THE DAILY EXAMINER

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Altogether Too Familiar.

Dr. A. T. Pierson, in some pithy, practical hints on pulpit oratory, says that to be winning is to be wise, but it must not be overdone. He has a friend, an evangelist, who got into the habit of calling his audience "dear souls." Inadvertently he would say as he passed from place to place, "Dear Belfast souls," "Dear Dublin souls"—and before he knew it he was saying, "Dear Cork souls," which convulsed his Irish audience.—London Tit-Bits.

Magna Charta, the great charter of Englishmen's liberties, is preserved in the British museum. It is somewhat stained by time, but King John's seal and name are still quite legible at the bottom of it.

Kansas farmers have reaped more wealth off the earth's surface in grain than has been dug out of its interior in precious metals in the same time in all the states and territories west of her.

Nash, a writer of the sixteenth century, says, "If a hogge loseth an eye, he dyeth presently." Also, "Goats take breath not at the mouth and nose only, but at ye earse (ears) also."

The first European bank, founded at Barcelona in 1401, issued no bank notes. The first ones circulated in Europe were from the Bank of Stockholm in 1668.

Turkish toweling in pure white is considered the most correct thing for the covering of chairs and couches in the summer sitting room.

Didn't Know His Own Child.

At Antietam, just after the artillery had been sharply engaged, the Rockbridge (Va.) battery was standing waiting orders. General Lee rode by and stopped a moment. A dirty faced driver about 17 said to him:

"General, are you going to put us in again?"

Think of such a question from such a source to the general of the army, especially when that general's name was Lee.

"Yes, my boy," the stately officer kindly answered; "I have to put you in again. But what is your name? Your face seems familiar somehow."

"I don't wonder you didn't know me, sir," laughed the lad; "I'm so dirty, but I'm Bob."

It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia Military institute. "God bless you, my son; do your duty!" and the general rode on.—Washington Post.

The Art of Graceful Walking.

It would seem sometimes that the art of graceful walking might be numbered among the lost sciences, so few women master the accomplishment or even acquire any approach to perfection in this exercise, which is the foundation of all others. Every one succeeds in propelling themselves along by means of their feet, but that is not true walking. An English authority says, "The body should be held erect, the shoulders down, chest extended and the leg moved from the hip, the whole figure above being immovable."—Philadelphia Times.

Overfastidious Taste.

Men overfastidious in their choice of tea have been victims of their too vivid imaginations. One man objected to a brand of tea purchased by his wife, pronouncing it "weeds," and accordingly selected a choice kind. His next cup of tea was pronounced perfect. The color was good, and "That's a cup of tea for you" was said with emphasis as he drank the second cup made from the "weeds" his wife had bought.—Good Housekeeping.

Times Have Changed.

Thieves who entered the house of the pastor of St. James Methodist Episcopal church in Harlem stole $800 worth of silver. The surprise is not that they stole it, but that the minister had it. Times have changed since the apostolic itinerant said, "Silver and gold have I none."—Brooklyn Eagle.

THE McCORD CASE.

His Disease Pronounced Diabetes and Incurable—Given up by Himself and Friends—Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills

RICHMOND, March 16. (Special)—The talk of farmers and others in town is mostly about the astonishing cure of Wm. McCord, a farmer near here. His presence made assurance visible, and he said—"After the doctors pronounced my trouble Diabetes no one thought recovery possible. I was partially paralyzed, was nine months in bed and I ran down until I was a mere shell. When I commenced taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I stuck close to directions. One box helped me and nine boxes cured me. Am sixty years old and have lived here 40 years." Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists and dealers. Price 50 cts. a box.

WE WISH

all our friends to know that we are still on CONNOLLY'S WHARF, and intend remaining there for this year at least. We would strongly advise our Country friends not to kill their horses after coming long journeys, by hauling Lumber over bare streets, when they can come to this Wharf and load their sleighs so conveniently right on the ice, which they cannot do anywhere else. Good stock now on hand. LATHS, SHINGLES, BOARDS and CEDAR POSTS *galore*.

JAMES BARRETT,
mch16 Connolly's Wharf.

Back-Ache, Face-Ache, Sciatic Pains, Neuralgic Pains, Pain in the Side, etc.
Promptly Relieved and Cured by
The "D. & L." Menthol Plaster

Having used your D. & L. Menthol Plaster for severe pain in the back and lumbago, I unhesitatingly recommend same as a safe, sure and rapid remedy in fact, they act like magic.—A. LAPOINTE, Elizabethtown, Ont.

Price 25c.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD.
Proprietors, MONTREAL.

