SWEET STRAINS OF MUSIC,

THE GLCRIOUS NEW SONG OF HEAD VEN'S GLORY.

A Frimphant Charas Swelling and Flooding the Whole Earth-Defestial Masie of three-purering transferred Consmemorative, Accompanied and Antick

Announces, Sept. 7.—Dr. Talmage's ser-men to day is a glowing description of the metalies of the Celestial land. His text was Rev. v: 9: "And they sang a new song," The following is the sermone

Nearly all the cities of Europe and America have conservatories of music, and associations, whose object it is, by voice and instrument, to advance the art of sweet sounds. On Thursday nights, Easter hall, of fundan, used to resound with the music of first-place performers, who gave their services gratuituesly to the masses, who came in with free tickets, and hussaed at the entertainment, At Roylin, at sleven o'clock daily, the military band, with 60 or 100 instruments, discentises at the royal opera house for the people. On Easter Sunday, in Dresden, the om of carnon and the ringing of bells bring multitudes to the churches to listen to the organ peaks, and the exciting sounds of frumpet and drum. When the great fair day of laspele comes, the bands of music, from far and near, gather in the street, and, hardlede the ear with incoment playing of fute, and horn, violin and bassoon, At Duesaldorf, once a year, the lovers of music assombly, and for three or four days watt upon the great singing festivals, and shout at countil competitors as the prizes are disbributed supe and rases of silver and gold, All our American cities at times recound with the orchestra and oratorio, Those who can sing well or play skillfully upon instruments are greated with vociferation, and garlanded by excited admirera

There are many whose utmost cestatic delight is to be found in melodies; and all splender of celestial gates, and all the einteness of twelve manners of fruit, and all the rush of floods from under the throne of flod would not make a heaven for them if there were no great and transporting har-monius. Fassing along our streets in the hour of worship, you hear the voice of sacred melody, although you do not enter the build-And passing along the street of heaven we hear, from the temple of God and the Lamb, the breaking forth of magnificent jubilates. We may not yet enter in among the favorite throng, but God will not deny ne the pleasure of standing awhile on the ontside to hear. John listened to it a great

say.

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while ago, and "they sang a new song."

Let more aspire to that blessed place who have no love for this exercise, for although It is many ages since the thrones were set. and the harp's were strung, there has been and the harps were sering, there has been an oceanition in the song, excepting once for about thirty minutes; and, judging from the glorious things now transpiring in God's world, and the ever-accumulating triumphs of the Messiah, that was the last half-hour that heaven will ever be silent.

Mark the fact that this was a new song. Mometimes I have in church been floated away upon some great choral, in which all our people seemed to mingle their voices, and "Surely this is music good enough for heaven." Indeed I do not believe that Luther's Hymn, or Coronation, or Old Hundred, or minted lips of thrummed from scraphic harps. There are many of our fathers and mothers in glory who would be slow to shut on's date against these ald time harmone But this, we are told, is a new song, Manus of our greatest anthons and corale are compositions from other tunes the sweetest parts of them gathered up into the harmony; and I have sometimes thought that this new song may be partly made up of sweet strains of earthly music minuted in sternal choral But it will after all, be a new song. This I know, that in sweetness and power it will be mmething that ear never heard. All the skill of the oblest harpers of heaven will be flung into it. All the love of flod's heart will ring from it. In its cadences the floods will clap their bands, and it will drop with the sun-light of everlasting day, and breathe with odors from the blossoms of the tros of life. "A

new song" - just made for heaven. Many earthly songs are written by composers just for the purpose of making a books in which really valuable tunes are the exception. But once in a while a man is wrought up by some great spectacle, or movof by some terrible agenr, or transported by some exquisite gladness, and he sits down to write a time or a hymn, in which every note or every word is a spark dropped from his own burning emotions. So Mendelssohn wrote, and so Beethoven and so Charles Wesley. Cowper, depressed with misfortune until almost insane, resolved on suicide, and taked the calcdriver to drive him to a certain place where he expected to destroy his own life. The cabman lost his way, and Cowper began to think of his sin, and went back to his home and sat down and wrote-

"fod moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform; He plants his footsteps on theses, And eldes upon the storm.

