

SUNSHINE OF RELIGION.

THE DOMINANT THEORY OF RELIGION IS ONE OF GLADNESS.

Laughter No Sign of Happiness—Why Postpone Our Heaven Any Longer?—Let It Begin Now, Says the Brooklyn Preacher.

Brooklyn, Jan. 29.—Rev. Dr. Talmage forenoon preached to a great audience in the Tabernacle on "The Sunshine of Religion," the text chosen being Proverbs 3:17:—"Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

You have heard of God's only begotten Son. Have you heard of God's daughter? She was born in Heaven. She came down over the hills of our world. She had queenly step. On her brow was celestial radiance. Her voice was music. Her name is Religion. My text introduces her. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

But what is religion? The fact is that theological study has had a different effect upon me from the effect sometimes had by it. Every year I read out another leaf from my theology until I have only three or four leaves left. In other words, a very brief and plain statement of Christian belief.

I was a young man, I knew everything; when I got to be thirty-five years of age in my ministry I had only a hundred doctrines of religion; when I got to be forty years of age, I had only fifty doctrines of religion; when I got to be sixty years of age, I had only ten doctrines of religion; and now I am dying at seventy-five years of age, and there is only one thing I know, and that is, that Christ Jesus has saved the world to save sinners. And so I have noticed in the study of God's Word, and in my contemplation of the character of God and of the eternal world, that it is necessary for me to drop that part of my belief and end that part of my belief as being non-essential, while I cling to the one great doctrine that man is a sinner, and Christ is his Almighty and Divine Saviour.

Now, I take these three or four leaves of my theology, and I find that, in the first place, and dominant above all others, is the sunshine of religion. When I go into a room I have a passion for throwing open all the shutters. That is what I want to do this morning. We are apt to throw so much of the sepulchral into our religion, and to close the shutters, and to pull down the blinds, that it is only through here and there a crevice that the light streams. The religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is a religion of joy indescribable and unutterable. Wherever I can find a bell I mean to ring it.

If there are any in this house this morning who are disposed to hold on to their melancholy and gloom, let them now depart this service before they faint and be brought to the most radiant being of all the universe come in. God's Son has left our world, but God's daughter is here. Hail her! Hail! Princess of Heaven. Hail! daughter of the Lord God Almighty. Come in and make this house thy throne-room.

In setting forth this idea, the dominant theory of religion is one of sunshine. I hardly know where to begin, for there are so many thoughts that rush upon my mind. Another saw her little child seated on the floor in the sunshine, and with a spoon in her hand. She said: "My darling, what are you doing there?" "Oh," replied the child, "I'm getting a spoonful of this sunshine."

First of all, I had a great deal of sunshine in Christian society. I do not know of anything more doleful than the companionship of the mere fun-makers of the world. The Charles Matthews of the world—the men whose entire business it is to make sport. They make others laugh, but if you will examine their autobiography, or biography you will find that down in their secret hearts there is a terrible solitude. The mania laughs. The hyena laughs. The lion among the Adirondacks laughs. The drunkard dashing his decanter against the wall, laughs.

There is a terrible reaction from all sinful amusement and sinful merriment. Such men are across the next day. They snap at you on exchange, or they pass you, not recognizing you. Long ago I quit mere worldly society for the reason is my nature is voracious of joy. I must have it.

I always walk on the sunny side of the street, and for that reason I have crossed over into Christian society. I like their mode of repartee better. I like their amusement better. They live longer. Christian people, I sometimes notice, live on when by all natural law they ought to have died. I have known persons who have continued in their existence when the doctor said they ought to have died ten years ago. Every one of their existence was a defiance of the laws of anatomy and physiology; but they had this supernatural vivacity of the Gospel in their soul, and that kept them alive. Put ten or twelve Christian people in a room for Christian conversation, and you will find from eight to ten o'clock hear more rejoicing glee, see more bright strokes of wit and find more thoughts and profound satisfaction, than in any mere worldly party.

There is a "worldly party." I mean that to which you are invited, because, under all the circumstances of the case, it is the best for you to be invited, and to which you go because, under all the circumstances of the case, it is better that you go, and leaving the party to the second floor, you go to the parlor to give formal salutation to the host and the hostess, and then move around, spending the whole evening in the discussion of the weather and in apology for reading on long trails, and in efforts to keep the corners of the mouth up to the sign of pleasure, and going around in an idiotic he-he about nothing, until the collation is served, going back again into the parlor to resume the weather, and then at the close going at a very early hour to the host and hostess, and assuring them that you have had a most delightful evening, and then passing down of the front steps, the stem of the door the only satisfaction of the evening.

