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THE DAILY WHIG.

"Opifer per Orbem Dicor."

NOT WANTED.

It is said that Sir John Thompson's visit to the old land has been due to an agitation in government circles to have some eminent Canadian placed upon the privy council. What is the matter with the privy council as it stands? Has it not been fair and impartial in its decisions? Has it not been guided by the highest principles of equity and justice? What more can be expected of it even with a Canadian upon the bench? The inference will be drawn that the Canadian government is not satisfied with the existing condition of things, and hopes for a more "conservative" administration of the law with the introduction of a Canadian element into the council. "But," the Brantford *Expositor* casually remarks, "it is very questionable if there would be any benefit by the placing, say of Sir John himself, upon the highest judicial tribunal in the empire. It would be a grand honor, of course, and one worthy of the ambition of our minister of justice, but it is a trifle over his head. He had best be left in Canada to adapt the law to party exigency and argue the offences of his political friends away. He has certainly done nothing to warrant his translation to the privy council, unless his attempt—before Mr. Blake entered his all-powerful protest—to whitewash Charlie Rykert has had distinguishing effects. No, the privy council is best constituted as it is. There is no room upon it for Sir John Thompson, though, of course, there can be no harm in his looking after the job.

AN APOLOGY OFFERED.

The Ottawa *Citizen* has been moved at last to declare that Mr. Rykert has not, after all, done anything so very serious; that his indiscretions should no longer be laid up against him; that his offences, whatever they were, have been condoned by the voters, and that he stands to-day purified in the presence of the people. This is the opinion, no doubt, of Mr. Mackintosh, M.P., who, as the editor of the *Citizen*, is not afflicted with the twinges of conscience that some others experience. He was at one time in the contract business, and did what the courts could not approve and the people did not condone, and, by experience he ought to know that a man can, with the help of his party, be forced into a position which he is not fit for and the possession of which does not wipe out the records against him in the book of remembrance. Evidently Mr. Mackintosh is shaping himself to do Mr. Rykert the honor which he desires at the hands of a friend, namely, that of introduction to the speaker of the house of commons. Wonder has been expressed as to who of his friends would undertake to perform this little service for him. The wonder has disappeared before the apology which Mr. Mackintosh has offered for the member for Lincoln, declaring that he stands in the position of one who has been attacked for a violation of the Independence of Parliament act, who has been whitewashed by the people and sent back to the house, wholesome and pure and sweet. The comparison is not very complimentary to some men, but for the sake of the party they will have to endure it. The conservative leaders are afraid of Mr. Rykert. He seems to know too much about them. He says dozens of members have done as badly as he has, and it don't do to tempt him to go further in his exposure of them. And so he is to be forgiven by his friends and welcomed back to the fold. Parliament has pronounced his conduct "discreditable, corrupt and scandalous," and the record cannot be expunged. The liberals will see about it.

THE OPEN MARKET.

Hon. Mr. Carling has, it appears, been consoling the farmers with a speech touching the markets that are open to them. The McKinley bill will, by common consent, close the United States markets against the surplus products of this country, and Mr. Carling points to that of Great Britain as ever growing and widening and capable of consuming all the produce that can be sent to it. Taking the statements of the trade and navigation returns for it the United States are found to be the chief country of supply. "The Americans," says the *Empire*, "supply 38 per cent. of the cattle, to 16 per cent. sent from Canada; while in salted beef and fresh beef they send 94 and 93 per cent. respectively to our 5 and .01 In pork and bacon the figures are equally striking. Our neighbors supply 30.61 per cent. of pork, and 70 20 of bacon and hams, to our .67 and 4 38 per cent. In like manner they send 94 per cent. of the lard which Great Britain consumes to the paltry 4 per cent. coming from Canada. So that in the products of the hog we get but a meagre and wholly insufficient share of the British market. In cheese, pease and apples we compare more favorably; but in butter neither country sends as high as 2 per cent. of the total population." It is questionable if the position of matters will be any the better in the future. The Americans have the better facilities for foreign trade, and the British markets are open to the world. Some mention has been made of the possibility of the mother country discriminating somewhat and in some way in favor of Canada, but it will be time enough to expect that sort of thing when Canada has discriminated in favor of the mother country. As the issue stands British goods are taxed as the imports from the United States. Moreover the men who now point to Britain as the natural market for Canadian produce, and hope for some legislation that will create that market into a kind of preserve, are the same who, in their blind adoration of a high tariff, would not consider the effect of it upon foreign relations and said that if British connection could not stand the strain so much the worse for British connection. The *Empire* tells us that two things have been forcibly emphasized during the past few months—(1) "the danger to which our export trade is constantly exposed from hostile legislation on the part of our neighbors, and (2) the fact that American farmers view our farmers as important competitors." Our contemporary very conveniently overlooks the circumstance that though the senate of the United States may pass the McKinley bill we can have free trade between that country and Canada as soon as our government is ready to negotiate for it, that the talk of hostile legislation is mere buncomb which has no effect upon sensible men. Another point—the farmers of the United States are not much concerned about the competition of Canadians; rather they are concerned about the European trade with which they are brought into contact, and of which Senator Hatch voiced their sentiments in these words: "We are selling our surplus products in the open markets of the world in competition with the cheapest agricultural labor and the lowest transportation charges in the world, and buying our ordinary implements and farm machinery, as well as every manufactured necessity or comfort for our families in the highest protected and most restricted market in the world, largely governed and controlled by trusts and combines." The American, like the Canadian farmer, cannot be humbugged any longer by the protectionist party. He wants free trade and is going to have it.

