Talks by the Wayside

FOR THE WHIG.

By a Farmer's Son.

Life changes all our thoughts of heaven;
At first we think of streets of gold,
And gates of pearl and dazzling light,
Of shining wings and robes of white,
And things all strange to mortal sight
Not in the afterward of years
It is a more familiar place,
A home unhurt by sighs or tears,
Where waiteth many a well-known face.
With passing months it comes more near,
It grows more real day by day,
Not strange or cold, but very dear—
The glad home land not far away,
Where none are sick, or poor, or lone,
The place where we shall find our own,
And as we think of all we knew
Who there have met to part no more,
Our longing hearts desire home, too,
With all the strife and trouble o'er.
—Browning.

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The expressed dissatisfaction over long sermons and prayers seems to be general; and so, in reverting to it, I hope I am, like a motion to adjourn, always in order. It was just the other Sunday that I listened to a clergyman pray until I began to fear there would be no time left for the sermon. He was a generous man, and so he prayed for everybody and everything. The contrast between that prayer and Peter's was very marked. "Lord, save me, or I perish!" was the apostle's supplication. Short and to the point it was, and Christ answered it immediately. Had Peter attempted the prayer I listened to recently, he would have drowned before he could possibly have finished a sixteenth of it.

But this long prayer reminded me of still another supplication. After a lengthy and trying siege in 1745, the strong French fortress of Louisbourg surrendered to the New England militiamen under Gen. Pepperrell and the English squadron of eleven vessels under Commander Warren. The victorious officers decided to hold a grand banquet on the following night in honor of their great achievement. Parson Moody was chaplain to Gen. Pepperrell, and, of course, had to be invited. He was noted for his fierceness and his long prayers, and many, dreading his presence, stayed away from the feast. But, in this case, it was the unexpected that happened. To the surprise of everyone Parson Moody, when requested to say grace, did so in the following brief manner:

"Good Lord, we have so much to thank Thee for that time will be too short, and we must leave it for eternity. Bless our food and fellowship upon this joyful occasion, for the sake of Christ our Lord. Amen."

And with that he sat down. Surely, there is a lesson here for some clergymen. Time is too short for long prayer; let them leave part of it for eternity.

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This has been called the age of young men, yet none of the youthful prodigies of our day have accomplished aught worthy of comparison with the precocious achievements of David, Alexander and Napoleon, or of Pitt, Mozart and Chatterton. Nearly half a century ago Charles James Fox swaggered about at the age of twenty-one, a lord of the admiralty, and a thorn in the side of George III; and later his great rival, William Pitt, a lad of twenty-three, managed the office of the chancellor of the exchequer, becoming premier of England the following year. In an article in the Munsey Magazine the youthful triumphs of the great men in history are dealt with from Alexander III of Macedon and Edward, the Black Prince, to Napoleon and Pitt. At the age of thirty Alexander was sighing for more worlds to conquer; Edward, the Black Prince, fought with distinction at Crecy at the age of sixteen; and Napoleon commanded the French army in Italy at the age of twenty-seven.

The roll call of youth in the days, before the term was made to embrace almost all ages under the allotted three score and ten, was a notable one. Splendid, picturesque or inspiring all of them were, from David, the shepherd boy who began his history as king at eighteen, to Chatterton, finishing his tragic chronicle at the same age; from Alexander of Macedon, the splendid, insolent ruler, swinging all the eastern world into the circle of the Greek possessions before he was thirty-three, to James Watt, the Scotch peasant boy who watched his grandmother's kettle steaming and bubbling upon the stove, and so made possible the steam engine as we know it; from Napoleon Bonaparte, the young Corsican upstart, sweeping the Austrians from Italy before he was twenty-nine, to Rafael, who at thirty-seven had finished his deathless work; from Cortes, master of Mexico at thirty-six, to Schubert, who died at thirty-one, leaving as a memorial the most beautiful and haunting collection of songs in the world; from Charlemange, master and maker of France at thirty, to Shelley, master of poetry at twenty-five; from Patrick Henry, patriot leader at twenty-nine, to Ruskin, establishing his fame at twenty-four with "Modern Painters."

