HEAVEN'S GATES AJAR

TALMAGE PREACHES ON THE WIDE OPEN DOOR

It is Open to all Sinners Who Report-God in His filory Stands at Heaven's Oper Portal to Receive in His Arms all Whe

FROOKLES, July. 20—Dr. Talmage's ser mon today is on the Wide Open Door, and historic Rev. iv., I, "And behold a door was opened in heaven." Following is his ser-

John had been the paster of a church is R hous. He had been driven from his post tion in that city by an indignant populace The preaching of a pure and carnest goste' had mad an excitement dangerous to every form of iniquity. This will often be the reand of pointed preaching. Men will finct under the sword strokes of truth, You ought, not to be surprised that the blind man maket an outery of pain when the surgeon removed ing into grammatical blunders, an unworded the cataract from his eye, It is a good sign when you see men uneasy in the church pew ancoof bruth which smites a pet sin that they are hugging to their hearts. After the patiant has been o low that for weeks he said nothing, no iced nothing, it is thought to be s in the mighty harmony of a nusical academy good sign when he begins to be a little cross may overpower our ear and heart, but it will And el notice spiritual invalide are in a fait ment of the truth. But John had o might Hy inculpated public iniquity that he had beef barfished from his church and sent to Patmos & desolute isla d. only a mile in breadth against whose recay coast the sea rose and Pharisee than of the publican, but you know

eternally histrons. The one had marked his opened in heaven." path with the bleached skulls of his followers, were achieved amid the breaking of thou sands of hearts, and the acute, heaven-rend-

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ed up with thanksgiving and inextinguishable hope. Over St. Helena gathered the black ness of darkness, clouds lighted up by no us to look and catch up now something of the rapture, and attune our hearts to its with the lightnings of a wrathful God, and the spray flung over the rocks seemed to hiss with the condemnation: "The way of the ungodly shall perish." But over Patmos the heavens were opened, and the stormy sea and the by renness of the ground under the apostle was forgotton as above him he saw the trees of life all bending under the rick flow of heavenly fruitage, while the hourse blast of contending elements around his sufforing body was drowned in the trumpeting of the trumpets, and the harping of harps, the victorious cry of multitudes like the voice of many waters, and the hosanna of place where it was not always Sunday.

hosts in number like the stars. have such a glorious vision! Had Patmos been some tropical island, arbored with the horniance of perpetual summer and drowsy with the breath of the cinnamon and cassia, and tesselated with long aisles of geranium and cactus, we would not have been surprised gladness and glory you are coming to, to what life, to what riches, to what loyalty. place you would go to if you wanted to find beautiful visions would be the island of Patmos. Yot it is around such gloomy spots that the ford makes most wonderful revel ations. It was looking through the awful never break, upon expectations that are shadows of a prison that John Bunyan saw never disappointed. Look in and see if there the gate of the col stial city, God there divided the light from the darkness. In that Moonly abode, on scraps of old paper picked up about his room, the great dream was written. It was while John Calvin was a refuses from bloody persecution and was hid in a house at Augouleme, that he conceived plucked from bosom, stabs healed, the tomb his idea of writing his immortal Institutes, Incob hed many a time seen the sun breaking through the mists and kindling them into shafts and pillows of flery splendor that might well have been a ladder for the angels to tread on, but the fam as ladder which he saw source through the gloomy night over the wilderness. The nich of trial and described lation is the scene of the grandest heavenly Percent one From the barren, surf-beaten rock of l'atmos John looked up and saw that a door was opened in heaven.

