The Famine That Was Sore in All Lands \_The Condition Imposed That Benjamin Should Go Into Egypt with His Brethren-Benjamin a Type of Christ.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 30.—The cabled reports of meager harvests in Europe and the memory of the vast crops of ripening grain which Talmage saw during his recent tour in the west, have combined to turn his thoughts back to that patriarchal time when all the world sent to Egypt to buy corn and to suggest a Gospel lesson. His text is Genesis xliii, 3, "Ye shall not see my face, except your brother be with you."

This summer' having crossed eighteen of the United States-north, south, east and west-I have to report the mightiest harvests, that this country or any other country ever reaped. If the grain gamblers do not somehow wreck these harvests we are about to enter upon the grandest scene of prosperity that America has ever wit-But while this is so in our own country, on the other side of the Atlantic there are nations threatened with famine, and the most dismal cry that is ever heard will, I fear, be uttered—the cry

I pray God that the contrast between our prosperity and their want may not be as sharp as in the lands referred to by my text. There was nothing to eat. Plenty of corn in Egypt, but ghastly famine in Canaan. The cattle moaning in the stall. Men, women and children awfully white with hunger. Not the failing of one crop for one summer, but the failing of all the crops for seven years. A nation dying for lack of that which is so common on your table and so little appreciated; the prod-uct of harvest field and grist mill and oven the price of sweat and anxiety and struggle-bread! Jacob the father has the ast report from the flour bin, and he finds that everything is out, and he says to his ons, "Boys, hook up the wagons and start for Egypt and get us something to eat."

week.

Binder

00,000

say.

PYS.

The fact was there was a great cornerib in Egypt. The people of Egypt have been largely taxed in all ages, at the present time paying between 70 and 80 per cent. of their products to the government. No wonder in that time they had a large corncrib, and it was full. To that crib they came from the regions round about-those who were famished-some paying for corn in money; when the money was exhausted, paying for the corn in sheep and cattle and horses and camels, and when they were exhausted, then selling their own bodies and their families into slavery.

THE SORROW OF JACOB. The morning for starting out on the crusade for bread has arrived. Jacob gets his family up very early. But before the elder sons start they say something that makes him tremble with emotion from head to foot and burst into tears. The fact was that these elder sons had once before been in Egypt to get corn, and they had been treated somewhat roughly, the lord of the cornerib supplying them with corn, but saying at the close of the interview, "Now, you need not come back here for any more corn unless you bring something better than money-even your younger brother Benjamin."

Ah! Benjamin—that very name was suggestive of all tenderness. The mother had died at the birth of that son—a spirit coming and another spirit going—and the very thought of parting with Benjamin must have been a heart break. The keeper of this cornerib, nevertheless, says to these older sons, "There is no need of your comg here any more for corn unless you ing Benjamir, your father's darling."
ow, Jacob and his family very much needl bread, but what a struggle it would be give up this son. The orientals are very nstrative in their grief, and I hear the outwailing of the father as these older sons keep reiterating in his ears the annuncement of the Egyptian lord, "Ye shall not face unless your brother be with 'Why did you tell them you had a "said the old man, complaining and them. "Why, father," they said, ked us all about our family, and we to idea he would make any such de-upon us as he has made." "No use of g me," said the father, "I cannot, I

ot, give up Benjamin."
fact was that the old man had lost m; and when there has been bereavea household, and a child taken it the other children in the household precious. So the day for departure ljourned and adjourned and adjourned. he horrors of the famine increased, buder moaned the cattle and wider cracked the earth and more palbecame the cheeks, until Jacob, in ar, cried out to his sons, "Take min and be off." The older ied to cheer up their father. They a stout We'll see that he gets back again." "Fare-well!" said the young men to the father, in a tone of assumed good cheer. "F-a-r-e-w-e-l-!" said the old man, for that word

has more quavers in it when pronounced by the aged than by the young. Well, the bread party—the bread embassy es up in front of the corncrib of Egypt. corneribs are filled with wheat and and corn in the husk, for those who raveled in Canalin and Egypt know ere is corn there corresponding with lian maize. Huzza! the journey is The lord of the cornerib, who is also ne minister, comes down to these travelers, and says: "Dine with me How is your father? Is this Benthe younger brother, whose pres-demanded?" The travelers are ininto the palace. They are worn lusted of the way, and servants