TALKING TO FARMERS.

David Nicol Talks of Their Mental, Social and Financial Standing.

At the Leeds farmers' institute Mr. Nicol read an interesting paper. He said: A short time ago I noticed, in an agricultural journal, a very disparaging article, in which the writer remarked, that according to his observations, "there were none so poor to do the farmer reverence." True it is, that there are some boorish farmers, plodding away on the exhaustive system, merely living on their capital, fit subjects for targets, for the shafts of witticism, but no sensible person would presume to judge the whole by the conduct and incapability of a few unworthy individuals. It is easily understood why the exhaustive system, as commonly pursued by this slipshod, shiftless class of farmers, tends to dwarf the intellect and banish self-respect. Farmers generally are esteemed according to their worth, and occupy the position in society which their education and natural abilities entitle them to. By far the greater majority of them possess superior talents; and among them are to be found more men of intelligence and good sound common sense than are to be found in any other class of the people. Such a remark as that referred to is a base slander on the most noble of all vocations. There is no denying the fact that the present agricultural depression, brought about partly, no doubt, by over-production throughout the world, is somewhat discouraging; but be it observed that its effects are being equally felt by every other business, trade, and profession. There is nothing more certain than that an agricultural depression will be followed by general calamity. When agriculture prospers not, all other occupations must languish and decline. This woeful depression is not confined to Canada nor to the continent of America, it is universal—but we have no reason to suppose that it will be continuous. There certainly will come a change for the better. Prices are always governed according to supply and demand. Of whatever commodities there is a superabundance now, less will henceforth be produced until prices rise again. Doubtless, some farmers on exhausted land will of sheer necessity fall out. It is only the energetic, enterprising and industrious class of farmers that can keep up in the procession now, since competition has become keen in all branches of husbandry. Some who have been specialists will turn their attention to the production of various crops. As the population increases so will the demand for farm products increase, and consumption will overtake production. I would not be surprised if, in a few years, the price of grain is higher than ever it was before. Generally speaking, one excess succeeds another in almost every industry. One of the chief causes for the present unfavorable state of agriculture is the high rate of interest farmers are paying on borrowed money. It is out of all proportion to the proceeds of the farmer.

It is a well known fact that, for some years past, even the best farmers have not realized more than three per cent. on their investments. I think, however, the time has nearly arrived when money can be borrowed on the best security at four per cent., and then the lenders will have the best of it. It is stated somewhere in scripture that the "borrower is servant to the lender." This, I believe, has been verified in our country to a far greater extent than was ever anticipated; and if this depression becomes the means of equalizing benefits, it will not have been without its good effects. I cannot see how a farmer, who is still able to procure a livelihood for himself and family in these hard times, is likely to better his condition by forsaking his farm to engage in some other business which in all probability would be to him less profitable, or to leave the country looking for a better. There will still be as many farmers in Ontario as ever; but many, no doubt, will have learned to farm more economically. Agriculture is, and must continue to be, the chief corner-stone of our nation's existence and prosperity. Why is it that so many intelligent farmers allow themselves to be victimized by the patent-rights agent, the seed-grain swindler, or the confidence rogue, it is difficult to understand, unless it be that they are less suspecting than the dwellers in the city, or, perhaps, it may be that their payments being more certain, they are much more frequently importuned. If the farmers cannot protect themselves against the impositions of combines, it is certainly not for want of mental capacity. No doubt their great excess in numbers makes effective organization difficult. They are a people of long forbearance, but it cannot be supposed that they will much longer continue to be the only class that is preyed upon by every other class of the community. Perpetual vigilance on the part of every individual farmer would, in course of time, reduce to a minimum the income of the great army of scheming middlemen whose profits in many instances far exceed that of the producer. The farmer is an independent man. Nobody expects him to cringe or curry favor in order to sell his products. The merchant does not call in question his politics or religious opinions. He may be a Communist or a Mormon; yet his beef, pork, butter and cheese sell for just what they are worth, not one cent less per pound than that of his neighbour whose opinions may be faultlessly orthodox and popular, provided they are of as good quality. Hence it is easier and more natural in his calling than in many other pursuits for a man to work for a living, and at the same time to aspire to success and consideration without sacrificing self-respect, compromising integrity, or ceasing in any way to be a gentleman. The farmer seldom dresses in silk hat and kid gloves, or displays much jewellery, but that does not make him less respectable in the eyes of wise people, and he need care little for the admiration of dudes and montebanks. When in social company he generally talks intelligently about subjects of importance, consequently he is not a fit associate for the shoddy swell inflated with light literature. To many minds a common error arises from a false estimate of the principles on which agricultural knowledge is based. For although even the uneducated farmer often receives ample requital in remunerative harvest, in order to secure continued success, the highest order of talents cultivated by a thorough education is required.

