### FAITH WITHOUT WORKS

CHARGED AGAINST THE PROTEST-ANT CHURCH BY DR. TALMAGE

Practice, not Theory, is Wanted to Make a Perfect Christian Doing, not Talking fraential to salvation Ender the Cospet of Faith and Works.

BROOKLYN, N. V., Feb. 15,-Dr. Talma took for his text at the Brooklyn Academy today Faith without works is dead."-

The Roman Catholic Church has been charged with putting too much stress upon good works and not enough upon faith. I charge Protestantism with putting not enough stress upon good works as connectat with salvation. Good works will never seve a man, but if a man have not good works he has no real faith and no gen estigion. There are those who depend open the fact that they are all right inside, while their conduct is wrong outside The religion, for the most part, is made up of talk, vigorous talk, fluent talk, boastful talk, perpetual talk, They will entertain you by, the hour in telling you how good they are. They come up to such a higher life that they have no patience with ordinary Christian in the plain discharge of their duty. As near as I can tell this ocean eraft is mostly sail and very little tonnage. Foretopmast any sail, foretopmast studding sail, maintepeal everything from flying Jib to missen spanker but making no us ful voyage. Now, the world has got fired of this, and it wants a religion that will work into all the circumstances of life. We do not want a new religion, but the old religion

Vonder is a river with a steep and rocky banks, and it coars like a young Ningara as it rolls on over its rough bed. It does place where it empties into the sea. The banks are so steep the cattle cannot come down to drink. It does not run one fortiflying rill into the adjoining field. It has It sulks in wet weather with chilling fogs, then that river is born among the rocks, and no one cares when it dies into the sea. But youder is another river, and it mosses its banks with the warm tides, and it rocks with floral hillaby the water-lilies asheep on its bosom. It invites herds of catthe and flocks of sheep and coveys of birds to come there and drink. It has three grist mills on one side and six cotton factories on the other. It is the wealth of two hundred miles of harmant farms. The birds of heavenchanted when it was born in the mountains, and the ocean shipping will press in from the sea to bail it as it comes down to the Atlantic coast. The one river is a man who Byes for binself. The other river is a man who lives for others

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Do you know how the site of the ancient city of Jornsalom was chosen? There were two brothers who had adjoining farms. The one brother had a large family, the other had no family. The brother with a large family said. "There is my brother with no family; he must be lonely, and I will tey to cheer him no and I will take some of the sheaves from my field in the night time and set them over on his farm, and say noth-The other brother said; "My brother has a large family, and it is very difficult for him to support them, and I will help tem along, and I will take some of the deave. from my farm in the and say nothing about it." So the work of transference went on night after night, and night after night; but every morning though sheaves had been subtracted from sheaves had also been added, and were perplexed and could nd. But one night the brothers meet while making this generv of Jerusalem. If that tradition should prove unfounded it will, nevertheless stand as a beautiful allegory, setting forth the alea that wherever a kindly and generous and loving act is performed, that is the spot lit for some temple of commemors

I have often spoken to you about faith, but now I speak to you about works, for "faith without works is dead." I think you will agree with me in the statement that the great want of this world is more practical religion. We want practical will supervise the labelling of goods, will not allow a man to say that a thing was made in one factory when it was made in another. It will not allow the mers chant to say that watch was manufactured in Geneva, Switzerland, when it was manufactured in Massachusetts. It will not allow the merchant to say that wine came from Madeira when it came from California. Fractical religion will walk along by the store shelves, and tear off all the tags that make misrepresentation. It will not allow the merchant to say that is pure coffee, when dandelion root and chiceory and other ingredients go into it. It will not allow him to say that is pure sugar, when there are in it sand and ground glass.