Again: The announcement of such an is looking down upon the earth and observant of all occurrences If we would gain a wide prospect, we climb up into a tower or mounfain. The ingher up we are the breader the land-cape we behold. Yet our most comprehoselya viow is limited to only a few league here a river and there a lake and yonder a mountain peak. But what must be the glory of the earth in the eye of Him who, from the o of bosven, beholds at one glance all mentitains and lakes and prairies and oceans, lands responsied with tropical gorgeomeness and archie regions white with everlasting gnows, telemon majestic with cedars and American wild isolomn with unbroken forests of pape, African theoris of glistening sand and wilderness of water unbroken by ship's keek couts covered with hervests of wheat and soe and make, the glory of every sone, the whole world of mountains and seas and forests and islands, taken in a single glance of

As we take our stand upon some high point, single objects divindle into such insignificance that we case to see them in the minutia, and we behold only the grand points of the scenery. For not so with G. G. Although His vision. Every lily of the field, every violet under the grass, the tiniest heliotrope, aster and gentian areas plainly seen by Him as the proudest magnelia, and not one vein of color in their lenf deopens or fades without it a notice. From this door in heaven God sois all human combact and the world's moral changes. Not one tear of sorrow falls in hespital or workshop or dungeon but He eres it and in high heaven makes record of tts (all. The world's iniquities in all their grastliness glower under His vision. Wars and tunnils and the desolations of famine and earthquake, whirlwind and shipwreck, spread out before Him, If there were no bone in all the universe but God. He could becopy with such an outlook as the door sing most sweetly and when the last man burren. But there He stands, no more disturbed by the fall of a kingdom than the dropping of a leaf, no more excited by the fising of a throne than the bursting of a bud, the falling of a deluge than the tricking of & raindrop, Earthly royalty clutches nor-

Tously its sceptro and waits in suspense the will of inflamed subjects and the crown is tossed from one family to another. But above all earthly vicissitude and the assault of human passions in unshaken security stands the King of kings, watching all the affairs of his empire from the introduction of

an era to the counting of the hairs of your head. Again: I learn from the fact that a door in Again: I learn from the fact that a door in heaven is opened, that there is a way of entrance for our prayers and of egress for divine blessings. It does not seem that our weak voice has strength enough to climb up to God's ear. Shall not our prayer be lost in the clouds? Have words wings? The truth is plain. Heaven's door is wide open to receive every prayer. Must it not be loud? Ought it not to ring up with the strength of stout lungs? Must it not be a loud call, such as drowning men utter or like the shout of some chieftain in the battle? No; a whisper is as good as a shout, and the mere wish of the soul in prefound silence is mere wish of the soul in profound silence is as good as a whisper. It rises just as high

and accomplishes just as much. But ought not prayer to be made up of golden words if it is to enter such a splendid door and live beside seraphim and archangel? Ought not every phrase be rounded into perfection, ought not the language be musical, and classic, and poetic, and rhetorical? No, the most illiterate outery, the unjointed petition, the clumsy phra-e, the sentence breakgroan, is just as effectual if it be the utterance of the soul's want. A heart all covered up with garlands of thought would be no attraction to God, but a heart broken and contrile, that is the acceptable sacrifice. know that my Redeemer liveth," rising up not reach the ear of God like the brokenvoiced hymn of some sufferer amid rags and desolation looking up trustfully to a Savior's

compassion, singing amid tears and pangs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth" I suppose that there was more rheteric and classic elegance in the prayers of the mingled its voice with the prayers and hymn | which was successful. You may kneel with complete elegance on some soft cushion at You cannot but contrast the condition of an alter of slabaster, and utter a prayer this banished apostle with that of another of Miltonic sublimity, but neither your gracefamous exile. Look at the apostle on Patmot ful posture nor the roll of your b'ank verse. and the great Frenchman on St. Heiena, will ettract heavenly attention, while over both were suffering among desolation and some dark cellar in which a Christian pauper harromess because of offenses committed is prostrate in the straw, angels bend from Both had passed through lives eventful and their thrones and cry one to another: "Bethrilling. Both had been noncred and despised. Both were imperial natures. Both had been turned off to die. Yet mark the infinite difference: one had fought for the perishable frown of worldly authority, the other for one what a long procession of prayers is continually passing! What thanksgivings! What confessions! What intercessions! What beseechings! "And behold a door was

Again: The door of heaven is opened to the other introduced peace and good will allow us the opportunity of looking in. among men. The one had lived chiefly for Christ when He came from heaven to Bethself-aggrandizement and the other for the lenem, left it open, and no one since has glory of Christ. The successes of the one dared to shut it. Matthew threw it still wider open when he came to write, and Paul sands of hearts, and the sente, heaven-rending cry of orphanage and widowhood, while the triumphs of the other made joy in heaves among the angels of flod.