Break Up a Cold in Time
BY USING
PYNY-PECTORAL
The Quick Cure for COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc.

MRS. JOSEPH NORWICK, of 63 Sorauren Ave., Toronto, writes: "Pyny-Pectoral has never failed to cure my children of croup after a few doses. It cured myself of a long-standing cough after several other remedies had failed. It has also proved an excellent cough cure for my family. I prefer it to any other medicine for coughs, croup or hoarseness."

H. O. BARBOUR, of Little Rocher, N.B., writes: "As a cure for coughs Pyny-Pectoral is the best selling medicine I have; my customers will have no other."

Large Bottle, 25 Cts.
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD.
Proprietors, MONTREAL

Seed Wheat.

Campbell's White Chaff and White Russian, grown one year from Imported Seed on the "Warren Farm."

JOHN NEWSON.
mch9—1m

THE McKAY WOOLEN COMPANY.

BRING THE BOYS!—We are offering an exceptional attraction in Boys' Two and Three Piece Suits. If you are in the least bit of a mood to be tempted with prices better come early. You will find this the gala occasion of the season for getting some of the wearables that boys always require about now.

Boys' Suits for lads 4 to 10 years, a good wearing Tweed, dark patterns and nicely made, for $1.50. Boys' Suits for lads 4 to 10 years, good wearing Tweed, assorted patterns, box back and Eaton Style, $2.25.

BOYS' 3 PIECE SUITS

for Boys from age 10 to 16, a good heavy Serge, well made and good trimmings, for $2.50.

BOYS' 3 PIECE SUITS

for Boys from age 10 to 16. This lot comprises a variety of patterns, are single and double breasted, made from good heavy all wool Tweeds, with the best of work and trimmings. These goods have been cut down from the usual price to $4.50.

McKay Woolen Co., Bargain Corner.

A Prominent Ontario Merchant!

Years of Suffering from Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Nervous Prostration, Loss of Appetite, and General Debility.

Paine's Celery Compound Makes Mr. Young Well, and Gives Him a New Lease of Life.

Spring Time is Near; Banish Disease, and Fit Yourself for All the Duties of Life.

Mr. T. Young, merchant, of Tara, Ont., is well known by thousands in and around Bruce County.

The strain of business cares and great tension on the nervous system seriously impaired Mr. Young's health, which caused alarm to his many friends. His case became worse and sickness and suffering continued for years. Dyspepsia, sleeplessness, nervous prostration and loss of appetite were the troubles that Mr. Young had to battle against. The best physicians failed to grapple with Mr. Young's troubles, and the use of ordinary advertised patents proved of no avail and could not stay the hand of disease.

Mr. Young was fortunately persuaded to try a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound; the results were magic and cheering. After the use of three bottles the disease-burdened man was cured—made sound and well.

Reader, if you are anxious about your condition of health make use of the same medicine, Paine's Celery Compound, that wrought such a marvellous cure for Mr. Young, who now writes as follows for your benefit:

"After having used Paine's Celery Compound and feeling grateful for the grand benefits derived from it, I have concluded that in justice to you and in the interests of poor, suffering humanity I should let you and others know what a great blessing Paine's Celery Compound has been to me. After suffering for years with dyspepsia, sleeplessness, nervous prostration, loss of appetite, and a weak, tired feeling, and after consulting the best physicians in my locality, and having tried a great many so-called cures advertised in the papers, and receiving no benefit from any of them, I was persuaded to try a bottle of Paine's Celery Compound. I noticed an improvement before the first bottle was finished, and after I had finished the third bottle I considered myself a new man; all that was done by Paine's Celery Compound. I can now go about my work with my old time life and vigor; my sleep is sweet and sound, and my appetite good, and my sincere wish is that you may go on doing good to my poor suffering fellow-creatures."

H. STANWAY & CO.,
Wholesale Wine & Liquor Merchant
ITALIAN WAREHOUSE,
243 Hollis & 48 Upper Water St
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A ROUMANIAN FOLK SONG.

He whom I loved so well
Is in his long, long sleep.
Yet I lament him not,
For he told me not to weep.

More dear to him the grave
Than I could ever be,
For though I go to him,
He does not come to me.

I envy not the grave
What yesterday was mine,
But bow my head and say,
"Keep him, for he is thine.

But keep not, grave, my youth,
Which cannot profit thee.
My smile and my light step—
Oh, give them back to me."

But the grave answered, "No.
For these things still are dear,
Since he, deprived of them,
Would be too lonely here."

Then to the dead I pray,
"Restore my youth to me,
That when we meet again
I be not old to thee!"

