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A SEASONABLE SERMON. DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON "THE ROYAL GARDEN."

The Famous Gardens of this World Contrasted With Christ's Heavenly Garden -Those Who Are Planted Therein, and the Fruits that Grow There.

BROOKLYN, July 1 .- Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now nearing Australia, on his round-the-world journey, has selected as the subject for his sermon through the press to-day, "The Royal Garden," the text being taken from Solomon's song 5: "I am come into my garden."

The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charlemagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm—decreeing even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV. at Montpelier, established gardens of be-witching beauty and luxuriance, gather. ing into them Alpine, Pyrenean and French plants. One of the sweetest spots on earth was the garden of Shenstone, the poet. His writings have made but little impression on the world; but his garden, "The Leasowes," will be immortal. To the natural advantage of that place was brought the perfection of art, Arbor, and terrace, and slope, and rustic temple, and reservoir, and urn, and fountain, here had their crowning. Oak, and yew, and hazel put forth their richest foliage. There was no life more diligent, no soul more ingenious than that of Shenstone, and all that diligence and genius were brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave three hundred pounds for it : he sold it for seventeen thousand. And yet I am to tell you of a richer garden than any I have mentioned. It is the garden spoken of in my text, the garden of the Church, which belongs to Christ, for my text says so. He bought it, He planted it, He owns it, and He shall have it. Walter Scott, in his outlay at Abbotsford, ruined his fortune; and now, in the crimson flowers of those gardens, you can almost think or imagine that you see the blood of that old man's broken heart. The payment of the last one hundred thousand pounds sacrificed him. But I have to tell you that Christ's life and Christ's death were the outlay of this beautiful garden of the Church

The Church, in my text, is appropri ately compared to a garden, because it is a place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigation.

of which my text speaks, Oh, how many sighs, and tears, and pangs, and

agonies! Tell me, ye women who saw Him hang! Tell me, ye executioners, who lifted Him and let Him down! Tell

me, thou sun that didst hide, ye rocks

gave Himself for it." If, then. the gar-

den of the Church belongs to Christ, certainly He has a right to walk in it,

come then, O, blessed Jesus, this morn-

ing, walk up and down these aisles, and pluck what thou wilt of sweetness for

"Christ loved the Church, and

That would be a strange garden in which there were no flowers. If nowhere else, they will be along the borders, or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something, if it be the oldfashioned hollyhock, or dahlia, or daffodil, or coreopsis; but if there be larger means then you will find the Mexican cactus and dark - veined arbutelion, and blazing azalea, and clustering oleander. Well, now. Christ comes to His garden, and He plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, unconspicuous, but sweet in heaven. You have to search for such spirits to find them. You do not see them very often, perhaps, but you find where they have been by the brightening face of the invalid, and the sprig of geranium on the stand, and the window curtains keeping out the glare of the sunlight. They are, perhaps, more like the ranunculus. creeping sweetly along amid the thorns and briars of life, giving kiss for sting, and many a man who has had in his way some great black rock of troubie has found that they have covered it all over with flowering jasmine running in and out amid the crevices. These Christians in Ghrist's garden are not like the sunflower, gaudy in the light; but whenever darkness hovers over a soul that needs to be comforted, there they stand, night-blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to the Mexican cactus—thorns without, love lines within—men with sharp points of character.
They wound almost everyone that
touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them, notwithstanding all their sharpness. Many a man has had very hard ground to culture, and it has only been through severe toil he has raised even the smallest crop

A very harsh minister was talking with a very placid elder, and the placid tor, I do wish you would control your temper." "Ah," said the minister to the elder, "I control more temper in five minutes than you do in five years." It is tarder for some men to do right than for others to do right. The grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep your brother from knocking a man down. I had a friend who came to me and said: "I dare not join the Church." I said: "Why?" "Oh," struck down that fruit, and it fell into ne said, "I have such a violent temper. Yesterday morning I was crossing very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large amount of water into the milk can, and I said to him, 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me, and I knocked him down. Do you think lought to join the Church?" Nevertheless, that very same man who was so harsh in his behavior, loved Christ, and could not speak of sacred things with-out tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without, but sweetness withinthe best specimens of Mexican cactus I

