Business Cards

Drs. Sproule & Ego

[illegible]YSICIANS, SURGEONS, MARKDALE ONT. OFFICES
Dr Sproule, Turner's Drug Store
Dr Ego At his residence, late [illegible] [illegible]'s house, two doors above Hark[illegible]'s hardware store.
Sproule, A Ego
M D [illegible] M D M C P & S O

[illegible]. G. CAMPBELL, L D S D D S
DENTAL SURGEON;
[illegible] Ontario College of Dentistry, [illegible] University of Toronto. Office [illegible] McCullough & Young's bank, [illegible] 9 a m to 6 p m.
Will be at Walters Falls the 1st [illegible]day in each month. Holland [illegible] Thursday.

[illegible] OLIVER, V. S
MARKDALE
[illegible] of Ont. Veterinary College
[illegible] of Domestic An[illegible] [illegible] Examined Free of [illegible] Ten Years Practice. [illegible] Surgery [illegible] THE POST OFFICE

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Veterinary Surgeon
Markdale, Ont.
[illegible] Diseases of the Domes[illegible] Best of Instru[illegible] Calls prom[illegible] night. Horses [illegible] soundness, and bought [illegible]

[illegible] taking Affidavits [illegible] Justice. Deputy [illegible] Warden for Ontario [illegible] Walters Falls every [illegible] Toronto street [illegible]

[illegible] McCULLOUGH
[illegible] Markdale. Money

[illegible] Wright & Batsor
[illegible] OWEN SOUND

[illegible] HATTON
[illegible] Poulett street

[illegible]AY & SAMPSON
[illegible] Merchants Ban[illegible] [illegible] Hous[illegible] [illegible] Street, ever

MONEY TO LOAN
[illegible] rate of [illegible] charged

[illegible] Division [illegible] Stock &

[illegible] Flesherton
[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] Mortgages, [illegible] and Valu[illegible] Charges [illegible] Money [illegible] Flesherton.

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[illegible] styles of Photos, [illegible] Paintings and [illegible] class. Studio—

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[illegible] does not keep it, tell him to write [illegible]YTER & CO., 11 and 13 Front St.
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A BROKEN BETROTHAL

By LAURA JEAN LIBBEY

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

An hour later, under his skilful treatment, Theo opened her eyes for the first time to consciousness and, as it happened, Dorcas had left her position at the bedside for one brief moment in quest of a spoon.

The bright brown eyes flashed wide open, gazing with astonishment into the blue eyes of the young doctor who bent anxiously over her.

"Who in the world are you? and what are you doing here?" gasped Theo, starting up in affright, then falling back upon her pillow through sheer weakness, but still gazing at him with those great, velvety, wide-open eyes.

"I am your doctor," he answered, with a quiet smile. "You have been very ill. I shall try to get you well very soon—providing you keep perfectly quiet."

"Ill!" repeated Theo, in wonder. "How did it happen?" then like a flash memory returned to her. She reached out her hand and clung to him with a piercing, piteous cry of anguish. "Oh, I remember!" she cried, wildly, incoherently. "I struck the dark water, and it closed over my head. Did you save me?"

"No, but some one else did," he replied, thinking it best to humor this strange vagary.

"Why did they do it?" sobbed Theo. "Oh, I wanted to die, then I would be out of their way."

"Not every one," said the young doctor.

How he longed to take one of those little white hands in his firm strong ones and tell her if she died the bright world would never be the same to him again; but he only said, very quietly:

"It is very wrong for you to wish for death; it comes to the most of us altogether too soon."

"It couldn't come too soon for me," sobbed Theo. "No girl in the world was ever so wretchedly unhappy as I am."

"Why are you unhappy?" he asked, [illegible], more with a yearning to do something or say something to comfort her than from idle curiosity.

But Theo did not answer him. She [illegible] upon her pillow, in a way [illegible] his heart ache for her.

"You must not do that," he cried, gently but firmly. "You will have the brain fever if you do."

He drew the hands away from the pretty, tear-stained face, and at that moment Dorcas Lane entered with a [illegible].

Theo looked up at the unfamiliar face with a little cry—this tall, unwieldy figure in a blue serge dress and gingham apron was not Mrs. Mills, the housekeeper, nor was she any one of the servants connected with Strathmore Hall.

"Where am I?" cried Theo, again, looking at the woman's face and then at her surroundings.

At a glance Dorcas Lane saw that during her momentary absence Theo had regained consciousness, yet she answered, briskly:

"You are at home, to be sure, dearie."

[illegible] was about to make a quick reply, but the woman's hand came down [illegible] over her red mouth.

"Hush!" she exclaimed, sternly; "don't speak a single word; your head's flighty. Don't speak, I say!"

[illegible] was too weak to combat the [illegible] of that strong hand, and the doctor, who was adjusting his medicine-case at the other end of the room, was not noticing what was transpiring.

A few moments later he was standing on the threshold ready to take his departure. Frank Hawthorne awaited him with growing impatience.

"I will come to-morrow, madame, and see your daughter," he said, [illegible] his hat; and there was a [illegible] in his heart that she would correct the remark by saying:

"The young lady in yonder room is not my daughter."

But Dorcas Lane did nothing of the kind.

"There'll be no need for you to come [illegible]; we'll pay you for what you have done; leave medicine and directions how to give it—we'll pay you for that, [illegible] that's all we ask of you."

A strange flush mounted to the young doctor's brow, and his fine blue eyes [illegible].

"You'll find there is still great need [illegible] a doctor's services," he said.