But he nor hears nor sees
For his eyes like mine are dim.
So to his grave I come
To get them back from him.

For only in the grave
Are tears no longer shed
And the living happy made
Beside the happy dead.
—R. H. Stoddard in Harper's.

Mistakes of Missionaries.

Come behind the curtain with me while I whisper into your ear a few of the mistakes made by missionaries, who talk so much about the mistakes of the heathen. One evening an English missionary in Peking took a friend who was visiting him to a regular Chinese theater. It happened that the play for that evening was a burlesque on foreign preaching. A Chinaman dressed up to represent a foreigner came upon the stage with his arms full of books, attended by his Chinese servant. He began to preach a mock sermon, making the mistakes in talking which a foreigner is likely to make. These mistakes were received with bursts of laughter from the audience, to whom the books were distributed. The fun came to a climax when the preacher, after delivering a sentence particularly full of laughable mistakes, turned to his servant and said: "How did I speak? Did I do pretty well?" and the servant replied with great gravity: "The foreign teacher speaks the Chinese language exceedingly well. No mistakes at all were made."—New York Independent.

An Invention For Steamships.

An English mechanical genius has devised a method of indicating and stopping a leak by the use of compressed air. He divides a ship into airtight compartments, fitted with doors provided with packing material and connected by tubes with a room on deck called the "switch room." In this room is a junction chest supplied with compressed air from fixed or portable compressors and so arranged that the air can be delivered to any of the compartments. Other tubes lead from the compartment from which water can be forced out when required, and electric indicators are also connected with the switch room to indicate the accumulation of water in any of the compartments. Should the vessel "spring a leak" the indicator will show which compartment is affected, so that the compressed air may be forced in to drive the water out.—Boston Journal.

True Love Side Tracked by an Orange.

A young lady said the other day that she hated oranges because one had come between her and her lover. He had called on her one evening, and after sitting awhile had produced a couple of bright Florida oranges out of his pocket and suggested that each eat one. She now says that she cannot drive out of her mind the sight of his nose, cheeks and chin dripping with juice, and he has been whispering something horribly similar about her. Evidently you cannot love a girl and a citrus aurantium at the same time.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Evading a Law.

When Ben Butler was a young lawyer the selectmen of Lowell, then a town, issued a mandate that all dogs should wear muzzles. The next morning Ben walked down town, followed by his big Newfoundland dog, with a very small muzzle tied to the end of its tail. Ben remarked, "My dog is wearing a muzzle." A callow imitator of Ben living in Ward One has fastened a bicycle bell under his saddle and anticipates much fun when a bluecoat stops him because he has no bell on his "bike."—Springfield Homestead.

The Do Not Despair

An utter loss of hope is not characteristic of Consumptives, though no other form of disease is so fatal, unless its progress is arrested by use of Scott's Emulsion, which is Cod Liver Oil made as palatable as cream.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE SECOND CABIN PASSENGER

By Edward Marshall.

(Continued.)

PART III.

Once outside the Captain's room Morley thought that it might be his last chance to see Madeline. He knew that the captain had not yet given orders for her confinement, and he knew that after his visit of the morning it would be occasion no surprise among the attendants if he ran down to her cabin for a moment. He found her worn out by weeping and very pale. She met him with a look that asked a question, and the eagerness of her face showed how momentous that question's answer was to her. Had he turned away from her? Did he now believe her guilty? He answered without words. The firm clasp of his strong arms about her sob-shaken body was all the assurance that she needed.

"Madeline," he said, after this fervent greeting, "you must speak."

"I cannot."

Her voice did not shake as she said the words. It was steadied by determination.

Again he begged her, implored her. Again she denied him. At last she whispered sadly:

"Dick, dear Dick, how much more must my silence mean to me than it can possibly mean to you. Do not urge me. Nothing can shake my resolve. If it drags me to disgrace and ruin, so be it. That is better than it would be were I to disgrace and ruin others whom I love, by clearing myself of this terrible charge."

Morley started. Here was a new element introduced into the maze. In a flash he realized that nothing but the spirit of self-sacrifice which reaches its highest development in woman, could induce this girl, who, in his eyes at least, combined in her person the loftiest elements of a pure and noble character, to submit for one moment to the degradation of a person suspected of a vulgar-like theft. He realized, now, too, how great was the battle before him. He was convinced that nothing but her own words could clear Madeline of the accusation, and that the most impressive motive which a woman can feel had sealed her lips to the speaking of those words. For a moment he was utterly discouraged. On the Atlantic, thousands of miles from New York, where he could investigate, and probably, in the end, find the foundation of her strange resolve, and thus overthrow it, with nothing ahead but Liverpool and inevitable disgrace and agony for her, even should she be eventually relieved of the charge in the Court, he could see no brightness in the sky.

