

## A FORWARD GLIMPSE.

## THE GREAT DIVINE TALKS OF A GOOD TIME COMING.

The Castles of Sin Are Going to Be Captured—A Time of Great Municipal Elevation and Prosperity—The Music of the Future.

Washington, Sept. 27.—So much that is depressing is said about the wickedness of cities that it will cheer us to read what Dr. Talmage says in this sermon about their coming redemption. The text is Zechariah viii, 5: "And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

Glimpses of our cities redeemed! Now, boys and girls who play in the streets run such risks that multitudes of them end in ruin. But in the coming time spoken of our cities will be as moral that lads and lasses shall be as safe in the public thoroughfares as in the nursery.

Pulpit and printing press for the most part in our day are busy in discussing the condition of the cities at this time, but would not it be healthfully encouraging to all Christian workers, and to all who are toiling to make the world better, if we should for a little while look forward to the time when our cities shall be revolutionized by the gospel of the Son of God, and all the darknesses of sin and trouble and crime and suffering shall be gone from the world?

Every man has a pride in the city of his nativity or residence, if it be a city distinguished for any dignity or prowess. Caesar boasted of his native Rome, Virgil of Mantua, Lycurgus of Sparta, Demosthenes of Athens, Archimedes of Syracuse and Paul of Tarsus. I should have suspicion of heart-ache in a man who had no special interest in the city of his birth or residence—no exultation at the evidence of its prosperity or its artistic embellishments, or its intellectual advance.

I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not behaved well. People who have had a free ride in the prison van never like the city that furnishes the vehicle. When I find Argos and Rhodes and Smyrna trying to prove themselves the birthplace of Homer, I conclude at once that Homer behaved well. He liked them and they liked him. He did not war on laudable city pride, or with the idea of building ourselves up at any time, try to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil hall and to its Common and to its superior educational advantages. Philadelphia must continue to point to its Independence hall and its mint and its Grand Central. Washington must continue to point to its wondrous capitoline buildings. If I should find a man coming from any city, having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his nativity or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking: "What mean thing have you done there? What outrageous thing have you been guilty of that you do not like the place?"

I think we ought—and I take it for granted you are interested in this great work of evangelizing the cities and saving the world—we ought to toil with the sunlight in our faces. We are not fighting in a miserable Bull Run of defeat. We are on the way to final victory.

I know there are sorrows, and there are sins, and there are sufferings all around about us, but as in some bitter, cold winter day, when we are thrashing our arms around us to keep our thumbs from freezing, we think of the warm spring day that will arrive while we come, or in the dark winter night we look up and see the northern lights, the windows of heaven illuminated by some great victory, just so we look up from the night of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness in our cities, and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning—more than that, on the way to a morning without clouds.

I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in the great towns is going to be so complete that not a man on earth or an angel in heaven or a devil in hell will dispute it. How do I know? I know just as certainly as God is God, and this is holy truth. The old Bible is full of it. If the nation is to be saved, of course all the cities are to be saved. It makes a great difference with you and with me whether we are toiling on toward defeat or toiling on toward a victory.

Now, in this municipal elevation of which I speak, I have to remark there will be greater financial prosperity than our cities have even seen. Some people seem to have a morbid idea of the millennium, and they think when the better time comes to our cities and the world people will give their time up to psalm singing and the relating of their religious experience, and as all social life will be purified, there will be no hilarity, and as all business will be purified there will be no enterprise. There is no ground for such an absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak where now one fortune is made there will be a hundred fortunes made. We all know business prosperity depends upon confidence between man and man. Now, when that time comes of which I speak, and when all double dealing, all dishonesty and fraud are got out of commercial circles, thorough confidence will be established, and there will be better business done, and larger fortunes gathered, and mightier successes achieved.

The great business disasters of this country have come from the work of godless speculators and infamous stock gamblers. The great foe to business is crime. When the right shall have hurled back the wrong and shall have purified the commercial code, and shall have thrashed down fraudulent establishments, and shall have put into the hands of honest men the keys of business, blessed time for the bargain makers! I am not talking an abstraction. I am not making a guess. I am telling you God's eternal truth.

