Has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (Ask your Doctor.) This is because it is always palatable—always uniform—always contains the purest Norwegian Cod-Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. Insist on Scott's Emulsion

with trade-mark of man and fish. Put up in 50 cent and \$1.00 The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

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Beauty to the Teeth,
Fragrance to the Breath,
And that resy, healthful color to the gums. O-d-o-r-o-m-a proneunced by expert chemists The Perfect Tooth Powder,

For sale by A. HIGINBOTHAM

## Don't Miss It

The Lindsay Fair.

and don't miss seeing the largest stock

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware, and Novelties in town.

will be able to save money by buying from W. F. McCARTY, the Jeweler.

The first ray of the dawn I see in the

#### REPAIRS

done promptly and at reasonable prices. That is the secret of our success. Bring your Watch to

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77 Kent St., Lindsay.



Sewer and Culvert Pipes

All Sizes from 4 in. to 24 in. Also Connections.

WRITE FOR PRICES.

THE ONTARIO SEWER PIPE CO 60 ADELAIDE ST. E., PACTORY AT MIMICO.





PARALYSIS OURED-SWORN STATEMENT. Mrs. Maggie McMartin, 27 Radenhurst St., Toronto, Ont., swears that Ryokman's "Kootenay Cure" cured her of Paralysis which rendered one side of her body entirely useless. Physicians said there was no chance of her ever recovering the use of her limbs. Hope descrted her, but to-day she is walking around telling her friends how Ryokman's "Kootenay Cure" gave her life and happiness. Sworn to, July 10, 1896, before J. W. Seymour Corley, Notary Public. SWORN STATEMENT OF A GRATEFUL

MOTHER. Louisa White, nine years old, who suffered with Eczema since her birth, has been entirely cured and her general system built up by Ryckman's "Kootenay Gure." The above facts are given in a sworn statement made by her mother, Mrs. George White, 139 Stinson St., Hamilton, Ont., dated July 3, 1896, before J. F. Monck, Notary Public.

A COMBINATION DISTURBED - SWORE Charles E, Newman, 13 Marlborough St., Toronto at., had a complication of blood troubles, Rheusatism, severe Kidney trouble and constipation. Its frequently disturbed at night, lost his appetite and was a very sick man. His Kidneys are now in a seatthy condition, his appetite good, sleep undistanted and constipation cured; all this was done by hyckman's Kotenay Oure. He makes sworn that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. STATEMENT MADE.

## THE DAY IS AT HAND.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES UPON A RAPTUROUS OUTLOOK.

Washington, Sept. 27.-If the clarion note of this sermon delivered at the national capital could sound through Christendom, it would give everything good a new start. Dr. Talmage's text was Romans xiii, 12, "The day is at

Back from the mountains, and the sea side, and the springs, and the farm house, your cheeks bronzed and your spirits lighted, I hail you home again with the words of Gehazi to the Shunammite: "Is it well with thee?" Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" On some faces I see the mark of recent grief, but all along the track of tears I see the story of resurrection and reunion when all tears are done, the deep plowing of the keel, followed by the flash of the phosphorescence. Now that I have asked you in regard to your welfare, you naturally ask how I am. Very well, thank you. Whether it was the bracing air of the mountains, or a bath in the surf of Long Island beach, or whether it is the joy of standing in this great group of warm-hearted friends, or whether it is a new appreciation of the goodness of God, I cannot tell. I simply know I am happy. It was said that John Moffatt, the great Methodist preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon, and to extricate himself would cry "Halleluiah!" I am in no such predicament to-day, but I am full of the same rhapsodic ejaculation. Starting out this morning on a new

