall, to steal in unobserved and reach the attic again. The next time I will take the papers with me.

"I see my way to a glorious fortune, but the proofs must not be wanting. And I see a way, too, to crush the proud, haughty spirit of handsome Harry Strathmore. It was his turn a little while ago, but now it is mine, and I will crush him with a vengeance—and all through the girl that lies in yonder room, if she lives. If she dies, we are lost.

"I would have been fool—madman enough to divulge what I know to her, one time when I met her on the draw-bridge—for I had been taken with her pretty face and gay, dashing ways—but she spurned me; and the next moment I saw the reason why. She was in love with the man I hate with the deadliest hatred—handsome, debonair Harry Strathmore, with his fine ways and white hands.

"Ah, if my fine, proud, dainty young lady knew what you and I know, there would have been war between them to the bitter end."

"How do you propose to benefit by this affair, I should like to know?" pondered Dorcas Lane.

Frank Hawthorne gave a light laugh. "I shall marry the girl Theo Chester," he said.

"But you say she loves this Harry Strathmore," said Dorcas. "In that case she would not have you."

"'A bird that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing,'" quoted the handsome schemer. "Theo shall marry me whether she will or not. She must be mine at any cost."

CHAPTER IX.

For weeks Theo hovered between life and death. Her condition became so alarming during the first week of her stay at the house on the marsh, that Dorcas Lane was obliged to send her nephew for a physician in all haste.

Frank Hawthorne gnashed his white teeth in impotent rage.

"A doctor!" he cried, aghast, "why that would ruin us. Here I am trying to keep the girl carefully out of sight, that her rescue may not become known, and you want to send for a doctor to spread the startling discovery of her existence here. It can not be done; there's not one of them I would dare bind to secrecy as to whom the patient was when he should find here."

"Without a doctor she will die," predicted Dorcas Lane. "As to revealing her identity, pshaw! can't you say she's your sister or something of that sort? You're not obliged to go to Allendale, where the girl is known; there's a little village up the river; go there for a physician."

Frank Hawthorne grasped eagerly at the suggestion, and the frown cleared from his face.

After all, there couldn't be much danger in such a course as that; Dorcas would remain constantly at the bedside, giving Theo no chance of exchanging a word with the doctor.

He waited for the shades of night to gather, then put his plan into execution at once.

The little village of Rosecliff boasted of but two physicians. One was away. Frank Hawthorne was obliged to make use of the other. He would have preferred [an older man] [illegible] and [illegible].

Frank Hawthorne requested, too, that he had not said it was his wife who needed his assistance, instead of his sister.

Silently the young doctor followed his companion into the skiff which lay awaiting, and they pushed out into the deep water and down the stream, Frank Hawthorne swiftly plying the oar for half a dozen miles or so.

Dr. Melville watched the dark, shadowy banks on either side as they slipped quickly past the grim willows, and [wondered] who the dark-browed stranger could be. Why was he so silent?

He was no coward, this fair-haired, handsome young doctor, but as the boat swept along he could not help but remember that there were perhaps more thrilling events in the lives of doctors than any other class of men in the world—events that might have been romantic if they had not ended in cruel tragedies.

He remembered the story of the "Marble [Philosopher]," that old tale handed down to us from the [illegible], the philosopher who for years [went] away [illegible] doctors [illegible] so mysteriously a manner that [the] cruel crimes were never traced to him until after his own death, when he left a half-written book explaining that doctors should never be permitted to exist, as they interfered with God's wishes by curing the sick, when they should be left to the will of Heaven; and further explaining that he had been patiently engaged in exterminating them for years.

And Dr. Melville remembered, too, the story of the aged doctor who had been called upon to attend an injured outlaw. They had bandaged his eyes, but at the very entrance to the rendezvous where the wounded chief lay, the bandage became loosened, and thus he became acquainted with its locality. He paid dearly for the terrible mishap. From that night he had never been seen again. What his fate was none could tell.

Young Dr. Melville's suspicions were strengthened when his companion headed the boat for the group of willows that fringed the Marshes.