The heart of one oxile was filled with remove and despair, while the other was light. morse and despair while the other was lighted up with thanksgiving and inextinguished but look through this wide open door of heaven a d see what you can see. God means us to look and catch up now something of

worship,
It is wide open enough to see Christ, Bebeneath was forgotten in the roll and glean of waters from under the throne like crystal, wave and hear how their voices ring. Floods clapping their hands, streets gleaming with gold, uncounted multitudes ever increasing in number and ever rising up into gladder hosannas. If you cannot stand to look upon that joy for at least one hour how could you endure to dwell among it for ever? You and choose the earth again or any other

> My hearer in worldly prosperity, affluen', concred, healthy and happy, look in upon nappy, took in upon that company of the redeemed, and see how the poor soul in heaven is letter off than you are, brighter in apparel, richer in estate, higher in power. Hearers afflicted and tried, look in through that open door and see what Hearers pleased to fascination with the world, gather up your souls for one appreciative look, upon riches that never fly away, upon health that never sickens, upon scepters that are not enough crowns to pay us for all our battles enough rest to relieve all our fatigues, enough living fountain to quench all our thirst, enough glory to dash out forever all earth's sighing and restlessness and darkness. Battles ended, tears wiped away, thorns riven-what a scene to look upon.

Again: The door of heaven stands open for the Christian's final entrance! Death to the righteous is not climbing high walls or fording deep rivers, but it is entering the open door. If you ever visit the old home stead where you were born and while your father and mother are yet alive, as you go up the lane in from the farmhouse and as you put your hand on the door and lift the latch, do you shudder with fear? No, you are gladto enter. So your last sickness will be only the lane in front of your Father's house, from opened entrance suggests the truth that God which you hear the voice of singing before you reach the door. And death, that is the lifting of the latch before you enter the greetings and embraces of the innumerable family of the righteens. Nay, there is no latch, for John says the door is already open. What a company of spirits have already entered these portals, bright and shining. Souls released from the ear hly prison house, how they shouted as they went through! Spirits that sped up from the flames of martyrdom | growth, making heaven richer as they went in, pour-

ing their notes into the colestial harmony, And that door has not begun to shut, If redeemed by grace we all shall enter it. This side of it we have wept, but on the other side of it we shall never weep. On this side we may have grown sick with weariness, but on the other side of it we shall to without fatigue. On this side we Herald. bleed with the warrior's wounds, on the other side we shall wave the victor's pain. When you think of dying, what makes your brow contract, what makes you breath so deer and sight What makes you so gloomy in passing a churchyard! Follower of Christ you have been thinking that death is some thing ferrible, the measuring of lances with standing far up in the very tower of heaven, a powerful antagonist, the closing in of s onfliet which may be your everlasting de foat. You do not want much to think of dying. The step beyond this life seems se mysterious you dread the taking of it. Why, who taught you this iesson of horrors Heaven's door is wide open and you ster out of your sick room into those portals Not as long as a minute will clapse between your departure and your arrival there. Not half so long as the twinkling of an eye. Not the millionth part of an instant. There it no stumbling into darkness. There is no l plunging down into mysterious depths. The door is open. This instant you are here, the next you are there. When a vessel struck the rocks of the French coast, while the crew

> left the vessel they were singing yet. Even so in the last hour of our dissolution when driven on the coast of the other world may one disembarkation from this rough, tossing life be amid the eternal singing of a thousand

were clambering up the beach, a case of hirds in the skip's sabin awakened, began to

promises of delivery and victory.