When practical religion gets its full swing in the world it will go down the streets and it will come to that shoe store and rip off the fictitions soles of many a fine looking pair of shoes, and show that it is pasteboard sandwiched between the sound leather. And this practical religion will go right into a grocery store, and it will pull out the play of all the adulterated syrups, and it will dump into the ash barrel in front of the store the cassin bark that is sold for cavenne peopler, and it will shake out the cussi in blues from the tea leaves, and it will sitt from the four plaster of Paris and bonedust and supstone, and it will by chemical analysis separate the one quart of Ridgewood water from the few honest drops of cow's milk, and it will throw out the live animalonles from the brown sugar.

Now; practical religion will yet rectify all this. It will go to those hypocritical professors of religion who got a "corner" in corn and wheat in Chicago and New York, sending prices up and up until they were beyond the reach of the poor, keeping these breadstuffs in their own lands, or controlling them until the prices going up and up and up they were, after awhile, ready to sell, and they sold out, making themselves millionaires in one or two years trying to fix the matter up with the Lord by insiding a church or a university or a hospital deluding themselves with the idea that the Lord would be so pleased with fight that He would forget the swindle.

Ah! my friends, if a man hath gotten he estate avongfully and he build a line of hospitals and universities from here to Alaska, he can not atone for it. After awhile, this man who has been getting a morney a wheat, dies, and then Satan gets a "corner" on him. He goes into a great, long Black Sriday. There is a "break" in the market. According to Wall Street par-less in wiped others out, and new he is the armiped out. No colleterals on which

to make a spiritual loan. Eternal defalca-

But this practical religion will not only rectify all merchandise. It will also rectify all mechanism, and all toil. A time will come when a man will work as faithfully by the job as he does by the day.

All things must be watched and inspected. Imperfections in the wood covered with putty. Garments warranted to last until you put them on the third time. Shoddy in all kinds of clothing. Chromos. Pinchbeck. Diamonds for a dollar and a half. Bookbindery that holds on until you read beck. Diamonds for a dollar and a half. Bookbindery that holds on until you read the third chapter. Spavined horses, by skilful dose of jockeys, for several days made to look spry. Wagon tires poorly put on. Horses poorly shod. Plastering that cracks without any provocation and falls off. Plumbing that needs to be plumbed. Imperfect car-wheel that halts the whole train with a hot-box. So little practical religion in the mechanism of the world. I tell you, my friends, the law of man will never you, my friends, the law of man will never rectify these things. It will be the all-pervading influence of the practical religion of Jesus Christ that will make the change for the

Yes, this practical religion will also go into agriculture, which is proverbially honest, but needs to be rectified, and it will keep the farmer sending to the New York market veal that is too young to kill, and when the farmer farms on shares, it will keep the man who does the work from making his haif three-fourths, and it will keep the farmer from building his post and rail fence on his neighbor's premises, and it will make him shelter his catin the winter storm, and if will keep the old elder from working on Sunday rnoon in the new ground where nobody sees him. And this practical religion will hover over the house, and over the barn, and over the field and over the orchard.

Yes, this practical religion of which I speak will come into the learned profes-The lawyer will feel his responsibility in defending innocence and arraigning evil, and expounding the law, and it will keep him from charging for briefs he never wrote, and for pleas he never made, and for percentages he never carned, and from robbing widow and orphan because they are defenseless. Yes, this practical religion will come into the physician's life, and he will feel his responsibility as the conservator of the public health, a profession honored by the fact that Christ himself was a physician. And it will make him honest, and when he does not understand a case he will say so, not trying to cover up lack of diagnosis with ponderous technicalities, or send the patient to a reckless drug store because the anotherary happens to pay a percentage on the prescriptions sent. And this practical religion will come to the school teacher, making her feel her responsibility in preparing our youth for usefulness and for happiness and for honor, and will keep her from giving a sly box to a dull head, chastising him for what he cannot help, and sending discouragement all through the after years of a lifetime. This practical religion will also come to the newspaper men, and it will help them in the gathering of the news, and it will help them in setting forth the best interests of society, and it will keep them from putting the sine of the world in larger type than its virtues, and its mistakes than its

