

## PREACHER DIED, A PAUPER.

Checked Career of the Author of "There's a Light in the Window for Thee."

The Rev. Edward Dunbar, who wrote the old Sunday school song, "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother," sleeps in a pauper's grave at Coffeyville, Kan., where he died a tramp in the town jail two years ago. His name became a byword in the places where he was known and from a prison cell he went forth a vagabond upon the face of the earth. In 1867 Dunbar was arrested at Leavenworth while engaged in holding a series of revival meetings, and taken to Minneapolis Minn., where he was tried for bigamy, convicted and sent to the penitentiary for three years and eight months.

One night in the spring 1896 Dunbar applied at the Coffeyville jail for lodging. He was ill, and the authorities took him in. He died next day. Papers in his pockets revealed his identity, and showed that he had tramped all over the country. Some church people have erected a marble slab over his grave, on which these words are inscribed:

"Here lies Edward Dunbar, who wrote 'There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother.'"

When Dunbar was a small boy he lived in New Bedford, Mass., and worked in a factory. His mother lived at the foot of the street on which the factory was located and as the lad's work kept him away till after dark, she always placed a light in the window to guide his footsteps homeward. One day the boy took a notion to go to sea and off he went for a three years' cruise. During his absence his mother fell ill, and was at death's door. She talked incessantly about her boy and every night she asked those around her to place a light in the window in anticipation of his return. When she realized that the end had come, she said: "Tell Edward that I will set a light in the window of Heaven for him." These were her last words.

The lad had grown to manhood ere he returned home, and his mother's dying message had such an effect upon him that he reformed and became a preacher. In the course of his reformation he wrote the song "There's a Light in the Window for Thee, Brother."

The Rev. Edward Dunbar married a young lady of New Bedford and several children were the result of the union. The young divine soon made a reputation as a brilliant pulpit orator, and the public was, therefore, greatly surprised when one Sunday morning he skipped the country leaving his wife and children behind. He came to Kansas, and drait snatching brands from the burning in different parts of the State, he swooped down upon the city of Minneapolis, Minn., and began to show the people the error of their way.

A great revival followed and hundreds were converted. Miss Eunice Ben Lewis, a handsome young heiress of Minneapolis, was one of the converts. She fell in love with the evangelist and married him against the wishes of her friends.

Shortly after the wedding Dunbar returned to Kansas to fill an engagement at Leavenworth. While he was away the friends of the bride, who had mistrusted the evangelist all along, laid their suspicions before W. D. Webb, lately Judge of the Second judicial district of Kansas, and Judge Austin H. Young, who were law partners in Minneapolis, and they took the case. The result was that they soon found evidence sufficient to warrant an arrest, and Dunbar's ministerial career was brought to a sudden close.

After Dunbar's incarceration Judge Young secured a divorce for Mrs. Dunbar and married her himself. They now live happily together in Minneapolis.

## A Nine-Ounce Dog and a Mammoth Rat.

"Clover" is the name of a pretty little black-and-tan dog owned by William J. Sullivan. This dog is beyond doubt the smallest black and tan in existence. Mr. Sullivan is a dog breeder and possesses some of the most unique specimens of different breeds known in this part of the country. Clover is a querulous little animal that might be carried as a watch charm, he is so small, and yet he has attained his majority. He is the pet of the family as well as a mouser and ratter of no mean repute. In order that you may get some idea of Clover his dimensions should be given. This midgit is about nine inches long from the tip of his funny little ebony nose to the tip of his funnier little ebony tail. He weighs just nine ounces, and can be held upon anybody's little finger. At the age of 9 months black and tans cease to grow. Their physical attainments are then fulfilled. Not long ago Mr. Sullivan was awakened one morning by a curious noise and upon getting out of bed saw a sight the like of which was never equalled so far as history or tradition records. It was a life struggle between Clover and a mammoth rat. The rat was larger than the dog and was possessed with even greater weapons of defence, but Clover tackled him. It was a fight to the

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death, and at first it looked as though the rat would be the victor. But the dog, with finer instincts for fighting, got a hold upon the rat's neck, and in this position the two rolled over and over, the dog never slackening his hold until the poor rat was silent in death.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## Why the Mill Stopped.

