THE REV. DR. TALMAGE'S 1891 CHRISTMAS SERMON.

The Nativity-Text; Luke ii, 16: "And They Came With Haste, and Found Mary and Joseph and the Babe Lying

BROOKLYN, N.Y., Dec. 27, 1891.-Dr. Talmage preached this morning a sermon appropriate to the Christmas season. Taking up the subject of the Nativity he drew from it lessons which, though perfectly legitimate, are commonly overlooked. His text was Luke 2, 16, "And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph and the Babe lying in a manger.

The black window shutters of a December night were thrown open, and some of the best singers of a world where they all sing stood there, and putting back the drapery of cloud, chanted a peace anthem, until all the echoes of hill and valley applauded and encored the Hallelujah chorus. Come, let us go into that Christmas scene as though we had never before worshipped at the manger. Here is a Madon-na worth looking at. I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cabins, and though German, and French, and Italian, and Spanish, and English pro-nounce it differently, they are all namesakes of the one whom we find on a bed of straw, with her pale face against the soft cheek of Christ in the night of the Nativity. All the great painters have tried, on canvas, to present Mary and her Child and the meidents of that most famous night of the world's history. Raphael, in three different master-pieces, celebrated them. Tintoretto and Chirlandajo surpassed themselves in the adoration of the Magi. Correggio needed to do nothing more than his Madonna to become immortal. The Madonna of the Lily, by Leonardo da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. But all the galleries of Dresden are forgotten when I think of the small room of that gallery containing the Sistine Madonna. Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's Madonna, and Luke's Madonna, the inspired Madonna of the Old Book, which we had put into our hands when we were infants, and that we hope to have under our heads

when we die. Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen.
The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the new-born babe. And well might they kneel! Have you ever thought that Christ came, among other things, to alleviate the sufferings of that He should, during the first few days and nights of His life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts, whose moan and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? It did not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighborhood.

Not a kennel in all the centuries, not miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox, or rabbit, or pigeon, or dog. in the horrors of vivisection, but has an interest in the that night, and the prayer He heard in their pitiful moan, He will answer in the punishment of those who maltreat the dumb brutes. They surely have as much right in this world as we have. In the first chapter of Genesis you may see that they were placed on the earth before man was, the fish and fowl created the fifth day, and the quadrupeds the morning of the sixth day, and the man not until the afternoon of that day. The whale, the eagle, the lion, and all the lesser creatures of their kind were predecesaors of the human family. They have the world by right of possession. They have also paid rent for the places they occupied. What an army of defense all over the land are the faithful watchdogs. And who can tell what the world owes to the horse, and camel, and ox, for transportation? And robin and lark have, by the cantatas with which they have filled orchard and forest, more than paid for the few grains they had picked up for their sustenance. When you abuse any creature of God you strike at its Creator, and you insult the Christ, who, though He might have been welcomed into life by princes, and taken his first infantile slumber amid Tyrian plush and canopied couches, and rippling waters from royal aqueducts dripping into basins of ivory and pearl, chose to be born on the level with a cow's horn, or a camel's hoof, or a dog's nostril, that He might be the alleviation of animal suffering as well as the Redeemer of man.

Standing then, as I imagine now I do, in that Bethlehem night with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry, look out, how you strike the rowel into that horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat, or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle, and under her wing there may be three or four musicians of the sky in training. In your families and in your schools, teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown, and in this marvellous Bible picture of the Nativity, while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant, let them also hear the cows moan. No more did Christ show interest in the botanical world, when He said. "Consider the lilies," than He showed sympathy for the ornithological when He said, "Behold the fowls of the air," and the quadrupedal world when He allowed himself to be called in one place a lion, and in another place a lamb. Meanwhile, may the Christ of the Bethlehem cattle-pen have mercy on the suffering stock-yards, that are preparing diseased and fevered meat for our American households.

Behold, also, in this Bible scene, how, on that Christmas night, God honored childhood. Christ might have made His first visit to our world in a cloud, as He will descend on His next visit in a cloud. In what a chariot of illumined vapor He might have rolled down the sky, escorted by mounted cavalry, with lightning for drawn sword. Elijah had a carriage of fire to take him up; why not Jesus a carrage of fire to fetch Him down? Or, over the arched bridge of a rainbow the Lord

of the dust of a garden, as was Adam, in full manhood at the start, without the introductory feebleness of infancy. No, no!