"Ye fearful saints, fresh conrage take, The clouds you so much dread Are bly with mercy, and shall break With blessings on your head,'

Mozart composed his own requiem, and said to his daughter Emily, "Play that;" and while Emily was playing the requien, Mosart's sent went up on the wave of his own music integlory. Emily looked around and her father was dead.

This song of heaven was not compos becomes heaven bad nothing else to do, but (heist, in memory of cross and crown, of manger and throne, of earth and heaven, and wrought upon by the raptures of the great sternity poured this from His heart, made it for the armies of heaven to shout in celebration of victory, for worshippers to chant in their temple services, for the innumerable home circles of heaven to sing in the house of many mansions. If a new time be started in church, there is only here and there a person that can sing it. It is some time before the congregation learns a new time. But not so with the new song of heaven. The children who went up to day from the waters of the Ganges are now singing it. That Christian man or woman, who, a few minutes ago, departed from this very street, has joined it. All know it—those by the gates, those on the river bank, those in the temple. Not feeling their way through it, or halbing, or going back, as if they never before had sing it, but with a full round voice they throw their soul into this new voice they throw their soul into this new song. If some Sabbath day a few notes of that anthem should travel down the air, we could not sing it. No organ could roll its thunder. No harp could catch its thrill. No lip could announce its sweetness. Transfixed, lost, enchanted, dumb, we could not hear it,—the faintest note of the new song-

one was imprisoned for Christ's saite, and with him is it a prison song. That was a Christian autor-boy that had his back broken on the ship's hatyards, and with him it is a saiter song. That one was burned at Smithfield, and with him it is a fire song. Oh, how they will sing of floods waded, of fires endured, of persecution suffered, of grace extended! Song of hail! Song of sword! Song of hot lead! Song of axe! As when the organ pipes peal out some great harmony, there come or-casionally the sound of a tremulante, weeping through the cadences, adding exquisitemess to the performances, so amidst the stupeling through the cadences, adding exquisitemess to the performances, so amidst the stupeling through the cadences, adding exquisitemess to the performances, so amidst the stupeling through the cadences, adding exquisitemess to the performances of past shall come fremulous remembrances of past endurances, adding a sweetness and glory to the triumphal strain. So the glorified mother will sing of the cradle that death robbed; and the enthroned spirit from the alms-house will sing of a lifetime of want. God may wipe away all tears, but not the memory of the

grief that started them! Further: It will be an accompanied song. Some have a great prejudice against musical instruments; and even among those who like them, there is an idea that they are unauthorized. I love the cymbals, for Isreal clapped them in triumph at the Red sea; I love the harp, for David struck it in praising the Lord, I love the trumpet, for we are told that it shall wake the dead. I love all stringed instruments and organs; for God demands that we shall praise Him on stringed instruments and organs. There is in such music much to suggest the higher worship; for I read that when he had taken the book, the four-andtwenty elders fell down before the Lamb, having everyone of them "harps," and "I heard the voice of the harpers harping with their harps," and "I saw them that had gotten the victory from the beast standing on the sea of grass, having the harps of God."

Yes, the song is to be accompanied. You say that all this is figurative. Then I say, prove it. I do not know how much of it is literal and how much of it is figurative. Who can say but that from some of the precious woods of earth and heaven there may not be such instruments of celestial accord. In that worship David may take the harp, and Habakkuk the shigionoth; and when the great multi-udes shall, following their own inclinations, take up instruments sweeter than Megart everfingered, Schumaun ever dreamed of, or Beethoven ever wrote for, let all heaven make ready for the burst of stupendous minetrelsy, and the roll of the etern-