ecclesiastical year, I want to give you the keynote of my next twelve months' ministry. I want to set it to the tunes of "Antioch," "Ariel" and "Coronation." want to put a new trumpet stop into my sermons. We do wrong if we allow our personal sorrows to interfere with the glorious fact that the kingdom is coming. We are wicked if we allow apprehension of national disaster to put down our faith in God and in the mission of our American people. The God who hath been on the side of this nation since the Fourth of July, 1776, will see to it that this nation shall not commit suicide on Nov. 3, 1896. By the time the unparalleled harvests of this summer get down to the seaboard we shall be standing in a sunburst of national prosperity that will paralyze the pessimists who by If you require anything in our line you their evil phophecies are blaspheming

gradual substitution of diplomatic skill for human butchers. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peacefully adjusted, the pen taking the place of lan controversy in any other age of the world would have brought shock of arms, but now is being so quietly adjusted that no one knows just how it is being settled.

The Alabama question in any other age of the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled? By menof-war off the Narrows or off the Mersey? By the gulf stream of the ocean crossed by a gulf stream of human slood? By the pathway of nations incarnadined? No. A few wise men go into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over, and telegraph to Washington and to London, "All settled."
Peace, peace! England pays to the United States the amount awardedpays really more than she ought to have paid. But still, all that Alabama broil is settled-settled forever. Arbitration instead of battle.

So the quarrel about the Canadian fisheries in any other age would have aused war between the United States and England. England said, "Pay me for the invasion of my Canadian fisher-The United States said, "I will not pay anything." Well, the two nations say, "I guess we had better leave the whole matter to a commission.' The commission is appointed, and the commission examines the affair, and he commission reports, and pay we ought, pay we must, pay we do. Not a pound of powder burned, no one hurt so much as by the scratch of a pin. Arbitration instead of battle. So the Samoan controversy in any

other age would have brought Germany and the United States into bloody colision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of battle.

France will never again, I think hrough the peccadillo of an ambassaor, bring on a battle with other naions. She sees that God, in punishnent at Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of expectation died in a war that has not even the dignity of being respectable. What is the leaf that England would like to tear out of her history? The Zulu war. Down with the sword and up with the

We in this country might better have settled our sectional difficulties by arbitration than by the trial of the sword. Philanthrophy said to the north, "Pay down a certain amount of money for the purchase of the slaves, and let all those born after a certain time be born free." Philanthropy at the same time said to the South, "You sell the slaves and get rid of this great national contest and trouble." The north replied, "I won't pay a cent." The south replied, "I won't sell." War, war! A million dead men, and a national debt which might have ground this nation to powder. Why did we not let William H. Seward of New York and Alexander H. Stephens of Georgia go out and spend a few days under the trees on the banks of the Potomac and talk the matter over and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the north pay in cost of war \$4,700,000,000 and the south pay \$4,750,000,000, the destroying angel leaving the first-born dead in so many houses all the way from the Penobscot to the Alabama? Ye aged men whose sons fell in the strife, do you not think that would have been better? Oh, yes! We have come to believe, I think, in this country that arbitration is better than battle.

is ended. Barbarians may mix their war paint and Chinese and Japanese go into wholesale massacres and Af-

I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian nations

of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. No need of crificing any more brave General Custers. Stop exasperating the red man, and there will be no more arrows shot out from the ambushments. A general of the United States army in high repute throughout this land, and who, perhaps, had been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who had been wounded again and again in behalf of our Government in battle against the Indians, told me that all the wars that had ever occurred tween Indians and white men had been provoked by white men, and there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian nations us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative of

