SHE HOOKS A FISH.

### CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

TALMAGE'S HOSANNA OF GRATITUDE TO CHRIST ON HIS RETURN HOME.

The Greatest Name of All is Jesus-The Brooklyn Divine Promises an Account of His Mission to Russia and His Preaching Tour in Europe.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 25.—Dr. Talmage was greeted with a most generous and effusive welcome to-day by a vast congregation which assembled to hear him preach his first sermon after his return from his European preaching tour. He announced that in a Sunday or two he would give a sermon concerning his stewardship in delivering in Russia, in behalf of The Christian Herald, the \$35,000 worth of flour for the starving. The subject to-day was, "All in all." Text, Colossians 3, 11; "Christ is all

Returned after the most eventful summer of my life, I must shortly, and as soon as I recover from the sea-woyage, give you an account of our mission of bread to faminestruck Russia, and of my preaching tour through Germany, England, Scotland, and Ireland: but my first sermon on reaching here must be of a hosanna of gratitude to Christ, and from the text I have chosen I have found that the greatest name in the ocean-shipping, and from Liverpool to Moscow, and from Moscow to London and Edinburgh and Belfast and Dublin, is

Every age of the world has had its historians, its philosophers, its artists, its thinkers, and its teachers. Were there histories to be written, there has always been a Moses, or a Herodotus, or a Xenophon, or a Josephus to write them. Were there poems to be constructed, there has always been a Job or a Homer to construct them. Were thrones, lustrous and powerful, to be lifted, there has always been a David or a Cæsar to raise them. Were there teachers demanded for the intellect and the hearts, there has been a Socrates, and a Zeno, and a Cleanthes, and a Marcus Antonius coming forth on the grand and glorious mission.

Every age of the world has had its

triumphs of reason and morality. There
has not been a single age of the world
which has not had some decided system of religion. The Platonism, Orientalism, Stoicism, Brahminism, and Buddhism, considering the ages in which they were established, were not lacking in ingenuity and force. Now, in this line of beneficent institutions and of noble men, there appeared a Personage more wonderful than any predecessor. He came from a family without any royal or aristocratic pretension. He became a Galilean mechanic. He had no advantage from the schools. There were people beside Him day after day who had no idea that He was going to be anything remarkable, or do anything remarkable. Yet, notwithstanding all this, and without any title, or scholarly profession, or flaming rhetoric, He startled the world with the strangest announcements, ran in collision with solemn priest and proud ruler, and with a voice that rang through temple and palace, and over ship's deck, and mountain top, ex-claimed, "I am the Light of the World!" that hand, yet hard from the use of the axes, the saw, and adze, and hatchet, should wave the sceptre of authority, and that upon that brow, from which they had o often seen Him wipe the sweat of toil, there would yet come the crown of unparalleled splendor and of universal dominion We all know how difficult it is to think that anybody who was at school with us in boyhood had got to be anything great or famous; and no wonder that those who had been boys with Christ in the streets of Nazareth and seen Him in after years in the days of His complete obscurity, should have been very slow to acknowledge Christ's wonderful mission.

From this humble point the stream of life From this humble point the stream of life flowed out. At first it was just a faint rill, hardly able to find its way down the rock, but the tears of a weeping Christ added to to volume; and it flowed on until, by the beauty and greenness of the banks, you might know the path the crystal stream was taking. On and on, till the lepers were brought down and washed of their leprosy, and the dead were lifted into the leprosy, and the dead were lifted into the water that they might have life, and pearls of joy and promise were gathered from the brink, and innumerable churches gathered on either bank, and the tide flows on deeper, and stronger, and wider, until it rolls into the river from under the throne of God, mingling billow with billow, and brightness with brightness, and joy with joy, and hosanna with hosanna

I was looking at some of the paintings of the artist, Mr. Kensett. I saw some pictures that were just faint outlines; in some places you would see only the branches of a tree and no trunk; and in another case the trunk and no branches. He had not finished the work. It would have taken him days and months, perhaps, to have completed it. Well, my friends, in this world we get only the faintest outline of what Christ is. It will take all eternity to fill up the picture so loving, so kind, so merciful, so great! Paul does not, in this chapter, say of Christ He is good, or He is loving, or He is patient, or He is kind; but in his exclamation of the text he embraces everything when he says, "Christ is all and

