In Hidden Ways.

THE GLORIOUS MARCH. THE WORLD CANNOT KEEP APACE

WITH THE CHURCH.

wrair as the Moon, Clear as the Sun, and Terrible as an Army With Ban

LONDON, August 7.—The week, like others that have preceded it since the beginning of Rev. Dr. Talmage's foreign preaching tour, has been a very busy one. Indeed, since July 24th, when he preached in the English and American Church in in the English and American Church in Berlin, while en route from Russia to Scotland, Dr. Talmage can scarcely be said to have had a moment's leisure. Services have been held at Edinburgh, Inverness, Aberdeen, Dundee, Glascow, Newcastle and Sunderland. The sermon for this week is entitled, "The Glorious March," the text being from Solomon's Song, 6:10: "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banner."

Paine sneered at it, and all the forces of darkness have bombarded it. Not like some baleful comet shooting across the sky, scattering terror and dismay among the national terribulation. The following have been baleful comet shooting across the sky, scattering terror and dismay among the nations, but above the long howling night of the world's wretchedness the Christian Church has made her mild way, "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as one for how we will be some baleful comet shooting across the sky, scattering terror and dismay among the nations, but above the long howling night of the world's wretchedness the Christian Church has made her mild way, "Fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banner." an army with banner."

coward, does that condemn the whole me-not blue. And yet there are many in this day so unphilosophic, so illogical, so dis-honest, and so unfair as to denounce the guarding the flocks afield; light for the entire Church of God because there are here and there bad men belonging to it. There for the downcast and the weary; light for are those who say that the Church of God aching eyes and burning brain and conis not up to the spirit of the day in which we live; but I have to tell you that notflying shuttles, and the lightning communications, the world has never yet been able light. to keep up with the Church. As high as God is above man, so high is the Church of God higher than all human institutions. From her lamp the best discoveries of blindfolded among the most startling discoveries that were about to be developed, the earth and the air and the sea have made quick and magnificent responses to Christain

dise has become honest merchandise, and all governments have become free governments, and all nations evangelized nations, and the last deaf ear of spiritual death shall be broken open by the million-voiced shout of nations born in a day. The Church that Nebuchadnezzar tried to burn in the furnace, and Darius to tear to pieces with the lions, and Lord Claverhouse to cut with until there is no sorrow to soothe, no tears the sword, has gone on, wading the floods and enduring the fire, until the deepest barbarian, and the fiercest cruelties, and the blackest superstitions have been compelled to look to the East, crying, "Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the morning, fair as the morning would leap and the lightning would the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as any army with banners ?"

ask them whether they are in such associations, they say, "Yes, I sometimes attend the Church;" instead of realizing the fact that there is no honor compared with the honor of being a member of the Church of God, I look back with joy to the most honored moment of my life, when in the old country meeting-house the minister of Christ announced my name as a follower of

You who are floating about in the world, seeking for better associations, why do you join yourself to some of the churches: An old sea-captain was riding in the cars toward Philadelphia and a young man sat down beside him. He said, "Young man, where are you going?" "I am going to Philadelphia to live," replied the young man. "Have you letters of introduction?" asked the old captain. "Yes," said the young man; and he pulled some of them out. "Well," said the old sea-captain, "haven't you a church certificate?" yes," replied the young man; "I didn't suppose you would want to look at that."
"Yes," said the sea-captain, "I want to see that." As soon as you get to Philadelphia, present it to some Christian church. I am an old sailor, and I have been up and down in the world, and it's my rule, as soon as I get into port to fasten my ship fore and aft to the wharf, although it may cost a little wharfage, rather than have my ship out in the stream floating hither and thither with the tide."

O, men and women, by the tides of frivolity and worldliness swept this way and swept that way, seeking for associations and for satisfactions for the immortal soul, ome into the church of Jesus Christ. Lash ast to her. She is the pillar and the ground f truth. I propose to speak of the three. old glory of the church, as it is described

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First, "Fair as the moon." God, whe has determined that everything shall be beautiful in its season, has not left the night without charm. The moon rules the night. The stars are only set as gems in her tiara. Sometimes before the sun has one down the moon mounts her throne, t is after nightfall that she sways her undisputed sceptre over island and continent, river and sea. Under her shining the plainest maple leaves become shivering silver, the lakes from shore to shore look like shining mirrors, and the ocean under her glance with great tides comes up panting upon the beach, mingling, as it were, foam