For all repenting and believing souls the door of heaven is now wide open, the door of mercy, the door of comfort, for the poorest as well as the wealthiest, for the outlaw as well as his emperor, for the Russian boor as well

the case, for the Turk as well as the sultan. Richer that all fountains, deeper than all depths, higher than all heights, and broader than all breathls, is the salvation of Jesus than all breaths, is the salvation of Jessis Christ which i pressupen your consideration. Come all ye travelers of the desert under these palm trees. Oh, if I could gather before you that tremendous future upon which you are invited to enter—dominions and principalities. principalities, day without night, martyri papers announcing that Joseph Mer under the throne and the four and twenty rick, the "Elephant Man," was dead. Im ite distance, nations of the saved beyond nations of the saved, until angelic visions cease to catch anything more than the faint outline of whole empires yet outstretching beyond the capacity of any vision save the eye of God Almighty. Then, after I had finished the sketch, I would like to know it that place is not grand enough, and high enough, and if any thing could be added, any purity to the whiteness of the robes, any power to the acclaiming thunders of its worship. And all that may be yours.

MONTANA CHIVALRY ILLUSTRATED.

How "Lop-Shouldered Bill" Made a Mistake and Lost Three Fingers. second, and the half dozen chaps who were of hearing a compassionate word. er got out of repair and he gave it to a mine where again the police interfered and where er to be fixed. Instead of waiting for it he wandered down to a saloon where the hard was left destitute and starving in the streets an hour before he set out to pick a fuse with thought him a fiend.

A new arrival. He just ached to kill some He came back to London—how, no one

wicked look in his eyes.

"I haven't any gun." "I see. Leave it somewhere?"

"Very careless of you. "I've got the call." "You hev." "You are a bad man, and I ought to shoot

you through the head, but I don't like this cold-blooded business. Hold up your right hand and spread out the fingers." "Stranger don't do it." "Either that or I'll put six bullets into your

beart! Spread!" Bill held up his right hand, and three re-ports followed each other like the ticking of for Merrick on the ground floor in a remote Bill held up his right hand, and three rea clock. Each finger was shot off at the first

"That'll do," said the man as he lowered the weapon. "You can't pull trigger with nothing on that hand, and before you can learn to shoot left-handed some one will He went out and away, and Bill sent for a

doctor and sat there and cried like a boy. Next day he left without a word to any of us, and we always believe he jumped off Horse Cliff into the creek, which was then on a

The Mate Knew His Business.

small fishing schooner was crawling along the shores of Puget Sound, driven by a light breesz, one day recently, says the craft, manned by two men, a captain and a tho bow of the vessel, suddenly espied a tiderip ahead, and, thinking it was evidence of a sunken reef, hastened toward the stern of

"Capt. Blank, there is a reef dead ahead!" reported the mate.

"Humph!" replied the captain, without changing the course of the vessel. The mate went forward and watched the tiderip uneasily for some time, finally he again went af ..

"Captain," said he "we are getting danger ously close to that reef."

"Mr. Mate" growled the captain, savagely "you take care of of your end of the vesse and I will take care of mine." The mate said nothing now, but going forward he sieze i the anchor and threw it over board. It caught on bottom and the vesse swang around, bow to the wird, with every-

"Captain," said the mate, as he again went aft, "I have to report that my end of the vessel is at anchor."

Death of a Bearded Spinster.

thing shaking.

Eliza Pinson, 40 years of age and well known because of her luxurient growth .. beard, died lately. In make-up she possesse every feature of a man, was about five feel nine inches tall, and weighed 175 pounds, When a girl she was troubled a great deal with toothache, and, as a means of relief, us d poultices pretty freely. These were bound around the lower jaws. This treatment was kept up until it was discovered that unless the poultices were discontinued she would have a full beard. The poultices were left of but this did not stop the growth of a short black beard that had appeared on her wel rounded cheeks. This was mortifying to the family, and shaving only increased the

Finally all hope of stopping the beard was abandoned, and it was allowed to grow. For twenty years she has worn a black beard fifteen inches long. Naturally such a froat was sought after by showmen, but she invari ably refused all offers. She was exceedingly modest, and always wore a bonnet to hide her beard. She was never married, -Chicago

PHOTOGRAPHS IN MID AIR.