s prepare the repast. nests are scated in small groups, hree at a table, the food on a tray; uxuries from imperial gardens and and acquariums and aviaries are there, and are filling chalice and Now is the time for this prime show it. Will he kill him, now has him in his hands? Oh, no! as any of theirs." Be quick and send word back with the swiftest camel to to old Jacob that "Benjamln is l is well; he is faring sumptuously; ntian lord did not mean murder eath; but he meant deliverance and that. One day is a year without them, len he announced to us on that day, hall not see my face unless your broth-

ny friends, this world is famine struck of sin. It does not yield a single erop of solid satisfaction. It is dying. It

iger bitten. The fact that it does not, can not, feed a man's heart was well illustrated in the life of the English comedian. All the world honored him—did every hing for him that the world could say, "that gives me no help." Suppose I

THE CORNCRIB OF EGYPT

NO ADMITTANCE TO GOD'S BOUNTY

UNLESS CHRIST GO WITH YOU.

do. He was applaeded in England and applaeded in the United States. He roused up nations into laughter. He had no equal. And yet, although many people supposed him entirely happy, and that this world was completely satisting his soul, he sits down and writes: "I never in my life put on a new hat that it did he sits down and writes: "I never in my life put on a new hat that it did not rain and ruin it. I never went out in a shabby coat because it was raining and thought all who had the choice would keep indoors that the sun did not burst forth in its strength and bring out with it all the butterflies of fashion whom I knew and who knew me. I never whom I knew and who knew me. I never consented to accept a part I hated, out of kindness to another, that I did not get hissed by the public and cut by the writer. I could not take a drive for a few minutes with Terry without being overturned and having my elbow bone broker, though my friend got off unharmed. I could not make a covenant with Arnold, which I thought was to make my fortune without making his instead, than in an incredible space of time—I think thirteen months—I earned for him twenty thousand pounds and for myself one. I am persuaded that if I were to set up as a beggar, every one in my neighborhood would leave off eating bread." That was the lament of the world's comedian and joker. All un-happy. The world did everything for Lord Byron that it could do, and yet in his last moment he askes a friend to come and sit down by him and read, as most appro-priate to his case, the story of "The Bleed-ing Heart." Torrigiano, the sculptor, executed, after months of care and carving, "Madonna and the Child." the royal family came in and admired it. Every-

body that looked at it was in ecstacy. But one day, after all that toil and all that admiration, because he did not get as much compensation for his work as he had expected, he took a mallet and dashed the exquisite sculpture into atoms. The world is poor compensation, poor satisfaction, poor solace. Famine, famine in all the earth; not for seven years, but for six thousand. But, blessed be God, there is a great corncrib. The Lord built it. It is in another land. It is a large place. An angel once measured it, and as far as I can calculate it in our phrase that corncrib is fifteen hundred miles long and fifteen hundred broad and fifteen hundred high, and it is full. Food for all nations. "Oh!" say the people, "we will start right away and get this supply for our soul." But stop a moment, for from the keeper of that corncrib there comes this word, saying, "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you." In other words, there is no such thing as getting from heaven pardon and comfort and eternal life unless we bring with us our Divine Brother, the Lord Jesus Christ. Coming without him we shall fall before we reach the cornerib, and our bodies shall be a portion for the jackals of the wilderness; but coming with the Divine Jesus, all the granaries of heaven will swing open before our soul and abundance shall be given us. We shall be invited to sit in the palace of the king and at the table; and while the Lord of heaven is apportioning from his own table to other tables, he will not forget us, and then and there it will be found that our Benjamin's mess is larger than all the others, for so it ought to be. "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to re-

glory and power."

No admission without chaist.