Under the witchery of the moon, the awful steeps lose their ruggedness, and the chasms their terror. The poor man blesses food for thr wing so cheap a light through the broken window-pane of his cabin, and to the sick it seems like a light from the other shore that bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun be like a song, full and loud and poured forth from brazen instruments that fill heaven and court with the song that the sun be a song that the sun be like a song, full and loud and poured forth from brazen instruments that fill heaven and court with the sun beautiful to and earth with harmony, the moon is plaintive and sad, standing beneath the watched a sick cradle than this pale cradle of the spheres.

cup under the "Rock of Ages," which pours forth from its smitten side living water, from under the throne of God and the Lamb. Blessed the bell that calls her worshippers to prayer. Blessed the water in which her members are baptized. Blessed the wine that glows in her sacramental cups. Blessed the songs on which her devotions travel up and the angels of God travel down.

As the moon goes through the midst of the roaring storm clouds unflushed and unharmed, and comes out calm and beautiful on the other side, so the Church of God has gone through all the storms of this world's gone through all the storms of this world's persecution and come out uninjured, no worse for the fact that Robespierre cursed it, and Voltaire caricatured it, and Tom Paine sneered at it, and all the forces of darkness have bombarded it. Not like some baleful comet shooting across the sky, scattering terror and dismay among the na-

I take a step further in my subject— "Clear as the sun." After a season of storm The fragrance of spikenard, the flash of jewels, the fruitfulness of orchards the luxuriance of gardens, the beauty of Hesubon fish pools, the dew of the night, and the splendor of the morning—all contribute to the richness of Solomon's style when he comes to speak of the glory of the Church. In contrast with his euclimic of the Church, look at the denunction or fog, how you are thrilled when the sun comes out at noonday! The mists travel up hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until they are sky lost. The forests are full of chirp and buzz and song; honey makers on the log, bird's beak pounding the bark, the chatter of the squirrel on the rail, the call of a hawk out of the clear sky, make you thankful for the sunshine which makes all the world so busy and so or fog, how you are thrilled when the sun logium of the Church, look at the denun- which makes all the world so busy and so logium of the Church, look at the denunciatory things that are said in our day in regard to it. If one stockholder become a cheat, does that destroy the whole company? If one soldier be a and the buttercup yellow, and the forget-

What can resist the sun? Light for poor who have no lamps to burn; light for the downcast and the weary; light for withstanding all the swift wheels, and the octogenarian; light for queen's coronet flying shuttles, and the lightning communi- and sewing girl's needle. "Let there be

Now, says my text, "Who is she that looketh forth clear as the sun?" Our answer is, the Church. You have been going along the road before daybreak, and on one the world have been lighted. The best side you thought you saw a lion, and on of our inventors have believed in the Christian religion—the Fultons, the Morses, the Whitneys, the Perrys and the out you found these were harmless appari-Livingstones. She has owned the best of tions. And it is the great mission of the the telescopes and the Leyden jars; and Church of Jesus Christ to come forth "clear while intidelity and atheism have gone as the sun," to illumine all earthly darkness, to explain, as far as possible, all mystery, and to make the world radiant in its brightness; and that which you thought was an aroused lion is found out to be a slumbering lamb, and the sepulchre gates of The world will not be up to the Church your dead turn out to be the opening gates of Christ until the day when all merchan of Heaven; and that which you supposed of Heaven; and that which you supposed was a flaming sword to keep you out of paradise, is an angel of light to becken you

The lamps on her altars will cast their glow on your darkest pathway, and cheer you until far beyond the need of lantern or lighthouse, you are safely anchored within the veil. O, sun of the Church! shine on of sin have attempted to extinguish the

The Church of God will yet come to full Yet there are people who are ashamed to meridian, and in that day all the mountains Christ, and if you of the world will be sacred mountains, touched with the glory of Calvary, and all streams will flow by the mount of God like cool Siloam, and all lakes be radiant with Gospel memories like Gennesaret, and all islands of the sea be crowned with apocalyptic vision like Patmos, and all cities f sacred as Jerusalem, and all gardens luxuriant as Paradise, with God walking in the cool of the day. Then the chorals of grace will drown out all the anthems of earth. Then the throne of Christ will overtop all earthly authority. Then the crown of Jesus will outflame all other coronets. Sin destroyed. Death dead. Hell defeated. The Church triumphant. All the darkness of sin, all the darkness of trouble, all the darknesses of earthly mystery, hieing themselves to their dens. "Clear as the sun! clear as

Further, "Terrib!e as an army with banners." I take one more step in this subject and say that if you were placed for the defence of a feeble town, and a great army were seen coming over the hills with flying ensigns, then you would be able to get some idea of the terror that will strike the hearts of the enemies of God when the Church at last marches on like "an army with ban-