Then there were Lord Byron, who at twenty-four won fame with "Childe Harold," John Keats, who wrote "Endymion" in his twenty-second year, and last, but not least, there is the German emperor, who stands as the representative of youthful achievement among the reigning monarchs of to-day.

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For many years the farmers of this country have stood idly by and have seen the various governments vote huge subsidies and immense grants of free lands to railway corporations. These gifts, either directly or indirectly, came out of the pockets of the farmers. The latter no longer intend to acquiesce in such transactions. They are banding together, in granges, in farmers' associations, etc., with the object of promoting their own interests. By nature this country will always be, pre-eminently, an agricultural country. Therefore, to provide the greatest good to the greatest number, the laws should be framed more in the interest of the man who tills the soil. The tariff should be framed to benefit him, rather than the manufacturer; if there are any bonuses or subsidies to give away, let them be given to the sturdy agriculturalist; the man who has cleared the land and made it blossom as the rose; the man, above all others, who has done most to develop the country and make it prosperous. This, in brief, is what he is now claiming with no uncertain voice. The general attitude of the farmers is vigorously expressed in the following resolution which was passed at a meeting held in Dromore, Grey county, on February 6th:

"Declarations—We, the undersigned electors of the South Riding of Grey, want a man in parliament who will vote for economy, rigid economy; we want no more giving away of land and money by the million under the plea of opening up or building up the country; there was a necessity for that, but there is little or none now; no more giving away of money to smelters, manufacturers or corporations that are enriched from the public chest or by the profits of protective duties; we want a man who will vote against the giving away of the public funds to make rich men richer, by money largely raised from the toiler and consumer; we want a man in parliament who will represent our interests and not the interests of the rich man, the millionaire or the corporations, as has glaringly been the case heretofore; we want a prudent man who will aim at paying off instead of increasing the public debt.

"Pledges—We, the undersigned electors of the South Riding of Grey, do agree and fully endorse the statements and principles of the above declarations, and we hereby pledge ourselves that we will faithfully and to the best of our ability and judgment use our vote and our influence to bring about the reforms so much needed and called for in the above declaration; and as we sign our names our prayer to the Dominion government and parliament, and also the Ontario government and parliament, is that the principles and terms of the above declaration be adhered to, and that parliament cease to vote away, and the government cease to give away, any further donations whatsoever without the consent of the people, as made known on a ballot at the annual municipal elections; and we further pray the Dominion government and parliament for better facilities for railroad transportation of Canadian goods, and also for any adjustment whereby railway companies, whether they build cattle guards or not, may be responsible for all animals killed on their roads; and we further pray that the burden of revenue taxation, so heavy on the toiler and consumer, be made lighter by a reduction instead of an increase in the tariff; and our prayer to the Ontario government is that we want a just and equitable system of taxation —that is, we want all railway lands and real estate, and all assessable real property, assessed and taxed."

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The late Thomas Brackett Reed, says the New York Mail and Express, was fond of telling a story regarding the bright little office boy whom he kept in his service at Washington, and for whom he prophesied a brilliant financial career: A gentleman calling on Mr. Reed one day, while waiting in the reception room, was attracted by the manner of the small attendant and started a random conversation.

"And how much do you earn a week, my boy?" he enquired.

"Fifty dollars," said the youngster with avidity.

Being shown into the senator's private office just then, the visitor's surprise found vent in words.

"Mighty bright boy you have there, Mr. Reed, to be getting $50 a week," he remarked.

"Fifty nothing," said Mr. Reed, "he gets $5.50."

"But he told me just now you were giving him $50 a week," persisted the gentleman.

"Nonsense," said Mr. Reed, and touched the bell. "Billy," he said, did you tell this gentleman I was paying you $50 a week?"

"No, sir."

"You didn't? Well, what did you say?"

"I said I earned it," was the prompt and stout rejoinder.

