MOUNT CALVARY'S SITE

DESCRIBED BY TALMAGE IN HIS SUNDAY SERMON.

Overpowered by Emotion, the Tabernacle Preacher Broke Down While Attempting to Read the Nineteenth Chapter of St. John to His Party on the Mount.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 12.—This morning Dr. Talmage delivered his third sermon on his recent tour in Palestine, in the academy of music in this city. The large building was crowded, and numbers went away disappointed. This was the more significant because it had been publicly announced that the same sermon would be preached in the evening at the New York academy which the Christian Herald had rented for that purpose. In spite of this fact, unprecedented since the days of Chalmers, both buildings were crowded to excess, and many were turned away from the doors morning and evening. Dr. Talmage must have preached today to 10,000 different persons. The doctor spoke as follows from the text: "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning." Psalm cxxxvii., 5.

Paralysis of his lest hand, the withering of the muscles and nerves, is here invoked if the author allows to pass out of his mind the grandeurs of the holy city where once he dwelt. Jeremiah, seated by the river Euphrates, wrote the psalm and not David. Afraid I am of anything that approaches imprecation, and yet I can understand how anyone who has been at Jerusalem should, in enthusiasm of soul, say whether he be sitting by the Euphrates, or the Hudson, or the Thames, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning!" You see, it is a city unlike all others for topography, history, for sacredness, for style of population, for water works, for ruins, for towers, tragedies, for memorable birth-places, for sepulchers, for conflagrations and famines, for victories and defeats.

I am here at last in this very Jerusalem and on a horse's back just after the dawn of the morning of Dec. 3, with an old inhabitant to point out the salient features of the scenery. "Now," I said, "where is Mount Zion?" "Here, at your right." "Where is Mount Olive?" "In front of where you stand." "Where is the garden of Gethsemane?" "In yonder valley." "Where is Mount Calvary?" Before he answered, I saw it. No unprejudiced mind can have a moment's doubt as to where it is. Yonder I see a hill in the shape of a human skull, and the Bible says that Calvary was the "place of a skull." Not only is it skull-shaped, but just beneath the brow of the hill is a cavern that looks like eyeless sockets. Within the grotto under it, is the shape of the inside of a skull. Then the Bible says that Christ was crucified outside the gate, and this is outside the gate while the city formerly selected was inside the gate. Besides that, this skull hill was for ages the place where malefactors were put to death, and Christ was slain as a malefactor.

The Savior's assassination took place beside a thoroughfare along which people went "wagging their heads," and there is the ancient thoroughfare. I saw at Cairo, Egypt, a clay model of that skull hill, made by the late General Gordon, the arbiter of nations. While Empress Helena, eighty years of age and incessant in prayer, by having three crosses exhumed before her dim eyes, as though they were the three crosses of Bible story, selected another site as Calvary, all recent travelers agree that the one I point out to you was, without doubt, the scene of the most terrific and overwhelming tragedy this planet ever witnessed.

Times were in Christ's things we wanted to see on that day in December and our disappointment spoiled the rest of the journey, but I did not stop at all show us Calvary. Something might happen if we went on, and sickness or accident might hinder our seeing the sacred mount. If we see it at all, we must see it at once, and see it this morning. Some of us in carriages and some on mule back, we were soon on the way to the most sacred spot that the world has ever seen or ever will see. Coming to the base of this hill we first went inside the skull of rock. It is called Jeremiah's grotto, for there the prophet wrote his book of Lamentations. The grotto is thirty-five feet high and twenty deep and side area—malachite, green, brown, black, white, red and gray.

Coming forth from this pearled subterranean passages, we began to climb the steep side of Calvary. As we go up, we see circles and ovals in the rocks which I think were made by the convulsions of nature when Jesus died. On the hill by a limestone rock, wonderfully ribbed with crimson, the white so suggestive of purity and the crimson of sacrifice, that I said, "That stone would be beautifully appropriate for a memorial wall in my church, now building in America; and the stone now being brought on camel's back from Sinai across the desert, when put under it, has significant of law and the gospel! And the stone will continue to speak of the gospel when many long after all our living lips have uttered their last message." So I ordered it down the hill and transported it. Were that day come for which many of you have prayed, the dedication of the Brooklyn tabernacle, the third immense structure we have reared in this city, and that would make it somewhat difficult being the third structure, a work such as no other church ever called on to undertake—we would place in the main entrance of the building, built upon a memorial wall containing the stone of Calvary, and solemn, and tremendous as the ages ever brought together, that wall with the earthquake at the giving of the law at Sinai, the other rent at the crucifixion on Calvary.