I want to make three points. Every frank and common sense man will acknowledge himself to be a sinner. What are you going to do with your sins? Have them pardoned, you say. How? Through the mercy of God. What do you mean by the mercy of God? Is it the letting down of a spart to character? Be not deceived. I see a soul coming up to the gate of mercy and knocking at the cornerib of heavenly supply, and a voice from within says, "Are you alone?" The voice from within says, "You shall not see my pardoning face unless your shall not see my pard

ceive blessing and richss and honor and

Peter put it right in his great sermon before the high priests when he thundered forth: "Neither is there salvation in any other. There is no other name given under heaven among men whereby we may be saved." O anxious sinner! O dying sinner! O lost sinner! all you have got to do is to have this divine Benjamin along with you. Side by side, coming to the gate, all the storehouses of heaven will swing open before your anxious soul. Am I right in calling Jesus Benjamin? Oh, yes! Rachel lived only long enough to give a name to that child, and with a dying kiss she called him Benoni. Afterward Jacob changed his name, and he called him Benjamin. The meaning of the name she gave was "Son of my Pain." The meaning of the name the father gave was "Son of My Right Hand." And was not Christ the Son of Pain? All the sorrows of Rachel in that hour, when she gave her child over into the hands of strangers was nothing compared with the struggle of God when he gave up his only Son. The omnipotent God in a birth throe! And was not Christ appropriately called "Son of the Right Hand?" Did not Stephen look into heaven and see him standing at the right hand of God? And does not Paul speak of him as standing at the right hand of God making intercession for us?

O Benjamin—Jesus! Son of pang! Son of victory! The deepest emotions of our souls ought to be stirred at the sound of that nomenclature. In your prayers plead his tears, his sufferings, his sorrows and his death. If you refuse to do it all the corn cribs and the palaces of heaven will be bolted and barred against your soul, and a voice from the throne shall stun you with the announcement, "You shall not see my face except your brother be with you."

THE WORLD'S SYMPATHY IS WEAK. My text also suggests the reason why sc owel in the other, and kneel down these newly arrived travelers, wash-the dust of the way. The butchers need of some kind of condolence. There is ulterers and caterers of the prime something in their health, or in their state, or in their domestic condition that demands sympathy. And yet the most of the world's sympathy amounts to absolutely nothing. People go to the wrong crib or they go in the wrong way. When the plague was in Rome a great many years ago, there were eighty men who chanted themselves to death with the litanies of Gregory the Great—literally chanted them-selves to death, and yet it did not stop the and of the cornerib is seated at his plague. And all the music of this world ble, and he looks over to the table cannot halt the plague of the human heart. guests, and he sends a portion to them, but sends a larger portion to in, or, as the Bible quaintly puts enjamin's mess was five times so much comfort. What you want is a soothing power for your present distress. Lost children, have you? I come to you and tell you that in ten years perhaps you will meet those loved ones before the throne of God. But there is but little condolence in

> ten years is a small eternity. What you ten years is a small eternity. What you want is sympathy now—present help. I come to those of you who have lost dear friends, and say: "Try to forget them. Do not keep the departed always in your mind." How can you forget them when every picture and every room calls out their name.

come to you and say, "God, from all eternity, has arranged this trouble." "Ah!" you say, "that does me no good." Then I say, "With the swift feet of prayer go direct to the corncrib for a heavenly supply." You go. You say, "Lord, help me, Lord, comfort me." But no help yet. No comfort yet. It is all dark. What is the matter? I have found. You ought to go to God and say: "Here, O Lord, are the wounds of my soul, and I bring with me the wounded Jesus. Let his wounds pay for my wounds, his bereavements for my for my wounds, his bereavements for my bereavements, his loneliness for my lone-liness, his heartbreak for my heartbreak. O God! for the sake of the Lord Jesus Christ—the God, the man, the Benjamin, Christ—the God, the man, the Benjamin, the brother—deliver my agonized soul.
O Jesus of the weary foot, ease my fatigue.
O Jesus of the aching head, heal my aching head. O Jesus of the Bethany sisters, roll away the stone from the door of our grave." That is the kind of prayer that brings help; and yet how many of you has strong desires; but Russia is for years that there is in your soul, perhaps, a secret trouble. You may never have mentioned it to a single human ear, or you may have mentioned it to some one who is now gone away, and that great sorrow is still in your soul. After the same of the strong desires; but Russia is for years doomed merely to cherish ambitions, for she cannot realize them single-handed, and it does not depend upon her to provoke a general war, which would be one result of her combined action with France while soul.