I remark, in the first place, Christ is everything in the Bible. I do not care where I open the Bible, I find Jesus. In whatever path I start, I come, after a while. to the Bethlehem manger. I go back to the old dispensation, and see a lamb on the altar, and say, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world!' Then I go and see the manna provided for the Israelites in the wilderness, and say, "Jesus, the bread of life." Then I look at the rock which was smitten by the prophet's rod, and, as the water gushes out, I say "It is Jesus, the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness." I go back and look at the writings of Job, and hear him exclaim, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Then I go to Ezekiel, and I find Christ presented there as "a plant of renown;" and then I turn over to Isaiah, and Christ is spoken of "as a sheep before her shearers." It is Jesus all the way betweeen Genesis and Malachi. Then I turn over to the New Testament, and it is Christ in the parable, it is Christ in the miracle, it is Christ in the evangelist's story, it is Christ in the apostles' epistles, and it is Christ in the trumpet peal of the Apocalypes. I know there are a great many people who do not find Christ in the Bible. Here is a man who studies the Bible as a historian. Well, if you come as a historian, you will find in this book how the world was made, how the sea fied to their places, how empires were established, how nation fought with nation, javelin ringing against harbegeon, until the earth was ghastly with the dead. You will see the corenation of princes, the triumph of cenquerers and the world turned upside down and back again and down again, cleft and scarred with great agonies of earthquake, and tempest, and battle. It is a wonderful history, putting to the blush all ethers in the accuracy of its recital, and in the

and tempest, and battle. It is a wonderful history, putting to the blush all ethers in the accuracy of its recital, and in the stupendous events it records. Homer, and Thucydides, and Gibbon could make great steries out of little events; but it took a Moses to tell how the heavens and the earth were made in one chapter, and to give the history of theseands of years upon two leaves.

what it is to climb the mountain, not to help us up the steep. He knows too well what it is to be persecuted, not to help us up the steep. He knows too well what it is to be sick, not to help those who suffer. Ay, He knows too well what it is to die, not to help those who suffer. Ay, He knows too well what it is to die, not to help those who suffer. Ay, He knows too well what it is to die, not to help those who suffer. Ay, He knows too well what it is to be persecuted, not to help those who are imposed upon. He knows too well what it is to be persecuted, not to help those who are imposed upon. He knows too well what it is to be sick, not to help those who suffer. Ay, He knows too well what it is to die, not to help those who suffer. Ay, He knows too well what it is to be persecuted, not to help those who suffer. Ay, He knows too well what it is to be persecuted, not to help those who suffer. Ay, He knows too well what it is to be persecuted, not to help those who suffer. Ay, He knows too well what it is to be sick, not to help those who suffer. Ay, He knows too well what it is to be persecuted, not to help those who are imposed upon. He knows too well what it is to be persecuted, not to help us up the steep.

There are others who come to the bits merely as antiquarians. If you come as an antiquarian you will find a great many old things in the Bible; peculiarities of manner and custom, marriage and burial; peculiarities of dress, tunics, sandals, crisping-pins, amulets and girdles, and tinkling ornaments. If you come to look at military arrangements, you will find coats of mail, and javelins and engines of war, and circumvallation, and encampments. If you look for peculiar musical instruments, you will find paalteries, and shrigionoths, and rams' horn. The antiquarian will find in the Bible curiosities in agriculture, and in commerce, and in art, agriculture, and in commerce, and in art, and in religion that will keep him absorbed a great while. There are those who come to this Bible as you would to a cabinet of curiosities, and you pick up this and say, "What a strange sword that is!" and "What a peculiar hat this is!" and the Bible to such becomes a British Museum

Then there are others who find nothing in the Bible but the poetry. Well, if you come as a poet, you will find in this book faultless rhythm, and bold imagery, and startling antithesis, and rapturons lyric, and sweet pastoral, and instructive narrative, and devotional psalm; thoughts expressed in a style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassioned than that of Pollock, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser. The great poem brings all the gems of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of Judgment in its garland, and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer threshing floor, and the daughters of Nahor filling the trough for the camels, and the fish-poels of Heshbon, up to the Psalmist praising God with diapason of storm and whirlwind, and Job leading forth Orion, Arcturus, and the Pleiades. It is a wonderful poem; and a great many people aread it as they do great many people read it as they do Thomas Moore's "Lalla Rookh," and Wal-ter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." They sit down, and are so absorbed in looking at the shells on the shore that they forget to look off on the great ocean of God's mercy and salvation.