(To be continued.)

Free Trip to Europe.

The publishers of *The Canadian Queen* will give a free trip to Europe to the person sending them the largest number of words constructed from letters contained in the name of their well known magazine, *The Canadian Queen*. Additional prizes, consisting of silver tea sets, gold watches, china dinner sets, portiere curtains, silk dresses, mantel clocks and many other useful and valuable articles will also be awarded in order of merit. Webster's unabridged dictionary to be used as authority in deciding the contest. This is a popular plan of introducing a popular publication. Every one sending a list of not less than ten words will receive a present. Enclose thirteen 2c. stamps for illustrated catalogue of presents and three month's trial subscription to *The Queen*. Address—*The Canadian Queen*, Toronto, Ont.

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Make an exception in favor of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Its known virtues as a cure for diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus and all bowel complaints cause all who use it to regard it as the most reliable and effectual remedy obtainable.

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POWER OF TESTIMONY.

A STRONG SERMON BY THE REV. DR. TALMAGE AT BEATRICE, NEB.

"We Are Witnesses" is the Wonders Worked by Faith, to the Great Influence for Good and Comfort of Belief in Jesus Christ.

BEATRICE, Neb., July 6.—Dr. Talmage preached here in the open air to an immense congregation, which had gathered from all the surrounding country to hear the famous preacher. His text was, "We are witnesses" (Acts iii, 15). Following is his sermon:

In the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railway train could never be driven by steam power successfully and without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh and from Edinburgh to London have made all the nations witnesses of the splendid achievement. Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic ocean; but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard and the Inman and the National and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world, by Associated Press put in your hands every morning and night, has made all nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead he was dead, and the heart and the liver and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld him, heard his voice and talked with him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experience and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are witnesses."

Now let me play the skeptic for a moment. "There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lazarus was not raised from the dead, and water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving over yonder as though he would like to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this assembly there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out, "We are witnesses!"

TESTIMONY, NOT ARGUMENT.

The fact is that if this world is ever brought to God it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church against each other and the man of the world will in all probability get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world and always will seem illogical. Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then in order to have faith we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or one thousand men, or five hundred thousand men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an aspiration, I am bound as a fair minded man to accept their testimony. I want just now to put before you three propositions, the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity.

VANQUISHED BY THE GOSPEL.

The first proposition is: We are witnesses that the religion of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other subject as on this. People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are 33,000 converts in Madagascar today. People laughed at Dr. Adoniram Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are 20,000 Baptists in Burmah today. People laughed at Dr. Morrison, in China, for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are 25,000 Christians in China today. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti fifteen years without a single conversion, and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians today.

"FREE GRACE!"

But why go so far to find evidence of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us; angels of God were all around about us; they could not overcome us. But one day, perhaps at a Methodist anxious seat, or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture, or at a burial, or on horseback, a power seized us, and made us get down, and made us tremble, and made us kneel, and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer meeting with a dagger and a gun to disturb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying, "Oh, my great sins! Oh, my great Saviour!" and for eleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being "Free grace!" Oh, it was free grace!

There is a man who for ten years was a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were interlinked with the vitals of the body, mind and soul; but he has not taken any stimulants for ten years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. "Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else!" There is a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on the sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities, and made him a psalm singer? Conversion by the holy Spirit. There are thousands of people in this assemblage today who are no more what they once were than a water lily is a nightshade, or a morning lark is a vulture, or day is night.

NOT ASHAMED OF JESUS.

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed they would spring to their feet with more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhilaration as they cried, "We are witnesses!" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hymn they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line.

> Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
> On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
> No! When I blush, be this my shame:
> That I no more revere his name.

GOD LIGHTENS OUR BURDENS.

Again I remark that we are witnesses of the Gospel's power to comfort. There are Christian parents here who are willing to testify to the power of the Gospel to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life; but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say: "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skillful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering why God ever gave you that child at all, if so soon he was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God.