There are others planted in Christ's There are others planted in Christ's garden, who are always ardent, always radiant, always impressive—more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally find called "giants of battle"—the Martin Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wickliffes, Latimers, and Samuel Rutherfords. What in other men is a spark, in them is a configuration. in them is a conflagration. When they sweat, they sweat great drops of blood. When they pray, their prayer takes fire. When they preach, it is a Pentecost. When they fight, it is a Thermopyle. When they die, it is a martyrdom. You find a great many roses in the pardens, but only a few "giants of battle." Men say, "Why don't you have more of them in the Church?" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Napoleons, and Humboldts, and Wellingtons?" God gives to some ten talents, to another one

In this garden of the Church, which Christ has planted, I also find the snow-drops, beautiful but cold-looking, seemingly another phase of the winter. I mean those Christians who are precise in their tastes, unimpassioned, pure as

snowdrops and as cold. Iney never shed any tears, they never get excited, they never say anything rashly, they never do anything precipitately. Their pulses never flutter, their nerves never twitch, their indignation never boils over. They live longer than most people; but their life is in a minor key. They never run up to C above the staff. In the music of their life they have no staccato passages. Christ planted them in the Church, and they must be of some service, or they would not be some service, or they would not be there; snowdrops, always snowdrops, But I have not told you of the most beautiful flower in all this garden spoken

of in the text. If you see a "century plant," your emotions are started. You say, "Why, this flower has been a hunsay, "Why, this flower has been a hundred years gathering up for one bloom, and it will be a hundred years more before other petals will come out." But I have to tell you of a plant that was gathering up from all eternity, and that nineteen hundred years ago put forth its bloom never to winter. It is the Passion Flower of the Cross! Prophets foretold it. Bethlehem shepherds looked upon it in the bud; the rocks shook at its bursting; and the dead got up in their its bursting; and the dead got up in their winding-sheets to see its full bloom. It is a crimson flower—blood at its roots, blood on the branches, blood on the leaves. Its perfume is to fill all the nations. Its touch is life. Its breath is Heaven. Come, Oh winds from the north, and winds from the south, and winds from the south, and winds from the east, and winds from the west, and bear to all the earth the sweet smelling savor of Christ my Lord.

His worth, if all the nations knew, Sure the whole earth would love him too. Again, The Church may be appropriately compared to a garden, because it is a place to select fruits. That would be a strange garden which had in it no berries, no plums, no peaches, no apri-cots. The coarser fruits are planted in the orchard, or they are set out on the sunny hillside; but the choicest fruits are kept in the garden. So in the world outside the Church, Christ has planted a great many beautiful things—patience, charity, generosity, integrity; but He intends the choicest fruits to be in the garden, and if they are not there, then shame on the Church. Religion is not a mere flowering sentimentality. It is a practical, life-giving, healthful fruit— -not posies, but apples. "Oh!" says somebody. "I don't see what your garden of the Church has yielded." Where did your asylums come from? and your hospitals? and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of them. He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave sight to Bartimeus, He laid the corner-stone of every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demoniac of Galilee, He laid the corner stone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When Christ said to the sick man, "Take up thy bed and walk!" He laid the corner-stone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I was in prison and ye visited Me." He laid the ornerstone of every prison reform association that has ever been formed. The Church of Carist is a glorious garden, and it is full of fruit. I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there is some weeds that ought to have been thrown over the fence. I know there is some crabapple trees that ought to be cut down, I know there are some wild grapes that ought to be uprooted; but are you going to destroy the whole gar-den because of a little gnarled fruit? You will find wormeaten leaves in Fontainbleau, and insects that sting in the fairy groves of the Champs Elysees. You do not tear down and destroy the garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there are men and women in the church who ought not to be there; but let us be frank, and admit that there are hundreds and thousands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and wo-man holy, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumphant. There is no grauder collection in all the earth than the collection of Christians. There are Christain men in the church whose religion is not a matter of psalm-singing and church-going. To-morrow morning that religion will keep them just as consistent and consecrated on "exchange" as it ever kept them at the communion table. There are women in the church of a higher type of character than Mary of Bethany. They not only sit at the feet of Christ, but they go out into the kitchen to help Martha in her work, that she may sit there, too. There is a woman who has a drunken husband. who has exhibited more faith, and patience, and courage than Hugh Lattmer in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. Hers has been twenty years' martyrdom. Yonder is a man who has lain fifteen years on his back, unable even to feed himself, yet calm and penceful as though he lay on one of the green banks of heaven, watching the oarsmen dip their paddles in the crystal river! Why, it seems to me this moment as if Paul threw to us a

love, joy, peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercyglorious fruit, enough to fill all the bas-kets of earth and heaven. I have not told you of the better tree in this garden, and of the better fruit.