"This way," said Frank Hawthorne, briefly, and the doctor silently followed. After a long, tedious walk through the almost impenetrable brambles, they reached the frame house in the clearing.

In order that the doctor might not be able to find the path that led to it himself, Frank Hawthorne had led him around by a circuitous path, three times the actual distance.

"What kept you so long?" demanded Dorcas Lane, meeting them at the door. "She's in a high fever, and is delirious, growing worse every minute. You'll have to do whatever is to be done pretty quick," she said, motioning him to follow her into an inner apartment.

A coal-oil lamp from a bracket on the wall shed a pale radiance over the meagerly furnished room, and its full light shone clearly upon the face of a young girl lying upon a rude couch in one corner of the apartment.

Walter Melville could scarcely repress the cry of surprise that rose to his lips, and his bachelor heart throbbed quickly.

It was the most beautiful face he had ever beheld.

He laid his cool white hand on her forehead, and as it came in contact with that dimpled cheek and soft rings of babyish curls his heart gave another throb; then he knew what had happened to him—he had met his fate. He had seen the one beautiful girlish face that he could love.

"Why don't you set about doing something for her, doctor?" demanded Dorcas, eyeing him with a glowering light in her eyes, not at all pleased at the rapt admiration with which he was gazing on Theo's face, and muttering to herself that Frank Hawthorne was a blind fool to bring a handsome young man like this to doctor the girl; "ten to one he will fall in love with her pretty face, and then we shall have a deal of trouble with the pair of 'em."

Her words, however, had aroused the young doctor's thoughts from the chaos into which they had been wandering in delicious reverie, recalling him to a sense of duty.

VIOLENT HEADACHES

Accompanied by Indigestion and Constipation cured by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

From Bath, Ont., comes the particulars of a remarkable cure effected by Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Mr. Jos. Gardiner was for forty years the victim of indigestion, constipation, and violent headaches. Nothing seemed to have the desired effect until he began the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and they effected a complete cure. Mr. Gardiner writes:

"I have been troubled for over forty years with indigestion and constipation, would go for two weeks at a time. At intervals I would be taken with violent headaches. I spent dollars and dollars in vain, and was finally advised to use Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and must say that they are the only remedy that gave me permanent relief. I would not be without them for anything."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c. a box. At all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE MISSION OF ART

A Mighty Agent for the Elevation and Salvation of the Human Race.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Influence of Pleasant Pictures in the Development of Christian Character—Encouragement to Artists.

Washington, June 18.—Dr. Talmage shows in this discourse how art may become one of the mightiest agencies for the elevation and salvation of the human race. The text is Isaiah ii, 12, 16, "The day of the Lord of hosts shall be . . . upon all pleasant pictures."

Pictures are by some relegated to the realm of the trivial, accidental, sentimental or worldly, but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether they are good or bad, whether used for right or wrong purpose, is a matter of divine observation and arraignment. The divine mission of pictures is my subject. That the artist's pencil and the engraver's knife have sometimes been made subservient to the kingdom of the bad is frankly admitted. After the ashes and scoria were removed from Herculaneum and Pompeii, the walls of those cities discovered to the explorers a degradation in art which cannot be exaggerated. Satan and all his imps have always wanted the fingering of the easel. They would rather have possession of that than the art of printing, for types are not so potent and quick for evil as pictures. The powers of darkness think they have gained a triumph, and they have when in some respectable parlor or public art gallery they can hang a canvas embarrassing to the good, but fascinating to the evil.