A Small Camera Sent Up by a Rocket an

Then Made to Take Pictures. A curious form of photographic apparatu is being developed by a French inventor, M Denesse. It consists of a photographic camera attached to a rocket. An umbrella-like parachute is also fixed to the rocket-stick When first into the air this is closed, but as When first into the air this is closed, but as soon as the rocket begins to descend it opens out and the whole returns gracefully to the earth. In this the camera is cylindrical is form, and has round its circumference is lenses—a sensive plate in the centre. The lenses are provided with a shutter which opens lenses are provided with a shutter which opens and closes instantly on the camera commenc ing to descend. It is then drawn back to the overator by a cord attached before the firing of the rocket, -Pfiladelphia Press.

On Sunday, June 15, Jason Blackburn and several friends went out to a lime sink on the Beaver Dam Creek, about twelve miles above Sylvania, to take a bath. One of the young Sylvania, to take a bath. One of the young men jumped in, diving down into the water, and before he came to the surface Mr. Blackburn dived in also, striking his head against the hip of his friend, causing such a shock to him as to render him unconscious. He was rescued from the water by the young men, and taken to a neighbor's house near by, where he soon regained consciousness and talked of the accident, but his injuries were of such a character as to cause his death next day. He left a wife and two small children.—Sylvania Telephone. A WRETCHED BEING

Beath in Landon of the Repulsive "Ele-

elders falling before it, stretching of agine a human soul clothed in a body so unin great distances the hunded and forty speakably frightful that, seeing it, men turnfour thousand, and thousands of thousand; in infinitely being who had to be conveyed from placed to place in secret; who hardly dared to ven-ture abroad even by night; who, finding his fellow creatures ran from him, grew terrified by the terror he created and shuddered in dark corners like a hunted beast. Imagine

surgeons of the London Hospital, found Merrick in a penny show, in a room off the Whitechapel road, crouching behind an old curtain and trying to warm himself over a brick that was heated by a gas jet. Mr. Treves went up to him not only without fear or loadning, but with sympathy. For the first time in his life Now and then you will find a man who of twenty-four years Merrick heard a kind will bully and fight at the same time, word and was spoken to like a man. The Such a chap was "Lop-Shouldered Bill," effect was curious. It made him afraid at as we called him in Montana, He was first. He shrank as an ordinary man would ugly, quarrelsome, and a braggart, but from something uncanny. Then, as he began he would have fought ten men as soon at to realize the truth, he broke into sobs of For two years he had a revolver gravitude. Days and even weeks passed, where he could drop his hand on to it in s however, before he recovered from the shock

looking to get the drop on him had to keer. The police prohibited his show on the ground on waither. One day, however, Bill's shoot of public decency. So he went to Beighing, uns congregated, and it wasn't a quarter of of a foreign town, where the ignorant mot

body, and when he net led the stranger inte | quite knows. At every station and landing-"talking tack," he rached for his gun to place crowds dogged him. Steamers refused pop him. His gun wasn't there. When Bill to have him on board. But he came back to realized it he turned as white as snow, think London because in London lived the only ing his time had come. The stranger had man who had ever given him a kind word drawn on him, you see, and he carried a He made his way to the London Hospital, found Mr. Treves, who had aim lodged for a "Well!" he asked, as Bill raised his hands, time in an attic in the hospital and deter mined to find a permanent shelter for him.

But now it was found that no institution w uld receive him. The Royal Hospital for Incurables and the British Home for Incurables alike declined to take him in unless suf-

in its were forthcoming to pay for his maintenance for life. He him elf begged that me be placed in a blind hospital. It is hard to match the pathos of this plea. Then in November, 1886, Carr Gomm, the chairman of the London Hospital wrote to the Times asking help for this case, and the wing of the hospital, and there, surrounded with books, flowers and a hundred tokens of the kindness that is really quick in the public

heart he has lived until this last week He had found many friends—the prince 1717-22 and princess of Wales, Mr. Gladsione, Mrs. Kendal and others.