It is impossible for you to realize what our emotions were as we gathered, a group of men and women, and knelt by the block of the Jewish road of Calvary, just wide enough for those crosses. I will to my family and friends of "thing here is where stood the three crosses of the impenitent thief, and here between, the cross on which all our hopes depend." As I opened the nineteenth chapter of John to read, a chill blast struck the hill and I shivered, the natural solemnity was increased by the actual solemnity. I read a little, I tried to pray, I defy any emotional Christian man, relying upon Golgotha to read alone with no prayer, no voice, or with any voice at all, the whole of that account in Luke or John, of which those sentences are a fragment. "They took Jesus and led him away, and he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, where they crucified Him and two others with Him, on either side, and Jesus in the midst." "Behold your mother!" "Of whom?" "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." "Father forgive them, they know not what they do!" "If it be possible let this cup pass from me!" "Father, into your hands I commit my spirit!" Amid such scenes as these tears, where the surging ocean of

[illegible] the whole scene came [illegible] and the sky [illegible] a moderate [illegible] Yonder a group of [illegible] up to the wars still have the coat of the dying Savior. There are women almost dead with grief among the crowd, his mother and his aunt, and some whose sorrow He had comforted, and whose guilt He had pardoned. Here a man dips a sponge into some wine, and by a stick lifts it to the hot and cracked lips. The hemorrhage of the five wounds has done its work.

The atmospheric conditions are such as the world saw never before or since. It was not a solar eclipse, such as the astronomers record or we ourselves have seen. It was a bereavement of the heavens! Darker! Until the towers of the temple were no longer visible. Darker! Until the surrounding hills disappeared. Darker! Until the inscription above the middle cross is illegible. Darker! Until the chin of the dying Lord falls upon the breast, and He sighed with his last sigh, the words, "It is finished!"

As we sat there, a silence took possession of us and we thought: This is the center from which continents have been touched, and all the world shall yet be moved. Toward this hill, the prophets pointed forward. Toward this hill, the apostles and martyrs pointed backward. To this all heaven pointed downward. To this with foaming execrations perdition pointed upward. Round it circles all time, all eternity, and with this scene, painters have covered the mightiest canvas, and sculptors cut the richest marble, and orchestras rolled their grandest oratorios, and churches lifted their greatest doxologies, and heaven built its highest thrones.

Unable longer to endure the pressure of this scene, we moved on, and into a garden of olives, a garden which in the right season is full of flowers, and here is the reputed tomb of Christ. You know the book says, "In the midst of the garden was a sepulcher." I think this was the garden, and this the sepulcher. It is shattered of course. About four steps down we went into this, which seemed a family tomb. There is room in it for about five bodies. We measured it, and found it about eight feet high, and nine feet wide and fourteen feet long. The crypt where I think our Lord slept was seven feet long. I think that there once lay the King wrapped in His last slumber. On some of these rocks, the Roman government set its seal. At the gate of this mausoleum on the first Easter morning, the angels rolled the stone thundering down the hill. Up these steps walked the lacerated feet of the Conqueror, and from these heights, He looked off upon the city that had cast him out, and upon the world He had come to redeem, and at the heavens through which He would soon ascend.

But we must hasten back to the city. There are stones in the wall which Solomon had lifted. Stop here and see a startling proof of the truth of prophecy. In Jeremiah xxxi., 40 it is said that Jerusalem shall be built through the ashes. What ashes, people have been asking? Were those ashes just put into the prophecy to fill up? Not the meaning has been recently discovered. Jerusalem is now being built out in a certain direction where the ground has been submitted to chemical analysis and it has been found to be the ashes cast from the sacrifices of the ancient temple, ashes of the wood and ashes of bones of animals. There are great mounds of ashes, accumulation of centuries of sacrifices.