What has enabled you to stand all the trial? "Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray, or to look up, he breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear, nor a farewell, nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widowhood, and orphanage, and childlessness, saying, "Ay, ay, we are witnesses!"

TURN TO GOD WHEN IN TROUBLE.

When a man has trouble the world comes in and says: "Now get your mind off this; go out and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! When everything is upturned with the bereavement and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking. You cannot stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street or that very road she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plat she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked, fascinated, saying: "Come see the pictures." Go deeper into business? Why, she was associated with all your business ambition, and since she has gone you have no ambition left.

Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart. I can build a Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's "Eroica Symphony" as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say, "Get your mind off this; go out and breathe fresh air; plunge deeper into business?" No. There was a minute when he came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and he breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one and say: "It is all right; she is better off; I would not call her back. Lord, I thank thee that thou hast comforted my poor heart."

"WHEN DEATH COMES TO TAKE US."

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I never shall forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the cornfields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farm house where the bereavement had come and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages, but there was one carriage that especially attracted my boyish attention, and it had black plumes. I said: "What's that? What's that? Why those black tassels on the top?" and after it was explained to me I was lifted up to look upon the bright face of an aged Christian woman who three days before had departed in triumph; the whole scene made an impression I never forgot.

In our sermons and in our lay exhortations we are very apt, when we want to bring illustrations of dying triumph, to go back to some distinguished personage—to a John Knox or a Harriet Newell. But I want you for witnesses. I want to know if you have ever seen anything to make you believe that the religion of Christ can give composure in the final hour. Now in the courts attorney, jury and judge will never admit mere hearsay. They demand that the witness must have seen with his own eyes or heard with his own ears, and so I am critical in my examination of you now; and I want to know whether you have seen or heard anything that makes you believe that the religion of Christ gives composure in the final hour.

THEY DID NOT FEAR ETERNITY.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great difference in their deathbeds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other, there was more tenderness." Before the one you bowed perhaps in awe. In the other case you felt as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "no, I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us good-by and went asleep as calmly as a child in a cradle."

What made her so composed? Natural courage? "No," you say, "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What, then, gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "it was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion and she had faith that she would go straight to glory and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

DEATH BROUGHT TRIUMPH.

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moments of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hand on the old family Bible from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes, and from what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospel to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency? The response comes from all sides, from young and old and middle aged: "We are witnesses!"

PROVED BY MILLIONS OF WITNESSES.

You see, my friends, I have not put before you today an abstraction, or chimera, or anything like guess work. I present you affidavits of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but thousands of witnesses—on earth millions of witnesses, and in heaven a great multitude of witnesses that no man can number, testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble and to afford composure in the last hour. If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness, and say they had the same sickness, and took a certain medicine and it cured them, you would probably take it.

Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say, "We don't believe there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you ever tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say, "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then, avaunt!" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God, and comforted in trial and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses!"

Some time ago Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that new star! Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul today, canst thou see a bright star beaming on thee? "Where?" you say, "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope? It is the Star of Bethlehem.

> Deep horror then my vitals froze,
> Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem,
> When suddenly a star arose—
> It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh hearer, get your eye on it. It is easier now for you to become a Christian than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven.

"WE ARE WITNESSES."

When Madame Sontag began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Madame Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Berlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said, "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied, "That's my mother; that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Madame Sontag, "and tell her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage gathered at a benefit for that poor woman, and it was said that Madame Sontag sang that night as she had never sung before. And she took a skilled oculist, who tried in vain to give eyesight to the poor blind woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death Madame Sontag took care of her and her daughter after her. That was what the queen of song did for her enemy. But, oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind immortal, poor and lost, thou who, when the world and Christ were rivals for thy heart, didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ comes now to give thee sight, to give thee a home, to give thee heaven. With more than a Sontag's generosity he comes to meet your need. With more than a Sontag's music he comes to plead for thy deliverance.

THE TEA TABLE.

Read This Down and You Will Be Well Entertained and Posted.

The contract for the new St. Andrew's Church, Arnprior, has been awarded to R. N. Willoughby, Carleton Place. The price is $12,980. The building is to be completed by July 1st, 1891.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." Sold by W. J. Wilson.

Wm. Parks has purchased from the Rathbun company the house in Deseronto in which he resides. George Spring has also purchased from the company a house and lot on Dundas street.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 5 cts., and $1. W. J. Wilson, druggist.

Messrs J. L. and D. E. Jackson purchased the old wringer works property, Gananoque, and have gone into the coal business. A storehouse has been erected, 34x60 in size, capable of holding 1,050 tons.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker mouth Sold by W. J. Wilson.

On Thursday William Morrison, Napanee, caught his right hand in a pulley, tearing his first and second fingers. The first finger hung by a small tissue of skin, but the second was cut over half off.