After a brief period of thought, however, one straw came in range of his mental vision and he clutched at it. He had said nothing to her about the second cabin passenger since the first and last time they had mentioned him—the day she had asked whether the man who had tried to annoy her was travelling in the second cabin or the steerage. If, as he surmised, with good reason, this man was in truth in some inexplicable way concerned in her life and had a bearing on this mystery, he might by suddenly claiming to have more knowledge of him than he really possessed force her into an explanation which should throw some light upon the mystery. The circumstances, he argued, justified him in trying diplomacy, even to the point of deceiving the woman he loved, when ordinary methods failed. Accordingly he broke the silence with:

"Madeline, you cannot longer conceal the truth. I have just come from a long talk with Thompson; he is now locked up and shackled in the hold."

She raised her head with languid uninterested eyes.

"Who is Thompson?" she asked.

Had this failed too? Had his whole train of reasoning, concerning the second cabin passenger been false? Was it true after all, that Madeline knew and cared nothing about this man in whose guilt he had so confidently believed. If so, then the mystery had indeed become too deep for him to unravel. He was non-plussed. Then, he remembered that the man might have and probably had, given a false name which she did not recognize. It was with the feeling that on the next two minutes hung his forlorn hope, that he spoke next. The words came slowly, and he fixed a gaze of intense scrutiny on her face as he uttered them.

"Thompson is the name given by that evil second cabin passenger—"

The sign came, Madeline started forward with agonized expectance in her face, and eyes almost starting from her head.

"Oh, Dick," she cried. "He has not confessed, has he? He is not suspected and under arrest is he? Great God, Dick tell me that it is not true?"

The sign had come, but what a sign! It only increased his difficulties tenfold. There was no doubt now, that his guess of a connecting link between the life of his beloved, and the life of that horrid cursing creature, had been accurate; but—merciful heavens!—what connection did this new attitude of hers indicate.

He had no time for speculation. She grasped him by the shoulders and looked straight into his eyes. There was no guilt in her gaze, but there was an intensity of fear in it that cowed him, and forced him to tell the truth without exaggeration or reservation.

She wormed from him, by eager questioning, every detail of his own suspicions of the man and of Thompson's interview with the captain. She learned exactly what the man's present situation was, and when she found that the captain, while he had ordered him confined as a disorderly and dangerous person, did not share Morley's belief in his guilt, but looked upon her alone as the culprit, she raised her hands and face to heaven and thanked God for being merciful!

Poor Morley! He suffered the tortures of purgatory. Never had she seemed so lovely as she seemed at that moment. Never had it seemed so impossible to rescue her from black destruction.

But he had short time to think of this. Again she grasped him by the shoulders, and again fixed that intent look upon his face.

"Richard Morley," she said quietly, but in a strained and penetrating voice, "I love you from the bottom of my soul and I believe that you love me. I am going to make a demand of you which will subject you to another test more trying than the dreadful trial that you have already passed through. I shall accept no refusal of it. You dare not deny me. If you do, loving you as I do, I swear that I will never marry you or even look upon your face again. It is the life of a human being whom I have loved longer than I have loved you, though in a different way, not merely the reputation of a useless woman, that depends upon you now."

She lowered her voice until it was little more than a whisper, when she went on, but it lost none of its intensity.

"I demand of you a promise on your honor, on your love for me, or whatever you hold best or highest on this earth, that you will instantly withdraw your accusation against that man who is now confined in the hold; that you will lie to the captain of this ship by telling him that you no longer suspect that man of having been connected with the robbery of your jewels and that you will do all that lies in your power to free him of suspicion and secure his release from custody or any annoyance of any kind whatever."

Morley opened his lips to protest at this dumbfounding request, but she stopped him.

"If you love me," she went on, "you will do this. I demand it on your honor, and I implore it on your love. I have said that I love you. Now I swear that I love you as few women have ever loved. There is the fire of a great passion, of an undying devotion in my heart, and it is all for you. But if you do not grant me this request"—here her voice broke—"and none can know better than I, dear Dick, how terrible its meaning must be to you—if you do not grant me this request I take my solemn oath to refuse to see or speak to you—no matter how deeply this may tear my heart; I am a strong woman—I take my solemn oath to avoid you as I would a pestilence forever."

"Madeline!" exclaimed Morley in an agony.

"Promise," she demanded. "What I have said have been the strongest words that I can call to my lips; if I could command more powerful speech I would use it. I add that I swear this, and I shall not break my word! Promise!"