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A close observer of the daily press must come to the conclusion that belief in the efficacy of vaccination is rapidly disappearing in Ontario. One Toronto paper received so many letters of an anti-vaccination type that it felt itself obliged to close its columns to the discussion. In many of the other dailies of the province scores of letters are appearing in which the writers take a firm stand against vaccination. The action of the provincial board of health in deciding to make the enforcement of compulsory vaccination more stringent raised a storm of protest at Galt. A meeting of the antis was at once called, and an association formed. Rev. J. A. La Flair presided at this gathering, at which the action of the provincial board of health was characterized as an outrage to the personal liberty of British subjects. The Galt association has allied itself with the Toronto branch of the Anti-Vaccination League of England.

A writer in the Toronto World quotes the following opinion of H. W. Hodge, M.D., in regard to vaccination. "The vile matter, which nature wisely eliminates from the system of the sick calf in her endeavor to save its life and restore it to health, is seized upon by the vaccinator and injected into the body of a child. Think of the unparalleled absurdity of purpose, by infecting the system of a healthy person in this era of sanitary science, with poisonous matter from a diseased calf under the senseless pretext of protecting the victim of the ingrafted disease from the contagion of small-pox."

I have met a great many people in Kingston who hold similar views. Medical men, too, are divided on this question. After seeing numerous cases wherein vaccination seriously injured the health of the patient, I can take no other stand than that of the anti.

Members of President Castro's Cabinet at Caracas receiving news of signing of protocol at Washington. President Castro is seated in centre at further side of circular table.

Vigorous at Eighty-Three

Mr. Jas. Walker Attributes His Good Health to Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.

They Cured Him of Swelling of the Limbs, Urinary Troubles and Violent Backache.

Those who desire a hale and hearty old age, full of vim and vigor and freedom from kidney ailments, should take Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets. It is simply wonderful how they allay the irritation of the urinary passages, render unnecessary the frequent rising at night and give healthful vigor to the whole system. Many old people write and tell us that they feel ten years younger since taking the Tablets.

James Walker, whose address is Sheldon, Iowa, U.S.A., is one of the old folks who is enthusiastic about Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets. Just read what he says and write him for further particulars if you like.

"Along last September, I began to be troubled with my urine. It gave me pain at times, and I had to go quite often, sometimes having to rise out of bed four or five times during the night. I had a great thirst and a violent backache. My limbs swelled to twice their natural size and my appetite left me.

"I happened to get an Ontario paper "The Lindsay Post," and saw there that Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets were highly spoken of. I determined to try them, and after using them one week I got great relief. The pain left my back and I did not need to get up so often at night. I continued their use, and the results have been wonderful for a man of my age, eighty-three. I am not bothered with that terrible thirst, my appetite is good, the swelling has left my limbs, and I can tell you the Tablets have proved a great boom to me. You are at liberty to use my letter in any way you choose, as what I say is the truth."

(Signed) JAMES WALKER.

Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are 50c. a bottle, at druggists or by mail. The Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto, Ont.

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Proof by Using

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"That **Tillson's Pan-Dried** process is the best one in the world to make bonny good porridge by—

"It only remains with you to buy it, cook it according to directions—serve it hot and eat it.

"That's all you need to do to get the benefit of the very best oatmeal in all the world to-day."

Tillson's Oats

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DESTROYS THE GERMS. CURES THE DISEASE.

Have you Catarrh, Hay Fever, Sore Throat, Mucous Discharge from the Head or Throat, Cold in the Head, Catarrhal Deafness or any Disease of the Air Passages? If so, write to us to-day.

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I enclose $1.00 for the Inhaler. I am feeling better every day. I would not take $50.00 for it if I could not get another one. WM. CHAPPLE, Winnipeg, Man.

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THINGS NOTABLE.

The World Presents Much That is Characteristic.

According to the monks of the Hospice of St. Bernard, their famous dogs save on an average twenty lives every year on the mountain.

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In some Parisian cemeteries there are open vaults connected with electrical appliances to prevent the burial of persons who may be only in a trance.

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A curious characteristic peculiar to the California redwood tree is that if the head is cut off by lightning a new one will gradually grow out as shapely as the first.

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Above the length of nineteen or twenty feet, snakes in the Philippine Islands increase greatly in bulk for every foot in length, so that a snake nineteen feet long looks small beside one twenty-two feet long.

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Sir John Herschell estimates that the very largest comets, with tails often millions of miles in length, do not weigh more than a few ounces.