Croup, whooping cough and bronchitis, immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by W. J. Wilson.

On Wednesday Thomas Grant, an employee on the G.T.R. double track, Napanee, met with a serious accident. A stone fell on his ankle, dislocating it and severing the ligaments. It will be some time before he is around again.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy Price 50c. W. J. Wilson, druggist.

Morrison, Perth, has resigned his position of separate school trustee and secretary, owing to private business. An election will take place on 9th July. The board have appointed Thomas Noonan their secretary and John Lee their treasurer.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis W. J. Wilson, druggist.

On Monday Robert Kenney, a young lad working in the Cedar Mill, Deseronto, had his arm caught in a conveyor belt and dragged around a pulley. He was released from his perilous position by Mr. Brick and others. No bones were broken.

Hanson's magic corn salve cures corns and bunions with three applications. In boxes 15 cents, at Wade's drug store, corner King and Brock streets.

R. W. McIntyre, an old Arnprior boy, now of New Haven, Conn., is winning great fame as a railway contractor and bridge builder. His latest achievement is the building of a huge trestle at Carbondale, Penn., over which the railway is conducted across the Lackawana river and through the streets of the city.

Their gentle action and good effect on my system really make them a perfect little pill. They please those who use them. Carter's Little Liver Pills may well be termed "Perfection."

Brother Simion, director of De LaSalle school, Renfrew, left on Wednesday for New York. He took with him James Brosseau, Thomas Davine and Gerald McCrea, whom he intends to place in the novitiate of the Christian Brothers in New York. These boys purpose entering the brotherhood as teachers.

Derangement of the liver, with constipation, injures the complexion, induce pimples, sallow skin. Remove the cause by using Carter's Little Liver Pills. One a dose. Try them.

Robert R. Smith observed in a recent visit to Admaston that a good many fields of oats had been attacked by numerous swarms of small green flies or midges, which are causing the crop to have a yellow appearance. He is afraid that they are akin to the numerous flies which attacked the oats in the years 1859 and 1860. Mr. Smith says he sowed 120 bushels of seed oats one of those years and only threshed 200 bushels though there was plenty of straw. Next year he sowed 115 bushels and threshed 170 bushels.

A woman who is weak, nervous and sleepless, and who has cold hands and feet, cannot feel and act like a well person. Carter's Iron Pills equalize the circulation, remove nervousness, and give strength and rest.

Mysterious M. Saint-Saens.

It is now stated that M. Saint-Saens, about whose movements there was such mystery of late, does not intend to return to Paris as soon as had been expected. At Las Palmas the maestro was enjoying a holy calm, and peace pervaded his spirit, when the Paris papers, containing long accounts of his disappearance, arrived in the paradise. Then the scene suddenly changed as if by magic, and the composer of "Ascanio" was literally inundated with invitations to dinners, balls and parties, as well as with plaintive epistles from autograph fiends and relic collecting demons.

Some persons wanted locks of his hair, and others three or four demi-semiquavers scribbled on a bit of notepaper. It is recorded that some English people were foremost among the relic hunters, and that they even cut bits off the tails of his coat—nay, more, M. Saint-Saens hints darkly that during his sojourn at Las Palmas a comb, brush and pair of braces disappeared mysteriously from his rooms. The composer, it is stated, intends to remain several months in Tangier, after which he will go to the desert and find out some oasis where he can lay the foundation of a new opera.—Cor. London Telegraph.

A Man with a Mania.

A man named Willis has taken up his residence on the coast of Florida for the purpose of killing sharks, and he kills them by exploding giant powder in the water. In one month he has done for over one hundred of them, and he says he shall make the number a thousand before he stops. A shark bit his wife in two, and this is his revenge.—Detroit Free Press.

The ability of the electric system of street car propulsion to handle enormous loads was demonstrated in many places during Decoration week. In Buffalo, on the following Sunday, the four electric cars of the street railway company carried over 15,000 passengers.

Little Quarrels Breed Big.

You just bring a couple of little quarrels into your family and they'll breed like sparrows, and you just bring a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters into your house and see how quickly health and strength follow its use. Nothing excels it for strengthening, regulating and purifying power.

The Old Story.

The enormous and constantly increasing sales of the "Athlete" and "Derby" cigarettes add another to the many proofs that a superior article is the sure road to success.

D. RITCHIE & Co., Montreal

Kickers.

Everybody smokes the "Kicker."

Picnic hams, 11c. Jas. Crawford.

TRAVELLING.

CUNARD LINE.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL.

CALLING AT CORK HARBOR.

The Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent Ships in the World; Have Never Lost a Passenger and Have Made the Fastest Passages on Record.