In that day of which I speak taxes will be a mere nothing. New our business men are taxed for everything. City taxes, county taxes, state taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes! Our business men have to make a small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What fastens

on our great industries this awful load? Crime, individual and official. We have to pay the board of the villains who are incarcerated in our prisons. We have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged into

their graves through sensual indiscretions. We have to support the municipal governments, which are vast and expensive just in proportion as the criminal proclivities are vast and tremendous. Who support the almshouses and police stations, and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

But in the glorious time of which I speak grievous taxation will all have ceased. There will be no need of supporting criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competency to their children. There will be no voting of large sums of money for municipal improvement, which money, before it gets to the improvements, drops into the pockets of those who voted it. No over and terminer kept up at vast expense to the people. No empanelling of juries to try the cases of assassins and murderers and slanders and blackmail. Better factories. Grand architecture. Finer equipage. Larger fortunes. Richer equities. Better churches.

On that better time, when coming to those cities, Christ's churches will be more numerous, and they will be larger and they will be more devoted to the gospel of Jesus Christ, and they will accomplish greater influences for good. Now, it is often the case that churches are envious of each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the bond of brotherhood. But in the time of which I speak, while they fervent prayers they will offer of opinion as there are now, there will be no acerbity, no hypercriticism, no exclusiveness.

In our great cities the churches are not to-day large enough to hold more than a fourth of the population. The churches that are built—comparatively few of them are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States to-day is not 400. In the glorious time of which I speak, there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshippers. Oh, what rousing songs they will sing! Oh, what earnest sermons they will preach! Oh, what fervent prayers they will offer! Now, in your time, what is called a fashionable church is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down—they do not want to be crowded; they like a whole seat to themselves—and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examining the style of the hat in front of them, they sit and listen to a sermon warranted to man's sin, and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted to sing tunes that nobody knows. And then after an hour and a half of indolent yawning they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after church than a sleep.

In many of the churches of Christ in our day the music is simply a mockery. I have not a cultivated ear, not a cultivated voice, yet no man can do my singing for me. I have nothing to say against artistic music. The \$2 or \$5 I pay to hear any of the great queens of song is a good investment. But when the people assemble in religious convocation, and the hymn is read, and the angels of God step from their throne to catch the music on their wings, do not let us drive them away by our indifference. I have preached in churches where vast sums of money were employed to keep up the music, and it was as exquisite as any heard on earth, but I thought at the same time that for all matters practical I would prefer the hearty, outbursting song of the backwoods Methodist camp meeting.

Let one of these starveling fancy songs sung in church get up before the throne of God—how would it seem standing amid the great deologies of the redeemed? Let the finest operatic air that ever went up from the church of Christ get many hours the start; it will be caught and passed by the hosanna of the Sabbath school children. I have a church where the choir did all the singing, save one Christian man, who, through "perseverance of the saints," went right on, and afterward a committee was appointed to wait on him and ask him if he would mind stop singing, as he bothered the choir.

Let those refuse to sing Who never knew our God, But children of the heavenly King Should speak their joys abroad.

"Praise ye the Lord. Let everything with breath praise the Lord." In the glorious time coming in our cities and in the world hosanna will meet hosanna and halleluiah, halleluiah. In that time also of which I speak all the hounds of iniquity and crime and squalor will be cleansed and will be illuminated. How is it to be done? You say perhaps by one influence; perhaps I say by another. I will tell you what is my idea, and I know I am right in it. The gospel of the Son of God is the only agency that will ever accomplish this.

A gentleman in England had a theory that if the natural forces of wind and tide and sunshine and wave were rightly applied and developed it would make this whole earth a paradise. In a book of great genius and which rushed from edition to edition, he said: "Fellow-men, I promise to show the means of creating a paradise within ten years where everything desirable for human life may be had by every man in superabundance without labor and without pay, where the whole face of nature shall be changed into the most magnificent palaces, in all the most delightful gardens; where he may accomplish without labor in he may accomplish what hitherto could be done in thousands of years. From the houses to be built will be afforded the most cultured views that can be fancied. From the galleries, from the roofs and from the towers may be seen fields as far as the eye can see full of fruits and flowers, arranged in the most beautiful order, with valleys, colonnades, aqueducts, canals, ponds, plains, amphitheatres, terraces, fountains, sculptures, works, pavilions, gondolas, places of popular amusement to lure the eye and fancy, all this can be done by urging the water, the wind and the sunshine to their full development."