You know there is nothing that excites a soldier's enthusiasm so much as an old flag. Many a man almost dead, catching a glimpse of the national ensign, has sprung to his feet, and started again into the battle. Now, my friends, I don't want you to think of the Church of Jesus Christ as a defeated institution, as the victim of infidel sarcasm, something to be kicked and cuffed and trampled on through all the ages of the world. It is "an army with banners." It has an inscription and colors such as never stirred the hearts of any earthly soldiery. We have our banner of recruit and on it is inscribed, "Who is on the Lord's side?" Our banner of defiance, and on it is inscribed, "The gates of hell shall not prevail against us." Our banner of triumph, and on it is inscribed, "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!" and we mean to plant that banner on every hill-top and wave it

at the gate of heaven.
With Christ to lead us we need not fear. I will not underate the enemy. They are a tremendous host. They come on with tremendous host. They come on with acutest strategy. Their weapons by all the inhabitants of darkness have been forged in furnaces of everlasting fire. We contend not with flesh and blood, but with principalities and powers and spiritual wickedness in high places; but if God be for us, who can be against us? Come on, ye troops of the Lord! Fall into line! Close up the ranks! On, through burning sands and over troops mountain tops, until sands and over trozen mountain-tops, until the whole earth surrenders to God. He made it : He redeemed it ! He shall have it. They shall not be trampled with hoofs, they shall not be cut with sabres, they shall not be crushed with wheels, they shall not be cloven with battle-axes, but the marching and the onset and the victory will be none

the less decisive for that. With Christ to lead us, and heaven to throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen and the sea! No mother over more levingly No mother ever more lovingly thrones, and the voice of God to bid us for watched a sick cradle than this pate watch of the sky bends over the weary, heart-sick, slumbering earth, singing to it silvery music, while it is rocked in the cradle of the spheres.

I divide this army with banners is ours. I divide this army with banners Now, says my text, "Who is she, fair as the moon?" Our answer is the Church. Like the moon she is a horizontal light. into two wings-the American wing and She gathers up the glory of a Saviour's over the tablelands, and come to the ocean, sufferings, a Saviour's death, a Saviour's no more stopped by the Pacific than the resurrection

segmentings, a Saviour's death, a Saviour's resurrection, a Saviour's ascension, and pours that light on palace and dungeon, on squalid heathenism and elaborate scepticism, on widow's tears and martyr's robe of flame, on weeping penitence and loud-mouthed scorn.

She is the enly institution to day that the sample of the sa

the hosts that followed Napoleon into the conflict. And Hungary and Poland, by the blood of their patriots and by the blood of Christ, shall at last be free. And crossing into Asia, the law shall again be proclaimed on Sinai, and Christ in the person of His ministers, will again preach on Olivet, and pray in Gethsemane, and exhibit His love on Calvary and then the army will halt in front of the other wing, the twain having conquered all the earth for God.

for God. History tells us that one day the armies of Xerxes shouted all at once, and the vociferation was so mighty that the birds flying through the air dropped as though they were dead. Oh, what a shout of they were 'dead. Oh, what a shout of the striumph when the armics of earth and all the armics of heaven shall celebrate the victory of our King—all at once and all together: "Hallelujah! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth. Hallelujah! for the kingdoms of this world have become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus Christ."

When the Prussian army came back from

When the Prussian army came back from their war they were received in 1866 at the gates of Berlin, and a choir stood above the gates and as the first regiment advanced gates and as the first regiment advanced and came to the gates, the choir, in music, asked them what right they had to enter there. And then the first regiment, in song, replied, telling over the stories of their conflicts and their victories. Then they marched on, and all the city was full of gladness and triumph. But oh, the greater foy when the army with banners shall come up to the gates of our king!

It will be choir to choir, music to music, hosanna to hosanna, hallelujan to hallelu-

hosanna to hosanna, hallelujan to hallelujah. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let them come in. Then will be spread the banquet of eternal victory, and the unfallen ones of heaven will sit at it, and all the ransomed of earth will come in and celebrate the jubilee, with unfading garlands on their brow telling of earthly conquests. All the walls of that celestial mansion will be aglitter with shields won in victorious battle, and adorned with the banners of God that were carried in front of the host. Harp shall tell to harp the heroism in which the conquerors won their palm, and the Church that day will sit queen at the banquet. Her wanderings over, her victories gained. Christ shall rise up to introduce her to all the nations of heaven; and as she pulls aside her veil and looks up into the face of her Lord the King, Christ shall exclaim, "This is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners !"