Yonder is a curve of stone which is part of a bridge that once reached from Mount Moriah to Mount Zion, and over it David walked or rode to prayers in the temple. Here is the wailing-place of the Jews, where for centuries almost perpetually during the last time, whole generations of Jews have stood putting their head or lips against the wall of what was once Solomon's temple. It was one of the saddest and most solemn and impressive scenes I ever witnessed to see scores of these descendants of Abraham with tears rolling down their cheeks, and lips trembling with emotion, a book of psalms open before them, bewailing the ruin of the ancient temple and the captivity of their race, and crying to God for the restoration of temple in all its original grandeur. Most affecting scene! And such a prayer as that, century after century, I am sure God will answer, and in some way the departed grandeur will return, or something better. I looked over the shoulders of some of them and saw that they were reading from lamentation psalms of David, while I have been told that this is the litany which some chant:

"For the temple that lies desolate;
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For the palace that is deserted,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For the walls that are overthrown,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For our majesty that is departed,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For our great men that are dead,
We sit in solitude and mourn;
For priests who have stumbled,
We sit in solitude and mourn."

I think at that prayer Jerusalem will come again to more than its ancient magnificence; it may not be precious stones and architectural majesty, but in a moral splendor that shall eclipse forever all that David or Solomon saw.

But I must get back to the housetop where I stood early this morning, just before the sunrise, that I may catch a wider vision of what the city now is and once was. As I stood there on the housetop in the midst of the city I said, "O Lord, reveal to me this metropolis of the world, that I may see it as it once appeared." No one was with me, for there are some things you can see more vividly with no one to God and yourself present. Immediately I saw Moque of Omar, which has stood for years on Mount Moriah, the site of the ancient temple, disappeared and this queen city of the earth, all nations plotted. David taking the throne at Hebron decides that he must have Jerusalem for his capital and, coming up from the south at the head of two hundred and eighty thousand troops, he captures it. Look, here comes another siege of Jerusalem! The Assyrians under Sennacherib, enslaved nations at his chariot wheel, having taken two hundred thousand captives in his one campaign, Phoenician cities kneeling at his feet, Egypt trembling at the flash of his sword, comes upon Jerusalem. Look, another siege! The armies of Babylon under Nebuchadnezzar come down and take a plunder from Jerusalem such as no other city ever had to yield, and ten thousand of her citizens trudge off into Babylonian bondage. Look, another siege! and Nebuchadnezzar and his hosts by night go through a breach of the Jerusalem wall, and the morning finds some of them seated triumphantly in the temple, and what they could not take away because too heavy, they break up—the brazen sea, and the two wreathed pillars Jacuin and Boaz.

Another siege of Jerusalem! and Pompey with the battering-rams which 100 man would roll back, and then a full run forward would bang against the wall of the city, and catapults hurling the rocks upon the people, left 12,000 dead, and the city in the clutch of the Roman war-eagle. Look, a more destructive siege of Jerusalem! Titus with his ten legions on Mount of Olives, and ballistas arranged on the principle of the pendulum to swing great boulders against walls and towers, and miners digging under the city making galleries of beams underground which, set on fire, tumbled great masses of houses and human beings into destruction and death. All is taken now but the temple and Titus, the conqueror, wants that unharmed; but a soldier, contrary to orders hurls a torch in the temple and it is consumed. Many strangers were in the city at the time and 67,000 captives were taken, and Josephus says 1,100,000 lay dead.

But looking from this housetop, the siege that most absorbs us is that of the Crusaders. England, and France, and all Christendom, wanted to capture the holy sepulcher and Jerusalem, then in possession of the Mohammedans under the command of one of the loveliest, bravest, and mightiest men that ever lived, for justice must be done him though he was Mohammedan—glorious Saladin! Against him came the armies of Europe, under Richard, Cœur de Lion, King of England; Philip Augustus, King of France; Tancred, Raymond, Godfrey, and other valiant men, marching on through fevers, and plagues, and battle charges, and sufferings, as intense as the world ever saw. Saladin in Jerusalem, hearing of the sickness of King Richard, his chief enemy, sends him his own physician, and from the walls of Jerusalem seeing King Richard afoot, sends him a horse. With all the world looking on, the armies of Europe come within sight of Jerusalem. At the first glimpse of the city they fall on their faces in reverence, and then lift anthems of praise. Feuds and hatreds among themselves were given up, and Raymond, and Tancred, the bitterest rivals, embraced while the armies looked on. But Saladin retook the city and for the last four hundred years it has been in possession of cruel and polluted Mohammedanism!

