

When everyone has tried Blue Ribbon Ceylon Tea there will be no need to advertise it. Once tried, always used.

SHORT STORIES OF THE DAY

A London correspondent tells this of Dr. Ingram, the new Bishop of London:

On one occasion when I was with him at a bustling Midland Railway station, the bishop was accosted by a somewhat imposing dignitary of the church, who entered into a grave talk with the head of the Oxford House. Suddenly, Dr. Ingram said, "Pardon me," and hastened after a rough-looking man who was passing, hailed him heartily, and the greeting was as heartily returned. After a few minutes of bright and laughing conversation, Dr. Ingram returned to us.

"Whoever was that?" asked the older dignity, somewhat pompously. "Oh," was the reply, "that's one of my opponents. We always have a chat when we meet."

"You don't mean he's an atheist, surely?" said Dr. Ingram. "I do; at all events, he fancies he's one; but he's such a pleasant fellow, and there's a lot of good in him." And, then, with a grave pause, he added: "And goodness can only have one source."

While waiting for the train the bride and bridegroom walked slowly up and down the platform.

"I don't know what this joking and gawking may have been to you," he remarked, "but it's death to me. I never experienced such an ordeal."

The wheezy old station master walked up to them.

"As you go to take this train?" he asked.

"It's none of your business!" retorted the bridegroom, indignantly.

Onward came the train. It was the last to their destination that day; an express—nearer, nearer, it came at full speed, then in a moment it whizzed past and was gone.

"Why in thunder didn't that train stop?" yelled the bridegroom.

"Cos you see 'twarn't none of my business. I shan't signal if that train's to stop."

A curate having preached a very clever sermon on the Sunday, called upon a certain colonel on the Monday especially to ask his opinion.

"How did I like the sermon?" said the colonel. "Very much, indeed. It's one of my favorites."

"One of your favorites?" stammered the curate, slightly puzzled. "I do not understand," the curate said.

The colonel regarded him with a frown at the back of his eyes. "Of course, I won't say a word," he said, "but I know very well that you stole it, and also where you stole it from."

"Sir," said the curate, and he spoke from out the whirlwind of his indignation. "I am not in the habit, sir, of stealing my sermons. I fear you are laboring under a mistake, and—er—forgetting yourself, I must ask you to apologize."

The colonel was silent a moment. Then he said: "It may be that I have made a mistake. Wait a moment. I will make sure."

Going to his bookcase, he took down a massive tome of sermons—a rare and almost forgotten work. He turned to a certain page, and an apologetic, humble look came upon his face as he glanced up at the curate. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I apologize. You did not steal it after all, for I find it is still here. My mistake, sir; my mistake."

He pulled himself up at the hotel table, tucked his napkin under his chin, picked up the bill of fare, and began to study it intently. Everything was in restaurant French, and he didn't like it.

"Here, waiter," he said sternly. "There's nothing on this I want."

"Isn't there nothing you would like for dinner, sir?" enquired the waiter, politely.

"Have you got any sine qua non?" the waiter gasped.

"No, sir," he replied.

"Got any bona-fide?"

"No, sir."

"Got any semper idem?"

"No, sir, we haven't."

"Got any ad despitte?"

"No, sir, not one."

"Got any tempus fugit?"

"I reckon not, sir."

"Got any soirees dansants?"

"No, sir."

The waiter was edging off.

"Got any sine die?"

"We ain't, sir."

"Got any puribus anum?"

The waiter's face showed some signs of intelligence.

"Seems to me I heard of that, sir," and he rushed out to the kitchen, only to return empty-handed.

"Maybe you've got some beef and cabbage and a gooseberry tart?"

"Sure we have, sir," exclaimed the waiter, and in a tone of the utmost relief, he fairly flew out to the kitchen.—Tit-Bits.

A certain duke, while driving from the station to the park on his estate to inspect a company of artillery, observed a ragged urchin keeping pace with the carriage at his side. His grace, being struck with the cleanliness of the lad, asked him where he was going. The lad replied:

"To the park to see the duke and sogers."

The duke, feeling interested, stopped the carriage and opened the door to the lad, saying he could ride to the park with him.

The delighted lad, being in ignorance of whom he was, kept his grace

interested with quaint remarks till the park gates were reached.

As the carriage entered it was saluted by the company and guns, whereupon his grace said to the lad:

"Now, can you show me where the duke is?"

The boy eyed his person all over, then looking at the duke, replied, quite seriously:

"Well, I dunno, mister, but it's either you or me!—London Spare Moments."