Childhood was to be honored by that admight have descended. Or Christ might have had His mortality built up on earth out

A NIGHT IN BETHLEHEM

vent. He must have a child's light limbs, and a child's dimpled hand, and a child's beaming eye, and a child's flaxen hair; and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God! May the reflection of that one child's face be seen in all infantile faces.

Enough have all those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crown, a sceptre, a kingdom, under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millennial, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say, "It is only a child." Rather say, "It is only an immortal." It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and star, and ages quadrillennial. God has infinite resources, and He can give presents of great value, but when he wants to give the richest possible gift to a household, He looks around all the worlds and all the universe and then gives a child. The greatest present God ever gave our world, He gave about 1891 years ago, and He gave it on a Christmas night, and it was of such value that heaven adjourned for a recess and came down and broke through the clouds to look Yea, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child either play-ing on the floor, or looking through the window, or seated on the lap gazing into

the face of the mother. Notice also that in this Bible night scene God honored science. Who are the three wise men kneeling before the Divine infant? Not boors, not ignoramuses, but Caspar, Belthasar and Melchior, men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isaac Newtons and Herschels and Faradays of their time. Their alchemy was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy. They had studied stars, studied metals, studied physiology, studied every-thing. And when I see these scientists bow-ing before the beautiful babe, I see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes, and all the Leyden jars, and all the electric batteries, and all the observatories and all the universities shall bow to Jesus.

Behold also in that first Christmas night that God honored the fields. Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem and see the child. "No," they say, "we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes, you are; come in." Sure enough, the storms and the night dew and the brambles have rough work with their apparel, but none have a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Christmas night. The first announcement of a Saviour's birth was made to those men in the fields. There were wiseacres that night in Bethlehem and Jerusalem snoring in deep sleep, and there were salaried officers of government, who, hearing of it afterward, may have thought that they ought to have had the first news of such a great event, some one dismounting from a swift camel at the brute creation? Was it not appropriate their door and knocking till, at some sentinel's question, "Who comes there?" the great ones of the palace might have been told of the celestial arrival. No; the shepherds heard the first two bars of the music, the first in the major key and the last in the subdued minor; "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Ah, yes; the fields were

Behold, also, that on that Christmas night a bird's nest, not a worn-out horse on God honored motherhood. Two angels on tow-path, not a herd freezing in the their wings might have brought an infant poorly-built cow-pen, not a freight car in Saviour to Bethlehem without Mary's being summer time bringing the beeves to mar-ket without water through a thousand there at all. When the villagers, on the morning of December 26, awoke, by divine arrangement, and in some unexplained way, the Child Jesus might have been found in some comfortable cradle of the village. But no, no! Motherland for all time was to be fact that Christ was born in a stable, consecrated, and one of the tenderest rela-surrounded by brutes. He remembers tions was to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words "mother." In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother; St. Bernard had a good mother; Samuel Budgett had a good mother; Doddridge, a good mother; Walter Scott, a good mother; Benjamin West, a good mother. In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise. and almost the entire assembly stood up. Don't you see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? Why did Titian, the Italian artist, when he sketched the Madonna, make it an Italian face? Why did Rubens, the German artist, in his Madonna, make it a German face? Why did Joshua Reynolds, the English artist, in his Madonna, make it an English face? Why did Murillo, the Spanish artist, in his Madonna, makes it a Spanish face? I never heard, but I think they took their own mothers as the type of Mary, the mother of Christ. When you hear some one, in sermon or oration, speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother, your eyes fill up with tears, while you say to yourself, "that was my mother." The first word a child utters is apt to

be "Mother," and the old man, in his dying dreams, calls "Mother! mother!" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city, and in affluent home, and was dressed appropriately, with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she wore the oldtime cap, and great round spectacles, and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles, scated by broad fire place, with great, black log ablaze, on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and recrossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life; if you painted a Madonna, hers would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to sooth pain, and was there any one who could so fill up a room with peace, and purity, and light? And what a sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still. Come back, mother, this Christmas day, and take your old place, and as ten, or twenty, or fifty years ago, come and open the old Bible as you used to; read and kneel in the same place where you used to pray, and look upon us as of old when you wished us a Merry Christmas or a Happy New Year. But, no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough, and aches enough, and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there, your prayers all answered, and in the cternal homestead of our God we shall again keep Christmas jubilee to-

Slow-footed years! More swiftly run Into the gold of that unsetting sun. Homesick we are for thee, Calm land beyond the sea.