Yes, this religion, this practical religion will come and put its hand on what is called good society, elevated society, successful society, so that people will have their expenditures within their income, and they will exchange the hypocritical "not at home" for the honest explanation, "too tired," or "too busy to see you," and will keep innocent reception from becoming intoxicated

You, there is great opportunity for missionary work in what are called the success-ful classes of society. It is no rare thing now to see a fashionable woman intoxicated in the street, or the rail-car, or the restaurant. The number of fine ladies who drink too much is increasing. Perhaps many visits to the wine-room, and now her maturally flushed, and then she falls into fits of exerciating laughter about no- ball eighteen times into holes, over a thing, and then she offers sickening flatriace, and by the time the carriage gets to ber home it takes the husband and the coachman to get her up the stairs. The report is, She was taken suddenly ill at a german. Ah! no. She took too much champagne, and mixed liquors, and got drunk. That was

There has got to be a new departure in religion. I do not say a new religion. Oh, no; but the old religion brought to new appliances. In our time we have had the daguerrectype and the ambrotype and the photograph; but it is the same old sun, and these arts are only new appliances of the old sunlight. So this glorious Gospel is just what we want to photograph the image of God on one soul, and daguerreotype it on another soul. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel put to new work. In our time we have had the telegraphic invention, and the telephonic invention, and the electric light vention; but they are all the children of old electricity, an element that the philosophers have a long while known much about. to this electric (lospel needs to flash its light on the eyes and ears and souls of men, and become a telephonic medium to make the deaf hear; a telegraphic medium to dart invitation and warning to all nations; an electric light to illumine the eastern and western hemispheres. Not a new Gospel, but the old Gospel doing a new work.

Give your heart to God and then fill your life with good works. Consecrate to Hin your store, your shop, your banking house, your factory and your home. They say no one will hear it. God will hear it. That is enough. You hardly know of anyone else than Wellington as connected with the victory at Waterloo; but he did not do the hard fighting. The hard fighting was done by the Somerset cavalry and the Ryland regi-ments, and Kompt's Infantry, and the Scots Grays and the Life Guards. Who cares, if

a home. On the morning of the day when they were to enter that home, the young wife arose at four o'clock, entered the front door rare, knelt down, consecrated the door me. knelt down, consecrated the place to God, and there made this solemn vow:—"O Lord, if Thou wilt bless me in this place, the poor shall have a share of it." Time rolled on and a fortune rolled in. Children grew up around them, and they all became affluent, one a member of Parliament, in a public place declared that his success came from that prayer of his mother in the door-yard. All of them were affluent. Four thousand hands in their factories. They built dwelling houses for laborers at cheap rents, and when they for laborers at cheap rents, and when they were invalid and could not pay they had the houses for nothing. One of these sons came to this country, admired our parks, went back, bought land, opened a great public park, and made it a present to the city of Halifax, England. They endowed an orphanage, they endowed two almshouses. All England has heard of the generosity and the good works of the Crossleys. Moral:—Consecrate to God your small means and your fumble surroundings, and your will have larger means and grander unit. means and your humble surroundings, and you will have larger means and grander surroundings. "Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is and of that which is to come." Have faith in God by all means, but remember that "faith without works is dead,"

### ROYAL GAME OF GOLF.

THE ENGLISH REVIVAL DESCRIBED BY A MASTER OF THE ART.

It Is Not a Mere Pottering, Dawdling Game-Youth, Strength, Suppleness and a Good Eye Necessary for Excellonce in the Sport.