A little east side, Milwaukee, girl who has not yet seen her seventh summer, objected seriously to going to bed at evening before the rest of the family, on the ground that it is so inescapably upstairs, when everybody else is downstairs. Her mother, to console her, recently told her that it could not be lonely upstairs because God was always there. Last Wednesday night the little girl went to bed with this thought busy in her little brain, and about a half-hour after she had been put to bed the family gathered in the sitting-room, heard a small voice at the head of the stairs say:

"Mamma, mamma!"

"Well, dear, what is it?" asked the mother. The little voice replied:

"Mamma, you come upstairs and stay with God awhile and let me come downstairs."

WRECKED BY A ROSE A DAY.

A Romance Which Proves the Ticklish Nature of Sentiment.

Sentiment is ticklish stuff, says the New York Sun. It lies close to the border of absurdity that only a canny traveller in its domain can keep from occasionally straying across the line.

Now there was a young man—a most estimable young man. What's more, he was a very good fellow. In the course of time he fell in love. Estimable men do that often. Even a good fellow is likely to do it for once in a way. Being in love, by the law of sequence, a man is apt to make himself more or less ridiculous. The young man who is the hero of this tale wasn't ridiculous. He was distinctly successful in the role of lover.

He was saturated with sentiment, but not maudlin. He walked the chalk line between sentiment and absurdity unerringly. He did the little thoughtful things women love, but he didn't make a doormat of himself. And the girl was moved by his sense of proportion and smiled upon him.

Then he was called away. His San Francisco uncle, who was incomparably enough to do, and he was obliged to go out and settle up the estate. That made him exceedingly sorrowful, for things were at a critical point. He didn't want to spoil his chances by proposing before the wedding day, yet he knew that a lover in New York is to a New York girl worth two lovers in San Francisco. Also, he knew that the girl was—and more—would be in New York.

But he had to go, and that being settled he pondered how to make the best of a bad thing. Of course, he would write often every day, but any fellow would do that. He must suggest in some other way his constant thought of her. He had been in the habit of giving her the American Beauties as often as the state of his exchequer would permit. A brilliant thought came to him. He would make an arrangement with the florist and have a single splendid American Beauty delivered to his lady love each morning of his absence. He would probably be gone six weeks, seven days in a week, 50 cents each. He did a lightning calculation. Yes. He could raise the price.

So the thoughtful lover made the arrangement. The night before he left he mentioned it to the girl. She was much touched. Women like such little attentions.

The next day a gorgeous delivery wagon pulled up with a flourish at the girl's door. A splendid vision in a uniform that would have made Solomon ion like a foggy day ran up the steps, bearing a long-stemmed rose and handed it to the maid, who gave it to the girl. The girl blushed and sighed, and put the rose in a vase by her mirror, where she would be likely to see it often.

The next day the same thing happened, and the next. Always the pomp and circumstance, always the huge and radiant vision bearing one simple rose.

Then in an evil day for the absent lover the girl saw that the thing was funny. Her chum was with her, and the chum had a lively sense of humor. They gazed over the magnificent delivery wagon and the big man and the little rose. That giggle was fatal. Sentiment merged into absurdity and was lost.

Each time the performance of the rose happened it seemed funnier than it had before. The girl grew hysterical over it, and greeted the tender token with tearful mirth. From the rose to the man was a short step for femininity. She couldn't take either seriously.

When the man of sentiment came back from San Francisco he found her engaged to a man who had been sending her two dozen La France roses once a week.

All of which goes to prove that sentiment is ticklish stuff.

Ask—What kind of a doctor is Pilsner?

Tell—He's the sort that blames his poor practice on the Christian Scientists.—Baltimore American.

James Flett, an employee of the Rat Portage Lumber Company, had his foot caught in a line roller. Part of his foot was torn off and his toes badly smashed.

LABBY AMONG THE REDS.

A Youthful Outing in the United States.

MISTAKEN FOR MEAGHER

When Labouchere left Camlodge he went travelling. Mexico was a country he desired to see. Having resided in the capital some little time, he rode off on his own horse and with \$50 in his pocket. After a ramble of eighteen months he returned to the capital and fell in love with a lady of the circus. He travelled with the troop and took money at the doors, or rather oranges and maize as equivalents for coin. By and by he tired of this occupation and went to the United States. He found himself at St. Paul, which was then only a cluster of houses. Here he met a party of Chippewa Indians going back to their homes. He went with them and with them he spent some months, hunting buffalo, joining in their work and sports, playing cards for wampum necklaces, and living with Joaquin Miller would have been a poem in so many stanzas, but he generally made equal to all, and his venturesome Englishman was just seeing life and passing away the time. Leaving the Chippewas, he went to New York, and making the city his headquarters, he visited the towns about it, and then he went into the diplomatic service. He had influence, and he went into it. Don't imagine that he did all this without money. When I mentioned his \$50 I did not think it necessary to say that Mr. Labouchere could draw upon his bankers or his father. He was now and then hard up, however, not to say hungry, while waiting remittances, but he was generally made equal to all emergencies. He has always seemed to take the world more as a jest than the serious business it is. When he strides forth, sword in hand, as if the play were really tragic, that is only a pretence. His sword is really only a last like harlequin's in the play. But the harlequin often turns his bat into a fairy wand, and Labouchere is a bit of a magician.