Crowned Him Too Draggingly.

Here is a good story from an English one evening when Rev. John McNeil was to preach at R—, in Berkshire, one of the hymns was "Crown Him Lord of All," the "Crown Him" to be repeated four times, each time longer than the preceding one. The reverend gentleman, who did not seem especially pleased at the way in which the choir were dragging the "Crown Him" out, in order to make them sing faster, stopped them and said: "Now we want to "Crown Him," you know, but we want to do se faster, and not be so slow about it."

says the Mexico Two Republics. This declaration is to be published by solemn "bando" throughout the republic. The president thinks it very proper that, in addition to the part that Mexico will take in celebrating the fourth centennial anniversary of the discovery of America at Chicago, the above special demonstration in honor of Columbus should be held. The chamber will, doubtless, enthusiastically pass the proposed law.

**Crown Him,' you know, but we want to do se faster, and not be so slow about it."

On the Natural Bridge.

PARAGRAPHED INFORMATION FOR BUSY PEOPLE.

Condensed Knowledge That Everybody Is Looking After to Fill in the Gaps in Their General Reading From All the

The "400" in Paris, Mo., is composed mostly of Virginians. England has 9,000 mounted yeomanry,

tosting \$450,000 per year. The snowdrifts in North Park, Colo., are said to be 12 feet high already. The London Gazette is the oldest English paper. It was first published Nov. 7, 1665.

A canal has just been completed in Washington that will irrigate 70,000 acres. The art galleries of the Australian colonies now represent a cash value of £130,000. Great Britain received \$450,265 worth of condensed milk from Switzerland last year. New York is sending to Tacoma, Wash., for lumber to be used in the construction of

a ferry-boat. Between the years 1590 and 1680 no less than 3,4001 women were burned in Scotland

There is a fish hatchery in Michigan that hus 51,000,000 white fish eggs in process of In the dead letter office at Washington

are more than 42,100 photographs which found their way there last year. A mule supposed to have been in the artillery service under Sherman was sold in Georgia recently for \$7.25.

The constitution of Ohio gives the governor no veto power, a distinction enjoyed by no other state save Rhode Island. The fare of an English steamship company s at the rate of six miles for a penny. This is probably the cheapest locomotion ever

A snail has 20,000 teeth. They are too small to be dangerous ordinarily, but when they are magnified by a microscope scientists have to be very careful to avoid being torn to pieces.

One day last week there were lying at the morgue in Buffalo the bodies of five infants picked up in various parts of the city, some of them having been murdered and others having died of exposure and desertion by their mothers.

Fire losses are far heavier this year than last. The last eleven months show a loss of \$125,000,000, or \$40,000,000 in excess of the loss for the corresponding period of 1890. All of which has a depressing influence on insurance stocks in the U.S.

The increasing wealth of the various nations is somewhat remarkable. During the last ten years the Bank of France has more than doubled its reserves. The Bank of Germany in 1881 held about \$140,000,000. In 1889 it held \$180,000,000. Living near the Tennessee city of Mem-

phis are seven sisters whose names rhyme beautifully but do not scan. The names are Nancy Emeline, Lucinda Caroline, Mary Haseltine, Jane Palestine, Lulu Paradine, Virgie Valentine and Maudie Anna One of the men who helped save the life

of the czarowitz of Russia last year has become so demoralized by good fortune that he has been summoned several times into court. The brave but weak Japanese receives an annual pension of \$1,000 from the Russian government and a small sum yearly

Many kinds of grass seed are used to make flour for bread and mush of excellent quality. Along the rivers in Colorado and Arizona grass seeds are collected in large quantities and supply a much valued winter food for the Indians. They are ground into flour, mixed with water into a dough and cakes of the latter are baked in the hot

Aconite seems to be the favorite poison of physicians who seek to take their lives. The death by this means of Dr. Douglass, in Kansas City, will recall to the memory of newspaper readers the fact that within the last six months there have been four or five cases reported of medical men who have committed suicide by the use of this

The root of a sort of turnip is used by the Indians of Tennessee for a curious purpose-namely, to cure dogs of the habit of eating eggs. This root has a very hot and biting flavor, and a small portion of it is put into an egg which is placed in the dog's way. After swallowing it hastily and without consideration, the animal will never

touch another egg.