It was planted outside of Jerusalem a good while ago. When this tree was planted, it was so split, and bruised, and barked, men said nothing would ever grow upon it; but no sooner had that the been planted, then, it builded, and tree been planted, than it budded, and blossomed, and fruited, and the solthe lap of nations, and men began to pick it up and eat it, and they found in it an antidote to all thirst, to all pois to all sin, to all death—the smallest cluster larger than the famous one of Eshcol, which two men carried on a staff between them. If the one apple in Eden killed the race, this one cluster of mercy shall restore it.

pomologist's catalogue of the fruits

growing in this great garden of Christ-

mercy shall restore it.

Again, the church in my text, is appropriately called a garden, because it is thoroughly irrigated. No garden could prosper long without plenty of water. I have seen a garden in the midst of a desert, yet blooming and luxuriant. All around was dearth and barrenness; but there were pipes, aqueducts reaching from this garden up to the mountains, and through these aqueducts the water came streaming down and tossing up into beautiful fountains, until evera root and leaf and flower were saturated. That is like the church. The church is a garden in the midst of a great desert of sin and suffering; it is well irrigated, for "our eyes are unto the hills from whence cometh our help." From the mountains of God's strength there flow down rivers of gladness. There is a river, the stream whereof shall make glad the city of our God. mercy shall restore it. There is a river, the strenm whereof shall make glad the city of our God. Preaching the gospel is one of these aqueducts. The Bible is another, Baptism and the Lord's Supper are aqueducts. Water to slake the thirst, water to restore the faint, water to wash the unclean, water tossed high up in the light of the Sun of righteousness, showing us the rainbow around the throne. Oh! was there ever a garden so thoroughly irrigated? You know the beauty of Versailles and Chatsworth depends very much upon the great supply

ROSEBERY'S HOMES.

(Chatsworth) one day when strangers are not to be admitted; but by an inducement, which always seem as applicame to an Englishman as an American, I got in, and then the gardener went far up above the stairs of stone and turned on the water. I saw it gleaming on the dry pavement, coming down from step to step, until it came so near I could hear the musical rush, and over the high, broad stairs come foaming, flashing, roaring down, until sunlight and waves in gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. So it is with the church of God. Everything comes from above, pardon from above, pardon from above.

above, joy from above, adoption from above, santification from above. Oh! that now God would turn the waters of salvation, that they might flow down through His heritage, and that this day we might each find our places to be 'Elims," with twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm trees. gate, and I look to see who is coming. I hear the voice of Christ: "I am come into My garden." I say, "Come in, O Jesus, we have been waiting for Thee; walk all through these paths. Look at the flowers; look at the fruit; pluck that which Thou wilt for Thyself." Jesus comes into the garden, and up to that old man, and touches him, and

that old man, and touches him, and says, "Almost home, father; not many more aches for thee, I will never leave thee; I will never forsake thee; take rage a little longer, and I will steady thy tottering steps, and I will soothe thy troubles and give thee rest; courage, old man." Then Christ goes up another garden path, and He comes to a soul in trouble, and says, "Peace! all is well. I have seen thy tears; I have heard thy prayer. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; hewill preserve thy soul. Courage, oh! troubled spirit." Then I see Jesus going up another garden path, and I see great excitement among the leaves, and I hasten up that garden path to see what Jesus is doing there, and lo ! he is breaking off flowers, sharp and clean, from the stem, and I say, "Stop, Jesus, don't kill those beautiful flowers." He turns to me and says, "I have come into My garden to gather lilies, and I mean to take these up to a higher terrace, and for the garden around My palace, and there I will plant them, and in better soil, and in better air; they shall put forth brighter leaves and sweeter redolence, and no frost shall touch them torever." And I looked up into His face, and said, "Well, it is His garden. and He has a right to do what He will with it. Thy will be done'-the hardest