O, young man! come from the country to spend your days in city life, where are you going to spend your evenings? Let me tell you, while there are many places of innocent worldly amusement, it is more wise for you to throw your body, mind and soul into Christian society. Come to me at the close of five years and tell me what has been the result of this advice. Bring with you the young man who refused to take the advice, and who went into sinful amusement. He will come dispirited, shabby in apparel, indisposed to look any one in the eyes, moral character eighty-five per cent. gone. You will come with principles settled, confidence frank, habits good, soul saved, and all the inhabitants of heaven, from the lower angel up to the arch-angel, and clear past him to the Lord God Almighty, your coadjutors.

This is not the advice of a misanthrope. There is no man in the house to whom this world is brighter than it is to me. It is not the advice of a dyspeptic—my digestion is perfect; it is not the advice of a

man who cannot understand a joke, or who prefers a funeral; it is not the advice of a worn-out man, but the advice of a man who can see this world in all its brightness; and considering myself competent in judging what is good cheer, I tell the multitudes of young men in this house this morning that there is nothing in worldly association so grand and so beautiful and so exhilarating as in Christian society.

I know there is a great deal of talk about the self-denials of the Christian. I have to tell you that where the Christian has one self-denial the man of the world has a thousand self-denials. The Christian is not commanded to surrender anything that is worth keeping. But what does a man deny himself who denies himself the religion of Christ? He denies himself pardon for sin; he denies himself peace of conscience; he denies himself the joy of the Holy Ghost; he denies himself a comfortable death pillow; he denies himself the glory of heaven. Do not talk to me about the self-denials of the Christian life. Where there is one in the Christian life there are a thousand in the life of the world. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness."

Again, I find a great deal of religious sunshine in Christian and divine explanation. To a great many people life is an inexplicable tangle. Things turn out differently from what was supposed. There is a useless woman in perfect health. The great industries and conservative woman a complete invalid. Explain that. There is a bad man with thirty thousand dollars of income. There is a good man with eight hundred dollars of income. Who is that? There is a foe of socialism, and twenty-five years of age; and here is a Christian father, faithful in every department of life, at thirty-five years of age taken away by death, and his family left in the world. Oh! there is no sentence that often drops from your lips than this: "I cannot understand it. I cannot understand it."

Well, now religion comes in just at that point with its illumination and its explanation. There is a man who has lost his entire fortune. The week before he carried his fortune there were twenty carriages that stopped at the door of his mansion. The week after he lost his fortune all the carriages you could count on one finger.

The financial trouble began because all took off their hats to him as he passed down the street. The week his financial prospects were under discussion, people just touched their hats without saying anything. The week that he was pronounced insolvent, people just jostled their heads as they passed, not tipping their hats at all; and the week the sheriff sold out all his friends were looking in the store windows as they went down past him.

Now, while the world goes away from a man when he is in financial distress, the religion of Christ comes to him and says, "You are sick, and your sickness is to be moral purification; you are bereaved, and God wants you to be joyful; you are forsaken by family and friends, and He must begin somewhere, and so He took the one that was most beautiful and most ready to go."

There are hundreds of people in this house who are walking day by day in the sublime satisfaction that all is for the best, all things working together for good for their souls. How a man can get along through this life without the explanation is to me a mystery. What is that child gone forever? Are you going to get it back? Is your property gone forever? Is your soul to be bruised and to be tried forever? Have you no explanation, no Christian explanation, and yet not a mania? But when you have the religion of Jesus Christ in your soul, it explains everything so far as it is best for you to understand. You look off in life, and your soul is full of thanksgiving to God that you are so much better than you might be.

A man passed down the street with a shawl on his back, and I saw that it was a hardship that I have no shoes? Other people have shoes; I, no shoes, no shoes, until he saw a man who had no feet. Then he learned a lesson. You ought to thank God for what He does not do. God grants all the weather in this world—the spiritual weather, the moral weather, as well as the natural weather. "What kind of weather will it be to-day?" said someone to a farmer. The farmer replied, "It will be such weather as I like." "What do you mean by that?" asked the other. "Well," said the farmer, "it will be such weather as pleases the Lord, and what pleases the Lord pleases me."