FALSE AND FOOLISH PROMISES.

How many unuttered troubles! No human ear has ever heard the sorrow. Oh, troubled soul, I want to tell you that there is one salve that can cure the wounds of the heart, and that is the salve made out of the tears of a sympathetic Jesus. And yet some of you will not take this solace, and you try chloral, and you try morphine, and you try strong drink, and you try change of scene, and you try new business associations, and anything and everything rather than take the Divine companionship and sympathy suggested by the words of my text when it says, "You shall not see my face again unless your brother be with you." "Oh, that you might understand something of the height and depth and length and breadth and immensity and infinity of God's eternal consolations.

I go further, and find in my subject a hint as to the way heaven opens to the de-parting spirit. We are told that heaven has twelve gates, and some people infer from that fact that all the people will go in without reference to their past life; but what is the use of having a gate that is not sometimes to be shut? The swinging of a gate implies that our entrance into heaven is conditional. It is not a momentary condition. If we come to the door of an exquisite concert we are not surprised that we must pay a fee, for we know that fine earthly music is expensive; but all the oraearthly music is expensive; but all the oraearthly music is expensive; but all the oratorios of heaven cost nothing. Heaven
pays nothing for its music. It is all free.
There is nothing to be paid at that door
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there is nothing to be paid at the same time victors holding the front runh. Thus Alsace and
Lorraine, dear to the one, precious to the
other, are for both, above all things, the
other, are for both, above all things, the
other are for both, above all things, the
other are for both, above all things, the into heaven is our bringing our divine Benjamin along with us. Do you notice how often dying people call upon Jesus? It is the usual prayer offered—the praper offered more than all the other prayers put to gether—"Lord Jesus receive my spirit."

And if we come up toward the door of heaven at last, though we come from all lururiance and brilliancy of surroundings, and knock for admittance and it is found separates the Gaulish from the Germanic that Christ is not with us, the police of heaven will beat us back from the breadhouse, saying: "Depart I never knew you." If Jacob's sons, coming toward be unsheathed in Europe without her con-Egypt, had lost everything on the way; it they had expended their last shekel; if A frown from him darkened the horizon. they had come up utterly exhausted to the corncribs of Egypt, and it has been found that Benjamin was with them, all the store houses would have swung open before them Austria and Prussia concluded a hasty peace And so, though by fatal casualty we may be ushered into the eternal world; though

we may be weak and exhausted by pro-tracted sickness—if, in that last moment we can only just stagger and faint and it is what has revolted the Czar, who refall into the gate of heaven-it seems that mains alone, striving by his deliberate isolaall the corneribs of heaven will open for tion to neutralize the unwelcome supremacy our need and all the palaces will open for our reception; and the Lord of that place, seated at his table, and all the angels of God seated at their table, and the martyrs seated at their table, and all our glorified kindred seated at our table, the king shall receive the unwelcome supremacy of Germany, allowing France to render him apparent homage in order to emphasize his attitude, but really knowing himself to be doomed to immobility as long as he remains outside the allied empires. We may rest assured that what weighs upon the heart of pass a portion from his table to ours, and France is the invention of authority, the lost then, while we think of the fact that it place in the front rank of Europe, her supremwas Jesus who started us on the road, and acy questioned, the victor for twenty years Jesus who started us on the way, and Jesus regulating the march of events, the settlement who at last gained admittance for our soul of which till then belonged without dispute we shall be glad if he has seen of the trave to the supreme will of France. This is what ail of his soul and been satisfied, and not be she cannot bear. Those who dream of at all jealous if it be found that our divine settling the Franco-German question by a Benjamin's mess is five times larger that compromise must, alas! resign themselves to all the rest. Hail: auointed of the Lord, this. Never will this question be settled in

My friends, you see it is either Christ or famine. If there were two banquets spread, and Lorraine to France in return for a and to one of them only you might go, you might stand and think for a good while as to which invitation you had better accept; but here it is feasting or starvation. If it were a choice between who at such a price bade her sheather oratorios, you might say, "I prefer the her sword. She has not, how-'Creation,' "or "I prefer the 'Messiah." ever, to dread any such morti-But here it is a choice between harmony fication, for Germany would fly to

The Answer That Turneth on Wrath. "Can I read your paper?" asked the man in the rear seat. "I don't know whether you can or not," replied the Boston man ahead of him, "but you may try it if you choose," and it took the brakeman, the news agent and the conductor to separate them.—

Toledo Blade.

morality shall govern the world, and when the God of peace shall be universally acknowledged.—From "Germany, France, and General European Politics," by Mr. de Blowitz, in Harper's Magazine for September.