Then, glancing in at the meagerly furnished room, a sudden thought occurred to him:

"If it's a question of money that prompts your decision, permit me to say I will come without extra charge until she has fully recovered."

"It appears to me you take a great interest in the girl," said Dorcas Lane, her eyes flashed fire that alone should have warned him.

"I do," admitted young Dr. Melville, blushing like a school-boy.

"Then you shan't come again!" cried Dorcas Lane, and the door was closed in his face with a loud bang.

"I will come again! I will go through fire and water to look upon that lovely, girlish face again!" the young doctor thought to himself. "She shall not prevent me from seeing her—I am determined."

CHAPTER X.

At Strathmore Hall strange events were transpiring. A sudden coolness had sprung up in Harry Strathmore's heart toward Violet Kensington. It had come about in this way:

Since the night of the major's death, when she so boldly declared her hatred for poor hapless Theo, he had seen Violet's disposition in a new light; and the event which had happened a week [illegible] had turned the remnant of respect he had for her into the deepest loathing and disgust.

He had been walking in the garden late one moonlight night, when the sound of low, familiar voices fell upon his ear, and, glancing around, he saw, to his astonishment, Violet Kensington and Frank Hawthorne, his father's ex-secretary, walking up the gravel walk together. In his right hand Frank carried a small ebony box.

Harry Strathmore was too much amazed to utter a word to acquaint them of his presence, even if the words that fell from Violet's lips had not held him spell-bound.

"You ask me if I am glad Theora Chester is dead," she was saying, "and I answer yes. If she had lived to come between me and my dearest plans, I would have been tempted to kill her with my own hands! There is nothing under heaven that makes a woman so desperate as to be thwarted in love. Do you [illegible] I could have borne to see Theora [illegible] the mistress of Strathmore [illegible] the most magnificent place in the county, courted, admired, sought after, while I was turned adrift on the world [illegible] the paltry ten thousand dollars [illegible] major—the mean old thing!—left [illegible] his will? No, no; the girl should never have lived to triumph over me like that—never!"

From that time on Harry Strathmore never [illegible] at Violet's white hands without shuddering. Great Heaven! how near he had come to marrying this girl who could talk so calmly of taking Theo's life, whether in jest or earnest! He was glad no regular engagement existed between them. He would not have [illegible] Violet now to have saved his life. There is no hatred so bitter as love turned to loathing and disgust.

When they were quite out of hearing, Harry Strathmore threw himself down on the grass beneath the beech-trees with a [illegible] laugh. So this was the end of his [illegible] dream, was it? His idol was horribly shattered. Dainty, pretty Violet, with her sweet smiles and coaxing ways, was at heart a regular scheming virago who would scruple at nothing—even [illegible] life, if it stood between her and her triumph. He was appalled with [illegible] at the thought. And in that bitter [illegible] he remembered poor little Theo's pure, unselfish love for him—the [illegible] that chose death that it might bring him the happiness he sighed for—fr[illegible]m.

He [illegible] his face in his hands, and groaned aloud. But it was too late now for vain regrets; his heart had gone out to Theo [illegible] late! The beautiful lips were [illegible] that had uttered the words in all [illegible] simplicity and girlish innocence [illegible] thought, when they sent for me to [illegible] to marry you, that you loved [illegible] as dearly as I love you, Mr. Strath[illegible]."

How [illegible] memory of those words smote [illegible] All the tender words of love and [illegible] regret would never make that still heart throb with joy.

"No human voice could e'er be heard by [illegible] still, cold ear of death."

"Poor little Theo," he murmured, as he strode down to the river-bank and gazed [illegible] and with deep sorrow [illegible] moonlit water, beneath which he believed Theo lay in all her sweet, [illegible] beauty, "my great yearning love [illegible] you has come too late."

Ah! [illegible] had but known that at that very moment, Theo, alive, and scarcely five miles distant, was seeking herself to sleep [illegible] her rude couch.

Many an hour Harry Strathmore spent [illegible] the shore of the river, silently contemplating the dark water, and many [illegible] passed the handsome young fellow [illegible] as he stood there in his navy-blue suit and straw hat pushed back from [illegible] hair thought of the lines:

> "Down beside the flowing river,
> Where the dark-green willows weep,
> Where the tender branches quiver,
> [illegible] a gentle maiden sleeps.
> In [illegible] a lonely stranger
> Comes and lingers many hours,
> Reaching [illegible] no heartless ranger,
> For [illegible] strews her grave with flowers."

To Violet Kensington this strange revulsion of feeling on the part of her lover [illegible] maddening. In vain she tried to win him back to his allegiance, but the spell was broken. He shrunk from her, and avoided her whenever it was possible.

Yet Violet Kensington would not be discouraged.

"The course of true love never does run smooth, mamma," she would say, in answer to her mother's earnest inquiries as to the existing state of affairs.

Even to herself she would not admit the alarming truth that Harry Strathmore had grown cold toward her.

One sudden afternoon matters came to a [illegible]. Harry Strathmore had suddenly given out his intention of leaving Strathmore Hall, for the present and travel abroad.

Violet Kensington heard the report with [illegible] cheek and bated breath. She would [illegible] to Harry and ask him at once if the report were true.

She wrote him a little pink-tinted note, requesting him to see her in the drawing-room an hour after luncheon.

"I [illegible] heard that you are going away, Harry," she wrote, "but I will not believe it. My doubting, aching heart must be set at rest by a denial from your [illegible]." She signed the note, "Your loving Violet."

Harry Strathmore put the letter into his pocket with a sigh. There was a time when these pink-tinted notes in the same [illegible] chirography had set his heart beating strangely, but now only annoyance gleamed in his blue eyes.