Oh! the sunshine! The sunshine of Christian explanation. Here is some one bending over the grave of the dead. What is going to be the consolation? The flowers you strew upon the tomb? Oh no! The services read at the grave? Oh no! The chief consolation on that grave is what falls from the throne of God, Sunshine, glorious sunshine. Resurrection sunshine.

Again, I find a great deal of the sunshine of this Bible and of our religion in the climatic joys that are to come. A man who gets up and goes out from a concert right after the opening voluntary has been played, and before the prima donna sings, or before the orchestra begins, has a better idea of that concert than the farthest of those that come to it. The man who supposes that the chief joys of religion are in this world. We here have only the first note of the eternal orchestra. We shall in that world have the fullness of discovery. We will in five minutes catch up with the astronomer, the geologist, the scientist, the philosopher, the man of all ages who so far surpassed us in this world. We can afford to adjourn astronomy and geology and many of the sciences of the next world, because we shall there have better apparatus and better opportunity. I must study these sciences so far as to help me in my work; but beyond that I must give myself to saving my own soul and saving the souls of others. I will catch it as I can. Oh! what an observatory in which to study astronomy heaven will be—not by power of telescope, but by supernatural vision; and if there be something doubtful ten million miles away, by one stroke of the pen you can see there, and one stroke of the wing you are back again, and all in less time than I tell you catching it in all one flash of eternity.

And geology! What a place that will be to study geology, when the work is being done in botanical lessons pulls the leaf from the corolla! What a place to study architecture, amid the thrones, and the palaces and the cathedrals—St. Mark's and St. Paul's rockeries in comparison.

Sometimes you wish you could make the tour of the whole earth, going around as others have gone; but you have not the time, you have not the means. You will make that tour yet, during one moment's pause in the eternal anthem. I say these things for the comfort of those people who are abridged in their opportunities—those people to whom life is a hum-drum, who toil and work, and toil and work, and aspire after knowledge but have no time to do it, and say, "If I had the opportunities which other people have, how I would fill my mind and soul with grand thoughts!" Be not discouraged my friends. You are going to the university yet. Give it to me in congratulation on that score. I feel as if I would about. I will about Hal-lelujah! Dear Lord, forgive me that I ever complained about anything. If all world is brighter than it is to me, this is the brighter than it is to me. It is not the advice of a dyspeptic—my digestion is perfect; it is not the advice of a

hood! Take the wraps off the doorknob. Your loved ones are only away for their health in a land untried. Come Lowell Mason; come Isaac Watts, and give us your best hymn about joy celestial. What is the use of postponing our heaven any longer? Let it begin now; and woe-woe hath a harp, let her thrum it; and whoe'er hath a trumpet, let him blow it; and whoe'er hath an organ, let him give us a full diapason. They crowd down the air spirits blessed, moving in exultation of triumph. Their choros, winds whirl in the Sabbath sunlight. They come, white armies of God. Hail! hail! we are ready to join the battalion of pleasures that never die.

A HINT IN FORESTRY.

Tree Growing a Profitable Industry Under Certain Circumstances. The Department of Agriculture at Washington has a Forestry Branch, and in many of the Northern States Commissioners are appointed to look after the forests of the State and encourage their preservation because of their great value to the whole property interests of the country. In the Western States in which are, or were, extensive treeless tracts, the planting of large areas of forest trees, valuable either for timber or protection from the very prevalent bleak winds of those regions, has been encouraged and stimulated by suitable legislation. The Eastern States, once heavily timbered, are suffering the same loss and more earnestly as the evil effects of denudation of large areas become apparent, and strenuous efforts are being made in New York and New Hampshire especially, to have the State buy the timbered lands around the headwaters of the larger rivers in order to conserve the agricultural and commercial welfare of the country watered by the outflowing streams. The matter comes up every winter in our own State Legislature, and is not necessary to give the very strong arguments which are used in its behalf.

The particular point to which attention is called at this time is the profit of planting timber trees on the rough, hilly, rocky pasture lands in Western New York, especially in the southern tier of counties. Even in so heavily-timbered a State as Maine, the farmers are beginning to see the importance, from a pecuniary point of view, of planting timber trees. It has been successfully tested in Southern New Hampshire, and the Lewiston, Me., Journal says there is no reason why the young forest growth should not have as much protection as game, and that on the thin, rocky soil white pine can be grown with little care and great profit.