It is not in a spirit of prudery, but backed up by God's eternal truth, when I say that you have no right to hang in your art rooms or your dwelling houses that which would be offensive to good people if the figures pictured were alive in your parlor and the guests of your household. A picture that you have to hang in a somewhat secluded place, or that in a public hall you cannot with a group of friends deliberately stand before and discuss ought to have a knife stabbed into it at the top and cut clear through to the bottom and a stout finger thrust in on the right side, ripping clear through to the left. Pliny the elder lost his life by going near enough to see the inside of Vesuvius, and the farther you can stand off from the burning crater of sin the better. Never till the books of the last day are opened shall we know what has been the dire harvest of evil pictorials and unbecoming art galleries. Despoil a man's imagination, and he becomes a mere carcass. The show windows of English and American cities, in which the low theatres have sometimes hung long lines of brazen actors and actresses in style insulting to all propriety, have made a broad path to death for multitudes of people. But so have all the other arts been at times suborned of evil. How has music been bedraggled? Is there any place so low down in dissoluteness that into it has not been carried David's harp and Handel's organ and Gottschalk's piano, and Ole Bull's violin, and the flute, which, though named after so insignificant a thing as the Sicilian eel, which has seven spots on the side, like flute holes, yet for thousands of years has had an exalted mission? Architecture, born in the heart of him who made the worlds, under its arches and across its floors what bacchanalian revelries have been enacted! It is not against any of these arts that they have been so led into captivity!

Familiar Bible Pictures.

What a poor world this would be if it were not for what my text calls "pleasant pictures!" I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by the woodcuts or engravings in the old family Bible which father and mother read out of and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not got from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was exactly the Bible engravings of Jacob's ladder, and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza, Elisha restoring the Shunammite's son, the massacre of the innocents, Christ blessing little children, the crucifixion and the last judgment. My idea of all these is that of the old Bible engravings, which I scanned before I could read a word. That is true with nine-tenths of you. If I could swing open the door of your foreheads, I would find that you are walking picture galleries. The great intelligence abroad about the Bible did not come from the general reading of the book, for the majority of the people read it but little, if they read it at all, but all the sacred scenes have been put before the great masses, and not printer's ink, but the pictorial art, must have the credit of the achievement. First, painter's pencil for the favored few and then engraver's plate or wood cut for millions on millions!

What overwhelming commentary on the Bible, what re-enforcement for patriarchs, prophets, apostles and Christ, what distributions of Scriptural knowledge of all nations in the paintings and engravings therefrom of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," Paul Veronese's "Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ," Raphael's "Michael the Archangel," Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apocalypse," Michael Angelo's "Plague of the Fiery Serpents," Tintoretto's "Flight Into Egypt," Rubens' "Descent From the Cross," Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper," Claude's "Queen of Sheba," Bellini's "Madonna" at Milan, Orcagna's "Last Judgment" and hundreds of pictures, if they were put in line, illustrating, displaying, dramatizing, irradiating Bible truths until the scriptures are not to-day so much on paper as on canvas, not so much in ink as in all the colors of the spectrum. In 1833 forth from Strasburg, Germany, there came a child that was to eclipse in speed and boldness anything and everything that the world had ever seen since the first color appeared on the sky at the creation. Paul Gustave Doré. At 11 years of age he published marvelous lithographs of his own. Saying nothing of what he did for Milton's "Paradise Lost," emblazoning it on the attention of the world, he takes up the book of books, the monarch of literature, the Bible, and in his pictures, "The Creation of Light," "The Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Burial of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by His Brethren," "The Brazen Serpent," "Boaz and Ruth," "David and Goliath," "The Transfiguration," "The Marriage in Cana," "Babylon Fallen" and 205 scriptural scenes in all, with a boldness and grasp and almost supernatural acumen that make the heart throb and the brain reel and the tears start and the cheeks blanch and the entire nature quake with the tremendous things of God and eternity and the dead. I actually staggered down the steps of the London Art Gallery under the power of Doré's "Christ Leaving the Praetorium." Profess you to be a Christian man or woman, and have no divine mission in art, and acknowledge you no obligation either in thanks to God or man?

The Lessons of Art.

It is no more the word of God when put before us in printer's ink than by skillful laying on of colors or design on metal through incision or corrosion. What a lesson in morals was preached by Hogarth, the painter, in his two pictures, "The Rake's Progress" and "The Miser's Feast," and by Thomas Cole's engravings of the "Voyage of Human Life" and the "Course of Empire," and by Turner's "Slave Ship!" God and Christ in art! Patriarchs, prophets and apostles in art! Angels in art! Heaven in art!