Edith—You seem very chilly to Harry lately. Margaret—I am. He asked me for a kiss. Why didn't the simpleton take me and then apologize like a gentleman?

In Pursue and Strength.

Rural Host—Well, good-bye, good-bye. I shall expect to see all you folks back again next summer.

Town Lot—I dare say, as we'll have a chance to recuperate during the winter.

by any machinery that the human mind can put into play. It is to be done by the gospel of the Son of God—the omnipotent machinery of love and grace and pardon and mercy. This is to be to emparadise the nations. Achmedes destroyed a fleet of ships coming up the harbor. You know how he did it. He lifted a great sunglass, history tells us, and when the fleet of ships came up the harbor of Syracuse he brought to bear this sunglass, and he focused the sun's rays upon those ships. Now the sails are wings of fire, the masts fall, the vessels sink. Oh, my friends, by the sunglass of the gospel converging the rays of the sun of righteousness upon the sins, the wickedness of the world we will make them blaze and expire!

In that day of which I speak, do you believe there will be any midnight carousal? Will there be any kicking off from the marble steps of shivering mediocrities? Will there be any unwashed, unfed, uncombed children? Will there be any blasphemous cheek? No! Not a drop of rum and inebriates staggering past? No. No wine stores. No larger beer saloons. No distilleries, where they make the three X's. No bloodshot eye. No blood and cheek. No fist pounded forehead. The grandchildren of that woman who goes down the street with a curse, stoned by the boys that follow her, will be the reformers and philanthropists, and the Christian men and the honest merchants of our cities.

Then what municipal governments, too, we shall have in all the cities. Some cities are worse than others, but in many of them there will be no walk down by the city halls and look in at some of the rooms occupied by politicians and see to what a sensual, loathsome, ignorant, besotted crew of parasites is often abandoned. They stand around the city hall, kicking their teeth, waiting for some emolument of crumbs to fall to their feet, waiting all day long and waiting all night long.

Who those wretched women taken up for drunkenness and carried up to the courts and put in prison, of course? What will you do with the groghshops that make them drunk? Nothing. Who are those prisoners in jail? One of them stole a pair of shoes; that boy stole a dollar. This girl snatched a purse. All of them crimes damaging society less than \$20 or \$30. But what will you do with the gambler who last night rolled up his gains and he turned all his time to religious affairs and after much study disavowed the Lutheran doctrine of sanctification and now had many converts. He was put to much to peccation and was several times forced to flee to the mountains for safety. While in hiding he planned the emigration of his followers from Sweden to America, where he hoped to obtain for his followers a better life. He had become convinced that he could not long continue his teaching in Sweden.

As a preliminary step his trusted friend Old Olson was sent to America to examine the different parts of the country and report upon the best location for such a colony. At New York Olson met the Rev. Mr. Hedstrom, the pastor of the Swedish Methodist church in America, and under his advice he came to Illinois. Early in his tour he fixed upon the present site of the town as an ideal spot for the colony. He was joined about this time by Janson himself and together they traversed Minnesota and Wisconsin, finally agreeing upon Olson's choice. Janson decided to remain, but Olson set out for Sweden to conduct the emigration. He found that 1100 people were willing to embark upon the new enterprise. The goods of all were sold and the proceeds turned into a common fund, one person contributing \$5,000.

In the summer of 1846 the first shipload of passengers set sail. They were met in New York by Janson and under his guidance proceeded to Bishop Hill, which was named after Janson's birthplace in Sweden—Bishopskulla. From Chicago they were obliged to walk and many hardships were encountered. Arrived at the chosen site log cabins were built, and after a few days' sojourn made. One large sod-house was erected which served as a common kitchen and living room. In the dug-out, which were dark and unhealthy, two tiers of beds were placed, each with and each bed held two or more occupants. In one dug-out fifty-two unmarried women slept. As a result of overcrowding the mortality was frightful, twenty deaths occurring in the first day in 1847. New parties were continually arriving from Sweden, however, and in 1850 the population was more than 1500.

It was soon apparent that more permanent places of abode must be erected, so brick kilns were built in 1849 and all future places of habitation were of bricks. To-day there is scarcely a frame building in the village excepting the schoolhouse.