He had half an hour yet to the time appointed by Violet in her note, and he spent it out-of-doors with his lawyer, who had run down to Strathmore Hall to find out the young heir's wishes concerning the estate while he remained abroad.

He was an old friend of the major, and stood on terms of the greatest intimacy with the son.

"I hear pleasing news concerning you, Mr. Strathmore," he said, as they walked down the broad path toward the arched gate together. "I wonder if I may congratulate you?"

"What is it? I do not know of anything concerning myself that calls for congratulations."

"You are modest," declared the lawyer. "I have certainly heard, and on good authority, too, that you are about to be married."

"I can only say that I was not in the least aware of it, Mr. Banks."

The lawyer eyed the young man keenly.

"Pray pardon me," he continued; "do not think it is from mere curiosity that I ask the question. Is there really no truth in the report?"

"None whatever," responded Harry, promptly.

"It is strange," said Lawyer Banks, musingly. "I had the information on such [illegible] authority, too, that you were to marry Miss Violet Kensington."

"There can be no better authority on the subject," said Harry Strathmore, laughingly, "than myself; and I tell you frankly I do not intend to marry that lady."

"Well," admitted the lawyer, "your word is all the authority needed."

A few moments later they parted, and Harry Strathmore turned to walk back to the house, but in the path before him stood Violet, her hands clutched tightly over her heart.

"Harry," she said, in a low, vibrating voice, "I want to tell you that I overheard all that you said to Lawyer Banks. Is it quite true that you do not intend to marry me?"

He tried to laugh to hide his embarrassment, but it was a failure.

"There has been no question of an engagement or marriage between us, has there, Violet?" he asked, gravely and with dignity.

"No," she admitted, "but I have always looked upon you as my lover. You have told me you loved me a thousand times, and that led me to believe that you would one day ask me to become your wife."

He looked greatly distressed. He was a thorough gentleman in word and deed. How could he tell her that his heart had changed toward her since that day she had expressed herself so freely in regard to poor Theo's untimely death, even glorying in it? How he hated the ungracious words that he must speak! Yet it must be done; he must speak plainly to her. The words he must utter, "I have ceased to love you," seemed to him most unmanly; he loathed the idea; yet the sooner they understood each other the better it would be for them both.

And he told her in the gentlest words he could command, that his heart had changed toward her; that if an engagement had existed between them, were it ever so slight, he would have fulfilled his part of the contract to the very letter; but as nothing of the kind existed, she was free as air, so was he.

The words died away on his lips as he saw the marble pallor of Violet Kensington's face; her eyes glowed like purple fires.

"I am a victim to the fickleness of a man's love," she cried. "You did love me once, and you would have been mine but for that girl who came between us, Harry Strathmore," she went on, "and I hate her—I hate her even in her grave; for I believe in one mad moment, as she stood before you pleading her cause that night, your love turned from me to her. Is it not so?" she panted.

He was too honorable to deny the truth, and he bowed his head in assent.

"I knew it," she cried, with a hard, bitter sob. "But it is not too late, now that she is dead, to—to care for me again."

He could not help feeling touched with pity and distress for the humiliation it must have cost this proud girl to speak such words.

"If you ever marry, I could curse the woman who wins your love!" she cried out. "She shall suffer for it, for my vengeance shall fall upon her head, just as surely as yonder sun shines."

"Calm yourself, Violet," he answered, gently, taking her burning hands in his. "I shall never marry—never. I was plighted to Theo living, and now that we have been parted by my own cruel coldness down there, I shall fulfil that pledge up there."

"You will wreck your life and mine for a foolish vagary!" she cried. "Theo is dead. Why can you not forget her? Harry," she cried, with a spasm of pain in her voice, "pause and think before you give up such a deathless love as mine."

He shook his head with a sad gesture.

"I am grieved, pained to tell you, Violet," he said, "but the memory of Theo comes between us."

"The next day a thrilling event happened.

CHAPTER XI.

When Dr. Melville had left the house on the marsh, Dorcas Lane, contrary to his directions, had given Theo a strong sleeping potion; therefore the noonday sun was shining into the room before the girl opened her dark, wondering eyes.

Again her gaze encountered the dark, unfamiliar face of Dorcas Lane.

"Will you kindly tell me where I am?" she asked piteously.

This time an answer was not denied her.

"You are in good hands," replied Dorcas. "Frank Hawthorne saw you take that mad leap into the rapids, and he saved you, and brought you here. I am his aunt. I have been taking care of you for some time past. You were very ill; we thought you were going to die. Why did you jump into the water?" asked Dorcas, curiously.

Theo would not answer her; she turned her face to the wall with a bitter groan.

"Frank has been here every day to inquire about you and leave delicacies. I promised him that he should see you to-day," pursued Dorcas. "You ought to thank him, at least, for periling his life to save yours."

"Mine was not worth it," sobbed Theo; "but if you think best, I will see him and thank him for his bravery."

Frank Hawthorne smiled as this message was delivered, and, tossing aside his cigar, and giving his luxuriant moustache an additional curl with his white fingers, he followed Dorcas into the sick-room.

He had made quite a toilet for the occasion. His well-proportioned figure was set off to excellent advantage by the cut-away coat and immaculate white duck vest, while his crisp, curling hair and sweeping moustache, together with the white straw hat and ebony walking-stick he carried, gave him quite a jaunty appearance.

"Lord! what a fool a man will make of himself to please the eyes of a bread-and-butter school-girl," muttered Dorcas, as she beheld him; then she led him into Theo's presence.