An artist's rule as to color is: Choose carefully only those tints of which a duplicate may be found in the hair, the eyes or the complexion. A woman with blue grey eyes and a thin, neutral-tinted complexion it never more becomingly dressed than in the blue shades in which grey is mixed, for in these complexions there is a certain deli-cate blueness. A brunette is never so exquiste as in cream color, for she has reproduced the tinting of her skin in her dress. Put the same dress on a colorless blonde and she will be far from charming, while in

grey she would be quite the reverse.

The reason is plain. In the blonde's sallowness there are tints of grey, and in the dark woman's pallor there are always yellowish tones, the same as predominate in the cream-colored dress. Women who have rather florid complexions look well in various shades of plum and heliotrope, also in certain shades of dove-grey, for to a trained eye this color has a tinge of pink which harmonizes with the flesh of the face. Blondes look fairer and younger in dead black, like that of wool goods or velvet, while brunettes require the sheen of satin or gloss of silk in order to wear black to

The Statue of Sir John. Sir C. S. Gzowski writes from London to Mr. T. C. Patteson that he had just inspected Onslow Ford's model of the statue of Sir John Macdonald, which it is proposed to erect at Toronto, and was accompanied by Lord Lorne, who expressed the highest approval of the work. Lord Lorne has taken the warmest interest in Mr, Ford's efforts to obtain a satisfactory like ness, and Sir Casimir will bring over the model with him on the Parisian, sailing 18th inst. The Canadian sculptors who have been invited by Mr. O'Brein to submit models to the committee will doubtless also be on hand with the results of their industry and ability, so that early in September at the latest, a choice may be expected, and the work given out for execution.—Empire,

Too Profitable a Fire. The following is a copy of a letter from a town in New Hampshire received at the office of the Hartford Fire Insurance Company one day last week : "I enclose \$100 n this letter which I want paid to the Hartford Fire Insurance Company of Hartford. I though I got more insurance than my right." Enclosed was a \$100 bill of the First National Bank of Concord, N.H. The writing is identified as similiar to two previous communications received by the company, including, respectfully, \$50 and \$100, making a total of \$250 already received from this one source. It is evident that some beneficiary of the Hartford received more than his due, and he is endeavoring to quiet his conscience by returning in instalments the amount overpaid. Several thousand dollars have been received by the Hartford under similar circumstances.

A Woman Who Works a Farm, Minnesota boasts of one of the most successful woman farmers. She is Miss Sarah Pollard, and she owns half a section of land in Polk county, where she works without any help except in harvest season. She is a young woman of many accomplishments and left a comfortable home in the Rast to take up her agricultural career. She does her own ploughing, seeding, and harrowing, and operates her entire farm without assistance or counsel. When she is engaged in her active occupations she wears a short skirt falling just below the knees and knee breeches to match it.

Judith-What an air of romance lingers around these remnants of a once noble race. Think of Hiawatha and Uncas, the Mohi-

Zillah—Yes, and see, one is starting an impromptu scalp dance. Listen to the weird dirge. Kicking Bull (who has "seen London," in a sudden ecstasy)—Ta-ra-ra boom-de-aye, ta-ra-ra, etc. (The girls have since given up romance.)-Fun.

Good-Bye to the Locomotive. "I tell you the locomotive must go." As information, not opinion, is usually the basis of the speaker's remark, his hearer, to continue the conversation, drawled out: "Oh, yes, and I suppose the railways

must go along with it."
"No," was the answer. "You will smile, but I tell you that the trolley smile, but I tell you that the trolley system of electricity will supersede the locomotive. I believe that this new road from Parry Sound to Ottawa will be operated by the trolley. More than that I believe that before three years the trolley will be used exclusively on the Grand Trunk between Toronto and Hamilton. Trains will then run every hour, the public will have a better service and the company will pocket the

The more the fragrance in the rose,
The more it hides a-blushing;
And when with love a maiden glows,
The more her face is flushing. In depths of night, in gloomy mine, In wildwood streams—in stories Of lowly lives, unsung—there shine The world's divinest gleries.

Strange is it that the sweetest thing
Forever is the shyeet;
The sweeter song, the swifter wing,
Ere thou the singer spyest.

As low arbutus blessoms rest
In modesty unbidden,
So man and nature hide their best,
And God Himself is hidden.
—C. H. Crandall, in Ladies' Home Journal.