The schoolhouse deserves more than passing mention. It is a square building severely plain, but the cupola at the top contains a clock which for complicated works is rarely equalled. Instead of the floor and beams which modern clocks contain as the framework for the wheels and springs this clock has ropes and wood just as they were placed there by the early followers of Janson and they do good service to this day. For this clock is still the timepiece for the whole village.

The colonists all looked to Janson as their leader in everything. His was the central mind and heart of the colony. His day's work. Implicit obedience was required of every person, and there is no recorded instance of rebellion. Janson handled all money and his followers seldom saw a cent. They were happy and prosperous. They ate in one large dining hall, and in the main colony building, which was three stories high, 500 of them had living apartments.

The principal employment was agriculture and the largest farm was at Bishop Hill; there were eight sub-farms, where gangs of workmen relieved each other at fixed intervals. The women worked in the kitchen, and especially at unskilled labor. The milking was done wholly by women. Four women had charge of the calves, four cared for the hogs, and four worked in the dairy. There was a great need of the men in the trades. The village contained a general store and post-office, a smithy, a bakery, a weaving establishment, a dye house and a hotel, together with wagon, furniture, harness, tailor and shoemaking shops. There were, in addition, a hospital, a laundry, bath

houses, mills and manufactories. The tailor shops employed six men and three women. The smithy had seven forges and the product of the wagon shops was known throughout the country for the excellence of the work done. The weaving establishment con-

## BISHOP HILL COLONY.

## THE INTERESTING EXPERIMENT OF ERIC JANSON.

Fiftieth Anniversary of the Founding of Henry County, Illinois, Community—The Rise and Fall of That Religious Association.

At the foot of the only valley by which the prairies of Henry County, Illinois, are broken, nestles the little village of Bishop Hill, which has a history vying in interest with that of places of much greater pretensions. On Wednesday and Thursday, Sept. 23 and 24, 1896, there gathered from all parts of the country the survivors of one of the strangest religious movements which attended the early emigration of the northwest. Communism was the central idea of the early founders of the colony of 1100 persons which came to Bishop Hill in 1846, and for fifteen years many of the pet theories advanced by Edward Bellamy were in daily practice among the Swedish pioneers. But all that now remains is a row of ungainly but striking brick buildings and a little further on a great square schoolhouse, with the old colony church near by, where services are still held on the Sabbath.

Most interesting to the student of socialism, however, is the fact that communism, so far as it went, was successful, and had it not been for the introduction of the doctrine of equality, which was not Edward Bellamyism, in 1858 the colony might still be intact.

The promptings for the foundation of this colony arose in the brain of Eric Janson, a Swedish immigrant. He was a son of well-to-do parents and was given a good education. An aggravated form of rheumatism, however, prevented him from doing more than to occasionally plow his father's garden. While doing this one day an unusually severe attack came upon him and he fainted away. On regaining consciousness he heard a voice saying:

"It is I, what ever you shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive; all things are possible to him that believeth."

Janson recognized in this a voice from on high and found that his pains had entirely disappeared. Henceforth he turned all his time to religious affairs and after much study disavowed the Lutheran doctrine of sanctification and now had many converts. He was put to much to peccation and was several times forced to flee to the mountains for safety. While in hiding he planned the emigration of his followers from Sweden to America, where he hoped to obtain for his followers a better life. He had become convinced that he could not long continue his teaching in Sweden.

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houses, mills and manufactories. The tailor shops employed six men and three women. The smithy had seven forges and the product of the wagon shops was known throughout the country for the excellence of the work done. The weaving establishment con-

tained twelve reels and twelve hand looms, besides which 140 spinning wheels were distributed privately among the women of the community. Some idea of the extent to which weaving was carried may be gained from the fact that in 1857 there were sold 130,359 yards of linen and 22,569 yards of carpet.

It was from an unexpected source that dissension arose. When Janson's first shipload of emigrants had arrived he sent out twelve disciples to convert the world to Jansonism. All of them failed in their mission and one only, Neils Hedin, achieved any sort of success. On one of his visits in New York state he became a convert to the doctrine of cellabacy, and bringing back this belief to the colony, he persuaded the leaders to forbid further marriages. Husbands were already married were allowed to still live with their wives, but those who were betrothed were obliged to break their vows. From this time on there were frequent removals from the colony. About the same time came Janson's tragic death.