She was sitting in a large willow rocking-chair by the open window, though still extremely weak. She wore the white mull dress she had worn from Strathmore Hall that night, and which had been freshly laundered by Dorcas for this very occasion.

"To think that I should owe my life to him," thought Theo, as she beheld him standing smilingly on the threshold; "and I have always disliked him so ever since I have known him."

He advanced, still smiling, taking a seat by her side—too near to quite please Theo.

Out of sheer gratitude for the great service he had rendered her, Theo held out her hand, and a flush of anger rose to her face as he raised it to his lips, pressing a kiss upon it, murmuring how delighted he was to see her looking so well after her terrible accident and ordeal of brain fever through which she had passed.

"I must thank you for saving a human life, Mr. Hawthorne," said Theo; "but all the same, I wish you had left me to my fate."

"Why?" he demanded, drawing his chair a trifle nearer her. "You are young, and—beautiful; life should hold golden pleasures in store for you—unlimited joy."

She shook her brown curly head sadly.

Joy! what joy could there be for her now that the dazzling gleam of love that had shone upon her heart like a radiant meteor had set in eternal darkness?

Life—all the future years—would be but a sorry pilgrimage to her without Harry Strathmore's love!

"There may come a day when you may have wealth and love, Miss Theo," he went on eagerly; "then you will rejoice that I did not leave you to your fate."

"I may never have wealth," said Theo; "if I ever should, I shall reward you for what you have done for me."

She stopped abruptly, for the change that came over his face startled her; the light that flashed into his eyes electrified her.

"You have it in your power to reward me now, beautiful Theo!" he cried. Then for a moment a dead silence fell between them. "You have the power to reward me now, beautiful Theo," he repeated. "Give me this little hand for my own—the little hand that I rescued from the cold clasp of death. I love you, little Theo," he cried. "Pardon me if I am brusque and abrupt; have pity on me if my words and actions do not please you. Love will be my redemption. love will make me all that I should be. Oh, Heaven help any man who loves a woman as I love you!"

He had caught hold of her little white hand again, and she was too dazed and bewildered to withdraw it from his firm clasp.

She was quite stunned by his wild, reckless impetuosity, too much surprised to utter one word of interruption or draw her hand away. Passionate words like these terrified her.

All that she knew in her bewilderment was that she was sitting in the willow rocker by the open window, propped up with pillows, and that Frank Hawthorne, the man whom she had always disliked so cordially, and yet to whom she owed such a debt of gratitude, was kneeling at her feet, clasping her hands, and telling her he loved her. She tried to check him, but it was impossible. He stopped only from sheer exhaustion and want of words, and then Theo found her voice.

"Hush!" she cried, her anger getting the better of her resolve to try to feel grateful toward him. "I can not understand why you speak to me in this way. I may as well tell you the truth; I am trying my best to feel kindly, even grateful, to you, but you are forcing me to dislike, even fear you."

"Do not say that, Theo," he cried. "I must speak to you or die! I love you, little Theo! Will you be mine?"

"Are you asking me to be your wife, Frank Hawthorne?" she gasped.

"I am, indeed, so brave," he replied. "You will not refuse me, Theo?" he said.

"I do refuse," she cried, her brown eyes blazing. "I have been trying hard to respect you, but you will force me to even forget my gratitude toward you. I have heard all the strange tales that [illegible] of you at Strathmore Hall, and [illegible] from you an [illegible] myself [illegible] the [illegible] from which you came [illegible] Eden to [illegible] love [illegible] you, I repeat they are an insult."

She had stung his pride. He sprung to his feet with blazing, wrathful eyes, and for a few moments they looked at each other steadily.

"Have a care, Theora Chester!" he said, hoarsely. "The words you have uttered to-day will live in my heart until the day I die."

He gazed at her steadily—the lovely, frowning, averted face, the scornful, curling lips and anger-dilated eyes, and as he gazed, the love that had filled his heart changed to deep, undying hate. His love died a violent death; her scornful words had killed it.

"My love an insult!" he repeated, with a harsh laugh. "While I live I shall never forget those words."

"I do not wish you to forget them, Mr. Hawthorne," she answered proudly. "I wish you to remember always every word I have said, that such a scene may never be repeated."

"You shall have your wish!" he cried; "every time I look in your face they will come back to me, and I will bring them back to your memory word for word, and they shall pierce your heart like sword-points. Now, Theora Chester, hear what I have to say: I would have won you for my wife with love and fair means had it been possible; but now, that you have made it impossible, I tell you plainly that you shall marry me, Theora Chester. You have treated me with harshness and contempt, and I swear that I will use my power over you without mercy! I will humble your pride to the very dust; my love an insult, indeed! You shall rue the hour in which those words fell from your lips."

"What power do you pretend to have over me?" flashed out Theo, spiritedly. "I am only a young girl, and very ignorant of the ways of the world, I admit, but I know this much: in the United States of free America no man can force a girl to marry him against her will!"

"We shall see what we shall see within a week, my scornful beauty," he answered, picking up his hat and cane. "You shall be Mrs. Hawthorne within twenty-four hours, depend upon that. I shall go for some one at once to perform the ceremony."

"You are trying to frighten me," she said; "I defy you to put your threat into execution."

"I may as well tell you that it is far from my intention to bring a minister when there are such commodities as justices of the peace to be had."

"But no justice would marry a young girl [illegible]

To be Continued.

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T. E[illegible], C. R. W. A. ARMSTRONG, R. S.

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Yet Burdock Blood Bitters applied externally to the parts affected and taken internally cured Rev. Wm. Stout, of Kirkton, Ont., permanently, after many prominent physicians failed; Cured Mrs. W. Bennet, of Crewson's Corners, Ont., permanently, when everyone thought she would die. Now Mr. H. H. Forest, Windsor Mills, P.Q., states his case as follows:

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BIBLE MATHEMATICS.