It is hard to believe in these days of careless financiers that in transactions covering a period of seven years and an amount exceeding \$13,000,000 there should have been but one error of \$10, and that one found to have been made up. Nevertheless that is the record of the East River bridge as reported by experts who have gone over

the accounts. African savages have the best teeth in the world, and one reason for this fact is that they take such excellent care of them, cleaning them several times a day. For this purpole they use a short piece of wood, which becomes softened by rubbing in the mouth. Thus the message of a toothbrush is: "As I remember my teeth constantly, so I often think of you.

Various explanations have been given of the origin of the term greyhound, some authors claiming that the prefix grey is taken from Graius, meaning Greek; others that it signifies great, while still others say that it has reference to the color of the animal. In no other breed of hounds is the blue or grey color so prevalent, and consequently the last mentioned derivation seems the most plausible.

A rather remarkable story is told about an apple tree that grows in St. George's Cemetery in Middletown, Del. It is said to yield fine round apples in great abundance. But no one can eat them, as they have a "graveyard taste." Even the hogs, when the apples are offered to them, refuse to touch them. When put by the fire to roast, the apples, it is said, simmer to oil and emit a disagreeable odor strongly suggestive of graveyards.

There is a species of seawoed, a kind of kelp, which the Indians of Alaska are very fond of chewing. It is as tough as leather and one piece will last a man who has good teeth for a whole day. These Indians have an interesting fashion of collecting herring eggs. They weave mattresses of cedar twigs and sink them with stones in the water. The fish deposit their spawn upon the twigs and it is subsequently collected

The executive of the union, through the secretary of the interior, has proposed to the chamber of deputies the passage of a law declaring Oct. 12 a national holiday, says the Mexico Two Republics. This declaration is to be published by solemn "bando" throughout the republic. The president thinks it very proper that, in addition to the part that Mexico will take in

ABUDGET OF ALL SORTS. The DEVIL'S LEAD!

Continued from Sixth Page.

tality predominates, for the air is full of electricity, and the subtile force is permeating the whole scene. A long trail of silver light lies on the dark surface of the river rolling along, and here and there the current swirls into somber, cruel-looking pools, or froths and foams in lines of dirty white around the trunks of spectral-looking gumtrees, which stretch out their white, scarred

branches over the waters. Just a little way below the bridge which leads to the Botanical Gardens, on the near side of the river, stands an old, dilapidated bathing-house, with its long row of dressingrooms doorless and damp-looking. A broad irregular wooden platform is in front of these, and slopes gradually down to the bank, from whence narrow, crazy-looking steps, stretching the whole length of the platform, go down beneath the sullen waters. And all this covered with black mold and green slime, with whole armies of spiders weaving gray, dusky webs in odd corners. and a broken-down fence on the left, half buried in thick, rank grass—an evil-looking place even in the day-time, and ten times more evil looking and uncanny under the light of the moon, which fills it with vague shadows. The rough, slimy platform is deserted, and nothing heard but the squeaking and scampering of the water-rats, and every now and then the gurgling of the river as it races past, as if it was laughing quietly in a ghastly manner over the victims it had

Suddenly a black shadow comes gliding along the narrow path by the river bank, and pauses a moment at the entrance to the platform. Then it listens for a few minutes, and again hurries down to the crazy-looking steps. The black shadow there, like the genius of solitude, is a woman, and she has apparently come to add herself to the list of the cruel-looking river's victims. Standing there, with one hand on the rough rail, and staring with fascinated eyes on the dull, muddy water, she does not hear a step be-