Merrick, in spite of his hideous exterior and terrible experience, was in his way a gentle sentimentalist, and gushed forth at times, under the happy conditions of his life at the hospital, in verse modeled on the hymns of Dr. Wates, in which he gave utterance to feelings of gratitude, the sincerity of which none ever questioned. It was a tender heart that was beating beneath a mask more hideous than that of Orson. Above all it was a heart that was filled with love for the man Seattle Press. She was an old-fashioned kindly to him, who rescued him from a fate a who was literally his saviour, who first spoke cently it was only Mr. Treves who could thoroughly understand the poor creature's maimed utterances, and to Mr. Treves he clung to the last with the wistful trust and affection of a dumb animal.

> Blakely Hall in Brooklyn Eagle: The suc cess of Carmencita is beyond all limits. Her engagements increase in number with the flight of time and her income at present approaches that of a great bull-fighter in Spain She frequently dances at four and five private She frequently dances at four and five private houses in the course of the week in New Yorl sometimes appearing at two of them in a night, besides her regular evening perform ance at a music hall. Her fee for a perform ance at a private house is \$100. As the young woman occupies a small room in a cheap boarding-house on the east side of town and the possible of the state of the s saves every penny that comes her way sae ought to be able to carry a very snug fort une back to Spain with her. I confess that her vogue is to me the deepest sort of mys-tery. She danced in New York for month. without attracting any particular attention and I have seen women in Paris, Spain Mexico, and Cuba who danced as well as the heroine of New York's latest craze. Carmen cita is making money while the sun shines however, and nobody envies her her success I have been told by her manager that, bar ring her love for money, she is an amiable sweet tempered, and thoroughly conscien tious young woman. These are qualities however, that do not always win \$700 or \$800 A L A B A S T IN E a week for their possessors.

Register of Societies.

Masoric. Farthful Brethern, No. 77, meetings hold on the first Friday of each month, in Keenan's block. Mr. G. S. Patrick, secretary.

"Middand" Chapter of R.A. M. meets in the Masonic Hall, in Keenan's block, the third Thursday of every month. R. G. Corneil, S. E.

T. L. O. B. meets the second Monday o every month over Woods' store.

Lindbary Loyal Craros Boys meet the second Monday in every month. G. Elliott, secretary; W. Jones, Master.

Taus Blues Lodes, Hacket, No. 38, meets the first and third Mondays of each month over Woods' store. Jas. Shaw, secretary.

Onames Lodes, No. 584, meetings held on the first and third Mondays of each month over Woods' store. Jas. Shaw, secretary.

Onames Lodes, No. 584, meetings held on the first Thursday of each month over Woods' tinshop.

Mr. John Reynolds, secretary.

Royal Elace Kwieurs of Irmand meets second Wednesday in each month in Orange Hall, Dobson's block. Joseph Brown, secretary; J. L. Winters, Master.

I. O. O. F., No. 100 meets every Monday evening a Estimates given on all kinds of buildings at the

Master.
I. O. O. F., No. 100 meess every Monday evening n
Britton's block Mr. E. Anderson, secretary.

ODDFRILOWS' ENCAMPMENT, No. 22, Guiding Star, meetings held on the first and third Wednesdays of each month in Britton's block Mr J. Britton,
secretary.

retary,
Sons of England, No. 20, meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Baker's block. Mr. J.
L. Dunsford, secretary.

Homs Circle, No. 34, meetings held on second Monday of each month in Dobson's block. Sheriff McLennan, secretary.

United Workmen meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays, in Orange Hall, over Woods' store, W. H. Gross, secretary.

Orange Hall, over Woods' store, W. H. Gross, secretary.

Royal Asganum, No. 1105, meets on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month in Woods' block.

A. F. D. McGachen, secretary.

Some of Tampenance, No. 226, meets every Thursday in Baker's block. Mr. J. L. Dunsford, secretary.