Then there are others who came to this book of sceptics. They marshal passage against passage, and try to get Matthew and Luke in a quarrel, and would have a discrepancy between what Paul and James say about faith and works; and they try to account to Moses concerning the Creation by modern decisions of science, and ed table from France cannot be more resolve that in all questions between the scientific explorer and the inspired writer they will give preference to the geologist. These men-these spiders, I will say-suck poison out of the sweetest flowers. They fatten their infidelity upon the truths which have led thousands to heaven, and in their distorted vision prophet seems to war with prophet, and evangelist with evangelist, and apostle with apostle; and if they can find some bad trait of character in a man of God mentioned in that Blble, these carrion crows caw and flap their wings over the carcass. Because they cannot understand how the whale swallowed Jonah, they attempt the more wonderful feat of swallowing the and over ship's deck, and mountain top, exclaimed, "I am the Light of the World!"
Men were all taken aback at the idea that that hand, yet hard from the use of the prove the thing possible by their own utterances. I am amused beyond bounds when I hear one of these men talking about a future life. Just ask a man who rejects that Bible what heaven is, and hear him befog your soul. He will tell you that heaven is merely the development of the internal resources of a man; it is an efflorescence of the dynamic forces into a state of ethereal and transcendental lucubration, in close juxtaposition to the ever-present "was," and the great "to be," and the everlasting "No." Considering themselves wise, they are fools for time, fools for eternity.

Then there is another class of persons who come to the Bible as controversialists. They are enormous Presbyterians, or fierce Baptists, or violent Methodists. They out the Bible to suit their creed, inof cutting their creed to suit the Bible. If the Scriptures think as they do, well; if not, so much the worse for the Scriptures. The Bible is merely the whetstone on which they sharpen the dissecting-knife of controversy. They come to it as a Government in time of war comes to armories or arsenals for weapons and munitions. They have declared everlasting war against all other sects, and they want so many broad swords, so many muskets, so many howitzers, so many columbiads, so much grape and canister, so many fieldpieces with which to rake the field of dispute; for they mean to get the victory, though the heavens be darkened with the smoke and the earth rent with the thunder. What do they care about the religion of the

Lord Jesus Christ? These only get into the heart of God's trnth who come seeking Christ. Welcome all such! They will find Him coming ont from behind the curtain of prophecy, until he stands, in the full light of New Testament disclosure, Jesus the Son of God, the Saviour of the world. They will find Him a genealogical table and in chronological calculation, in poetic stanza and in historical narrative, in profound parable and in startling miracle. They will see His foot on every sea, and His tears in the drops of dew on Hermon, and hear His voice in the wind, and behold His words all

abloom in the valley between Mount Olivet I remark again, Christ is everything to the Christian in time of trouble? We must all stoop down and drink out of the bitter lake. The moss has no time to grow on the buckets that come up out of the heart's well, dripping with tears. Great trials are upon our track as certain as grey-hound pack on the scent of deer. From our hearts in every direction there are a thousand chords reaching out binding us to loved ones, and ever and anon some of these tendrils snap. The winds that cross this sea of life are not all abaft. The clouds that cross our sky are not feathery and afar, straying like flocks of sheep on heavenly pastures; but wrathful and somber, and gleaming with terror, they wrap the mountains in fire, and come down baying with their thunders through every gorge. The richest fruits of bless-ing have a prickly shell. Life here is not lying at anchor; it is weathering a gale. It is not sleeping in a soldier's tent with our arms stacked; it is a bayonet charge. We stumble over grave stones, and we drive on with our wheel deep in the old rut of graves. Trouble has wrinkled your brow, and it has frosted your head. Falling in this battle of life, is there no angel to bind our wounds? Hath God made this world with so many things to hurt and none to heal? For this snake bite of sorrow, is there no herb growing by all the brooks to heal the poison? Blessed be God that in the Gospel we find the anti-dote! Christ has bettled an ocean of ed out of human agony! Oh! He knows toe well what it is to carry a cross, not to help us carry ours. He knows too well what it is to climb the mountain, not to