OLDEST LINE IN EXISTENCE

FAST EXPRESS MAIL SERVICE.

AURANIA	June 28, 1 p.m
BOTHNIA	July 2 3 a.m.
*UMBRIA	July 5, 7:30 a.m.
SERVIA	July 12, 2 p.m.
GALLIA	July 16, 5 a.m.
ETRURIA	July 19 7 a.m.
AURANIA	July 26, Noon
BOTHNIA	July 30, 2 p.m.

*Will not carry steerage.

RATES OF PASSAGE:

Cabin passage $60 and upwards, according to accommodation. Intermediate passage $35. and $40. From Pier 40, N.R., New York.

STEERAGE AT VERY LOW RATES.

Steerage Tickets to and from London and Queenstown and all other parts of Europe at lowest rates.

For freight and passage apply at Company's Office, No. 4, Bowling Green, New York.

VERNON H. BROWN & CO.

Or in Kingston to

J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, 42 Clarence Street | FRED. A. FOLGER, Foot Brock Street

ALLAN LINE.

SUMMER :- ARRANGEMENT

LIVERPOOL AND QUEBEC SERVICE. Rates of Passage, Montreal or Quebec to Liverpool:

	From Montreal.	From Quebec.
ROSARIAN,	July 2.	July 3.
CIRCASSIAN,	July 9.	July 10.
SARDINIAN,	July 16.	July 17.
POLYNESIAN,	July 23.	July 24
PARISIAN,	July 30.	July 31.
ROSARIAN,	Aug. 6.	Aug. 7.

Rates by S.S. Parisian $60, $70, $80 single; $110 $130; $150 return. By other mail steamers $45, $50, $60 single; $95, $100, $115 return. Intermediate, $31; return, $60. Steerage, $20; return, $40.

Passengers wishing to embark at Montreal will leave Kingston by Tuesday afternoon Express and go on board any time after eight o'clock same evening.

Passengers wishing to embark at Quebec can leave Kingston by Wednesday afternoon's Express and go on board Thursday morning.

Passengers wishing to proceed by steamer from Kingston leave at 5 a.m. on Tuesday, if they wish to embark at Montreal, or on Wednesday if they embark at Quebec.

All information regarding the selection of berths can be obtained in Kingston from

THOMAS HANLEY, Ticket Agent G.T.R., City Station. | J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, Ticket Agent, 42 Clarence St

QUEBEC STEAMSHIP COMPANY,

RIVER AND GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE

SS. "MIRAMICHI"

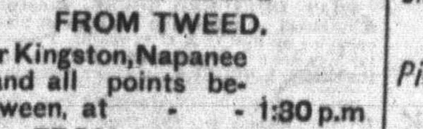
LEAVES MONTREAL ON MONDAYS

At 4 p.m. 9th and 23rd June, 7th and 21st July, 4th and 18th August, 1st, 15th and 29th September and 13th October, for

Pictou, N.S., calling at Quebec, Father Point, Gaspe, Perce Summerside, P.E.I., and Charlottetown, P.E.I.

The finest trip of the season for health and comfort. ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec.

For tickets and state rooms apply to C. H. HATCH, Kingston, Ont.



KINGSTON, NAPANEE, AND WESTERN R'Y.

On Arrival of C.P.R. from Toronto and all points west, train leaves

FROM TWEED.
For Kingston, Napanee and all points between, at - - 1:30 p.m

FROM KINGSTON,
Connecting at Tweed with C. P. R. for all points west at - 1:20 p.m.

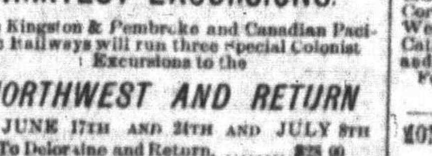
FROM KINGSTON.
For Tweed, Napanee and all points between - - 4:45 p.m

FROM TWEED.
For Kingston, Napanee and all points between - - 6:30 a.m

R. C. CARTER, Ass't Gen. Manager. H. B. SHERWOOD, Sup't & Gen. Pass. Agt

R. W. RATHBUN, General Manager.

J. WILSON, Agent, Kingston.



HARVEST EXCURSIONS.

The Kingston & Pembroke and Canadian Pacific Railways will run three Special Colonist Excursions to the

NORTHWEST AND RETURN

ON JUNE 17TH AND 24TH AND JULY 8TH

To Deloraine and Return	$28 00
To Glenboro and Return	28 00
To Moosomin and Return	28 00
To Saltcoats and Return	28 00
To Moosejaw and Return	30 00
To Calgary and Return	35 00

Tickets good for 40 days. Berths free in Colonist Sleepers. Cheap return tickets from Winnipeg will also be given to those who wish to examine other lands in Manitoba and the Northwest.