The world and the church ought to come to the higher appreciation of the divine mission of pictures, yet the authors of them have generally been left to semi-starvation. West, the great painter, toiled in unappreciation till, being a great skater, while on the ice he formed the acquaintance of General Howe of the English army, who, through coming to admire West as a clever skater, gradually came to appreciate as much that which he accomplished by his pencil as by his heel. Poussin, the mighty painter, was pursued and had nothing with which to defend himself against the mob but the artist's portfolio, which he held over his head to keep off the stones hurled at him. The pictures of Richard Wilson of England were sold for fabulous sums of money after his death, but the living painter was glad to get "Anyone"[illegible] a piece of Stilton cheese! From 1640 to 1647 there were 1,600 pictures willfully destroyed. In the time of Queen Elizabeth it was the habit of some people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign of Charles I. it was ordered by parliament that all pictures of Christ be burned. Painters were so badly treated and humiliated in the beginning of the eighteenth century that they were pushed clear down out of the sublimity of their art and obliged to give accounts of what they did with their colors.

The oldest picture in England, a portrait of Chaucer, though now of great value, was picked out of a lumber garret. Great were the trials of Quentin Matsys, who toiled on from blacksmith's anvil till, as a painter, he won wide recognition. The first missionaries to Mexico made the fatal mistake of destroying pictures, for the loss of which art and religion must ever lament. But we go so far back when in this year of our Lord to be a painter, except in rare exceptions, means poverty and neglect, poorly fed, poorly clad, poorly housed, because poorly appreciated? When I hear a man is a painter, I have two feelings—one of admiration for the greatness of his soul, and the other of commiseration for the needs of his body. But so it has been in all departments of noble work. Some of the mightiest have been badly bestead. Oliver Goldsmith had such a big patch on the coat over his left breast that when he went anywhere he kept his hat in his hand closely pressed over the patch. The world-renowned Bishop Asbury had a salary of $64 a year. Painters are not the only ones who have endured the lack of appreciation. Let men of wealth take under their patronage the suffering men of art. They lift no complaint. They make no strike for higher wages. But with a keenness of nervous organization which almost always characterizes genius these artists suffer more than anyone but God can realize.

Encouragement of Artists.

There needs to be a concerted effort for the suffering artists of America. Not sentimental discourse about what we owe to artists, but contracts that will give them a livelihood; for I am in full sympathy with the Christian farmer who was very busy gathering his fall apples and some one asked him to pray for a poor family, the father of which had broken his leg, and the busy farmer said: "I cannot stop now to pray, but you can go down into the cellar and get some corned beef and butter and eggs and potatoes; that is all I can do now." Artists may wish for our prayers, but they also want practical help from men who can give them work. You have heard scores of sermons for all other kinds of suffering men and women, but we need sermons that make pleas for the suffering men and women of American art. Their work is more true to nature and life than some of the masterpieces that have become immortal on the other side of the sea, but it is the fashion of Americans to mention foreign artists and to know little or nothing about our own Copley and Allston and Inman and Greenough and Kensett. Let the affluent fling out of their windows and into the back yard valueless daubs on canvas and call in these splendid but unrewarded men, and tell them to adorn your walls not only with that which shall please the taste, but enlarge the minds and improve the morals and save the souls of those who gaze upon them. All American cities need great galleries of art, not only open annually for a few days on exhibition, but which shall stand open all the year round, and from early morning until 10 o'clock at night, and free to all who would come and go.