Another crusade is needed to start for Jerusalem, a crusade in this nineteenth century greater than all those of the past centuries put together. A crusade in which you and I will march. A crusade without weapons of death, but only the Sword of the Spirit. A crusade that will make not a single wound, nor start one tear of distress, nor incendiarize one homestead. A crusade of gospel peace! And the cross again be lifted on Calvary not as once, an instrument of pain, but a signal of invitation, and the mosque of Omar shall give place to a church of Christ, and Mount Zion become the dwelling place not of David but of David's Lord, and Jerusalem, purified of all its idolatries, and taking back the Christ she once cast out, shall be made a worthy type of that heavenly city which Paul styled "the mother of us all," and which St. John saw, "the holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven from God." Through its gates may we all enter when our work is done, and in its temple, greater than all the earthly temples piled in one, may we worship. Russian pilgrims inest all the roads around the Jerusalem we visited last winter. They had walked hundreds of miles, and their feet bled on the way to Jerusalem. Many of them had spent their last farthing to go there, and they had bit some of those who stared with them, dying or dead by the roadside. An aged woman, exhausted with the long way, begged her fellow pilgrims not to let her die until she had seen the holy city. As she came to the gate of the city she could not take another step, but she was carried in, and then said, "Now hold my head up till I can look upon Jerusalem," and her head lifted, she took one look, and said: "Now I die content, I have seen it! I have seen it!" So may all of us before we reach the heavenly Jerusalem may be so favored as that, but angels of mercy will help us in, and one glimpse of the temple of God and the Lamb, and one good look at the "King in His Beauty" will more than compensate for all the toils and tears and heartbreakes of the pilgrimage. Hallelujah! Amen!

Crisp Condensations.

Mme. Bonnet, who was arrested at Cannes with plans of the fort in her possession, has confessed that she is a German spy at a monthly salary of 300 francs.

The River Orinoco has risen and flooded a enormous extent of country. In the town of Ciudad Bolivar 259 houses have been washed down, and upward of 2,000 persons have been rendered homeless. The loss is estimated at $3,000,000.

In the years 1883-88 there were 260 students in Prussia educational institutions who took their own lives. Thirty were in [illegible], forty-nine were women or girls, four punished by death, and [illegible] required five to be credited with only five.

It is reported from Queenstown that after the Inman liner City of New York sailed from Liverpool eight stowaways were found on board. All were young boys, and they had selected good hiding places, but were discovered just before the vessel reached Queenstown.

The Empress Frederick of Germany is proceeding, in austerity, with her work of compiling a literary memorial to her dead husband. She will dedicate the dead Emperor as Crown Prince, as soldier, as the patron of science and as the founder of charitable institutions.

All President Davis's papers, books, manuscripts, &c., will be placed in the custody of the Governors of a Louisiana Historical Association as soon as his new building is completed. They relate to the conduct of the war, and comprise reports of battles, diplomatic reports, &c.

A marriage in Berlin, recently married a girl to whom he had been betrothed for ten years. Less than a week after the wedding his wife awoke to find him hanging dead from a rope in front of the bed. He left the following letter pinned to a cushion; "Nobody knows a woman until he is married to her."

Mr. Stanley and the Poet Burns.