Y. M. C. A. meets every Tuesday and Sunday in Hamilton's block. Mr. Heary Miller, secretary.

W. C. T. U. meets first Monday of every month in the Y. M. C. A. rooms at 3.30 p.m.

The Environmos of Locomotive Firemen meet in the Some' Hall every alternate Saturday at 7.30 o'clock p.m. A. McArthur, Secretary.

The Environmos of Locomotive Environmens meet in Some' Hall, corner of Kent and Cambridge streets, Lindsay, every alternate Saturday even-

IN SON® INDIA, COURSE OF ROLL SHAPE AND CHARACTERS STORED TO THE STORED OF RAILMOND BRANKERIN, meets in Association fall, corner Kent and Cambridge streets, on the second and fourth Sundays at 2 o'clock p.m. GEO. RYLEY Secretary.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Ontario and Quebec Division.

GOING WEST. Express. Express. Vanco'v'r Leeve Montreal... 9.10 a.m. 8.30 p.m.

Ottawa... 11.30 a.m. 11.00 p.m.

Carloton jc... 2.45 12.01 a.m. 8.50 a.m.

Pass Pontynool... 6.36 p.m.

Roach N. Toronto... 8.20 p.m. 7.28 a.m. 11.16 a.m.

U Station... 8.55 p.m. 8 00 a.m. II.46a.m. GOING BAST.

dark corners like a hunted beast. Imagine
him driven by starvation to accept a showman's offer and be exhibited to the most
brutal of audiences, that commonly enough
shrieked and run peli-meil from the tent as
soon as the curtain was drawn.

Early in 1886 Frederick freves, one of the Norm.-Pontypool is only 17 miles due south from

THOS. C. MATCHETT, Petty' Jewelry Store, Lindsay

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. LINDSAY STATION. GOING SOUTH-BAST.

11.00 a.m. Express via Peterboro to Port Hope, from Whitby, Port Perry and Toronto.
7.55 p.m. Express via Peterboro to Port Hope, from Toronto. SOING SOUTH-WEST.

9.15 a.m. Express direct to Toronto, from Port Hope via Peterboro.
2.00 p.m. Mixed to Toronto, from Lindsay.
6.06 p.m. Express to Toronto from Port Hope via Peterboro.
Passengers for Port Perry and Whitby via Manilla Jc. connect on either 9.15 a.m., or 6.05 p.m., trains.

GOING NORTH-WEST. 9.20 p.m. Local for Coboconk, connecting at Lornoville with Express for Orilla and Midland City.

8.00 p.m. Mail for Fenelon Falls, Kinmount and ARRIVALS NOT INDICATED ABOVE. 10.30 a.m. Mail from Haliburton, Kinmount, Fen-eion Falle, etc. 9.55 a.m. Local from Coboconk, Midland, Orillia, and

Lorneville,
12.45 p.m Mixed from Toronto to Lindsay,
2.15 p.m, Local direct from Port Hope via Beths

Wanted at Once.

Two live energetic men to establish local agencies and solicit business for "The Ontario Mutual Life Assurance Company. Liberal salary and commission to the right men. Those of the teaching profession preferred. Apply at once to HOUSTON & MURCHISON General Agents, Feneion Falls.—93-tf.

MEN - WANTED! To sell our choice Nursery Stock. NO EXPERI-

ENCE REQUIRED. Steady work the year round. LIBERAL PAY GUARANTEED WEEKLY. Outfits free. Write for terms and commence at once ATWOOD & COMPANY.

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Estimates promptly given on all kinds of cemetery ork. Marble Table Tops, Wash Tops, Mantel Pieces, etc., thousand times worse than death, and to the end was both his doctor and his friend. Recently it was only Mr. Treves who could where. WORKS-In rear of the market on Cambridge St.,

ROBT. CHAMBERS. EYE, EAR & THROAT

DR. G. S. RYERSON, L.R. C. P. S. E

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Do not be mis-led by those housecleaners who may tell you that Kalsomine, or Glue and Whiting, is just as good as the genuine

for health, cleanliness or durability Agency for Victoria Co. at

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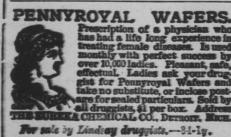
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