What a preparation for the wear and tear of the day a five minutes' look in the morning at some picture that will open a door into some larger realm than that in which our population daily drudges. Or what a good thing the half hour of artistic opportunity on the way home in the evening from exhaustion that demands recuperation for mind and soul as well as body! Who will do for the city where you live what W. W. Corcoran did for Washington and what others have done for Philadelphia and Boston and New York? Men of wealth, if you are too modest to build and endow such a place during your lifetime, why not go to your iron safe and take out your last will and testament and make a codicil that shall give to the city of your residence a throne of American art? Take some of that money that would otherwise spoil your children and build an art gallery that shall perpetuate your name forever not only with the great masters of painting who are gone, but with the great masters who are trying to live, and also win the admiration and love of tens of thousands of people, who, unable to have fine pictures of their own, would be advantaged by your benefaction. Build your own monument, and do not leave it to the whim of others. Some of the best people sleep in Greenwood have no monuments at all or some crumbling stones that the few years will let the rain wash off name and epitaph, while some men who have died have a pile of Aberdeen granite high enough for a king and eulogies enough to embarrass a seraph. Oh, man of large wealth, instead of leaving to the whim of others your monumental commemoration and epitaphology, as is the case when people are going to do as the burial of others, build right down in the heart of our great city, the city where you live, an immense free art gallery, room, or a free musical conservatory, or a free art gallery, the walls of which may exhibit the rise and fall of nations, and words of courage for the disheartened, and rest for the weary, and life for the dead. [illegible] 100 years from now you will be [illegible] influences in this world for good. Some tablet better than white marble, that tells you, if you put your hand in, that you touch it in the cemetery, which is a monument in colors, in lamp [illegible], in living possession, in splendor which under the chandelier would be [illegible] and warm, and looked at by strolling groups with catalogue in hand on the January night when the neighborhoods where the body sleeps is all snow and ice.

[illegible] Pictures.

The tower of David was hung with 1,000 dented shields of battle, but you, oh man of wealth, may have a grander tower named after you, one that shall be hung, not with the symbols of carnage, but with the victories of that art which was so long ago recognized in my text as "pleasant pictures." Oh, the power of pictures! [illegible] as some have done, Cardinal [illegible], who, when told that he must die, took his last walk through the art gallery of his palace saying: "Must I quit all these? Look at that Titian! Look at that Correggio! Look at that deluge of [illegible]! Farewell, dear pictures!"

As the day of the Lord of hosts, according to this text, will scrutinize the pictures, I implore you to see that in their household you have neither in book nor newspaper nor on canvas anything that will degrade. Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is hardly a respectable home in these days without specimens of woodcut or steel engraving. If not of painting, God pity the whole family will feel the need of it in depression. Have nothing on your wall or in books that will make your young with scenes of cruelty or wassail; have only those sketches which lift the soul in elevated moods and raise it with those scenes that seem the result of apostolic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong, but a universal language. The human race is divided by almost as many languages as there are nations, but the pictures may speak to the people of all tongues. Whatever has been hoped, with little probability, would become a worldwide language, the pictorial is always a worldwide language, and painters' types [illegible] never had to be corrected with it. We say [illegible] a tongue of pictures; but [illegible] when he takes up a book you will see that the first thing he looks at are the pictures. I have [illegible] in your home that appeal to [the] divine nature. One engraving [illegible] to eternal destiny [illegible] title of the arts there have [illegible] from France a class of pictures [illegible] has [illegible]. They would strip [illegible] and they need to be cared [illegible] carry the pictures [illegible] with them [illegible] to the grave, and passing through [illegible] will [illegible] them through [illegible].

Furthermore, [illegible] and all Sabbath schools and all Christian workers realize [that they] would be effective for good [if they would] make pictures of it not by [illegible] blackboards or kindergarten [illegible] or pencil on canvas, then [illegible] Arguments are soon forgotten [illegible]. Whether in language or [illegible] What produces stronger effect [illegible] would always telling what [illegible] like, and as sermon on the [mount] [illegible] a great picture gallery, beginning with a sketch of a "city on a hill" [illegible] and ending with [illegible] against two houses [illegible] the rock and the other on the sand; [illegible] parable of the prodigal son, a picture; parable of the sower, who went forth to sow, a picture; parable of the [illegible] servant, a picture; parable of the [ten] virgins, a picture; parable of the talents, a picture. The world [illegible] and the appetite [illegible] the child, who consents to [illegible] tell the mother [illegible] rehearse a story, which is only [illegible].