Labouchere was courted by the British Minister "to look after some Irish patriots" at Boston. Taking up his quarters at a small hotel, he entered his name as Smith. If you have an eye for an eye, you can see into a "draw," or anything else in the way of a gambler. In the evening of his arrival the attaché incontinently entered a gaming establishment and requested the croupier to deal him a dollar. Then he went to bed, satisfied no doubt with his prowess. The next day the bailiffs seized on the hotel for debt, and all guests were requested to pay their bills and take their things. Labouchere did not pay, and could not therefore take away his luggage. All he could do was to write to Washington for a remittance, and wait two days for the arrival of his money. He had nothing with which to buy himself a breakfast. Towards evening he grew very hungry, and entered a restaurant and ordered dinner without any other idea than to get to pay the bill, except to leave his coat in pledge.

And here comes in an example of young Labouchere's luck, tempered by the time being, penitence, and tache at his dinner he observed that all the waiters were Irishmen, and that they were continually discussing him with each other. He was guilty conscience induced him to think that this was because of his impecunious appearance, and that they were making calculations as to the value of his clothes. At last one of them approached their anxious customer, and in a low voice said, "I beg your pardon, sir, are you the patriot Meagher?" Now this patriot was a gentleman who had added Smith O'Brien in his Irish name, and had been sent to Australia, and had escaped thence to the United States. "It was my business to look after patriots," said Labouchere, telling me the story. "I put my finger before my lips and said 'Hush' at the same time casting my eyes up to the ceiling as though I saw a vision of Erin beckoning me. It was at once that the waiter was Meagher. The choice of names was placed before me, and most excellent, when I had done justice to all the good things I went to the bar, and boldly asked for my bill. The proprietor also, an Irishman, said, 'From a man like you, who has suffered in the good cause, I can take no money; allow a brother patriot to shake hands with you.' I allowed him. He further allowed the waiters to shake hands with him, and then stalked forth with the stern, resolved, but somewhat condescending air which he had seen assumed by patriots in exile. Again he stepped on the common again he washed in the tray. Then he went to the Post office, got his money, and breakfasted.—Joseph Hatton in "The People."

Mrs. Brown and Her Son.

It was on the eve of a local holiday—"Where are ye gamin on Monday?" said Mrs. Brown to William, her son.

"I think I'll go to Lanark," replied William.

"What's to be seen there?" asked the mother, who did not know that Lanark was near the famous Falls of Clyde.

"Eh, mother, d'ye no ken that?" answered William, rather astonished at his mother's ignorance. "Why, Ours Lanark is a fine place."

Mrs. Brown was seemingly hurt at her son's sharp answer, for turning on him she warmly replied—"Ye dinna need to get into size a temper at the best simple question. Hoo was I to ken yer lassie's name until ye tellt me."

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

THE COMMONEST OF ALL TROUBLES

Dodd's Kidney Pills are Used more for Backache Than for Any Other Kidney Affection.

Bright's Disease Not so Frequent of Late Years—Dodd's Kidney Pills Undoubtedly the Cause, Diabetes Also far less Prevalent.

Matane, Que., July 8.—(Special)—Not only in this neighborhood but throughout the Province of Quebec there is a marked decrease noticeable in the number of cases of Bright's Disease reported. This fact is undoubtedly due to the wide use of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the earlier stages of Kidney Disease.

Bright's Disease at one time was the cause of a large proportion of the deaths in this province. It was considered incurable and until Dodd's Kidney Pills were introduced it was incurable. Now, however, now, Dodd's Kidney Pills, almost wiped the disease out. Nor is Diabetes heard of now to any great extent.

The most common form by which Kidney Disease manifests itself is Backache, and Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing their most active work. They are recognized as the surest and quickest cure for Backache ever invented. They work on the sound principle of going to the root of the trouble—namely, the kidneys, wherein they differ from all other backache medicines except imitations of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They do more than merely relieve. They positively cure, as thousands of people are ready to testify.