"Old John Henry." Old John's jes made o' the commonest stuff—
Old John Henry—
He's tough, I reckon—but none too tough—
Too much, though, 's better than not enough
Says Old John Henry.
He does his best and when his best's bad
He don't fret none, nor don't get sad— He don't fret none, nor don't get sad-He simply 'lows it's the best he had, Old John Henry.

His doctern's jest o' the plainest brand—Old John Henry—
"A smilin' face and a hearty hand
'S a religion 'at all folks understand," 'S a religion 'at all folks understand,"
Says Old John Henry.

He's stove up some with the rheumatiz,
And they han't no shine on them shoes o' his,
And his hair han't cut, but his eye-teeth is!

He feed hisself when the stock's all fed,
Old John Henry.
And "sleeps like a babe" when he goes to bed,
"And dreams o' heaven and home-made bread!"
Says Old John Henry.
He ain't refined as he ort to be
To fit the statutes of poetry,
Nor his clothes don't it him, but he fits me—

-James Whitcomb Riley.

What was her inner character? A voluptuous woman of the East, say the Romans, eager to enchain any master of a comman army by the foulast arts; but the comman allgarchy not only hated but dreaded eleopatrs. To them she was not only Asia incarnate, but the representative of that incarnate, but the representative of that "regal" sway, that rule by volition instead of by traditional order, which, with their statesmanlike instinct, they saw the trium phant aristocrat whom their system tended to produce would ultimately desire. They cursed her as the greatest of Asiatic harlots, whereas she was a Greek, and much more like Mary Stuart as her enemies have painted her, a woman unscrupulous in gratifying her fancies, careless even of murder when needful—Cleopatra murdered her brother-husband, just as Mary murdered her cousin-husband—but who used her charms chiefly as instruments to attain her ends, which were, first of all, the empire of the east, which her ancestors had striven for generations to acquire-and very nearly acquired—and to defeat the half-civilized and headless Roman power, which she hated with the hatred of a monarch and despised with the contempt of a true Greek. Who were these barbarians that they

should conquer men who were polished when they were savages? She always selected the same lover, the head of the invading Roman army, and always used him to help her in founding, as she hoped, the Empire of the East. Her attractive power was probably not her beauty. Her coins do not reveal a beautiful woman, but a broad-browed, thoughtful queen, and Plu-

tarch, in describing her, evidently speaks on the authority of men whose fathers had studied her face. He says: "Her actual beauty, it is said, was not in itself so remarkable that none could be compared with her, or that no one could see her without being struck by it, but the contact of her presence, if you lived with her, was irresistible; the attraction of her person, joining with the charm of her conversation, and the character that attended all she said or did, was something bewitchall she said or did, was something bewitching. It was a pleasure merely to hear the sound of her voice with which, like an instrument of many strings, she could pass from one language to another; so that there were few of the barbarian nations that she Toronto and Hamilton. Trains will then run every hour, the public will have a better service and the company will pocket the large difference between the cest of electricity and steam."—Telegram.

Were lew of the barbarian nations that she answered by an interpreter; to most of them she spoke herself, as to the Ethiopians, Tronlodytes, Hebrews, Arabians, Syrians, Medes, Parthians and many others, whose language she had learned."—The Spectator.

CORNEIL

A Prompt Settlement.

On Saturday, the 16th inst., my barn in Emily was burnt by a blasing shingle from a burning barn on an adjacent farm. On the 26th, Mr. S. Corneil has a cheque for the amount of my claim in full. It is hardly necessary to say that I am highly pleased with the fairness of the settlement, and the promptness of the insurance company in paying my claim. Farmers will promote their own interests by entrusting their insurance business to Mr. Corneil.

JAMES MUTCHELL

JAMES MITCHELL. Ops, 25th April, 1892.

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JOS. B. PARKIN. Lindsay, June 7, 1392. -32-8 LAKE ONTARIO STEAMBOAT COMPANY.



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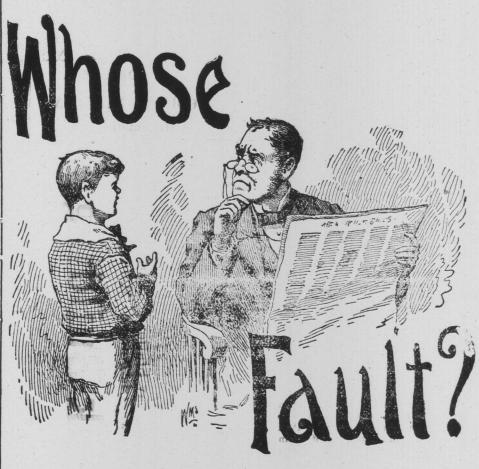
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