When we [illegible] which has been accomplished [illegible] directions by pictures—Shakespeare's tragedies, a picture; Victor Hugo's writings, all pictures; John Ruskin's and Tennyson's and Longfellow's verse, all pictures—why not engage, as far as possible, for our churches and schools and reformatory work and evangelization, [illegible] the power of thought that can be put into word pictures, if not [illegible] in colors? Yes, why not all young people draw for themselves on paper, with pen or pencil, their coming career, or, if they prefer that, of vice [illegible]? After making the picture, put it on the wall or paste it in the [illegible] of some favorite book, that you may see it before you. I read of a man who was executed for murder, and the jailer found afterward a picture he had drawn on the wall of the cell by the assassin's own hand, a picture of a flight of stairs. On the lowest step he had written: "Disobedience to parents;" on the second, "Sabbath breaking;" on the third, "Drunkenness and gambling;" on the fourth, "Murder," and on the fifth and top step, "A gallows." If that man had made that picture before he took the first step, he never would have taken any of them! Oh, man, make another picture, a bright picture, an evangelical picture, and I will help you make it! I suggest six steps for this flight of stairs. On the first step write the words, "A nature changed by the Holy Ghost and washed in the blood of the Lamb;" on the second step, "Industry and good companionship;" on the third step, "A Christian home with a family altar;" on the fourth step, "Ever widening usefulness;" on the fifth step, "A glorious departure from this world;" on the sixth step, "Heaven, heaven, heaven!" Write it three times, and let the letters of the one word be made up of banners, the second of coronets and the third of thrones! Promise me that you will do that, and I will promise to meet you on the sixth step, if the Lord will through his pardoning grace, bring me there too.

Save the Babies.

Thousands of them die every summer who could be saved by the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

There is not a mother who loves her infant but should keep on hand during the hot weather a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

There is no remedy so safe and so effectual for the diarrhœa of infants, and none has the endorsation of so many Canadian mothers who have proved its merits, and therefore speak with confidence. One of these is Mrs. Peter Jones, Warkworth, Ont., who says: "I can give Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry great praise, for it saved my baby's life. She was cutting her teeth and was taken with diarrhœa very bad. My sister advised me to get Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. I got a bottle and it cured the baby almost at once."

THE COMING FARMER.

Depew on the Chances of Agriculture in the Twentieth Century.

"Agriculture does not appeal to every one as an opportunity, but the world is about to witness a change in this. Business and scientific principles can be applied here as well as elsewhere. I believe the era of great farmers is upon us—men who will control hundreds and thousands of acres, instead of 60 or 100. The methods of the merchant and the manufacturer will apply as readily here as anywhere else, and the farmer will be a capitalist in the truest sense of the word. He will plant his fields with the greatest economy and reap with the least and most effective machinery. He will economize in the matter of labor, as other merchants do, and spare himself all but the executive functions connected with his great enterprise. He will be an important factor in the life and prosperity of the nation."

"But the land is being rapidly divided into smaller and smaller holdings."

"Nevertheless, combination will come. The growth of population will dictate wisdom in the matter of tilling the soil. It will reorganize farm methods and make only the broader methods profitable."—Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, in Ainslee's.

Misplaced Confidence.

Yes, he knew how to do it.

Flattery, that whitewash of etiquette, was laid on by him with a wide brush.

He had opened the front gate hesitatingly and stumbling up the gravel path had looked warily around the corner of the porch in fear there might be a dog lurking there. But there was none. Not a growl nor a snarl met his ears. He ascended the steps and rang the bell.

There was a little scurry of feet on the other side of the door, then it was opened just the [least] bit by a woman with a long, [thin] face and a [curved] nose of the Roman genus.

"I beg your pardon," offered the man, as he removed his tattered headgear, "but is your mother in?"

The door opened a bit further. "I am the lady of the house," the woman answered in a crusty voice.