Further: It will be an anticipative song. Why, my friends, heaven has hardly begun yet. If you had taken the opening piece of ausic today for the whole service, you would not have made so great a mistake as to suppose that heaven is fully inaugurated. Festal choruses on earth last only a short while. The famous musical convocation at Dussel-dorf ended with the fourth day. Our holidays last only eight or ten da s; but heaven, aithough singing for so many years has only just begun "the new song." If the glorified inhabitants recount past deliverances, they will also enkindle at glories to come. If, at nine o'clock, when the church opened, you had taken the few people who were scattered through it as the main audience, you would not have made so great a mistake as if you supposed that the present population of heaven are to be its chief citizens. Although millions are already there, the inhabitants are only a handful compared with the future populations. All China is yet to be saved. All India is yet to be saved. All Borneo is yet to be saved. All Switzerland is yet to bo saved. All Italy is yet to be saved. All Spain is yet to be saved. All Russia is yet to be saved. All France is yet to be saved. All Mount Piegah, would sound ill if spoken by England is yet to be saved! All America is yet to be saved. All the world is yet to be saved. After that there may be other workle to conquer. I do not know but that every star that glitters in our nights is an inhabited world, and that from all those spheres a mighty host are to march into our heaven,

There will be no gate to keep them out. We do not want to keep them out. We will not want to keep them out. God will not want to keep them out. I have sometimes thought that all the millions of earth that go into glory are but a very small colony compared with the influx from the whole universe. God could build a heaven large enough not only for the universe, but for ten thousand universes, I do not know just how it will be, but this I know. that heaven is to be constantly augmented; and that the song of glory is rising higher and higher, and the procession is being mul-tiplied. If heaven sang when Abel went up the first soul that ever left earth for glory -how must it sing now when souls go up in flocks from all Christendom, hour by hour,

and moment by moment. Our happy gatherings on earth are chilled by the thought that soon we must separate. Thanks-giving and Christmas days come, and the rail trains flying thither are crowded. Glad reunions take place. We have a time of great enjoyment. But soon it is "goodbye" in the hall, "good-bye" at the door, "good-bye" on the street, "good-bye" at the rail train, "good bye" at the steam-boat wharf. We meet in church. It is good to be here. But soon the doxology will be sung, the benediction pronounced, and the audi-ence will be gone. But there are no separations, no good-bye in heaven. At the door of the house of many mansions no good-bye.

At the pearly gate, no good-bye. The song will be more pleasant, because we are always. tosing it. Mightier songs as our other friends come in. Mightier song as our garlands are set on the brow of Joss. Mightier song as

Christ's glories unfold. If the first day we enter heaven we sing well, the next day we sing better. Song anticipative of more light, of more love, of more triumphs. Always something new to hear something new to see. Many good people suppose that we shall see neaven the first day we get there. No! you cannot see London in two weeks. You cannot see Rome in six weeks. You cannot see Venice in a month, You cannot see the great city of Jerusalem in a day. No; it will take all eternity to see heaven, to count the towers, to examine the trophies, to gaze upon the throne; to see the hierarche. Ages on ages roll, and yet heaven is new! The streets are new! The temple

new! The joy new! The song new! I stayed a wook at Niagara Falls, hoping thoroughly to understand and appreciate it, But on the last day they seemed newer and more incomprehensible than on the first day, leasing on the infinite rush of celestial splendors, where the oceans of delight meet, and pour themselves into the great heart of God-how soon will we exhaust the song! Never!

The old preachers in describing the sorrows of the lest, used to lift up their hands and shout, "The wrath to come!" "The wrath to come!" To-day I lift up my hands, and looking toward the great future, cry, "The joy to come!" "The bliss to come!" Oh, to wander on the banks of the bright river, and yet to feel that a little further down we shall find still brighter floods entering into it! Oh to stand a thousand years, listening to the enchanting music of heaven, and then to find out that the harpers are only tuning

fixed, lost, enchanted, dumb, we could not hear it,—the faimest note of the new song. Yet, while I speak, heaven's enthedfal quakes under it, and seas of glory bearts from beach to beach, and ten thousands times ten thousands, and thousands of thousands ting it—"the new song."