A sapling pine growth is a constant source of income after the trees are 10 or 12 years old. Those left 25 to 30 years are large enough to be saved into boxes, crates or bolts. If the trees were planted on fairly good soil the distance between the rings of branches will be long enough for barred staves. If the ground is poor the trees grow more slowly, and the distance between the rings is less, but great enough to supply staves for mackerel kits, tubs, etc. The timber is worth more if barrel staves can be cut, but in either case a tree 25 or 30 years old will yield many dollars' worth of clear timber.

Speculators are beginning to buy large tracts of rough land in the New-England States because they can get them at low prices. If a few old, scrubby pines are growing thereon, they are willing to pay more, because these trees can be got it spontaneously if stock is kept out a few years. Young pines two or three years old, however, can be obtained for \$10 or \$12 per thousand, and if thickly set, say 250 trees per acre, systematic cutting may begin in 10 years, and a continual crop is sure for 20 or 30 years, worth from \$40 to \$80 per acre every year. As no cultivation can be given after the trees are five or six years old, it will be seen that investment in such a business is not otherwise saleable for more than \$10 to \$25 per acre. On high-priced lands near the cities and villages crops yielding immediate returns are more profitable, but there is no doubt that a good deal of cheap, rough land in Western New-England on which the planting of pine, walnut, catalpa, hickory, maple and other hardy timber trees would prove a better investment than the buying of more land, lending money to a neighbor on a farm mortgage, or buying wheat or corn options in Chicago.—Globe.

RAILROADING ON THE ICE.

Tracks Laid Every Winter Across the Frozen St. Lawrence. The communications between the two shores of the St. Lawrence River at Montreal are made, as is known, by means of the Victoria Tubular Bridge, constructed some thirty-five years ago, which is the longest in the world, the metallic span being 6,500 feet long.

But from this point to the Atlantic, for a distance of 1,000 miles, there is no other bridge and all the railroads established on both sides the St. Lawrence have necessarily to cross it. The company of the Grand Trunk railroad, which built it, levies a right of way toll of \$10 per car and eight cents per passenger. To avoid payment of these moneys the E. railroad company had the idea some ten years ago of constructing in winter a communication between the two shores by means of a railroad established on the ice. Every winter the work is done over again, and it amply pays for the outlay. The length of this ice road is about two miles, between Hochelaga and Longueuil. The roadway is easily built. The track leaves the main track parallel to the shore, then curves gradually in such a manner as to be perpendicular to it, and, then, again, before it strikes the other shore, it curves off so as to become nearly parallel to the opposite side, and then it is connected with the main track on this shore.

ALMOST A SLEIGH RID.

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TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS.

County of Victoria, For Arrears of Taxes, to be held at the Court House, Lindsay, on TUESDAY, 14TH FEBRUARY, 1893. At 11 o'clock a.m.

Table with columns: Township of Bexley, Lot, Cont., Area, Arrears, Total, and Remarks. Includes lots in South-west part 16 N.W.B 1/2, East half 5, East part 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16.

Table for Village of Cobocomb in Bexley, including lots N of Albert Street 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Table for Village of Bobcaygeon, including lots E of Bolton St., E 28 feet 3, E of Bolton St., N 1/2 4, E of Bolton St., N 1/2 5, W of Bobcaygeon St., S of North St. 12, E of Bobcaygeon St., E of Ann St., E part 6.

Table for Township of Garden, including lots East half 6, East half 6, East half 6, West half 20, S W qr 13, S W qr 13.

Table for Township of Dalton, including lots South half 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Table for Township of Digby, including lots E 1, 104, 12, 28, 6, 1, 135, 12, 30.

Table for Township of Eldon, including lots East half 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Table for Township of Emily, including lots South part 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

Table for Village of Fenelon Falls, including lots N of Francis St., E of Colborne St., South part 1, S of Francis St., E of Clifton St., Block 1, F. Falls west 73, 182, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

Table for Township of Laxton, including lots South half 2, North half 2, East half 2, West half 2, North half 3, West half 3, West half 4, West half 5, West half 6, West half 7, West half 8, West half 9, South-west qr 10, West half 10.

Table for Township of Ops, including lots N 25 of S E qr 24, N 30 of S E qr 24.

Table for Township of Somerville, including lots 18, 19, 20, 2