Let me put myself in their place: I inherit a large estate, and the waters are rich with fish, and the woods are songful with birds, and my cornfields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out yonder under the large tree my father died. An invader comes and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, he crowds me on, and crowds me into a closer corner, until after awhile I say, "Stand back! Don't crowd me any more, or I'll What right have you to come strike. here and drive me off my premises? I got this farm from my father, and he got it from his father. What right have you to come here and molest me?" You blandly say, "Oh, I know more than you do. I belong to a higher civilization. I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this ground to a great deal better use than you do." And you keep crowding me back and crowding me on into a closer corner and closer corner, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and, fired by their hardships, I hew you in twain. Forthwith all the world comes to your funeral to pronounce eulogium, comes to my execution to anathematize me. You are the hero. I am the cul-

prit. Behold the United States Government and the North American Indian! The red man has stood more wrongs than I would, or you. We would have struck sooner, deeper. That which is right in defense of a Washington home, is right in defense of a home on top of the Sierra Nevada. Before this dwindling red race dies completely out I wish that this generation might by common justice atone for the inhumanity of its predecessors. In the day of God's judgment I would rather be a blood smeared Modoc than a swindling United States officer on the Indian reservation.. One was a barbarian and a savage, and never pretended to be anything but a barbarian and a savage. The other pretended to be a representative of a Christian nation. Notwithstanding all this, the general disgust with war and the substitution of diplomatic skill for the glittering edge of keen steel is a sign unmistakable that "the day is at

I find another ray of dawn in the compression of the world's distances. What a slow, snaillike, almost impossible thing would have been the world's rectification with 1,400,000,000 of population and no facile means of communication, but now, through telegraphy for the eye and telephonic intimacy for the ear, and through steamboating and railroading the 25,000 miles of the world's circumference are shrivelling up into insignificant brevity. Hongkong is nearer to New York than a few years ago New Haven was, Bombay, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne within speaking distance. Purchase a teleghaphic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraphs of the land and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunity this is going to give for the final movements of Christianity.

A fortress may be months or years in building, but after it is constructed it may do all its work in 20 minutes. Christianity has been planting its batteries for 19 centuries and may go on in the work through other centuries, but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are fully built, they may all do their work in 24 hours. The world sometimes derides the church for slowness of movement. Is science any quicker? Did it not take science 5652 years to find out so simply a thing as the circulation of the human blood? With the earth and the sky full of electricity, science took 5800 years before it even guessed that there was any subtle and mighty element. When good men take possession of all these scientific forces and all these agencies of invention, I do not know that the redemption of the world will be more than the work of half a day. Do we not read the Queen's speech at the proroguing of Parliament the day before in London? If that be so, is it anything marvelous to believe that in 24 hours a divine communication can reach the whole earth? Suppose Christ should descend on the nations-many expect that Christ will come among the nations personally; suppose that to-morrow morning the Son of God from a hovering cloud should descend upon these cities. Would not that fact be known all the world over in 24 hours? Suppose he should present His gospel in a few words, saying: "I am the Son of God. I came to pardon all your sins to heal all your sorrow To prove that I am a supernatural being I have just descended from the clouds. Do you believe Me, and do you believe Me now?" Why, all the telegraph stations of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever crowded just after a shipwreck. I tell you all these things to show you it is not among the impossibilities or

even the improbabilities that Christ wil conquer the whole earth, and do it instanter when the time comes There are foretokenings in the air. Semething great is going to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down or that the axle of the world is going to break, but I mean something great for the world's blessing and for the world's damage is going to happen. I think the world has had it hard enough. Enough the famines and plagues. Enough the Asiatic choleras. Enough the wars. Enough the shipwrecks. Enough the conflagrations. I think our world could stand right well a procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your observations open toward the heavens and the lenses of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have all

your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have new fonts of type in your printing offices to set up some astounding banner that has never been carried ready for sudden processions. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your courthouses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the Great Lawgiver

may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of heaven and earth may into the lilies of morning cloud and the lilles reddening into roses of stronger day—fit garlands, whether white or red, for Him on whose head are many crowns.