Dr. Blaikie on Toronto. It is with no ordinary pleasure that I now fulfil the duty which has been laid on me by the Programme Committee of the Alliance, as president of the executive commission, of opening the proceedings of the fifth General Council, The pleasure is enhanced by the fact of our meeting in the Dominion of Canada, which, amid many other attractions, presents to us the spectacle of a Presbyterian Church, not split into fragments, but fairly united, and prospering greatly in its union—thus affording a lesson and an example, if not something like a rebuke, to some older churches in other lands. And it is very agreeable, I am sure, to us all that we meet in the beautiful and pros-perous City of Toronto, a city which is wholly the product of the nineteenth century, and thereby well fitted to show what, under the blessing of God, can be effected by that combination of intelligence, industry and integrity, of which our Presbyterian Church has doubtless contributed its share. I think, too, I may congratulate Teronto on its being the seat of the fifth council, be cause that will associate its name with other cities that have played a great part in the history of nations—with Edinburgh, Philadelphia, Belfast and London—and will show on the part of the Presbyterian churches how much we appreciate its work in the past, and what expectations of service we entertain for the future. - From his address before Pan-Presbyterian Conference.

The Tuneful Harp.

Harp-playing is again in vogue. Fashionable young women are hanging their banjoes on the willow tree; they are taking lessons in harp manipulation. The light airs of the instrument so long held sacred to the negro are forgotten in the deeper and more dignified notes of the harp. We suspect that the decorative possibilities of the harp have much to do with this revival of that ancient instrument. A harp is a pretty thing. A curiously carved cabinet from Venice or an oddly fashioneffective in a drawing-room. The harp has a noble ancestry. Skill in bringing forth music from its chords won praise and honor in the day of King David. Kings and queens have enjoyed its music through hundreds of years. Its addition to the orchestra, however, does not date back many years. A Chicago musician has made a study of the instrument and he says its possibilities are not yet fully understood; that the semi-tones of the harp can be regulated with a nicety heretofore unknown. No doubt Tannhauser and Orpheus would not recognize the harp if they were to see it, with the Chicago modifications, standing in a white and gold parlor and responding to the graceful touch of a Michigan avenue belle's slender fingers.— Indianapolis News.

Character of the Photograph, A gentleman who has long made a study chief interest to him lies in the unconscious revelation of character in a photographed "If a man have any noble or mean trait latent in his nature, unknown to the world, it comes out in his photograph." Haw-thorne declared that dominant family traits

and likenesses were always revealed in these sun-drawn pictures, even though they might not be visible on the real faces of the These assertions, if correct, only illus trate a truth which is as old as mankindthat as years go by the character of a man writes itself indelibly upon his face. Not only the action, whether mean or noble,

but the secret thoughts which are never put into deeds—the sensual imagination, the cruel purpose, the lofty hope, the kind feeling—all these record themselves upon the features, or at some unexpected moment peep out at the world from behind the

De Gloomerin' Paf. Out under de green ob de magnolia trees De cool air it go like de bref; But heah in de cabin come neber a breeze To fan off de feber an' deff. To fan off de feber an' deff.

An' dey bof sit so close to my po' leetle chile

Dat she gasp on de bed where she lie,

An' her old mammy tink till she almos' go

Ob de gloomerin' paf to de sky.

How see gwine to walk on dat gloomerin' par How see gwine to walk on dat gloomerin' paf
Wid dem two leetle stumblin' weak feet
De leas' win' 'd blew her along like de chaff
When it loose its strong hol' on de wheat.
An' who gwine to croon to her, tender and low,
An' mudder her up in her bres'
Till de eyes 'gin to shut, wid de head noddin' slew
An' she quietly sink into res'?

I'm afeerd dat aroun' t'ro de hebbenly t'rong
She'll seek for de mudder brack face!
Ef only ol' mammy c'ud jest go along
Till de baby get used to de place.
It may be some mudder dat passin' dat way
Will carry her up in her arm,
Tro de glommerin' paf to de lun' bright as day,
Whare she safe from all sorrow an' harm.

hear do near rustlin' ob white angel wings, O, my heart almos' break wid dis woe!