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Of land in Ireland, ten and a half million acres are under grass, four and a half million under crops, and nearly five million acres of bog, marsh and waste land.

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An American chemist has invented a tube for truth. You speak into it; the chemical solution changes color according to the tensity of your emotion, and truth and mendacity show distinct and vivid colors.

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The people of Jamaica are gathering funds to erect a statue—not to the king, nor to the hero of any war, nor to any literary headlight, but to the American who initiated the banana trade of the island; a tribute to a commercial benefactor.

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The Simplon tunnel which is being driven through the Alps between France and Italy, is costing almost a million dollars a mile. Ten of its fourteen miles are completed. The length of the St. Gotthard tunnel is nine miles and of the Mont Cenis seven miles.

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The town of Winchester, Mass., is almost entirely bereft of cats. The superintendent of the state fowl hatchery, finding that the animals wrought havoc among his poultry, fixed wires, and ran a powerful electric current through them. Over 200 cats have been electrocuted.

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Why some British and American merchants and manufacturers who were successful exhibitors at the Paris exhibition of 1900 have not yet received their medals is that the engraver was an ardent pro-Boer, and every time he saw on the lists officially supplied to him names which had an English look he coolly put his pen through them.

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William D. Crawford, fifteen years old, of New Jersey, has a band of rats, which he has trained after six months of patient work. At the boy's call each rat will respond to his name coming forth from the cage with a flag of a nation. They form in line and go through military evolutions in sharp time. Then a sham battle follows.

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The profession of bridesmaid is growing in New York. For some time it has been the habit in that city to pay bridesmaids. At a recent wedding there were fifteen maids, all punctually paid. Besides the beautiful dresses given by the bride's father they each received $25 apiece. There are young ladies who accept so much as $100 for their office of honor.

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A sixteenth century resident of Wednesbury, Eng., left $1,000 to provide annually on St. Thomas' day three gowns and three coats to indigent persons of the parish. Following the custom of the times the money was invested in land (in this case in minerals), and the original legacy has increased in value to $3,000. Instead of the three the charity commissioners are able to present 200 gowns and sixty coats yearly.

Dogs Ate The Church.

Commercial Advertiser.

Rev. E. G. Peck, an English missionary who has spent much time among the Eskimos, tells an amusing story of how he built a church and how he lost it. When his flock reached sufficient size he had a church built. It was eighteen feet long by twelve wide, and was made of sealskins stretched over light framework, the whole banked with snow. It had been in existence, but a short time when the dogs discovered that it was edible. They scratched the snow away, and between two Sundays ate the church—at least its covering up.

Genuine Sympathy.

Footpad—Hold up your hands!

Belated pedestrian—All right; but before searching me I may as well tell you that I met my wife down town this afternoon—

Footpad—Say no more, pard; I'm a married man myself; here's a quarter for you.

$30.00 EAGLE BICYCLE $1.00

Cut this ad. out and send to us with $1.00. State whether you want Men's or Ladies' Bicycle, height of frame and size wanted, and we will send you this High Grade 1903 Model Eagle Bicycle by express C.O.D. subject to examination. You can examine it thoroughly at your Express Office and if found perfectly satisfactory, exactly as represented A GENUINE EAGLE BICYCLE, HIGH GRADE 1903 MODEL—pay to the Express Agent the balance due—$29.00—and Express Charges. The express charges are only 50 to 75 cents for each 100 miles. No extra charge for Ladies' Bicycles. EVERYONE KNOWS THE EAGLE BICYCLE. They are the Highest Grade wheels made; big favorites with best Bicycle Clubs; the leading wheel with professional riders. Built on honor, finished with best Bicycle enamels, highest grade equipment. Fitted with Dunlop double Tube tires, finest hanger, bake and bearings, highest grade equipment. Fitted with Dunlop double Tube Tires. Weight of frame—Men's 20, 22 and 24 in.—Ladies' 20 and 23 in.—enameled Black. Will OFFER splendid chance to a good agent in each town. Send for catalogue and ask for Agents' Discount. Wheels slightly used, $5.00 to $25.00. Secure Agency at once.

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