The shadow of a man who has apparently followed her, glides from behind the bathingshed, and stealing down to the woman on the verge of the stream, lays a delicate white hand on her shoulder. She turns with a startled cry, and Kitty Marchurst and Gaston Vandeloup are looking into one another's eyes. Kitty's charming face is worn and pallid, and the hand which clutches her shawl is trem bling nervously as she gazes at her old lover. There he stands, dressed in old black clothes, worn and tattered looking, with his fair auburn hair all tangled and matted; his chin covered with a short stubby beard of some weeks' growth, and his face gaunt and haggard looking-the very same appearance he had when he landed in Australia. Then he sought to preserve his liberty; now he is seeking to preserve his life. They gaze at one another in a fascinated manner for a few moments, and then Gaston removes his hand from the girl's shoulder with a sardonic laugh, and she buries her face in her hands with a stifled sob.

"So this is the end," he said, pointing to the river, and fixing his scintillating eyes on the girl; "this is the end of our lives; for you the river-for me the hangman."

"God help me," she moaned, piteously; what else is left to me but the river?" "Hope," he said, in a low voice; "you are young; you are beautiful; you can yet enjoy life; but," in a deliberate, cruel manner, "you will not, for the river claims you as its

Something in his voice fills her with fear, and looking up she reads death in his face, and sinking on her knees she holds out her nelpless hands with a pitying cry for life.
"Strange," observed M. Vandeloup, with a touch of his old airy manner; "you come to commit suicide and are not afraid; I wish to save you the trouble, and you are, my dear-vou are illogical."

"No! no!" she mutters, twisting her hands together, "I do not want to die; why do you wish to kill me?" lifting her wan face to his. He bent down and caught her wrist

"You ask me that?" he said, in a voice of concentrated passion, "you who, with your long tongue, have put the hangman's rope round my throat; but for you, I would, by this time, have been on my way to America, where freedom and wealth await me. I ave worked hard, and committed crimes money, and now, when I should enjoy it ou, with your feminine deviltry, have agged me back to the depths." 'I did not make you commit the crimes,'

she said, piteously. "Bah!" with a scoffing laugh, "who said you did? I take my own sins on my own shoulders; but you did worse; you betrayed me. Yes; there is a warrant out for my arrest for the murder of that accursed Pierre. I have eluded the clever Melbourne police so far, but I have lived the life of a dog. I dare not even ask for food lest I betray myself. I am starving!-I tell you, starving! you harlot! and it is your

He flung her violently to the ground, and she lay there, a huddled heap of clothing, while with wild gesticulations, he went on: "But I will not hang," he said, fiercely; 'Octave Braulard, who escaped the guillotine, will not perish by a rope. No; I have found a boat going to South America, and to-morrow I go on board of her, to sail to Valparaiso; but before I go I will settle with

She sprung suddenly to her feet with a look of hate in her eyes. "You villain!" she said, through her clinched teeth, "you have rained my life, but you shall not murder me. ? He caught her wrist again, but he was weak for want of food, and she easily

wrenched it away. "Stand back!" she cried, retreating a

"You think to escape me," he almost shrieked, all his smooth, cynical mask falling off, "no, you will not; I will throw you into the river. I will see you sink to your death. You will cry for help. No one will hear you but God and myself. Both of us are merciless. You will die like a rat in a hole, and that face you are so proud of will be buried in the mud of the river. You devil! your time has come to die."

He hissed out the last word in a low, sibilant manner, then sprung toward her to execute his purpose. They were both standing on the verge of the steps, and instinctively Kitty put out her hands to keep him off. She struck him on the chest, and then his foot slipped on the green slime which covered the steps, and with a cry of baffled rage he fell backward into the dull waters with a heavy splash. The swift current gripped him, and before Kitty could utter a sound she could see him rising out in midstream, and being carried rapidly away. He threw up his hands with a hoarse cry for help, but, weakened by famine, he could do nothing for himself, and sunk for the second time. Again he rose, and the current swept him near shore, almost within reach of a fallen tree. He made a desperate effort to grasp it, but the current, mocking his puny efforts, bore him away once again in its giant embrace, and with a wild shriek to God, he sunk to

rise no more. The woman on the bank, with white face and staring eyes, saw the fate which he had meant for her meted out to him, and when she saw him sink for the last time, she covered her face with her hand, and fled rapidly away into the shadowy night.