An Interesting Discourse by Dr. Talmage on the Numeral Seven.

A Favorite Number With the Divine Mind—Take Care of the Present, Says the Great Divine; God Will Surely Take Care of the Future.

Washington, June 25.—Many of the important doctrines of the Bible are by Dr. Talmage presented in this sermon in a very unusual way. Genesis ii, 3, "God blessed the seventh day."

The mathematics of the Bible is noticeable; the geometry and the arithmetic, the square in Ezekiel, the circle spoken of in Isaiah, the curve alluded to in Job, the rule of fractions mentioned in Daniel, the rule of loss and gain in Mark, where Christ asks the people to cipher out by that rule what it would profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his soul. But there is one mathematical figure that is crowned above all others in the Bible. It is the numeral seven, which the Arabians got from India, and all following ages have taken from the Arabians. It stands between the figure six and the figure eight. In the Bible all the other numerals bow to it. Over 300 times it is mentioned in the Scriptures, either alone or compounded with other words. In Genesis the week is rounded into seven days, and I use my text because there this numeral is for the first time introduced in a journey which halts not until in the close of the book of Revelation its monument is built into the wall of heaven in chrysolite, which in the catalogue of precious stones is the seventh.

In the Bible we find that Jacob had to serve seven years to get Rachel, but she was well worth it, and, foretelling the years of prosperity and famine in Pharaoh's time, the seven fat oxen were eaten up of the seven lean oxen, and wisdom is said to be built on seven pillars and the ark was left with the Philistines seven years, and Naaman, for the cure of his leprosy, plunged in the Jordan seven times; to the house that Ezekiel saw in vision there were seven steps; the walls of Jericho, before they fell down, were compassed seven days; Zechariah describes a stone with seven eyes; to cleanse a leprous house the door must be sprinkled with pigeons' blood seven times; in Canaan were overthrown seven nations; on one occasion Christ cast out seven devils; on a mountain he fed a multitude of people with seven loaves, the fragments left filling seven baskets, and the closing passages of the Bible are magnificent and overwhelming with the imagery made up of seven churches, seven stars, seven candlesticks, seven seals, seven angels and seven heads and seven crowns and seven horns and seven spirits and seven phials and seven plagues and seven thunders.

Favorite With the Divine Mind.

Yea, the numeral seven seems a favorite with the divine mind outside as well as inside the Bible, for are there not seven prismatic colors? And when God with the rainbow wrote the comforting thought that the world would never have another deluge he wrote it on the scroll of the sky in ink of seven colors. He grouped into the Pleiades seven stars. Rome, the capital of the world, sat on seven hills. When God would make the most intelligent thing on earth, the human countenance, he fashioned it with seven features—the two ears, the two eyes, the two nostrils and the mouth. Yea, our body lasts only seven years, and we gradually shed it for another body after another seven years, and so on, for we are as to our bodies septennial animals. So the numeral seven ranges through nature and through revelation. It is the number of perfection, and so I use it while I speak of the seven candlesticks, the seven stars, the seven seals and the seven thunders.

The seven golden candlesticks were and are the churches. Mark you, the churches never were and never can be candles. They are only candlesticks. They are not the light, but they are to hold the light. A room in the night might have in it 500 candlesticks and yet you could not see your hand before your face. The only use of a candlestick, and the only use of a church, is to hold up the light. You see it is a dark world, the night of sin, the night of trouble, the night of superstition, the night of persecution, the night of poverty, the night of sickness, the night of death; aye, about 50 nights have interlocked their shadows. The whole race goes stumbling over prostrated hopes and fallen fortunes and empty flour barrels and desolated cradles and deathbeds. How much we have use for all the seven candlesticks, with lights blazing from the top of each one of them! Light of pardon for all sin! Light of comfort for all trouble! Light of encouragement for all despondency! Light of eternal riches for all poverty! Light of rescue for all persecution! Light of reunion for all the bereft! Light of heaven for all the dying! And that light is Christ, who is the light that shall yet irradiate the hemisphere.

God's Candlesticks.

But mark you, when I say churches are not candles, but candlesticks. I cast no slur on candlesticks. I believe in beautiful candlesticks. The candlesticks that God ordered for the ancient tabernacle were something exquisite. They were a dream of beauty carved out of loveliness. They were made of hammered gold, stood in a foot of gold and had six branches of gold blooming all along in six lilies of gold each, and lips of gold, from which the candles lifted their holy fire. And the best houses in any city ought to be the churches—the best built, the best ventilated, the best swept, the best windowed, and the best chandeliered. Log cabins may do in neighborhoods where most of the people live in log cabins, but let there be palatial churches for regions where many of the people live in palaces. Do not have a better place for yourself than for your Lord and King. Do not live in a parlor and put your Christ in a kitchen.

These seven candlesticks of which I speak were not made of pewter or iron. They were golden candlesticks, and gold is not only a valuable, but a bright metal. Have everything about your church bright—your ushers with smiling faces, your music jubilant, your handshaking cordial, your entire service attractive. Many people feel that in church they must look dull, in order to be reverential, and many whose faces in other kinds of assemblage show all the different phases of emotion have in church no more expression than the back wheel of a hearse. Brighten up and be responsive. If you feel like smiling, smile. If you feel indignant at some wrong assailed from the pulpit, frown. Do not leave your naturalness and resiliency home because it is Sunday morning. If as officers of a church you meet people at the church door with a black look, and have the music black and the minister in black preach a black sermon, and from invocation to benediction have the impression black, few will come, and those who do come will wish they had not come at all.