This is the only route from Kingston to Manitoba, the Northwest and British Columbia with only one change of cars.

For full particulars apply to

B. W. FOLGER, Supt. F. CONWAY, Assist. Gen. Pass. Agt

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Three Harvest Excursions

TO THE

NORTHWEST AND RETURN,

LEAVING KINGSTON CITY at 3:40 p.m. on the following days:

On June 17th, returning until July 27th.
On June 24th, returning until Aug. 4th.
On July 8th, returning until Aug. 18th.

To the following points in the Canadian Northwest at the rates and time limits shown.

To Glenboro, Man., and return	$28 00
To Deloraine, Man., and return	28 00
To Saltcoats, Assa., and return	28 00
To Moosomin, Assa., and return	28 00
To Moosejaw, Assa., and return	30 00
To Calgary, Alb., and return	35 00

These tickets are colonist class throughout and holders will be given the use of colonist sleepers.

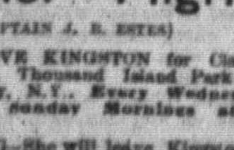
For full information apply to

THOMAS HANLEY,

Office G. T. R. Passenger Station, Corner Johnston and Ontario Streets.

ROCHESTER, KINGSTON AND THOUSAND ISLAND NAVIGATION COMPANY.

THE NEW AND ELEGANT



Steamer Pilgrim

(CAPTAIN J. B. ESTES)

WILL LEAVE KINGSTON for Clayton, Round Island, Thousand Island Park and Alexandria Bay, N.Y., Every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday Mornings at six o'clock.

RETURNING—She will leave Kingston for Charlotte, Port of Rochester, N.Y., at 8:30 p.m. same days.

Passengers by her will be landed in Rochester, N.Y., at 7:30 the following morning.

THE PILGRIM has been fitted up especially for this service, and her patrons may rest assured that their trip will be one of comfort and pleasure.

For any information required apply to

JAMES SWIFT & CO., St. Lawrence Wharf.

TRAVELLING.

STEAMER

KATHLEEN!

St. Lawrence, Ottawa River and Rideau Routes.

Making Weekly Trips Between Kingston Montreal and Ottawa.

ST. LAWRENCE ROUTE—Leaves Kingston (Swift's Wharf) every Monday at 5 o'clock a.m., passing through the magnificent scenery of the Thousand Islands, giving an opportunity of seeing the grand panorama of the Canadian shore and towns and the grand old St. Lawrence River and all its beauty by daylight. Running the rapids under the command of responsible and competent officers. Calling at Clayton, Alexandria Bay, Brockville, Prescott, Iroquois, Morrisburg, Cornwall, Coteau, and arriving at Montreal same evening at 8 p.m.

OTTAWA RIVER ROUTE—Leaves Montreal from No. 1 Flour Shed every Tuesday evening at 7, calling at Point Fortune, Carillon Grenville, L'Orignal, Brown's Wharf, Wendover, Thurso, Clarence, arriving at Ottawa Wednesday evening at 5 o'clock.

RIDEAU ROUTE—Leaves Ottawa (Canal Basin) every Thursday at 11 o'clock a.m., passing through the beautiful scenery of the Rideau River and Lakes, calling at Manotick, Kemptville, Burritt's Rapids, Merrickville, Smith's Falls, Oliver's Ferry, Westport, Jones' Falls, Morton, Seeley's Bay, and arriving at Kingston on Saturday at 2 p.m.

This is one of the most pleasant trips a pleasure seeker could wish for.

The staterooms are large, airy and very comfortable, the promenade decks give ample time for walking around and viewing the scenery.

The Kathleen is in charge of competent and responsible officers, who are throughly acquainted with the route, and everything will be done to make the trip a round of pleasure.

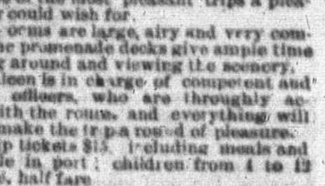
Round trip tickets $15, including meals and berths while in port; children from 4 to 12 years of age, half fare.

Passengers can go on board on Sunday night.

For tickets, rates of freight and other information apply to

JAMES SWIFT, Kingston.
R. CONN, Montreal.
CAPT. T. J. JONES (Canal Basin), Ottawa.
CAPT. A. FOSTER, Smith's Falls,
OR CAPT. A. DUNLOP, on board.

Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company.



THE ROYAL MAIL THROUGH LINE.

Composed of the following first-class side wheel steamers:

BETWEEN MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.
Quebec, Capt. Nelson. | Montreal, Capt. Roy.