One more ray of the dawn I see in facts chronological and mathemaical. Come now, do not let us do another stroke of work until we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness? Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus? Is this world going to be all garden or all desert? Now, let us have that matter settled. If we believe Isaiah and Hosea and Micah and Malachi and John and Peter and Paul and the Lord Himself, we believe that it is going to be all garden. But let us have it settled. Let us know whether we are working on toward a success or toward a dead failure. If there is a child in your house sick and you are sure he is going to get well, you sympathize with present pains, but all the foreboding is gone. If you are in a cyclone off the Florida coast and the captain assures you the vessel is stanch and the winds are changing for a better quarter, and he is sure he will bring you safe into the harbor, you patiently submit to present distress with the thought of safe arrival. Now, I want to know whether we are coming on toward dismay, darkness and defeat or on toward light and blessed ness. You and I believe the latter, and if so every year we spend is one year subtracted from the world's woe, and every event that passes, whether bright or dark, brings up one event nearer a happy consummation, and by all that is inexorable in chronology and mathematics I command you to good Men's Pure All-wool Canadian Tweed cheer and courage. If there is anything in arithmetic, if you subtract two from five and leave three, then by every rolling sun we are coming on toward a magnificent terminus. Then every winter passed is one severity less for our poor world. Then every summer gone by brings us nearer unfading arborescence. Put your algebra down on the top of your Bible

and rejoice. If it is nearer morning at 3 o'clock than it is at 2, if it is nearer morning at 4 o'clock than it is at 3, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings, and the hands move, and it will strike noon. The sun and the moon stood still once. They will never stand still again, until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic as well as your Bible, you must believe we are nearer the dawn. "The day is at hand."

Beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to toil with the sunlight in your faces. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered and all Christian work is in some way effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all heaven is on our side-saintly, cherubic, archangelic, omnipotent charlot and throne, doxology and procession, principalities and dominion, He who hath the moon under His feet, and all the armies of heaven on white

Brother, brother, all I am afraid of is not that Christ will lose the battle, but that you and I will not get into it quick enough to do something worthy of our blood bought immortality. Oh, Christ, how shall I meet Thee, Thou of the scarred brow, and the scarred back, and the scarred hand, and the scarred foot, and the scarred breast, if I have no scars or wounds gotten in Thy service? It shall not be so. I step out to-day in front of the battle. Come on, ye foes of God, I dare you to combat. Come on, with pens dipped in malignancy. Come on with types soaked in the scum of the eternal pit. I defy you! Come on; I bare my brow; I uncover my heart. Strike! I cannot see my Lord until I have been hurt for Christ. If we do not suffer with Him on earth, we cannot be glorified with Him in heaven. Take good heart. On, on, on! See, the skies have brightened! See, the hour is about to come! Pick out all the cherriest of the anthems. Let the orchestra string their instruments. "The nigs is far spent; the day is at hand."

A tootball match between the collegiate and town teams is in progress as we go to press. Both teams have a strong aggregation,

A new store is in progress of erection on Kent street, next to A. B. Terry's confectionary store. It is the property of Mr. J. Fleury, Mr. Geo. Martin of the Victoria flour mills is having a new gangway placed on the east side of his mill for the accommodation of those

carrying grain, The meetings of the St. Andrew's C. E. society have been changed from Monday night to Sunday night after the regular

A new P.P.A. has been formed in Canada.

More than one prominent politician is associated with it. It is the Pedestrians Protections tive association, Mrs. F. Green and son Freddy of town leave shortly for Kalso, British Columbia, where they will join Mr. Green, who has been

Mr. Jas. McNellie of Montreal, son of J. R. McNellie of town, and who has been in the employ of the G.T B., has accepted a more lucrative position with the C P.R.

Mr. Harry Trew of town who has be quite ill recently leaves next week for an extended trip west. His many friends hope

It may be true that you have been coughing for many months, perhaps years, but before believing yourself incurable try Dr. Layiolette's Syrup of Turpentine,—63 1 While canceing on Sparrow Lake, near Gravenhurst, Mr. J. B. Lorrence of Woodstock, a knex college student and his wife were drowned, their cance upsetting in a

The following extract was found in a Latin exercise book of one of Lindsay's school girls:

## LINING UP AFTER THE FAIRS.

# Our Prize Clothing.

Our Clothing has had the call at all the Fairs. It was nothing new to find the Directors decorating our display with the Red Prize Tickets. It would have been a surprise if we didn't capture First Prize-not because competition was weak, but because the Clothing could not be bettered in Canada. The reputation of the big store was at stake, and we're more than proud to have deserved the good opinion of the directors as well as the thousands of men tolk at the Fairs.