I mus' cut t'ro de knot whare my own heart-string olings,
An' free her so's't dat she can go.
Come into my arms for de las' Inllabye,
Look up for de las' mudder-smile,
'Fore you go on the gloomerin' paf to de sky,
My chile, O my own lettle chile!
—Curtis

A Rowdy Lot. This is the latest from Oxford, and is genuine and authentic: Examiner in Divin-ity Schools to Undergraduate—Just give me in as few words as possible your general appreciation and opinion of the characteristics f the twelve apostles?

Undergraduate, in a patronizing and unabashed tone—Well, sir, if you really wish to arrive at my private opinion. I have not the slightest objection in giving it you. I have no hesitation in saying they were a Examiner; much puzzled and scandalized

-Pray, sir, what do you mean? I do not Undergraduate—O, pray don't mention it! It is, of course, only a matter of opinion; but if you will refer to the first chapter of the Acts of the Apostles you will find that the lot fell upon Matthias; and if that is not a disgraceful proceeding I don't know what is!"

The scenery around Lake George, says a correspondent, is all dotted over with girls White is in great vogue on the lake, and you can hardly imagine how pic-turesque the snowy creatures look, whether on water or land, in boat or hammock.





AND WHEN HEL FISH SHE'S CAUGHT-



SHE STRAIGHTWAY RETURNS HIM WHENCH HE CAME.

A Horse's Suicide.

Crazed by the heat a big horse plunged through the crowded streets yesterday afternoon and planged headlong into the Chicago river, drawing after it an American Express Company's waggon, the two frightened occupants barely escaping with their lives. Only a few slimy-looking bubbles marked the spot where the maddened beast went down, as it nade no effort to get out.

The horse, which was attached to a wag gon contained two men, started to run or North Market street and headed straight for the river through Davidson's stoneyard.
The driver soon lost all control of the infuriated animal and with his companion clung helplessly to the seat. As the horse dashe through the steneyard heading straight toward the river-bank it was going at break-neck speed, and for the first time the neck speed, and for the first time the two men in the waggon realized their peril. With a loud cry they hurled themselves backward ever the seat, and scrambling to the rear of the vehicle dropped to the ground as the big horse with a shrill acream made the final plunge. Lying at the dook was a scow partly loaded with stone. A dozen laborers saw the horse coming just in time to escape by rushing coming just in time to escape by rushing to the bow of the boat. The horse ran across the top of the scow and sprang far out into the muddy current, dragging the waggon after it. In a minute all was over, and the frightened group of measuw nothing but a few ripples and bubbles, which soon disappeared. Later in the day the dead horse and battered waggon were lifted out of the water by means of a derrick. There was no inquest, but it was clearly a case of suicide. - Chicago

Norman Agriculture, The agricultural and manufacturing in-

dustries of Northern France plainly indicate the peculiar characteristic perseverance and painstaking habits of the French, nowhere equaled throughout the world. The English would never have made the beet-sugar industry a success under the manifold discouragements impeding every step of the industry from the beginning to the present time. The French have made it a grand success, and so indeed have the Germans, but, notably, only these two nationalities. The world at large can learn a valuable lesson from the great manufacturing establishments of Normandy. Nowhere else are the operatives better paid, better fed, better housed, or more humanely cared for by the manufacturers than in Normandy. In every agricultural and manufacturing industry, save two, Normandy can be indicated as a worthy exemplar. The two defective ones are the wine and cider making. The most common methods in America, of cider and wine making, are transcendantly superior. The cider and wine is made in the most primitive manner. apple trees are hoary with and covered to the remotest age, and covered to the remotest branches with a gray moss, indicative of a sickly old age and premature decay. The apples, of course, are small, rough, rusty and insipid. The vines and grapes are but little better. Neither the cider nor wine on water or land, in boat or hammock. White is the cheapest and prettiest of all wear for summer. There is a young heiress now at Champlain who is seen in nothing else. Her bathing suits are white serge, duck or broadeleth; afternoon and morning gowns are still, ladia silk, lawn, crepe cotton, linen—all materials, but always white. Scarfs of lace over her pretty shoulders. In the evening she is clad in crepe or brocade or silk, but always white, and if you ask the first man you meet to say who is the best dressed woman there this season he will say Miss —. And if you ask the next man he will tell yes the same thing.



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