In 1850 there had come to the colony an adventurer named Root. He had fallen in love with Janson's daughter and secured permission to marry her, but with the condition that if at any time he wished to leave the place he might do so, but that he could not take her with him unless she was entirely willing. In a short time Root tired of the work thrust upon him by the colony and wished to leave, but his wife was not disposed to go. So he carried her away by force to Chicago and kept her in hiding. Janson got tidings of her and, with twenty men, he set out on horse back for the city, leaving a party of horsemen at various stages of the journey. Root was away from home when they arrived, so they carried the woman off without trouble. Root was furious when his loss was discovered and he swore vengeance against Janson. His first step was to carry the case into the County Court at Cambridge. On the day set for the trial Janson came into court and took his seat, but when he looked up Root shot him twice with a revolver, killing him instantly.

From this time things did not go so smoothly in the colony. In 1855 articles of incorporation were filed and seven trustees were appointed to direct affairs. Olaf Johnson, who acted for the colony on the markets of New York, Chicago and St. Louis, made some disastrous financial speculations and in 1881 it was decided to divide the property of the colony into shares and disband. Each person received twenty-two acres of land besides an equal share of all other property. Many of them removed at once to other parts of the country and those who remained grew wealthy by taking advantage of the rise in grain caused by the civil war.

To-day the village is a sleepy little place, but it is worth much trouble to visit the peculiar buildings erected by these early settlers who opened the tide of Swedish immigration to the northwest. At the celebration a monument to the first comers was unveiled and an address was made by Col. Clark E. Carr, ex-Minister to Denmark.

## FOOLED THE JUDGE.

A Successful Ruse to Save a Condemned Murderer's Neck.

"Some years ago I was on the bench in a Nebraska circuit," said Judge A. R. Simmons of Omaha to a Washington Star reporter. "A murder was committed under rather peculiar circumstances. A man named Bill Chadwick and a man named Tom Plummer were enemies, and had been for some time, each having threatened the life of the other. A reconciliation was effected, and one day the two men went hunting together. Plummer returned alone and said he had brought Chadwick's horse and the latter had gone to Kansas.

"Considerable suspicion existed, but Chadwick had no relatives and there was no way of disproving the story. Several months later the bones of a man were found where it was known Chadwick and Plummer had been together on the day the former disappeared. By means of the boots and a peculiarity of the teeth the remains were identified as those of Chadwick. Plummer was arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced to be hanged.

"Three or four days before the time fixed for the execution a man entered my office and saluted me: 'How'd, judge?'

"'How are you?' I answered. 'What can I do for you?'

"'I reckoned you'd know me,' he said. 'I'm Bill Chadwick. The fellow Tom Plummer was convicted of killin'.

"'I was naturally greatly surprised, and somewhat doubtful as to the truth of his story. But he stuck to it under the most rigid cross-examination.

"'I don't like Tom none too well,' he said, 'but I sold him the horse all right and I went to Kansas. I didn't hear about the tri 'til after it was over, so when I heard it I thought it would be a shame to let Tom hang, and I came back.'

"'I took the man to the prosecuting attorney, who had known Chadwick slightly, and he identified the man as the one supposed to be murdered. We took the first train to Lincoln, reaching there just in time to secure a pardon for Plummer.

"'Both Plummer and Chadwick disappeared as soon as the former was released, and I had ceased to think about the strange affair, when I changed circuits with another judge, and while sitting in the hotel I saw Chadwick pass. I called the landlord's attention to him, and asked if Chadwick lived there.

"'Bill Chadwick? No, he don't live anywhere. He's dead. That man's name is Plummer. He does look enough like Chadwick to pass for him. His brother was the man who killed Chadwick, and then got pardoned some way or other. I don't know how.' And I did not tell him."

PLAIDS. Plaid ties, plaid belts, plaid waists, plaid ribbons and even plaid hats woven of chenille testify to the prevalence of a Scotch furor. There are even plaid-bordered handkerchiefs to be found in the shops, and candles with the wax cunningly moulded in the colors of the Camerons or Campbells are also seen.

EMIPENT DOMAINS. Brown—What is eminent domain? Jones—It means the right of the public to take a mans property by paying a little more for it than any one else will.

## MISS MITCHELL'S Grand MILLINERY OPENING

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