O. Dionne, a well known resident of Matane, says, "Dodd's Kidney Pills have made a grand success of curing me of Backache, and I recommend everybody to keep them in the house. They are a wonder as a remedy for Backache and Disease of the Kidneys."

Miner of German Origin.

Lord Milner's grandfather was a German merchant at Neuss, who married a German lady, nee Von Rappard. In 1830 his son Karl was born. Karl received his education at Bonn, where he matriculated in 1852. In 1853 he married, whilst still a student, and studied medicine in Bonn, Giessen, and Tubingen, taking his degree of D. Med. at the last-named place. He practised as a doctor in London from 1861 to 1867. In that year he returned to Tubingen, and became Lecturer der englischen Sprache at the University there, and in 1872 "Aussereordentlicher Professor," in which year he married a German lady, his first wife having died in 1869. The question subsequently arises whether Lord Milner is an English subject by birth or whether he has been naturalized. There is a statute of William, and Mary which divests the Sovereign of all right to create a naturalized subject a peer. It was passed before William's marriage with the Peerage with Dutchmen, who had been naturalized Englishmen. It does not appear ever to have been repealed. Unless Karl Milner was naturalized during his brief residence in London, his son would have been born a German subject. If so, and the son was naturalized, he cannot become a Peer.—From Truth.

Dear Sirs.—I cannot speak too strongly of the excellence of MINARD'S LINIMENT. It is THE remedy in my household for bruises, sprains, etc., and we would not be without it.

It is truly a wonderful medicine.

JOHN A. MACDONALD,
Publisher Annapolis Chronicle.

Was the Piano Safe?

Some time ago a famous pianist was giving recitals in an Irish city. He invariably took a piano with him to the different towns where he performed. This was not the instrument made use of at public performances, but was one on which the pianist practised at his hotel, and was a valuable instrument of which he was particularly fond.

One night, after the conclusion of a recital, the musician was alarmed to learn that his hotel was on fire. In the greatest anxiety he questioned the messenger as to the fate of his beloved instrument, and eagerly asked if it had been removed. The messenger replied that an effort had been made to get it out, but this was not successful.

Noticing the crestfallen look in the face of his questioner, the man hastened to add:

"But make yer mind easy, Yer Honor. Sure, the pianer will be quite safe, for as I was leavin' the hose was playin' on it."—London Tit-Bits.

Hard to Explain.

Anderson was passionately fond of honey, and the proprietor of the hotel at which he always stopped always had some on hand for him. On one trip Anderson took his wife along, and as he approached his destination he mentioned to her that he was getting to a place where he could have honey. When the pair were sitting at the supper table that night no honey appeared, and Anderson said sharply to the head waiter:

"Where is my honey?"

The waiter smiled and said: "You mean the little black-haired one? Oh, she don't work here now."

And the Republican says that Anderson never did get it fixed up satisfactorily with his wife.

Why We Let It Pass.

The other day a man with an angry look in his eye stopped us on the street and wanted to know what we wrote that piece? Which appeared in the previous issue of the great moral and religious weekly. Now, we wrote the piece, but the weather being too warm for it, we were sitting at the typewriter and not wanting to be thrashed by a cripple we told him we considered the writer as an entirely responsible man, who didn't mean anything personal or out of the way. We do hate a row!—Howard, Kan., Courant.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

A Mysterious Chest.

The Tsar Paul I left a locked chest when he died, inscribed, "Not to be opened for a hundred years." The chest was opened on March 24, 1801, just when he was intriguing to place Russia under the power of Napoleon. Nothing is as yet known of the contents of the mysterious chest, but it is surmised that it contains important papers on the history of a hundred years ago, and especially on the projected attacks on England.

The New Style of Theological Discussion.

Camden, N. J., is now to the fore with new and progressive evangelistic methods that should merit attention. Differences between preachers of various creeds are settled by wrestling matches before the congregation, the winner being looked upon as having demonstrated the superiority of the doctrine he promotes.

This new evangelistic scheme was introduced at a revival meeting in Camden. Two ministers occupied the platform, Dr. Tingling, an Englishman, who held certain radical views on "Eternal Punishment," and Dr. Edwards, an American, who was much more moderate in his forecast of the future condition of mankind. Constantly, during the meeting, the two ministers came into verbal conflict, but it was not until near the close of the service that the really interesting feature of the evening was introduced.

Dr. Edwards, in his efforts to show the Briton the folly of his position on the question of the eternity of punishment hereafter, prefaced his remarks with a half Nelson which greatly reduced the force of Dr. Tingling's argument. The English evangelist released himself from his undignified position by spinning on his head immediately thereafter he began his argument in favor of everlasting fire, and tomes with a struggle, but which disconnected the American and for a time spoiled the flow of his muscular oratory. There being no referee present, Dr. Edwards could not claim a foul and saw no means of strengthening his position, logically or otherwise.