Mr. H. M. Stanley spent his last evening before leaving London for the relief of Emin Pasha with Sir John Pender, and on parting the latter gave Mr. Stanley a miniature edition of Burns' poems, published by Messrs. Bryce, of Glasgow. This the great explorer said he would carry wherever he went. Sir John Pender, in recently writing to Mr. Bryce, says:—"When I met Stanley in Egypt in the Spring I had not been in conversation with him many minutes before he reminded me of the little copy of Burn's poems, and he said it had been a great source of comfort to him; he had read it many times over, and he believed there was no better thumbed book in existence than that little volume. He said that Burns was such a child of nature and that he was so much in sympathy with him, that many times he was not only deeply touched, but greatly encouraged by the perusal of the poems."—Athenæum.

PLAIN AND PRETTY WOMEN.

Why the Latter so Often Make Matches That are the Saddest of Failures.

The question is so often asked, "Why is it that so many plain women marry well while pretty girls either do not marry at all or make matches that are failures from a mental, social and pecuniary standpoint."

The fact is, that woman's idea of a man is of a creature differing but little from the domestic quadrupeds with which she surrounds herself in the home circle.

A pretty girl in her early youth is surrounded by a set of vapid boys. Naturally she forms her judgment of men from them. Therefore her ideal of mankind is not an exalted one. She finds that to look pretty and to dress tastefully, to dance and chat upon the most frivolous subjects is all that is required in order to be a success.

Pretty women, as a rule, do not give as much thought to the cultivation of their intellect as they would devote to the manufacture of a new bonnet.

For a brief space, while youth lasts, her wares apparently find satisfactory returns. Men praise her pretty face; they seem to enjoy her society; she is, therefore, satisfied. But after youth has fled, carrying with it her bright eyes, her rosy cheeks and roguish dimples, when mind and not matter is to be weighed in the balance, how grievously is she then found wanting? There was no soul behind the bright eyes to keep them forever brilliant, nor mind to illuminate the pale face and keep it forever fair. With her youth has passed away. All that she ever possessed or cultivated she finds it then too late to avail of. She lacks the energy to bestow her care and attention upon graver matters, and thus embittered by the cold looks and colder words of her quondam admirers she sinks into a state of apathy, drifting aimlessly with the tide, and finally ends a life of dreary maidenhood without having made better or brighter one soul for her living.

A plain woman, on the contrary, cultivates all the best gifts of mind and soul with which she has been endowed. In the early part of her life perhaps her prospects would seem dim compared with those of a beautiful associate; but in later years, when the frivolous boys have, with long contact with the world, with serious thought and study, become earnest men, the plain woman becomes a necessity, the pretty one a pastime for an idle moment.

Pretty women have less opportunities, strange as it may seem, than plain ones, for becoming what they were originally intended to be—sweet, noble, patient helpmates—simply because men (on whom the fault should rest) have caused women to entertain the idea that life is neither a serious nor an earnest thing, but simply a journey to be jested and danced through. Is it any wonder that our girls think men puppets to laugh and sing at their wills?

PURELY PERSONAL.

The empress of Austria is charged with smoking 30 to 40 cigarettes a day.

Mary Anderson has the largest foot of any stage beauty. She wears No. 5½ shoes.

Dr. John Mackintosh, the Scotch historian, is a seller of second-hand books at Aberdeen.

Miss Elizabeth Bisland, the pretty literary woman who lately girdled the earth, has taken up permanent residence in England.

Lord Lawrence, Perkins and Jennie Wilde are an American [illegible] who be married at the former's seat in England, Sept. 29.

Signor Crispi, [illegible] prime minister, has purchased an estate near Syracuse, Sicily, for 140,000 lire. His political enemies are taking advantage of the fact to hint at an improper connection with it.

President Carnot is expected again in Fontainebleau [illegible] Baron Mohrenheim, the Russian ambassador, is expected three days later, and he will carry with him the imperial diamond of the cross of St. Andrew as a gift to M. Carnot from the czar.

A famous traveler and a man of distinguished service died in New York last Thursday in the person of Dr. George R. Gaboin, at one time having headquarters in Chicago. He was dispatched to England, via Canada, by Jefferson Davis to promote the interests of the confederacy in that country. He resided his post and was well received by the best society. Mason and Slidell never got there.