Now we're lining up for a rattling big Fall business. We've had a good start already. but the price cards are becoming a more interesting study every day, and the figures startling enough to bring us the trade of the masses.

### CLOTHING.

Men's Four-button Single-breasted Sacque Suits, in all-wool dark grey checked Canadian and English Tweeds, goo4 trimmings, well made, sizes 36 to 44 inch chest, regular price \$8.00

Pants, neat dark striped patterns. well trimmed and cut, sizes 32 to 42 waist measure, regular price \$1.75 pr. Youths' Long Pants Suits, in dark brown, all-wool tweeds, single breasted, with good linings and good interlinings, sizes 30 to 35 inch chest, regular price \$6.50

Men's odd Tweed Vests, dark and light polors, assorted, plain and checked patterns, with good trimmings, sizes 36 to 44 inch chest, regular price 75c. and \$1.00 each

Boys' 2 piece Suits, in all-wool tweeds, dark colors, neat selected patterns, coats neatly pleated, strong Italian linings, pants lined throughout, sizes 22 to 28 irch chest, regular price \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$2.75 a suit Youths' and Boys' Ulsters, all wool fancy

Frieze, dark colors, all wool checked tweed linings, storm collar, half belt, slash pockets, sizes 22 to 30 inch chest measure, regular price \$4.50 each Boys' Navy Blue Serge Reefers or Pea

Jackets, medium weight, twilled Italian linings, brass buttons, sizes 22 to 28 inch chest measure, regular 7 00 Men's Overcoats, in imported English cloths, chinchillas, kersey and mon-

tagnis, winter weights blue, black and brown shades, with checked tweed linings, sizes 36 to 42 inch chest measure, regular price \$12.50 8.95

### HAT DEPARTMENT.

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Men's Fine Fedora Hats, in black and brown colors, unlined, good leather sweat band, 2-inch silk band, and silk binding, with 21 inch brim and 5½ inch crown

Men's Soft Hats, fedora shape, extra fine fur felt, large, medium and small blocks, the very latest styles in English and American makes, colors black, brown, nutria, slate and fawn, all sizes, special

Boys' Stiff Hats, very fine fur felt, linea or unlined, in black, brown, etc. Nice neat shapes, were \$2.00, special Boys' Fedoras in black, brown and mouse colors, lined or unlined, fail styles,

.50 MEN'S FURNISHINGS

Men's Fancy Stripe and Plain Grey Undershirts and Drawers, doublebreasted, heavy quality, ribbed cuffs, .45 regular price 50c. and 65c. each

Men's Plain Grey Wool Undershirts and Drawers, ribbed skirt and cuffs, double breasted, men's sizes, regular price 65c. each Men's Fine Scotch Wool Undershirts and

Drawers, double breasted, sateen facing, extra well trimmed and finished, regular price 75c each Men's Extra Fine Wool Undershirts and

Drawers, in fancy stripes and plain greys, double breasted, ribbed skirt and cuffs, sateen facings, regular price \$1.00 each Men's Full Fashioned Scotch Wool Undershirts and Drawers, ribbed

waist and skirt, double breasted, also fine medium weight imported natural wool, al! sizes, 34 to 42 chest measure, 1.00 regular price \$1.25 each

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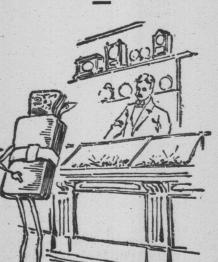


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