Further: It is a commemorative song. We are distinctly told that it angles performed to sing about. They sing of the darkness through which on earth they passed, and it is a night song. That one was killed at York-town; and with him it is a hattle song. That

have gone into glory, and the host of young and old that hereafter shall people the earth

and inhabit the stars. Oh! the now song! Gather it all up! Multiply it with every sweetness! Four into it every harmony! Crown it with every gladness! Belt it with every splendor! Fire it with every glory! Toss it to the greatest height of majesty! Roll it to the grandest eyels of etermity!—and then you have but the faintest conception of what John experi-enced when, amidst the magnificence of apocalyptic vision, he heard it—the new

God grant that at last we may all sing it. But if we do not sing the praise of Christ upon earth, we will never sing it in heaven. Be sure that your hearts are now attuned for the heavenly worship. There is a cathe Iral in Europe with an organ at each end. Organ answers organ, and the music waves backward and forward with indescribable effect. Well, my friends, the time will come when earth and heaven will be but different parts of one great accord. It will be joy here and joy there! Jesus here and Jesus there! Trumpet to trumpet! Organ to organ! Halielujah 'o hallelujah! "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved, and be then like a ree or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether!"

Attempts have been made to graft nearly ad the different tissues of the lody. Skin, bone, teeth, muscles, nerves, glands, eyes, mucous membrane, etc., have all been graft ed with more or less success, but successful brain grafting has not heretofore been performed, it occurred to Dr. Thompson re-cently while studying cerebral localization in the lower animal's that it would be interesting to graft a piece of brain tissue from one side of the dog's brain to the other, or from one animal's brain into another's, and s'udy it vitality. He secured a large dog and performed his experiment. A half-inch trephine was used and a button of bone was cut nearly through over the left occipital region, leaving a small attached margin so that the button could be elevated and then depressed like a trap-door. Through the opening the brain tissue was removed. A cat was similarly treated, and in eight seconds portion of its brain tissue was transferred to the opening in the dogs brain. The result of the experiment favors the assumption that brain tissue has sufficient vitality to survive for seven weeks the operation of transplantation without wholly losing its identity as brain substance, and a most interesting field for further research is suggest-

How to Treat an Architect.

Whatever you want, then, go to an architect for it; not to a carpenter, or a mason, or four own still more profound incompetence, Tell him all your practical, material desires and insist that they shall be respected. That hecause it makes the least strain on the musis to say, if you are quite sure what they clex. are, and quite certain that it is possible to respect them. This is by no means always the case. To be unsettled, vague, self-conyour most common faults, and one for the ged along, no mater was failed to wag t. tradictory, unpractical, impossible, is one of your most common faults, and one for the inevitable results of which you are only too apt to blame your architect. Settle your to be cool one must realize that the working and state them clearly and to be cool one must realize that the working and state them clearly and the cool one must realize that the cool one cool one must realize that the cool one cool o practical desires and state them clearly; and, if you will, pour out your vague aesthetic wishes; try to explain those crude artistic preferences, those misty, formless visions which; you are pleased to call "my own ideas." But then go home, and leave him who is a trained artist, an experienced planters and constructor, to work out your proner and constructor, to wor, out your pro-blem in his own way. If what you get is dit is due. And if what you get is not quite all to be, why, be thankful still; for the chances are (nay, the certianty is) that, had you interfered, the result would have been more insatisfactory still.

Locked Autlers Made to Order.

"Locked horns are becoming quite a fad with some of the swells at the metropolis,' said an old frequenter of the Adironducks the other day, "and some of the Adiron lack hunt ers and guides are making nice little sums by occasional sales of the curiosity that is de manded. You see, the old story about the bucks that fall to fighting and in some manner get their horns locked so they can't get apart and then starve to death has taken a strong hold upon the romantic natures of many persons, and if they can only get a set of looked horns mounted they are happy. So the hunters select nice horns that correspond astro size, and, by the use of a twisted cord and case, spring them together as if locked in prevent it. If only the sun were to withthe: F death embrace by the maddened thrusts of fighting bucks. Then, on account of their great rarity and the difficulty of finding them, followed, dire calmuity must result. This they are sold to the rich curiosity hunter for a big price. His friends look in wonder and envy at them, while he recounts the story told him by the guide, who found their skeletons held together by the horns and the earth all trodden down around the place so solidly that vegetation has not grown there in years, etc., and the guide goes back to the woods and fixes up another pair for the next curiosity seeker. -{New York Star,