Before the debate could be closed by a touch of both shoulders and a hip to the mat, however, he wrenched himself free, and, getting a strong body hold, proceeded to demonstrate the fallacy of the position assumed by Dr. Tingling. Dr. Tingling retorted by throwing Dr. Edwards over his shoulder, falling upon him and almost ending the discussion. The American, however, managed to explode this apologetic argument by a double Nelson which landed Dr. Tingling flat on his back on the mat, and congregated a ghastly cry of "I will rather be a woman any day; men get drunk and steal, and they can't work or make children's clothes or do anything useful." Which seems to be a little sweeping.

Quite as interesting are the replies of the 15 per cent. who are not "true to their sex," and who would actually like to be men, the difference of choice, however, seems to be based on some disagreement as to fact, thus one says, "I would rather be a man because they have an easier time," and another "I wish to be a man because he always gets work quicker and he gets more wages."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH of the BLADDER cured by the use of HALL'S CATHARTIC CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Cathartic Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Not That Kind of a Ranch.

Fanny Flids has toured through California and vouches for the truth of the following incident:

A German, who was driving through a large Californian cabbage farm, met with an accident to his wagon; one of the wheels came off, so he walked to the nearest house, and knocked at the door, which was open by a negro.

"I want," said the German, "I want—yes, I want—a monkey wrench?"

"Now, gitta long," exclaimed the negro. "Dis ain't no monkey wrench; dis yah is a cabbage ranch!"

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

An Old Spring Saw.

Bifkins—Great Sport! Look at those dirty Skimpkin children, will you? I wonder where on earth Mrs. Skimpkin is.

Bofkins—Why, don't you know? She's presiding over the mother's meeting.

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HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

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Good agents wanted in this district.

Hon. Jno. Dryden, Geo. B. Woods, President, General Manager.

BROWN'S DROPS

The Old Scotch Remedy 1901

Lime backs are nearly always caused by strains or kidney trouble. Brown's Drops will surely cure you. Sample bottle and descriptive circular sent for 10 cents in pay packing and postage. All sizes sent post paid on receipt of price. Postage stamps accepted.

Price 25c. 50c. and 1.00.

W. M. BROWN, Proprietor, Sutton, Que.

A live agent wanted in every town.

DAN AMERICAN—I HAVE FOUR HANDS

Somebody in a hotel room for Pan-American visitors in my private room at the Hotel Central Park district, 5 minutes from main entrance in exposition grounds; breakfast Rates \$1.00 per day with no extra charge. Rooms, 25 Huntington Avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

FRUIT FARM FOR SALE—ONE OF THE

finest in the Niagara Peninsula. The farm, 10 miles from Hamilton on two main roads, is well watered and is in fruit mostly peaches. Will be sold in one or two lots into lots of 15 to 20 acres or more. This is a decided bargain. Address J. H. Jonathan Carpenter, P. O. box 60, Wilmont, Ontario.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty 5c and a bottle.

Therion's

is your only means of killing germs, no escaping the germ of consumption; kill them with health.

Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will give you that health, if anything will.

READ FOR FREE SAMPLE AND FULL DIRECTIONS IN SCOTT'S BOTTLE. SCOTT & BOWNE, 108 N. 3rd St., PHILADELPHIA, Pa. and 150 Ave. C, New York.

QUEER IDEALS OF SCHOOL GIRLS.

These have been ascertained (and tabulated) by a Miss Doodie, who writes in the National Review of the views of American girls on the question: "Which would you rather be, a man or a woman—and why?"

Tabulating the answers, it is found that 85 per cent. of the school girls answered that Miss Doodie puts it, "true to their sex," which one takes to mean that they preferred to remain women. Fourteen per cent. of them were very true to their sex, indeed, because they answered that they despise men, and believe women to be superior.

"One of these school girls would rather be a woman than a man because 'women wear nicer dresses and more colors'; another, because 'women are not punished so much as men, for the law is not hard on them'; and still another, because women are treated more kindly than men, and they do their hair nicer." Another, whose literary touch is somewhat firmer than her logic, says that she prefers to be a woman because 'women are more noble than men. Portia was noble, and Cordelia; but Lear and Bassano had faults.' Here are some more reasons: "Women can go about in many places and see things; a man has to stay in a hot office." "Women just has patience when she is cross, but men use bad language." "I would rather be a woman any day; men get drunk and steal, and they can't work or make children's clothes or do anything useful." Which seems to be a little sweeping.

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