The girl, her face flushed and her eyes bright and burning, stood waiting. Morley was helpless. His nature was strong as hers, and therefore recognized her strength. He felt deep in his heart that she would keep her word, and although he could not conceive the reason of her incredible demand, he realized that it must be of overpowering strength to force her to this desperate pass. He hesitated. Then—he promised.

(To be Continued.)

Prices of a Few Autographs.

Some prices on autograph letters are as follows: From Charles Francis Adams, 1859, 50 cents; long letter in German by Hans Christian Andersen at Copenhagen, $5; John Quincy Adams, 1841, $5; P. T. Barnum, 1867, 75 cents; Joseph Bonaparte, in regard to the sale of his diamonds and on political matters, dated at Philadelphia, 1823, $4; Ole Bull, $4.50; President Cleveland, letter regarding Mrs. Cleveland, 1890, $3; C. Corot, on art subjects, $3; Edward Eggleston, on sending copy of a novel, 75 cents; Nathaniel Hawthorne, Concord, 1862, $12.50; Leigh Hunt, three page letter on note paper without date, $4; Jean Ingelow, $2.50; Washington Irving, $6.50; Andrew Jackson, $7.50; Louis XIII of France, signed document, $3; President Monroe, commission of a major in the army, on vellum and signed by J. C. Calhoun, $2.50; Joaquin Miller, autograph verse, $1; Marshal MacMahon, $2; Ouida, $3; Ellen Terry, $1; President Tyler, $2.50; Victoria, Duchess of Kent and mother of Queen Victoria, $3; Benjamin West, $10.

An order of arrest signed by Robespierre, also signed by Couthon, is valued at $25; a salary advance agreement of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, $7.50; Jonathan Swill, with seal of the deanery, $10; photograph of Theodore Thomas, signed and dated, 75 cents.—New York Telegram.

American Levity.

Singularly enough it appears that Poe, the only absolutely distinct genius our country has yet produced, was incapable of humor and that even his levity was artificial. Hawthorne, next to Poe in originality and far above him in style, was but meagerly equipped with smile provoking material. Bryant, our greatest poet, maintained a lofty seriousness throughout his work.

It may be sacrilege to say so, but the truth is Lowell was the founder of our levity. He never could be quite a reliably serious thinker, but could at any moment break off into funmaking. Humor is good in a fresh and natural state, but so is a peach. Cut and dry either, and you have a poor article for a regular diet. We Americans have fed upon laughable things until our faces show the wrinkles of a grin even when in solemnest repose.

We are never sure of one another, but must wait awhile after each communication to find out whether or not it is a joke. The effect of highest sincerity cannot be reached in the midst of all this hurly burly of chaffing voices. How can one be serious while everybody else is grimacing?—Chautauquan.

There Was Just One Man.

There is a gallant congressman who once had the reputation of sowing wild oats broadcast. When he was first running for congress, many breezy stories were told about him. At last he gave it out in the heat of his campaign that he would speak shortly in defense of his morals. It was a Populist district, and he had a big audience. The speech every one liked, but until the last sentence not a word was spoken about the advertised subject. At the last the candidate stuck his hand under his desk and pulled out several boxes of imported cigars.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "I am accused of having certain bad habits. Particular instances have been alleged in fact. I wish to make some one in this assemblage a present of a box of good cigars. If there is any one here who has never done what I have done, will he please step up and take it?" No one moved. For a long time the big crowd kept silent. But an old Baptist minister in a far back seat after awhile arose and said in a high, squeaky voice, "Colonel, I don't smoke."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Minister of the Gospel is Pleased to Tell of the Wonderful Curative Powers of South American Kidney Cure

Rev. John Murdoch, of St. John, N. B. —"I have used South American Kidney Cure with marked success. It will do all the manufacturers claim for it. I felt much benefitted after taking the remedy but a couple of days. I have taken in all four bottles, and consider that I have received $5.00 worth of good from each bottle."

For sale at Dodd's Medical Hall.

Pedantry crams our head with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.—Colton.

By Special Royal Warrant Soap Makers to the Queen
SUNLIGHT SOAP
GOLD MEDAL PARIS 1889.
Highest Award
27 Gold Medals and other Awards
WORLD'S FAIR
Success Came To Sunlight Soap
IT MAKES WORK LIGHT
AT HOME BRIGHT
BECAUSE IT IS HONEST SOAP, PURE AND SURE
BOOKS FOR WRAPPERS
For every 12 "Sunlight" wrappers sent to Lever Bros., Ltd., Toronto, a useful paper-bound book will be sent, or a cloth-bound for 50 wrappers