In trying to estimate the merits of any game is fair to ask. What pleasures does it offer to the herd of its worshippers-the common herd? A man who excels at any pastime will derive from it the joys of vanity and victory. Even lawn tennis, or halma, or spelicans must be dear to people who play really well at them. But to the feeble fourth rate player they do not seem necessarily exhilarating. I cannot understand the taste for serving a ball out of court and then into the net, and, if you do propel a ball into the right place, failing to return it when it is struck back to you. But in golf there are so many branches of the game that we may all hope to do well in one or another, and this is the great thingthe worst of us plays well for a hole or two now and then. Say you are a bad player and you do the first hole at St. Andrews, in five the next in five, the next in feur, it is certain that you get much enjoyment from these fears, and you begin to believe that "The devil's riddle is mastered," and that you have at last, acquired the full amount of saill. Alas! at the fifth hole you begin by hitting the ball wildly into the furze and bent grass near Hell. You top your own shot, and you land under a ledge of the bunker. You miss the hall with your mashy. You whack it out into another trap call d the kitchen. You fail to hit it out. On a second trial you light among the hummocks, and you do not manage to hit it over them. On repeated applications you wildly lift it into "The Bairdies," most avaricious little bunkers, and by the time you are on the putting-green you have played a dozen shots. In a medal competition, or a handleap, this spells ruin-Moreover, you are now in a highly nervous and irritable condition, so you miss your next drive, fall into Walkinshaw's Grave, or into the whins, and for the rest of the round you do not recover your equanimity. Still, you began well, and you have enjoyed the pleasure of hope. This is the charm of the game. The most confirmed mulf—the writer, for example-may play a couple of holes as well as Mr. Ball or Mr. Hutchinson. Then the muff is buoyed up with pride and hope.

they lasted we should all be masters at the pastime. About once in two years one's mood, as the Laurente says, "Is like a fiend, and drives"—drives tee'd shots beyond the usually recognized limits. Now there be three pleasant things-yea, four-worth living for. One is to say a good thing neatly. One is the first heavy drag of a salmon at the line. One is a squareleg hit from fast bowling. And the fourth is a drive at golf, caught exactly clean, with a wind behind it. People like Kirkcaldy and Mr. Laidlay enjoy the satisfaction almost in every drive they make. But to the bad player this joy comes rarely, and is remembered, and worth re-

All these remarks are a trifle technical. and assume an elementary knowledge of the game in the reader. There may still be readers who have not even an elementary knowledge. Probably they have dropped off by this time, but if they have not, now is their opportunity to increase their infor-

Golf is a game in which a little ball is put into a hole with implements curiously ill adapted for the purpose. The ball is about the size of a fives ball; the hole is about are distant from each other from 120 to 500 yards. The course is made difficult by furze bushes, by "bunkers," or sandpits, by roads, brooks and "hazards." To put a distance of some 6,000 yards, in eightyfive shots, is good play. To do the same in any number from 105 to 125 is bad play. About 145 is my own average. The weapons used are, first, a thin-shaked, heavily-loaded, wooden-head chib, called a "driv The face, the part which should hit the ball, is about an inch and three-quarters in height and in breadth about two inches and a half. As the club is vehemently swung round the body, it will be seen that much accuracy is needed to bring the centre of percussion of the club into contact with the cen tre of the bar. Many beginners miss the ball altogether. Many "top" it, or hit it with the bottom of the club. Many catch the earth heavily before they hit the ball. Many hit with the toe or heel of the club. Most commit all these faults one after the other. But if all the errors are avoided there i a clean "click" and the ball soars away landing, perhaps, 150 yards from the place where it was struck and rolling far-ther. Suppose it rests on a smooth piece of sward, the player strikes it again with a wooden club. If the grass it lies on be rather heavy, he uses a wooden club with a brazen plate screwed on to the sole. This is called a "brassy." Suppose the ball flies a hundred yards, and is within seventy or eighty yards of the hole, the player now uses a club with an iron head, deep, and "laid back," so as to elevate the ball. With this he should lay the ball accurately as near the hole as five, ten or fifteen yards. Next he takes a short wooden-headed club, called a "putter," or an iron-headed putter, and tries at the hole. If the ball rolls into it, he has ione the hole in four strokes-very good work. If he misses it, he tries again till he succeeds, in five or six strokes winning the hole if he does it in fewer strokes than his

It will be plain that in this feat, as in almost all holes, there are three processes. First, there is driving, either "off the tee " (a small sand-heap on which the ball is perched only the day was won.