Down in Norfolk one beautiful summer day, having a hour to kill while waiting for a train, I amused myself by watching a windmill on a near-by hillside. Round and round went the great sails, so many revolutions to the minute, for a long time. Inside the mill the big stones rumbled and roared as they ground the grain. Ever and anon the miller came to the door of the upper story, looked at the sails and the sky, and then went back, like the little sentinels that come and go on the ramparts of intricate mechanical clocks.

It was the peace of the pictures. Not a blessed thing in all that landscape seemed to be moving save the regularly rotating arms of that old mill. Even their shadows on the ground seemed to drag, as though weary of the effort to keep up. What on earth should people want of flour, or, indeed, of anything except a place to sleep, in a country as dead and dull as that? I was about dosing off my self when, glancing again at the mill, I remarked that the sails were going slower, and slower, and slower. Ten minutes later they stopped.

Had the man in the mill shut down on them from the inside? Was the grain all ground and the day's work done? What! at three o'clock in the afternoon? Nonsense; no. The wind had entirely died out; not a breath of air was stirring. And even though fifty farmers were waiting for their grist, no windmill will go without wind.

Now here are two letters written by women. I have been reading them over; they interested me. But could I make them interest you? Possibly, I said to myself, if I could only think of an illustration that would bring out the point, which is the same in both. Have I done it? You shall answer that question after you have read the letters and the comment that is to follow.

"For many years," runs the first, "I suffered from indigestion and weakness. I felt tired and weary. I had a bad taste in my mouth, my tongue being thickly coated. My appetite was poor, and what little food I ate did not agree with me, causing me pain at the chest and stomach. I saw a doctor, and took medicines from time to time, but got no good from anything until I read about the benefit many persons had obtained from Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I got a bottle of this medicine from Mr. Saunders, chemist, and after taking it I felt much better, the pain and nervousness being removed. I could eat better, and was stronger every day. If I ever all anything I take a few doses of the medicine, and it never fails to set me right. I have recommended it to many, and you can make use of this statement as you like. (Signed) (Mrs.) Margaret Ledner, Prospect House, St. Lawrence, Ramsgate, January 28th, 1897."

"In the early part of 1894," says the second, "I suffered severely from indigestion. I had a bad taste in the mouth, my appetite was bad and all the food that I took gave me pain at the chest. I was constantly belching gas, and had pain at my left side around the heart. I got extremely weak, and was unable to do anything. Nothing that I took did me any good until I began taking a medicine that had benefited my mother, called Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. After taking this medicine a short time my appetite improved, and the food agreed with me and I gained strength. I know many persons who have benefited by the same medicine. You can publish this statement if you think fit to do so. (Signed) (Mrs.) Harriet Folton, Darlock, Minister, near Ramsgate, January 28th, 1897."

Now let me make you a comprehensive proposition which, I think, will cover the matters we have in hand. All motion comes from power, and all power from heat produced by combustion. Whether the power be moving air, steam, electricity or running water, it is the same. Human strength, human power, result from food digested or consumed (slowly burned) in the body. The opposite of this is called indigestion, or dyspepsia—the disease from which these ladies suffered. That is why they were weak, tired weary, and unable to do anything. They were as engines are when the fire is out; as water-mills are when the streams are dry; as our windmill was when the breeze dried.

Mother Seigel's Syrup re-kindled the fire drove away the deadening disease, and health, life, and motion began again. Do we understand it now? I think so.

"Did you enjoy the opera?" "No; I didn't hear it." "Why not?" "Two women sitting in front of me were explaining to each other how they loved the music."—Tid Bits.

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Yes, sir, said the promoter, who had entered into a bragging match with the other promoter, we broke ground on the first of the month and by the 15th of the next month—You broke the stockholders, the other promoter chipped in.

## PAIN IN THE HEART.

Too serious a condition to neglect.

A Guelph harness maker tells how he was cured.

Mr. Wm. Dyson, the well known saddler and harness maker of Guelph, Ont., makes the following statement: "I heartily re-



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## WILL A MOOSE TREE A MAN?

An Interesting Discussion Going on in Maine—Opinions on Both Sides.