BETWEEN TORONTO AND MONTREAL.
Passport, Capt. Sinclair | Algerian, Capt. Batton
Corsican, Capt. Ada. | Spartan, Capt. Garrett

Commencing on SATURDAY, the 31st May, and until further notice one of the above Steamers will leave Kingston daily (Mondays excepted) at 5 p.m., for TORONTO, calling at Cobourg, Port Hope and Bowmanville (weather permitting), and on TUESDAY, the 2nd June, at 5:00 a.m., for MONTREAL and Quebec, calling at Clayton, Round Island, 1,000 Island Park, Alexandria Bay, Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Coteau, passing through the beautiful and romantic scenery of the Lake of the Thousand Islands and the Rapids of the St. Lawrence by daylight.

Excursion Tickets to the Saguenay, Ports on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Halifax Portland, Boston and New York.

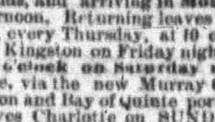
For Tickets and any other information apply to the undersigned, at the office, foot of Johnson Street. C. H. HATCH, Agent.

Telephone No. 263.

Kingston, 23rd May, 1890.

ROCHESTER, KINGSTON, MONTREAL,

Through Murray Canal, Calling at Brighton, Bay of Quinte and River St. Lawrence Ports, Including Ogdensburg.



THE POPULAR SIDE-WHEEL LAKE STEAMER ALEXANDRIA (Capt. E. B. Smith) leaves A. Gunn & Co.'s Wharf every MONDAY EVENING at 8 o'clock, calling at St. Lawrence River Ports, including Ogdensburg, running the Rapids, and arriving in Montreal on Tuesday afternoon. Returning leaves Canal Basin, Montreal, every Thursday, at 10 o'clock a.m., arriving in Kingston on Friday night, and leaving at 4:30 o'clock on Saturday morning for Charlotte, via the new Murray Canal, calling at Brighton and Bay of Quinte ports. Returning leaves Charlotte on SUNDAY at 5 o'clock p.m. Fare for round trip $17.

Passenger accommodation unsurpassed.

The steamer Alexandria is noted for comfort and the politeness of her officers.

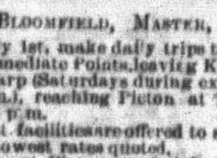
For passage tickets and other information apply to A. GUNN & CO., Agents.

BAY OF QUINTE STEAMBOAT ROUTE

DAILY BETWEEN

Picton, Deseronto and Belleville

SPLENDID AND FAST



STEAMER HERO

W. BLOOMFIELD, MASTER,

Will, after July 1st, make daily trips to Belleville and Intermediate Points, leaving Kingston at 3 30 p.m. sharp (Saturdays during excursion season at 5 p.m.), reaching Picton at 7:30 and Belleville at 11 p.m.

The very best facilities are offered to shippers of freight and lowest rates quoted.

No wharfage at Picton on freight by this steamer.

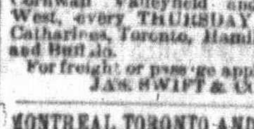
Every comfort for passengers assured.

Full information given by the Purser on board or

A. GUNN & CO, Freight Agents. | J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, C. H. HATCH, Tkt. Agents.

ST. CATHARINES, HAMILTON, TORONTO KINGSTON AND MONTREAL.

THE POPULAR PASSENGER STEAMER



OCEAN,

JOHN T. TOWERS, MASTER

WILL LEAVE KINGSTON during the season of navigation, going east, every SUNDAY MORNING at 9:30 for Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall, Valleyfield and Montreal. Going West, every THURSDAY at 4 a.m. for St. Catharines, Toronto, Hamilton, Niagara Falls and Buffalo.

For freight or passage apply to JAS. SWIFT & CO., Kingston, Ont.

MONTREAL, TORONTO AND ST. CATHARINES

STEAMER PERSIA,

J. H. SCOTT, MASTER,

WILL LEAVE Swift's Wharf Every Wednesday Morning at 8 o'clock for Montreal and way ports. For Toronto and St Catharines on Sunday Morning at 5 a.m.

JAS. SWIFT & CO., Agents.

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MACHINERY WORKS.

Marine Engines, Boilers and Steam Engines of all Kinds.

MILL WORK AND GENERAL CASTINGS

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LUBY'S

FOR THE HAIR

Restores the color, beauty and softness to grey hair and is

NOT A DYE.

At all chemists. 50c a bottle

WINAN'S HIGH SPEED

EASY MOTION TREADLE,

Now Being Manufactured for the Canadian Trade, by the

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Agents Wanted KINGSTON ONT

J. E. HUTCHESON,

AUCTIONEER AND COMMISSION AGENT

HAS LEASED THE LARGE PREMISES, PRINCESS STREET, one door below King street, lately occupied by Mr. Patterson, and will keep a GENERAL SALES ROOM for Household Goods and Property, Etc. J. E. HUTCHESON, Auctioneer.