In the latter part of the last century a girlin England became a kitchen-maid in a farm-house. She had many styles of work and much hard work. Time rolled on, and she married the son of a weaver of Halishe married the son of a we calculation of the inequalities in the ground.

These are the three main divisions of the "Driving is an art," it has been said, game. "Driving is an art," it has been said, "iron play is a science, putting is an inspiration." The pleasures of golf then, are the active physical exertion of art, science and genius. If you go round with Kirkealdy or Mr. Macile or Mr. Leslie Balfour, you may appreciate the essence of the game. There is the elegant and lithe sweep of the body in driving, there is the dexterously calculated force of the iron play, there is the judgment and genius of the putting. A good putter's ball seems almost alive and endowed with consciousness, so cumningly and deftly does it turn and twist over the uneven ground, till an expiring effort just lands it in the hole. Putting requires nerve. Say you are within seven quires nerve. Say you are within seven yards of the tole, your opponent's ball lying within half a foot of it. If you go in,

Then he walks up to the hole and minutely investigates the intervening territory. Then, in any one of divers attitudes, he applies himself to his putt, while all nature is hushed, and no lark dare sing, no man dare stir a finger. Then he putts, and losing or winning, heaves a sigh of relief. These processes, re-

peated for eighteen noies, constitute a round.

The strain on the nerves in a great competiamateur says he could play well if he had a pint of champagne at every second hole. This refreshment, however, is not provided on the links, and the result of the experiment might be conceivably unsatisfactory. It is true, however, that confidence is a great part of the game. Believe you are going to hit far or to putt straight, and your faith is usu-ally justified in your works.

There are other elements in the game—for example, playing out of bunkers. The best-hit ball may land in these sandholes, an ill-hit ball is very likely to find its rest there. Then the player approaches the ball with a very heavy stumpy-headed iron weapon, a mashie or a niblick. With this, if his ball lie in a heel-mark in the sand, he hits very hard, rather behind the ball, into the sand, and the ball flies out as the sand flies. Or perhaps the player "tops" the ball, and only drives it deeper into the sand, or he hits it clean, without touching the sand, and impels it hard against the firm lip of the bunker, whence it usually falls back into a worse place than before. To lose one's emper in a bunker is usually to lose the hole. An excellent player, playing an excellent game, got into the little bunker near the last hole out, at St. Andrews, lost his temper, took nine strokes, and consequently failed to win the match. What would happen to a man who hit in that gigantic bunker, the Maiden, at Sandwich, cannot be conjectured. An inculculable number of strokes might be required to get ont. It is a pleasure to get out well in one stroke: to remain, "making a shindy in a sandy place," as the poet says, with a memory of Speaser, is among the sorrows of golf. There are many sorrows. One is waiting half an hour on a cold day for your turn to start. Another is being kept back by the dismal scientific slowness of the party in front; another is to go the course "tapping and d-ing terrible," never hitting your ball clean; another is being "stymied" -that is, finding your opponent's ball directly in your course to the hole, so that you cannot roll past it to your haven. Another grief is to have "a havering deevil of a partner," who talks and diverts your mind from its devont attention. Yet again it is woful to fall into the burn twice running, or into the pond at Wimbledon, or into impossibly thick furze bushes. Then even fair players are forever lapsing into certain faults -such as taking the eyes off the ball at the moment of hitting, or holding the club too loosely in the left hand, the parent of all bad driving. For it is natural to hold the club more firmly in the right hand, and that is contrary to the genius of golf. Or the club may be lifted straight up, like a bat, instead of being swung with a full free curve. As the Greeks said, the number of ways of error is influite, and there is only one way of perfection. Yet to meditate on your errors is to become self-conscious instead of being mechanically accurate; to be stiff instead of being lithe and graceful. That is the gift of youth or of skill acquired in youth: late beginners are always stiff and awkward, even when they are powerful and

It must now be plain that golf is not a mere pottering, dawdling game. Youth, strength, suppleness, a good eye, are all necessary for real excellence. But one beauty of golf is that the old, the stiff, the short-righted the awkward, may all find matches with persons no more voung or accomplished than themselves. They may all enjoy their few lucid intervals, and all may hope fondly to improve. The game is full of turns and chances and a hole is never lost till it is

The exercise is exactly what is suited to middle age and for the old. The young, no doubt, are better suited with cricket a specialty.