A discussion is now going on between guides and others in this region as to the truth of several reports that have been published of men being treed by moose. Some say the reports are very likely true, that such a thing has happened; while others declare that the reports are yarns, that no man was ever treed by a moose. One of the disbelievers is A. J. Darling of Enfield, a veteran hunter, who says:

"My experience has been that 99 moose out of 100, when one comes upon them suddenly, are more likely to run than to attack a man. I never saw but two moose that looked as if they meant war. One was a big bull that had been wounded, and he was soon despatched. Once, up among the Aroostook Mountains, I killed two moose in the deep snow. They were near together and I was bleeding them when a third moose came out of the bushes to see what was going on. She was a big and powerful cow, but instead of attacking me, stood there snuffing the air, and at five rods I put a bullet into her heart and then there were three dead moose in the ring."

Another man who is well acquainted with North Woods and the people there says that moose do sometimes tree men. He is sure of it, because he was once treed himself. One morning this man, who conducts lumbering operations, went out to spot a path for his crew, and in the woods roads he saw the tracks of two moose. He followed the tracks to where the road forked, where the moose separated, the larger one going to the right. The lumberman followed the big moose and presently came upon the animal, which, after glaring savagely at him for a minute, charged furiously. Having no weapon but an axe, the lumberman hastily climbed the nearest tree and there he was kept for an hour and a half, at the end of which time the moose gave a grunt and trotted away. It is generally admitted that, tree or no tree a man needs a good rifle when he meets a moose.—Bangor Paper.

## IRON BUILDINGS UNDER FIRE.

A Practical Answer Given to a Much Disputed Question.

It has long been a matter of speculation how steel and iron buildings would withstand the effect of a serious fire. At the recent burning of the Shoemans building in Chicago, a new steel frame building, having iron wrought pillars and steel girders and beams, a practical test of the question was afforded. The building was seven stories in height and adjoined the old Colony building, seventeen stories high, on the north, and the Manhattan building, of sixteen stories, on the south. The wall between the Shoemans and the Manhattan buildings was a party structure.

When the burned building collapsed it pulled the party wall one inch and a half out of plumb where the greatest strain was exerted; but otherwise the Manhattan building suffered no injury from heat or fire, except that some windows casings were burned and fifty or sixty windows were broken. The effect in the Old Colony building was even less, according to the report. The Manhattan building was erected in 1890 at an expense of \$700,000. The Old Colony building to the other side of the burned structure was erected in 1891 at a cost of \$600,000, and was the tallest building put up in that year. The same architect did not plan the two structures, and there is no claim, therefore, that the test made by the recent fire should be constructed as favorable to any class of architecture or to the plan of any individual architect. The report of the condition of the Old Colony building limits the exterior damage to two extra cotta lintel coverings, several window sills, and plate glass. The supporting steel columns in the south wall were protected by a heavy brick wall and by hollow tiles. A like report is made of the Manhattan building.

## Lick's Folly.

Among the interesting anecdotes told by Mrs. Bolton in "Famous Givers and Their Gifts" is that of "Lick's Folly" or "The Mahogany Mill." The story has to do with the romance of the life of James Lick, the donor of the Lick Observatory on Hamilton Mountain, California. In early life young Lick fell in love with the daughter of a well-to-do miller for whom he worked. When he made known his love, which was reciprocated by the girl, the miller was angry, and is said to have replied:

"Out, you beggar! Dare you think of my daughter, who will inherit my riches? Have you a mill like this? Have you a single penny in your purse?"

To this Lick replied "that he had nothing as yet, but one day he would have a mill beside which this one would be a pigsty." In 1854 the quite, parsimonious James Lick surprised everybody by building a magnificent flour-mill near San Jose. The mill was finished within, highly polished, and was furnished with the best machinery possible. He made the grounds about the mill very attractive, and began early to set out trees, both for fruit and ornament. Lick caused his elegant mill to be photographed without and within, and sent the pictures to the miller who had scorned him in his youth. Nineteen years after Mr. Lick built his mill, January 16, 1873, he surprised the people of San Jose again by leaving it to the Paine Memorial Society of Boston, half the proceeds of sale to be used for a memorial hall and half to sustain a lecture course.



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