The sun is setting in a sea of blood, an all the west is larid with crimson and barred by long black clouds. A heavy cloud of smoke, shot with flery red, hangs over the city, and the din of many workings sound through the air. Down on the river the ships are floating on the blood-stained waters, and all their masts stand up like a forest of bare trees against the clear sky. And the river sweeps on red and angry looking under the sunset, with the rank grass and vegetation on its shelving banks. Rats are scampering along among the wet stones, and then a vagrant dog, poking about amid some garbage, howls dismally. What is that black speck on the crimson waters? The trunk of a tree?-no, it is a body, with white face and tangled auburn hair; it is floating down with the current. People are passing to and fro on the bridge, the clock strikes in the town hall, and the dead body drifts slowly down the red stream far into the shadows of the coming night-under the bridge, across which the crowd is burrying, bent on pleasure and business, past the tall warehouses where rich merchants are counting their gains, under the shadow of the big steamers, with their tall masts and smoky funnels. Now it is caught in the reeds at the side of the stream; now the current carries it out again, and so down the foul river, with the hum of the city on each side and the red sky above, drifts the dead body on its way to the sea. The red dies out of the sky, the veil of night descends, and under the cold starlight -cold and cruel as his own nature-that which was once Gaston Vandeloup floats away into the still shadows.

THE END.

Courtesy to Servants. The London Spectator is a journal written for gentlemen and gentlewomen. It seems astonishing, therefore, that the Spectator should think it necessary to contend, in a somewhat careful essay, that a gentleman may be courteous in his speech to servants or others in his employ without risk of losing his dignity or impairing his

authority.

A gentleman is always courteous in his speech. He is especially courteous in addressing servants or others whose positions place them at a disadvantage in controversy. To speak rudely to those who cannot resent the affront is mean and awardly, and gentleman is never mean or soward!

But, apart from all that, why should any one wish to be rude in speech to those whi serve him? What advantage does he hope to gain? What part of his nature does he gratify, unless his nature be base in a de gree not common among men of decent bringing up? Arrogant self assertion is the surest pos

sible mark of vulgarity of mind, whether the man guilty of it is a duke or a coal heaver, the master of a palace or the hum blest servitor upon his premises. These things are less well under-stood in England than with ourselves. That country is still under the spell of aristocratic traditions of caste. It stil has tolerance for the misdeeds of lords and "gentlemen," as though it were some how the right of such to offend in ways for bidden to humbler folk. It still recognize rank as somehow superior to manhood, and its aristocratic class has not yet quite recovered from the brutalizing and vulgariz ing influence of its own excessive privilege But Englishmen of the "upper class" are slowly learning a better gospel of manhood and equality of right. That counself-respect is the equal right of all men, that dignity must have charity, not scription, for its foundation, and that hu man brotherhood should carry with it hu-

man sympathy and kindness. But courtesy to servants needs no support from any such considerations of prin ciple. With a true gentleman it is a matter of instinct, as personal cleanliness and other · are. - New York World.



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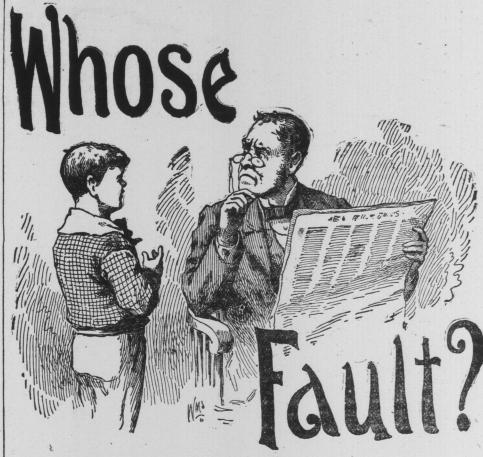
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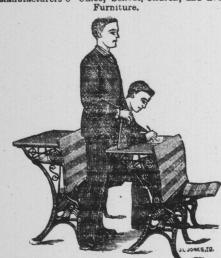
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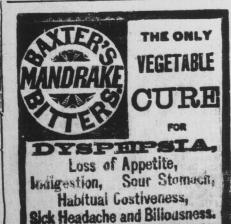
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