Solve play

Solve play

Being a practical workman all should so Golf is wasteful neither of time nor of money. It is played in scenes not exactly beautiful, as a rule, but airy and fresh, and within sight of the sea; for inland links afford only an imitation of golf, though better than no golf at all. Moreover, golf can always be played, except when the ground is deep in snow. To be sure, golf in a high east wind is a rather terrible penance when the numb fingers can scarcely hold the club and the breeze sends the ball everywhere but in the right direction. Morally golf is excellent for the temper if a man can bridle his tongue when he "tops" or "foozles," and the exercise of playing an uphill game demands a certain amout of heart and resolution. To lose one's temper with one's partner is not so tempting as to lose it with one's self, but both

faults are punished by loss of the game. Such are the pleasures and merits-such are some of the pains-of golf. It is a game full of tribulations to all. To the beginner and the bad player there is something satanic in the infinite varieties of ill play and evil luck. We abandon the pastime, we execrate it, we forgive it and begin again. We love it as Catullas loved Lesbia, for its faults and treacheries; we love it more the less we esteem it. The long gray plains by the sea, with their familiar humps and pits, become dear to us, dearer than Alphine snows or the hills of heather. Golf has lately become a craze and a fashion, as many other games have done, and as far as the fashion is concerned, it will go out, and be neglected. have been true to it for many hun dreds of years, and will be true to it probably as long as games are played by mankind. Golf is no parvenu, as even cricket is comparatively; it is popular and national, and will live as long as haggis or the poems of Robert Burns, who, unluckily, was not a golfer. He came from an inland and a restern home, and so we have no worthy songs of golf from the national minstrel. On the other hand, we have plenty of storiesand is it not time that they got a rest, for at present they are told and retold until they become a weariness?—A. Lang in the Illustrated London News.

The Parson's Offense. "Pa," said Mr. Brown's hopeful in an awe-stricken voice, "did you know our new min-ister was a thief?" "What!" ejaculated Mr. Brown. "It is act possible!"
"But he is, and he likes it, too. I heard

him say so."
Brown senior dearly loved a scandal and in a few days the story with divers additions and enlargements had circulated throughout the neighborhood. It came to the ears of Deacon Thusly that Mr. Brown's son had caught the young minister in the act of committing a theft, and that the minister had confessed a theft, and that the minister had confessed he was a thief and had said he was proud of it. The good deacon at once called the other deacons together and the minister was in-formed of the charge against his moral char-acter. An investigation followed and then

Young Brown had overheard the parson numming "I love to steal a while away." She Was Always at Home to Him.

"I know I ought not to grieve for my husband," said the young, rich and beautiful widow to a gentleman caller. "I ought not to grieve for him, for he is better off."

"I doubt that," said the caller.

"Whet do you want six! Don't you think

"I doubt that," said the caller.

"What do you mean, sir! Don't you think my husband was a good man?"

"If he was the best man in the world and entitled to the fullest measure of happiness ever conferred upon human excellence I don't think he could be any better off than as the husband of such a charming wife."

She is always at home when he calls.

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is large, well selected, guaranteed, and cheaper than any place in town. Hand made collars a specialty. Remember that all my work is finished by experienced workman, none other employed. This is money well invested. All I ask is an inspection of my stock and you will be convinced that it is the largest to choose from, best workmanship, and prices really cheaper than any place in town. My expenses being lower, therefore I give my customers the benefit. Gentleman, place in your orders at once and don't miss this opportunity. Repairing promptly done. Don't forget the place. Give me a call.

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