Worldly Churches.

Golden candlesticks! Scour up the six lilies on each branch and know that the more lovely and bright they are the more fit they are to hold the light. But a Christless light in a damage to the world rather than a good. Cromwell stabled his cavalry horses in St. Paul's Cathedral, and many now use the church in which to stable vanities and worldliness. A worldly church is a candlestick without the candle, and it had its prototype in St. Sophia, in Constantinople, built to the glory of God by Constantine, but transformed to base uses by Mohammed the second. Built out of colored marble, a cupola with 24 windows soaring to a height of 180 feet, the ceiling one great bewilderment of mosaic, galleries supported by eight columns of porphyry and 67 columns of green jasper, nine bronze doors with alto relievo work fascinating to the eye of any artist, vases and vestments incrusted with all manner of precious stones. Four walls on fire with indescribable splendor.

Though labor was cheap, the building cost $1,500,000. Ecclesiastical structure, almost supernatural in pomp and majesty. But Mohammedanism tore down from the walls of that building all the saintly and Christly images, and high up in the dome the figure of the cross was rubbed out that the crescent of the barbarous Turk might be substituted. A great church, but no Christ! A gorgeous candlestick, but no candle!

To Destroy Error.

Turn now in your Bible to the seven stars. We are distinctly told that they are the ministers of religion. Some are large stars, some of them small stars, some of them sweep a wide circuit and some of them a small circuit, but so far as they are genuine they get their light from the great central sun around whom they make revolution. Let each one keep in his own sphere. The solar system would be soon wrecked if the stars, instead of keeping their own orbits, should go to hunting down other stars. Ministers of religion should never clash. But in all the centuries of the Christian church some of these stars have been hunting out an Edward Irving or a Horace Bushnell or an Albert Barnes, and the stars that were in pursuit of the other stars lost their own orbits, and some of them could never again find it. Alas for the heresy hunters! The best way to destroy error is to preach the truth. The best way to scatter darkness is to strike a light. There is in immensity room enough for all the stars, and in the church room enough for all the ministers. The ministers who give up righteousness and the truth will get punishment enough anyhow, for they are "the wandering stars for whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

I should like, as a minister, when I am dying to be able truthfully to say what a captain of the English army, fallen at the head of his column and dying on the Egyptian battlefield, said to General Wolseley, who came to condole with him: "I led them straight. Didn't I lead them straight, General?" God has put us ministers as captains in this battlefield of truth against error. Great at last will be our chagrin if we fail leading the people the wrong way, but great will be our gladness if when the battle is over we can hand our sword back to our great commander, saying: "Lord Jesus! We led the people straight. Didn't we lead them straight?" Those ministers who go off at a tangent and preach some other gospel are not stars, but comets, and they flash across the heavens a little while and make people stare and thrown down a few meteoric stones, and then go out of sight if not out of existence. Brethren in the ministry, let us remember that God calls us stars, and our business is to shine and to keep our own sphere, and then when we get done trying to light up the darkness of this world we will wheel into higher spheres, and in us shall be fulfilled the promise, "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever."

A Mighty Number.

I pass on to another mighty Bible seven, and they are the seven seals. St. John in vision saw a scroll with seven seals, and he heard an angel cry: "Who is worthy to loose the seals thereof?" Take eight or ten sheets of foolscap paper, paste them together, and roll them into a scroll and have the scroll at seven different places sealed with sealing wax. You unroll the scroll till you come to one of these seals, and then you go no farther until you break that seal. Then unroll again until you come to another seal, and you can go no farther until you break that seal. Then you go on until all the seven seals are broken and the contents of the entire scroll are revealed. Now, that scroll with seven seals held by the angel was the prophecy of what was to come on the earth. It meant that the knowledge of the future was with God, and no man and no angel was worthy to open it, but the Bible says Christ opened it and broke all the seven seals. He broke the first seal and unrolled the scroll, and there was a picture of a white horse, and that meant prosperity and triumph for the Roman Empire, and so it really came to pass that for 90 years virtuous emperors succeeded each other—Nerva, Trajan and Antoninus. Christ in the vision broke the second seal and unrolled again, and there was a picture of a red horse, and that meant bloodshed, and so it really came to pass, and the next 90 years were red with assassinations and wars. Then Christ broke the third seal and unrolled it, and there was a picture of a black horse, which in all literature means famine, oppression and taxation, and so it really came to pass. Christ went on until he broke all the seven seals and opened all the scroll. Well, the future of all of us is a sealed scroll, and I am glad that no one but Christ can open it. Do not let us join that class of Christians in our day who are trying to break the seven seals of the future. They are trying to peep into things they have no business with.

Take Care of the Present.