The Book of Common Prayer.

It may not be generally known that Cardinal—then Archdeacon—Manning was the late Mr. William Henry Gladstone's godfather. He was called William after his father, and Henry after Cardinal Manning. Although the late Mr. W. H. Gladstone did not shine in rolitical life, he not shine in political life, he was one of the most erudite students of music in England, and had translated a learned treatise on the and had translated a learned treatise on the subject from a continental master of the science. Besides being profoundly versed in the theory of music, he was also a skillful performer; and on his visits to Erskine House; his father in-law's seat on the Clyde, he furnished proof of this by his performances on several fine instruments which were kept there for his especial use.

away, and that great sorrow is still in your as for Italy, she will never venture to give soul. After Washington Irving was dead they found a little box that contained a be left toherself, and would be speedily crushbraid of hair and a miniature and the ed. It could be solely as the result of a gen-name of Matilda Hoffman, and a memo-eralwarthat Italy could obtain her share, and randum of her death and a remark some in the present state of her alliances she could thing like this: "The world after that was take that share only from France, so that a a blank to me. I went into the country, but found no peace in solitude. I tried to go into society, but I found no peace in solitude. I tried to go into society, but I found no peace in society. There has been a horror hanging over me by night, and by day, and I am afraid to be alone."

take that share only from France, so that a general war alone could procure it for her, in-assumed as, if she were left single-handed, she would not be able to overcome France. Neither Austria nor England dreams of war. It is therefore still, as twenty years ago, France and Germany who could occasion war; beand Germany who could occasion war; be-cause, whatever may be alleged, whatever may be proclaimed, or whatever may be concealed, these two nations desire war-war, first for its own sake, and next for the rest; and if, in order to have done with this everlasting Franco-German nightmare, Europe could now promise to fold her arms, and afterwards to intervene merely as arbiter, war would break out to-morrow between France and Germany, for the fatality of war haunts and overrides both nations. An end should be put once for all to the fiction which everybody affects to believe, but which is believed by nobody who is accustomed to search for the truth of things by probing human depths; it is not true that the Alsace-Loraine question is what places France and Germany face-to-face, with ha-

tred in their eyes.

I have long been tormented by the desire of telling the simple, real, and undisguised truth on this subject. What makes the Germans and French implacably confront each other is the unexpected defeat of the latter and the crushing victory of the former. Alsace and Lorraine are objects of grief and pride chiefly because they are the signal and tangible testimony of the triumph of one party and the overthrow of the other. By this I do not mean that the French do not love Alsace and Lorraine. I only mean that they love them all the more because by recovering them they would at the same time restore their prestige. alone." The voice from within says, "You shall not see my pardoning face unless your Divine Brother, the Lord Jesus, be with you." Oh, that is the point at which so many are discomforted. There is no mercy from God except through Jesus Christ. Coming with him we are accepted. Coming Germany, that no compromise can settle it, and that when the time comes, the battle separates the Gaulish from the Germanic

> Till 1870 France held the supreme control A frown from him darkened the horizon. The day after he expressed regret to Baron Hubner at not being in accord with Austria the stock exchanges were in a panic, and before the master had time to show dissatisfaction. Since the war of 1870 this role the pure and Christian atmosphere of peace. Creation, or of prefer the Massach.
>
> But here it is a choice between harmony and everlasting discord. Oh, will you live or die? Will you start for the Egyptain corncrib, or will you perish amid the empty barns of the Canaanitish famine? "Ye shall not see my face except your brother be with you."
>
> ficatiou, for Germany would fly to arms a hundred times sooner than lose her conquered prey; and notwithstanding her past victory, she, too, dreams of confirming it afresh. No, peace is not concluded between the two nations. No, the era of combats between them is not over, and the sword is what must again and again decide until the unknown time when a new cide, until the unknown time when a new morality shall govern the world, and when