prayer a man ever made. I notice that the fine gardens sometimes have high fences around them, and I cannot get in. It is so with the King's garden. The only glimpses you ever get of such a garden is when the king rides out in his splendid carriage. It is not so with this garden — the King's garden. I throw wide open the gate, and tell you all to come in. No monopoly in religion. Whosoever will, may. Choose now between a desert and a garden. Many of you have tried the garden of this world's delight. You have found it has been a chagrin. So it was with Theodore Hook. He made all the world laugh. He makes us laugh when we read his poems; but he could not make his own heart laugh. While in the midst of his festivities, he confronted a lookingglass, and he saw himself, and said, "There, that is true. I look just as I am, done up in body, mind and purse." So it was with Shenstone, of whose garden I told you at the beginning of my sermon. He sat down amid these bowers, and said, "I have lost my road to happiness. I am angry, and envious, and frantic, and despise everything around me, just as it becomes a mad man to do. Oh, ye weary sonls, come into Christ's garden to-day, and pluck a little heart's-ease. Christ is the only rest and the only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do you not think your chance has almost come? You men and women who have been waiting year after year for some good opportunity in which to accept Carist, but have postponed it five, ten, twenty, thirty years, do you not feel as if now your hour of deliverance, and pardon, and salvation, had come? On, man, what grudge hast thou against tay poor soul, that to u will not let it be saved? I feel as if salvation must come now to

some of your hearts. SUNLIGHT AND GERMS.

The Violence of Pus Destroyed Through Long Exposure. In respect of the effect of light on germ growth, observations have from time to time been chronicled showing that both diffuse daylight, and still more distinctly sunlight, possess an all-impor-tant effect in destroying microbes. One hours to sunlight, loses the power of

Chlorobrom for Sea Sickness

Professor Charteris, of Glasgow, in a paper in the London Lancet on the use of chlorobrom in seasickness says: "It has been impossible to obtain evidence from medical men as to the prophplac-tic action of chlorobrom in short voyages, are not provided with ship surgeons, that the two properties are thrown into one he has a residence close to London which is exactly the place for a statesno hesitation in saying, that complete immunity is derived from its use in the voyage from Harwich to Rotterdam, or from Queensborough to Flushingor of the Durdan's estate last afford excellent shooting. ways secured, and the passenger awakes when the steamer is nearing the harbor. Even the short passage from Dover to Calais chlorobrom, taken as a gastric sedative in a teaspoonful dose, was sufficient in the case of a gentleman and his wife, who were very bad sail-ors, to avert any squeamish feeling."

Phosphate of Lime from Iron. Phosphate of lime is now a product of iron. The phosphoric acid is set free from the iron and combined with lime, being in a fine powder when shipped for use on the farm.

veur cutaides will the one or them-Don't cry over spilt milk; drive up

A fragrant mind is the choicest per-Forgiving grows easy with practice.

By the time a man learns he is a foel he begins not to be one.

A cynic always tries to pick up a rose

The egotist has a certain kind of bravery in that he admires that most which most people do not admire at all.

A woman in leve is so charitable that she sometimes gives herself away.

Dalmeny, Mentmore and the Durdans-A Description of the English Premier's Residence

Besides his town house Lord Rosebery

has three residences—two in England and one in Scotland, Dalmeny House and one in Scotland. Dalmeny House is the one deserving to be mentioned first, as it is the headquarters of the family, though it is far inferior in every other respect to Mentmore. Dalmeny House is scarcely 100 years old, and was built by the grandfather of the present earl. It is a comparatively small place, but from its perfection of proportions, its turrets and battlements, and its tastefully ornamented front it presents and interest and in the presents of the presents fully ornamented front, it presents a somewhat nable appearance. The park in which the house stands is three miles by one mile in extent, and is rich in lovely views. The Firth of Forth can be seen from many points, and the marvelous Forth Bridge also. Dalmeny House has often been visited by royalty. The Queen and the Prince Consort was there in 1842—on the occasion of there in 1842—on the occasion of what was, we believe, the first visit Her Majesty ever paid to Scotland. The Queen paid a second visit in 1872. The Prince and Princess of Wales stayed at Dalmeny in 1886, when they visited the Edinburgh Exhibition, and the Prince of Wales stayed there again in 1890. Interesting as these incidents no 1890. Interesting as these incidents no doubt are, Dalmeny House will always be chiefly famous as the headquarters of Mr. Gladstone during his Midlothian campaigns. It was here that, surrounded by a brilliant circle, the veteran orator retired each evening after his marvelous tours de force, and charmed them by his animated talk, sparkling wit, and unwearying interest in every subject that came to the front.