Do not go to some necromancer or spiritualist or soothsayer or fortune teller to find out what is going to happen to yourself or your family or your friends. Wait till Christ breaks the seal to find out whether in your own personal life or the life of the nation or the life of the world it is going to be the white horse of prosperity or the red horse of war or the black horse of famine. You will soon enough see his paw and hear him neigh. Take care of the present, and the future will take care of itself. If a man live 70 years, his biography is in a scroll having at least seven seals. And let him not during the first ten years of his life try to look into the twenties nor the twenties into the thirties, nor the thirties into the forties, nor the forties into the fifties, nor the fifties into the sixties, nor the sixties into the seventies. From the way the years have got the habit of running along I guess you will not have to wait a great while before all the seals of the future are broken. I would not give two cents to know how long I am going to live or in what day of what year the world is going to be demolished. I would rather give $[illegible] not to know. Suppose some one could break the next seal in the scroll of your personal history and should tell you that on the next 4th of July, 1901, you would die, the summer after next, how much would you be glad for between this and that? It would from now until then be a prolonged funeral. You would be counting the months and the days, and your family and friends would be counting them, and next 4th of July you would rub your hands together and [illegible]: "One year from to-day I am to [illegible]. Dear me! I wish no one had told me so long before. I wish that necromancer had not broken the seal of the future." And meeting some undertaker, you would say: "I hope you will keep yourself free for an engagement the 4th of July, 1901. That day you will be needed at my house. To save time you might as well take my measure now, 5 feet 11 inches." I am glad that Christ dropped a thick veil over the hour of our demise and of the doom of the world's destruction when he said: "Of that day and hour knoweth no man; no, not the angels, but my Father only." Keep your hands off the seven seals.

The Seven Thunders.

There is another mighty seven of the Bible—namely, the seven thunders. What those thunders meant we are not told, and there has been much guessing about them. But they are to come, and are foretold of the end of all things, and the world cannot get along without them. Thunder is the speech of lightning. There are evils in this world which must be thundered down and which will require at least seven volleys to prostrate them. There is drunkenness locked up by a capital [illegible] than in any other business. Intoxicating liquors brought into this country to float a navy. Good grain to the amount of 70,000,000 bushels annually destroyed to make the deadly fluid. Breweries, distilleries, gin shops, rum palaces, liquor associations, our nation spending annually $[illegible],000,000 for rum, resulting in bankruptcy, disease, pauperism, filth, assassination, death. Illimitable woe. What will stop them? High license? No. Prohibitory laws? No. Church? No. Moral suasion? No. Thunderbolts will do it; nothing else will. Seven thunders!

Yonder are intrenched infidelity and atheism, with their magazines of literature scoffing at our Christianity, their Hoe printing presses busy day and night. There are their blaspheming apostles, their Paines and their libertine Voltaires of the past, as well as the past, reinforced by all the powers of darkness, from highest demon to lowest imp. What will extirpate those monsters of infidelity and atheism? John Brown's shorter catechism about "Who made you?" or Westminster catechism about "What is the chief end of man?" No. Thunderbolts! The seven thunders! For the impurities of the world engulfed as well as cellared, [illegible] as well as ragged, enthroned as well as illicited; for corrupt legislation which at times makes our state, and national capitals a hemisphoric [illegible] for superstitions that keep whole nations in [illegible] century after century, their [illegible] crushing, their knives [illegible], their waters drowning, their funeral pyres burning, the seven thunders!

The Heavenly Wall.

Oh, men and women, disheartened at the bad way things often go, hear you not a rumbling down the sky of heavy artillery coming in on our side, the seven thunders of the Almighty? Do not let us try to wield them ourselves. They are too heavy and too fiery for us to handle, but God can and God will, and when a moment has failed and all milder means are exhausted, then judgment will begin. Thunderbolts! Depend upon it, that which is not done under the flash of the seven candlesticks will be done by the trampling of the seven thunders.

I have sometimes been saddened at the thought that this world, according to science and revelation, is to be blotted out of existence, for it is such a beautiful world, but here in this layer of the heavenly wall, where the numeral seven is to be imbedded, this stratum of green is to be photographed and embalmed and perpetuated, the color of the grass that covers the earth, the color of the foliage that fills the forest, the color of the deep sea. Oh, glad [illegible] that green chrysolite, 1,000,000 years after this planet has been extinguished, will bring to mind just how it looked in summer and spring, and we will say to those who were born blind on earth and never saw at all in this world after they have obtained full eyesight in heaven, "If you would know how this earth appeared in June and August, look at that seventh layer of the heavenly wall, the green of the chrysolite."

And while we stand there and talk, spirit with spirit, that old color of the earth, which [illegible] more sway than all the other colors put together, will bring back to us our earthly experiences, and, noticing that this green chrysolite is the seventh layer of crystallized magnificence, we may think ourselves of the domination of that numeral seven over all other numerals and think God that in the dark earth we kept behind us we so long enjoyed the light of the seven golden candlesticks and were all of us permitted to shine among the seven stars of more or less magnitude, and that all the seven seals of the mysterious future have been broken wide open for us by a loving Christ, and that the seven thunders, having done their work, have ceased reverberation, and that the numeral seven, which did such tremendous work in the history of nations on earth, has been given such a high place in that Niagara of colors, the wall of heaven, "the first foundation of which is jasper; the second, sapphire; the third, a chalcedony, the fourth, emerald; the fifth, sardonyx; the sixth, sardius; the seventh chrysolite."

> When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
> And pearly gates behold,
> Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
> And streets of shining gold?

Cramps and Colic

Always relieved promptly by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

When you [illegible] seized with an attack of Cramps or [illegible] doubled up with Colic, you want a remedy that you're sure will give you relief and give it quickly, too.

You don't want to try an untried something that MAY help you. You want Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which everyone knows will positively cure Cramps and Colic quickly. Just a dose or two and you have ease.

But now a word of proof to back up these assertions, and we have it from Mr. John Hawke, Coldwater, Ont., who writes: "Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a wonderful cure for Diarrhœa, Cramps and pains in the stomach. I was a great sufferer until I gave it a trial, but now I have perfect comfort."

NEXT TO ENGLAND'S.

Germany's Merchant Marine Second—Ships Number 3,693.