An Awful Moment. ancture a cow beneath one of the windows shed forth into a series of such vigorous, discordant bellowings as would have made the trombone player of a German street band green with envy. The crimson flush of the young man's face rivaled the line on the statue of the venerable John Harvard.— Lewiston, Man Journal.

stantey's maner service, usewives will be interested in the folfowing list, which is no other than Mr. and Stanloy's aliver dinuer service. It is

solid silvers Thirty-six table forks, twenty four table-

MARVELS OF IC-DAY

There Are So Many Great Enterprises tha Nothing Wonderful Creates Surprise.

In the light of wonders accomplished by mechanical science and chamistry in the ne sent century, the world accepts without just astounding propositions for fur her i nova-tions. An American engineer in London has just announced that if he convalue a bareisie of Sidification, as will come a president over the Thames from London to Purney thus adding five nules of scace to the superfical area of England's capital. He propiet and millions of children that are estimated to I to lay out this space in avenues liked with trees and houses and with tramways running down their center. The turnels are to be lighted with electricity for the river traille beneath the platform,

beneath the platform.

This plan, Ithough unique, is not half st starting as the project of Colone I John H. Peres, a Connectent gen I-man, according to the Philai elphia Press. He has end-avorded to raise suffice it money to enable him to build pneuma ic tab sum for the ocean fee Montreal ... 8.15 p.m. \$1.54 a.m. \$1.41 a.m. \$1.50 p.m. \$1.55 a.m. \$1.50 p.m. \$1.55 a.m. build pneuma ic tab s under the ocean be tween New York and London. Passenger are to be whirled thr uch the tabesat a speof 1,000 miles an hour. Thus a Palladelphi hely can leave home in the cool of the m.r. 1 g, thop several Lowes in London and retur

It is misafe to poke firm at memanica possibilities, for no mandare predict their dunies. Even Mr. Kniy, with his turnin fork, fiddle bow disint grater and "vibra tery sympathy," may some day produce to the ph nomenal "etheric forc." he has bepromising an aw. iting world since 1575. succe-sful an laventor as the grone Hisa himself has discovered elementary combina tions which, while promising revelutions i symbolic chemistry, tatil even his inventil in perfecting to utility. For some you sh has been at work on a machine he cads ! "nutricator," which is intended to make food from dirt and water.

All a man need do in order to produce ov ters or oranges, pork or payendess, chain pagne or claret, when Mr. Edison has completed his machine, is to place therein handful of dirt from his back vard and cupful of common Schuylkill water. S. Isaac Newton says: "The properties of a food are in the dirt unler our feet and th air over our head-but they elude ou Nature s full of surprises, but sometimes man surprises even nature.

The Art of Being Cool. First, things corp ani: Eat as little as possible. Eat no meats, n

hot pastry. Donk as little as posible. Drink no ice wa'er below the natural temperature of the water as it comes from the pipes in the earth. Drink no alcoholic liquors, consume no soup-or beverages that tend to inclease the heaf

Do not wear more clathing than is required for propriety ace rding to the situation in which one is placed, remembering that light e lors are cooler than dark and linen and hin silk coole" that wool or heavy cotton. Wear as lit le of weight on the head as posible, keeping a moist handkerchief or green leaf well wettedunder the bat, which should be broad br maid. For walking, an umbrella, which reduces the heat on the

head, is also to be recommended. Always choose shade to sun. Never was hurrialy. Po not run. if work is to bed : e do it sendfastly and tranquilly, thinking n thing about the weather. If rest may

Next, things mental : Feel kindly to all markind. Discuiss your ego sea. The world has war-Shelley or Byron in warm weather, for the exactly what you want, be very thankful; same reason that wines are not to be drant; in warm weather. The mind in its hygene dit is the Audit when eredit when ereyou want, or exactly what you think it ought for him If you want music in summer let

Until the breath of this corpored frame And even the motion of our human bioor Almost suspended, we are laid a leep In body and become a living sul; While with an eye made quiet by the power Of harmony and the deep power of joy. We see into the life of thingsand go soundly to so p. -Ch cago Herald.