The king of the Belgians is meditating a trip to Scotland to visit the Comte and Comtesse de Paris at Loch Kennard, Perthshire, and the queen has several times invited him to become her guest at Balmoral, but it is doubtful whether his majesty will be able to manage the expedition during the next three weeks, and the Comte and Comtesse de Paris are to leave their shooting quarters for Stowe on the 18th or 19th inst. Emperor William has invited the king and queen of the Belgians to go to Berlin in November to attend the wedding of Princess Victoria, and they will probably do so.

Great pressure was brought to bear on Sir. Frederick Roberts to induce him to stay in India for two years longer. His appointment as adjutant general, in succession to Lord Wolseley, was so far arranged that he had actually accepted the office. A war office intrigue was then set on foot, and a request was addressed to Sir Frederick to urge him to remain for two years more. He declined, and was then literally bombarded with telegrams and letters, in which his patriotism, the exigencies of the Indian service, and even the wishes of the queen, were successively invoked, until he yielded.

Commodore Tooker, who has just returned from a summer spent in England and Ireland, brought back from Muckross abbey a quaint old silver hunting whistle—that is what it looks to be which was found many years ago on the grounds about that historic spot. Antiquarians have expressed a good deal of interest in this curio, which is of chased silver with allegorical figures of a man and woman in relief. It was in the possession of an old attendant at the abbey, who gladly presented it to a gentleman of the commodore's party in return for a much more modern and by no means so chaste coin of the realm. On the theory that the garden of Eden was in Ireland, and that Adam lived long enough to have his blacksmithing descendant, Tubal Cain, work out a silver whistle for him, this may have been the identical instrument with which he warned the small boys of the neighboring barbarians against going too close to the fruit trees.

Prof P. A. Simpson, of the university of Glasgow, an eminent pathologist and a great friend of Edward Askew Sothern in Dundreary's palmiest days, has been in New York for some days, and the survivors of the once famous coterra to which Sothern, the duke of Beaufort and Florence, the American comedian, belonged, have not been slow to show their appreciation of his visit. In Pemberton's "Memoir of Sothern," issued this year in London, the comedian is represented as writing to a friend about his health: "It is impossible for me to explain what a staggerer it was when Sir William Jenner and Prof. Simpson quietly handed me their opinion of my case." This memoir also describes in Sothern's own words the evolution of some of the Dundreary's oddest quibs and wildest absurdities. They were carefully thought out in all their logical relations by Sothern, who had unequaled opportunities, which he improved unstintingly, for coming into contact with the brightest spirits and most hilarious wits of two continents.

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" Ottawa	11.30 a.m.	11.00 p.m.	
" Carleton Jc.	2.45	12.01 a.m	3.50 a.m
" Peterboro	5.52 p.m.	5.11 a.m.	8.39 a.m.
Pass Pontypool	6.36 p.m.		7.43 a.m.
Reach N. Toronto	8.20 p.m.	7.28 a.m.	11.16 a.m.
" U Station	8.55 p.m.	8.00 a.m.	11.45a.m.

GOING EAST.

	Express.	Express.	Pacific Express.
Leave U Station	3.30 a.m.	8.45 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
" N. Toronto	9.05 a.m.	9.13 p.m.	5.31 p.m.
Pass Pontypool	10.46 a.m.		7.09 p.m.
" Peterboro	11.31 a.m.	11.41 p.m.	7.53 p.m.
Arr Carleton jc.	4.37 p.m.	4.25 a.m.,	12.41 a.m.
" Ottawa	5.45 p.m.	5.25 a.m.	
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9.15 a.m. Express direct to Toronto, from Port Hope via Peterboro.
2.00 p.m. Mixed to Toronto, from Lindsay.
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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.

5.20 p.m. Local for Coboconk, connecting at Lorneville with Express for Orillia and Midland City.

GOING NORTH.

3.00 p.m. Mail for Fenelon Falls, Kinmount and Haliburton.

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10.30 a.m. Mail from Haliburton, Kinmount, Fenelon Falls, etc.
9.55 a.m. Local from Coboconk, Midland, Orillia, and Lorneville.
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Cylinder and Bolt Cutting Oils.

Their Cylinder Oil guaranteed to do better and cheaper than tallow.
Try above Oils and you will buy no other.

McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto

For sale by Jos. Head, Fenelon Falls, R. D. Thexton, Lindsay, McLennan & Co., Lindsay
1728-93.

Poisons ! Poisons !

PURE PARIS GREEN,
GENUINE INSECT POWDER,
STRONG HELLEBORE.

A. HIGINBOTHAM.

Poisons ! Poisons !

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INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Combined Authorized Capital and other assets $3,000,000

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to act for these Companies in Lindsay and vicinity. To the right man a good contract will be given. Apply to

W. A. HORKINS,
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of all descriptions neatly and promptly done at "The Warder" office.

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Saws and Shingle Mill Machinery
Flour Mill, Steam Engines
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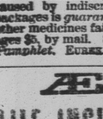

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ÆTNA
LIFE INSURANCE COMP'Y
(Established 1850.)

Assets	$32,620,676 76
Income	4,842,632 05
Surplus, (Canadian Standard)	7,319,000 00
Policies in force	37,372,534 46
New business for 1887	14,380,449 00

Endowments Paid to Living Policy Holders

Canada for the years 1882-3-4-5-6 in cash.

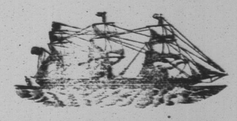
By the Ætna $424,640
By all the Canadian and British Co.'s combined 130,180

See Government Reports, pages 56, 58, 68 and 72.)

Secure an Endowment in the Ætna

JOHN D. MacMURCHY,
General Agent
Lindsay, 15, 1888.—26-tf

To Rochester Daily



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RETURNING—Leaves Charlotte daily 11 P.M., except Tuesday at 9 P.M., Saturday at 4 P.M.; calls at Brighton Wednesday, and Cobourg Wednesday and Friday mornings, Trenton and Belleville via Murray Canal Saturday nights.

Freight shippers will find goods carefully handled and lowest rates quoted.

Every accommodation for passengers.

Attention and Regularity Specialties.

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Lindsay
LUMBER & WOOD
YARD.

KILLABY & KENNEDY
Proprietors.

Wholesale and retail dealers in all kinds of Lumber and Wood.

Lumber of every description dry, dressed and matched, ready for use.

Bill Stuff of all kinds in stock.

Framing Timber and Joists of all lengths.

Shingles of all grades, cheap.

DRY WOOD of the very best quality delivered to any part of the town, and in quantities to suit purchasers. Also Lumber, Shingles and Lath at shortest notice. Orders left at J. KEITH'S store will be promptly attended to.

KILLABY & KENNEDY,
OFFICE—East end of Wellington St. Bridge

Advertise in The Warder

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Sash and Door Factory

Having purchased the interest of MR. JOSEPH MAUNDER in the Sash and Door Factory in Little Britain, I will carry on the business as in the past, and hope by strict attention to business to merit a share of public patronage.

Highest Price paid for Good Shingle Bolts

Parties intending to build will do well to consult me and see what I can do for them in the way of prices before purchasing elsewhere.

CALEB MARK.

Little Britain, 21st Dec. 1889.—10-73.

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LIVERY STABLES

Contain a complete lot of first class

Horses, Buggies, Phaetons and Carriages in general

well suited for general driving.

Their new and elaborate cab for street calls, and meeting boats and trains, is unsurpassed for comfort and elegance.

Horses and phaetons suitable for ladies' driving kept on hand.

All orders promptly filled. All calls promptly attended to. Remember the office, in rear of Simpson House, near Ontario bank.

J. & W. WORKMAN.

Lindsay, May 21st, 1890.—1731-tf

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THE ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

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Also agent for several first-class Fire and Accident Insurance Companies.

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STOPS Droppings from Nasal passages into the throat and excessive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sent pre-paid on receipt of price, 50c. and $1. Address FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

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Successors to W. Stahlschmidt & Co.,
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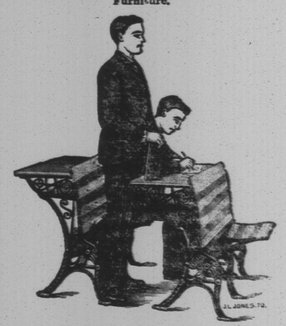

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