Mentinore, Lord Rosebery's palatial residence in Buckinghamshire was built some 43 years ago by Sir Joseph Paxton for Baron Meyer de Rothschild, and it came into Lord Rosebery's possession through his marriage with the Baron's only daughter. It is certainly one of the finest places in England. Placed as it is at the top of rising ground, its majestic outlines can be pro-perly appreciated, and for solid grand-eur the building may be said to vie with Chatsworth itself. Fine as

A Man of Experience.



Hubby-At what time will you re-Hubby-Very well; I'll start out to

meet you at seven-thirty. its exterior is, one is positively be-wildered by the sichness and vari-ety of the treasures it contains. The house is a perfect museum of and which now softens the electric light, a fireplace from Ruben's house, and many another treasure. The collection of pictures in the house is also beyond all price, and includes specimens of nearly every great master. The rarest china, the most costly gems, cabinets which once belonged to Marie de Medicis, Du Barry, and Marie Antoi nette; miniatures, sculpture, carvings in ivory, and a thousand and one other things calculated to delight the eve and to raise unholy envy are to be met with at every turn. Mentmore, in addition to these ancient treasures, also possesses the firest installation of electric light to be met with in any private residence in the kingdom. There is also a marvelous aviary, gardens and greenhouses on a noble scale, a model farm and a dairy, while at scarcely a mile's distance is the famous stud farm at Grafton. This splendid palace and all its contents will, we understand, eventually pass to Lord Rosebery's second son.

The Durdans at Epsom is when compared with Lord Rosebery's other two residences and especially with Mentassociated with the pus (or matter) of ly situated, and from its comparative hours to sunlight loss the more, quite a humble place. It is at the noble owner than any of them. It is a producing its characteristic color, while if the exposure be extended, the germ itself is killed. The result is in accord end, which are continued up to the top with what we know of the effect of light on other germs.

story. Inside, the great aim has evidently been comfort—that is, the comfort desired by a cultivated man of referred by a cultivated by a cultivated by a cultivated man of referred by a cultivated by a cultivated by a cultivated man of referred by a cultivated fined tastes. It is possible that Lord Rosebery does not like the house any the less because of its propinquity to Epsom Downs, where the blue riband of the turf is annually competed for. Ouly a few months ago he purchased the neigh-boring estate, Woodcote-grove, and now man who wants quiet and rest and yet wishes to be near the center of affairs.

We may add that since the enlargement of the Durdan's estate last year it will

Authentic instances of old people who have recovered lost sight, hearing or speech, or who have grown a third set speech, or who have grown a third set of teeth or a supplementary crop of hair, are not uncommon. But cases in which perfect memory has been regained after being impaired almost to the verge of extinction by paralytic shocks are rare. This, however, has happened to William McEntee, an old man of 84, residing on North Twenty-eighth street. During the recent storm he insisted upon taking his daily walk, and in consequence was laid recent'storm he insisted upon taking his daily walk, and in consequence was laid up with a severe cold. While sitting in his armchair after his recovery, a day or two since, he found himself humming an air which he had not heard since he was a soy in the Emerald Isle. Then he began to tell a story which the old song recalled, and, to the amazement of his family, he went on to recite incidents and events not only of long ago, but of more recent dates, of which before his brief illness he had no recollection.—Philadelphia Record.

She—Should you die, are you opposed to my re-marrying?

CHASE'S CHAPTER

1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are combination of valuable medicines in concentrated form as prepared by the eminent Physician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a second of the contract of the sician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a view to 1 ot only be an unfailing remedy for Kidney and Liver troubles, but also tone the Stomach and purify the Bloed, at a cost that is within the reach of all. The superior merit of these pills is established beyond question by the praise of theusands who use them—one Pill a dose, one box 25 cents.