"What?" exclaimed the man, stepping back in astonishment. "I beg your pardon. I did not imagine you could be the lady of the house. You will pardon me, but you do not appear old enough. But I was coming [to] ask if I might be provided with a slight repast, as I have not eaten since Wednesday."

The door was thrown away open and he was invited [in]. A chair was drawn up to the table. "Ah, what delicious [illegible]," [he s]aid as he filled his mouth with the last of the third. "And [illegible] [you] will pardon me, but [illegible] I have tasted since [illegible]."

[illegible] She had [illegible] for him [illegible] Finally [illegible] "Now" [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

"A [illegible] arriving for the first time in [illegible] London [illegible] [illegible]

"[illegible]

[illegible]

"Man, I [illegible]

[illegible] The elevator went up.

BRAIN FAG

Is the result of Overwork and an Exhausted Nervous System. Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food creates New Brain and Nerve Tissue.

Business and professional men, accountants, stenographers, teachers, students and all brain workers know only too well what it means to have the brain so tired out that concentration of thought is almost impossible.

One-fifth of all the blood in the human body is found in the brain, and unless the blood is pure and rich the brain becomes exhausted for want of proper nourishment.

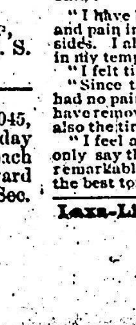
Dr. A. W. Chase's Blood Food creates new brain and nerve tissue, and produces rich red blood, "the vital fluid" of the body.

All brain workers quickly recognize the merits of this great food cure, and after a few doses enter on their work with new energy and ambition.

Brain fag is unknown to persons whose brain and nerve have been invigorated by the use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, which is for sale by all dealers at 50c. a box.

Dr. Chase's New Book, "The Ills of Life and How To Cure Them," sent free to your address. Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Hard-working Farmers.



Long hours of hard, never-ending work makes Kidney Trouble a common complaint on the farm. Painful, weak or lame backs and Urinary Disorders are too frequent.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

help a farmer to work and keep his health—take the ache and pain out of his back and give him strength and vigor.

Mr. Isaiah Willmot, a retired farmer living at 138 Elizabeth St., Barrie, Ont., said:

"I have been a sufferer with kidney trouble and pain in the small of my back, and in both sides. I also had a great deal of neuralgia pain in my temples, and was subject to dizzy spells. "I felt tired and worn out most of the time. "Since taking Doan's Kidney Pills, I have had no pain either in my back or sides. They have removed the neuralgia pain from my head, also the tired feeling. "I feel at least ten years younger and can only say that Doan's Kidney Pills are the most remarkable kidney cure, and in addition are the best tonic I ever took."

Laxa-Liver Pills cure Constipation.

Mrs. James [C]onstable, Seaforth, Ont., writes:—"Ever since I can remember I have suffered from weak action of the heart. For some time past it grew constantly worse. I [had] sharp pains under my heart [and] was fearful if I drew a long breath it would cause death. In going upstairs I had to rest and regain breath. [illegible] nervousness [illegible] could not do anything [illegible] to regain composure [illegible] nervous headaches and sleep deserted me.

"I [began] taking Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and as a result am very much better. I have improved in health and strength rapidly. The blessing of sleep is restored, my heart is much stronger, and the oppressive sensation has vanished. [I can walk] upstairs without stopping and with the greatest of ease, and I no longer suffer from dizziness or headaches. It seems to me that circulation of my blood has [improved], thereby removing the coldness from my limbs. I can truly say that Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have done me a world of good."

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Special attention to Ladies' and Children's hair cutting. A call solicited. Agent Rolston Steam Laundry. Shop on main street.

COURT MARKDALE, I. O. F. No. [illegible], meets in Rae's Hall the third Wednesday in the month at 8 o'clock p.m. A visit from brethren of other courts solicited. T. ELLIOTT, [illegible] R. W. A. ARMSTRONG, R. S.

MARKDALE L. O. L., No. 1045, meets in their hall on Friday on or before full moon each month at 8 o'clock p. m. Edward Brady, W. M.; J. W Brady, Rec.-Sec. Visiting brethren welcome.