The Earth Obedient to the Sun-It would almost so in as if our globe were always trying to escape from the thea dom of the sun, wh , knowing how fatal to us suca an escape would be, incessantly interferes to hold that attractive power by which the globe of ours is now hurrying along at a pace of eighteen ail s a second, and if the smi's attraction so is nor restrained us, we should not continue to revolve in a circle, but would at once tart on in a straight line through space. Every manute would take us more than 1000 miles, and by the time 100 days had el psed we should be twice as far from the sun as we and at present. His light and his heat would concluded to one-fourth part of what we now enjoy. With every successive minute the sun's influence would A young divinity student from Harvard still further abote, and it is alorest need ess [who is passing a portion of his vacation in to add that all known forms of life must van-West Goldsburough, occupied the pulpit of the from the glone. It is, therefore, sub-the quaint little chapet there on a recent factory to know the web susteed by secur-subbath morning. Waxing elequent with his theme, he sought to embellish his dis- cline from what it is not be present moment, course with numerous flights of poetic fancy and the refere there is no ground for any apart and allegorical illustrations. Pausing a moment after one of these supreme mental efforts, he continued: "And now, my friends, listen to the low, sweet prelude," At this Words.

A company has been organized in Bristol, Eng., for the manufacture of what is known as Dr. Cunningham's Tonic Bread. As de-

scribed by a contemporary, it "consists in the incorporation of certain valuable ingredients with wholement bread in such a manner that their presence cannot be detected by the most delicate taste, while their remedial action is fully retained. These ingredients are cascare sagrada and euonymiu—about six minims of the former and three minims of the latter to each pound of bread-diluted spoons, twenty-four dessert spoons, twenty-with water and well stirred into the liquor four dessert forks, twenty-four teaspoons, used in mixing the dough; they are thus some soup ladle, two gravy spoons, four sauce ladles, eighteen dessert knives, eighteen dessert knives, eighteen dessert spoons, eight being spoons, pair feen ice sp.ons, eight being spoons, pair feen ice sp.ons, eight being spoons, pair disnes; one epergne, four dessert disnes; one epergne, four entree disnes, two candelabra, two chased beakers, two sauce boats

These desirable articles are presented by the Emin Pasha relief committee to "Henry M. Stanley, on his wedding day, July 13, 1800, in commonoration of duty nobly done and a great enterprise splendidly achieved in "Tomic" mixture from them."

used in mixing the dough; they are thus thoroughly distributed over the whole mass, and assist in the mechanical action of the bran. They act very beneficially on the liver and intestines. The bread is well suited for those whose digestive organs are not of the best, and also for persons who suffer from the bread is meeting with considerable favor in Bristol and neighborhood, and the company are now open to appoint agents in all parts of the country to make the bread, paying a royalty to the company by purchasing the Tomic" mixture from them."

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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 Bethany.

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for him. If you want music in summer let somethody else make it.

The highest art in keeping cool is described by Wordsworth in 'Tintorn Abley." It is to take one's self into

a a a that blessed mood

In which the affections gently lead us on

Until the house of the summer let the course of the summer let the summer let

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Cottonades, Shirtings, Flannels, Fall and Winter Dress Goods. Prints (Newest Patterns.) ter Dress Goods, Prints (Newest Patterns,) Linings, Buttons and Trimmings.

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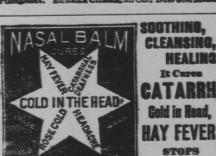
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