Germany's fleet is now second only to that of England. In 1875 Germany's merchant marine numbered 1,062 ships, with 1,068,000 registered tons net; in 1895 she had 3,665 ships, with 1,551,000 tons; in 1898, 3,693 ships and 1,555,000 tons. While the number of ships is smaller, the number of tons, compared with 1875 has increased 50 per cent.

The falling off is in sailing ships. In 1875 there were 4,303, with a capacity of 878,385 tons, and 299 steamers, with 189,098 tons; in 1885 there were 3,607 sailing ships, with 880,845 tons, and 650 steamers, with 413,943 tons; in 1895, 2,622 sailing vessels, with 660,856 tons, and 1,013 steamers, with 893,046 tons; in 1898, 2,522 sailing vessels, with 585,571 tons, and 1,171 steamships of 969,800 tons.

In general a steamer is thought to be able to carry three times as much as a sailing vessel of the same size. The falling off in sailing ships from 4,303 in 1875 to 2,522 in 1898 was more than made up for in the increase of steamers from 299 in 1875 to 1,171 in 1898. The regular crews numbered in 1898 42,328 men. The average was six men to a sailing ship and 24 to a steamer.

German writers point with pride to the fact that, whereas formerly a good many, if not quite all, of the big ships were built abroad, they are now built in German shipyards by German mechanics with German materials, etc. All that is now needed, they say, is a powerful fighting marine. The empire's interests are in every part of the world. These must be protected. Germany will probably give attention to building a large and powerful fleet.

A Promoted Parson.

An archdeacon of the Church of England has been Premier of Tasmania and a Roman Catholic priest has been Attorney-General of another colony. The Hon. Arthur Rutledge, the new Attorney-General of Queensland, is an ex-Wesleyan minister, and these and other analogous cases go to show that reverend gentlemen have more chances for political distinction in the colonies than they have at home. Mr. Rutledge became a barrister at the mature age of 35, and simultaneously entered the Parliament of Queensland as a colleague of the present Premier (Mr. Dickson) in the representation of a double-seated constituency with an unpronounceable aboriginal name. In a year or two he became Attorney-General in the Ministry of Sir Samuel Griffith. He has been out of Parliament for some years, but the late general election brought him back again, and has once more made him Attorney-General. Another incident of the Queensland general election is the return of the veteran Mr. Groom, who has been elected by the same constituency for 36 years without a break, thereby constituting a record for the southern [illegible], and one only beaten in the northern by Mr. Beach, the father of the House of Commons.

The Late Carlotta Grisi.

Carlotta Grisi, whose death at the age of 80, is [illegible] from [illegible], was the cousin of the [illegible] Giulia Grisi, wife of Mario, who died [illegible] years ago. [illegible] was one of a group of [illegible] the Grisis, including Fanny [illegible] Taglioni and Fanny Cerito, in [illegible] she [illegible] were famous forty [illegible] with "pas de quatre." Carlotta was born at Visinida, a [illegible] in [illegible] of Mantua. She [illegible] her stage career at the early age of [illegible] La Scala, Milan, and was [illegible] to study dancing [illegible] singing, [illegible] the latter [illegible] and [illegible] with M. Perrot, whose [illegible] married [illegible] She went to [illegible] appeared [illegible] in a ballet [illegible] "Giselle." [illegible] she was [illegible] at the Grand Opera, where she created the principal part in the ballet of "Giselle." She achieved her greatest triumphs in London, however. She [illegible] retired from the stage many years ago, and has [illegible] of late years at Geneva.

Proper Care of the Finger Nails.

[illegible] and are always one of the principal [illegible] refined [illegible] and for that [illegible] women of all ages have most carefully attended to their hands. [illegible] of the hands cannot be said to be [illegible], when so many [illegible] the [illegible] and make them [illegible] pink, [illegible] little white [illegible] the [illegible] hows the [illegible] half moon [illegible] ends [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] where [illegible] The [illegible] [illegible] nails [illegible] with any [illegible] The only [illegible] needed is the small ivory p[illegible]

[illegible]'s [illegible] Rate.

[illegible] sent a young [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] always [illegible] to do what [illegible] In the [illegible] sleigh ride is [illegible] that depends largely [illegible] of others.

One winter the sleighing was good and all the young [illegible] were taking their young lady friends to ride. Bildad was [illegible] of organizing a [illegible] on his own account, but [illegible] and no money to [illegible] one with.

[illegible] he came one afternoon to a [illegible] of his neighborhood and asked her to go sleigh-riding with him [illegible] evening.

"[illegible] Bildad," she said: "you haven't got any horse."

"[illegible] Tiler he's promised to lend me his'n."

"Why, John hasn't got any harness."

"Pete Corliss goin' to let me take his'n."

"What are you going to do for a sleigh?"

"Mrs. Ball, she said I could take her'n."

"You can't go sleighing without a string of bells."

"Nathan Page, he says I kin hev his string."

"You've got to have a buffalo robe."

"John Currier, he said he'd just as lives I'd have his old one, an' by gorry I kin cut a whip meself."

The young lady said that under the circumstances she guessed he would have to borrow some other girl. He persisted in his search for a partner until he actually found one and went on the sleigh-ride in fine style.

Some years after this occurrence Bildad came late to an engagement to do a job of work, and was asked the reason for his tardiness.

"Huh!" he answered with a smirk, "I've been gettin' married this mornin'!"

"Married! you, Bildad! Why, you can't support yourself!"

"Well," said Bildad, "I can purty near support myself, and I think she ought to help some!"

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First: "Have you backache, or weak, lame back?"

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In its earlier stages kidney disease is readily cured by a few boxes of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, a preparation which has made Dr. Chase famous throughout the world for his wonderful cures of diseases of the kidneys.

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