> > A recent addition to the Pratt Free Library at Baltimore, Md., is a photo-litho-graphic fac-simile in book form of the or-iginal manuscript of the Book of Common Prayen. It has excited the interest of hundreds of literary men and the Episcopal clergy who have visited the library to look at it. The publication is a reproduction of the manuscript Book of Common Prayer, which was attached as annexed to the act of uniformity, and which for this reason is

> > International Affair. Smart Youth (to hand-organ man)—Garibaldi, how's business this morning? Don't you need a cashier? Hand Organ Man (grinding away)—Ne.

to describe hypocritical sorrow, a pretense of grief that is is not felt. The Inter-Ocean explains that it refers to the old story that the crocodile, in order to draw human being the crocodile, in order to draw human being within its reach, mourns and weeps, and having thus induced its victim to come near to it, falls upon him and devours him. It is a fact that crocodiles do make loud and melancholy cries, much like the howling of a dog. Credulous travelers naturally associated tears with these cries, and the story of the weeping, when once started was

of the weeping, when once started, was naturally repeated, and came to be generally believed. In a "Book of Proverbs," printed in 1498, the expression is referred to and explained. That the belief is a very old one is shown by the fact that the phrase occurs both in the eld Latin and the Greek writers, and the references to it in literature are

In the account of the voyages of Sir John Mandeville, issued in 1356, it is said that "in a certain countree" long serpents called

In the correspondence of Marie Bashkirtseff, just now attracting attention, are letters addressed to various persons, a great many of whom were not personally known to her; thus she wrote to Zola telling him that she admired his works about everything, and that her great ambition was to become his friend through the medium of correspondence; to Alexander Dumas to ask him to give her rendezvous, to which he responded with some excellent advice which was not at all to her taste, and brought a very cutting reply; to Goncourt whose works she did not hesitate to criticise in addressing him; to Sully Prudhomme, whose poetry fills her with surprise and de-

Francois Coppee describes Marie Bashkirtseff in a manner that would have satisfied even her appetite for praise. The poet. at the same time, confesses that he only saw her once for an hour, and is never likely to forget her. "At three-and-twenty," he says, "she looked much younger. She was rather short, but harmonious in her proportions; with a round face exquisitely modeled, straw colored hair, and dark eyes fired as it were with thought, eyes devoured with the desire to see and to know. a firm mouth, good and thoughtful, nostrila that vibrated like those of a wild horse of the Ukranian steppes, Marie Bashkirtseft gave you, on the first seeing her, the rare sensation of will joined to sweetness, energy combined with grace."

Pressed for Time Waiter (at extra dishionable restaurant)-

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# The expression "crocodile tears" is used Oity Harness Shop, Lindsay, a protense of describe hypocritical surrow a protense

JAMES LITTLE, - PROPRIETOR

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Lindsay, Dec. 12th, 1888:-1619.

JAMES LITTLE.

# Mandeville, issue "in a certain countree" long serpents crocodiles slew men and ate them weeping. The same story is given in the account of the voyages of Sir John Hawkins during the Sixteenth century. Spenser, in the first book of "Faerie Queene," speaks of— The crueil, craftic crocodile, Which in false grief hyding his harmful guile, Doth weepfull sore and sheddeth tender tears. And Shakespeare, in the second part of King Henry IV, act ii, scene 1, says: Gloster's show Gloster's show

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Single Tickets between Lindsay and Bobcaygeon Single Tickets between Lindsay and Sturgeon Point 35 cents, return tickets 50 cents.

Sing e Tickets between Lindsay and Sturgeon Point 35 cents, return tickets 50 cents.

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Arrangements can be made on very favorable terms or Excursions of from 100 to 200 persons on regular for Excursions of the state of the boat.

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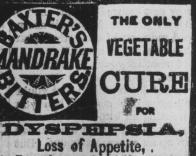
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