2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the

2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the

Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble

relieved. We have the reliable statement of L. B.
Johnson, Holland Landing,
who says: I had a constant Back-Ache, my back felt cold all the time, appetite poor, store sour and belching, urine scalding, had to get up 3 or 4 times during night to urinate, com-menced taking one Kidney-Liver Pill a day;

Back-Ache stopped in 48 hours, appetite returned, and able to enjoy a good meal and a good nights sleep; they cured me.
3. Constipation often exists with Kidney
Trouble, in such a case there is no medicine that will effect a permanent cure except Chase's combined Kidney-Liver Pill, one 25 cent box will do more good than dollars and dollars worth of any other preparation, this is endorsed by D. Thompson, Holland Landing, Ont.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles. SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and tinging; most at night: worse by scratching.

ADVERTISE in THE WARDER stinging; most at night worse by scratching.

If allowed to continue tumors form, which
often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and

THE L.I.C.

Have you arranged for your Summer Excursions? If not, write at once to the management of the Popular Excursion Steamer



This Popular Pleasure Steamer has been thoroughly refitted, is lighted by electricity, and has a powerful search-light for safety on night trips. The most favorable arrange-ments can be made for excursions from Lindsay or Chemong to Sturgeon Point, Bobcay-geon, Fenelon Falls, or other points on Pigeon, Ball, Buckhorn, Chemong or Scugog lakes, running in connection with the Grand Trunk Railway. Splendid accommodation. For rates and other particulars apply to

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priceless curiosities. A chief feature of the building is the great hall, 70 feet square and the same in height. Here there is precious old tapestry, venetian chairs, and lantern which once hung to the barge of the Grand Doge of Venice, and which power softens the classical states. This fast, roomy and comfortable steamer has been much improved this season and is now open for excursions from all points connecting with the G.T. Railway, viz:—PORT PERRY, LINDSAY, FENELON FALLS, CHEMONG, LAKEFIELD, and all intermediate points to W. SHEURN'S ISLAND, ROSE-ONLES, STURGEON POINT, BÖBCATGEON, BALL LAKE, JACLE'S ISLAND CHEMONG PARK, BUCKHORN, LOVE-ONLES, CHEMONG PARK, BUCKHORN, SICK, BURLEIGH, etc., or will carry excursions from one railway connection to another, calling at inter-mediate points of interest. For further particulars

W. McCAMUS, & CO.,

Trent Valley Navigation Company, (Limited.) TIME TABLE. 1894. Commencing on Friday, June 1st, the

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LINDSAY AND BOBCAYGEON. calling each way at STURGEON POINT, will run as follows until further notice:

Leave Bobcaygeon at 6.30 a.m. and 8,10 p.m. Arrive Lindsay 4 9,00 4 4 5 30 4 Leave Lindsay 4 11.30 4 4 5 5.45 4 Arrive Bobcaygeon 1 45 4 4 8 8 00 4 Excepting on Saturdays, when the steamer will leave Lindsay at 8,20 p.m., (instead of 5.45 p.m.,) upon arrival of Toronto train.

Single Tickets between 1 indsay and Bobcageon, 75 cents, return tickets, \$1.

Single tickets between Lindsay and Sturgeon Point 85 cents, return tickets, 50 cents.

Single tickets between Bobcaygeon and Sturgeon Point, 40 cents, return tickets, 50 cents, 23 Family tickets and excursion tickets at reduced rates can be procured at the POST OFFICE BOB-CAYGEON, and on the boat,
Arrangements can be made on very favorable terms for excursions of from 100 to 200 persons on regular trips of the boat.
For terms apply by letter addressed to Secretary T.V.N. Oo., Bobcaygeon.

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SAILING NORTH

SAILING NORTH

Leaves Charlotte N.Y., (Port of Rochester) week
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Cobourg 7.15 a.m., except Saturday, when Steamer
leaves Charlotte, N.Y., 4.25 p.m., arriving Port
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Women suffer unspeakable tortures from muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves and poor blood. Uric Kidney acid poison, the blood. By and by, if the Kidneys do not properly purify the Llood, then comes pro-lapsus, retroversion, etc. Blood 75 per cent. pure is not a nourisher—it is a death breeder. Delicate women need not be told how much they would give to get and STAY well. If their blood is free from the poisonous ferments of the Kidneys and Liver, they will never know what "weakness" is. The blood is the

Woman's need

it cannot be kept pure except the Kidneys and Liver do their work naturally. Some-thing is needed to insure free organs, one 25 cent box of Kidney-Liver Pills will prove to any sufferer they are a boon to women, can be used with perfect confidence One Kiuney-Liver Pill taken weekly will

it cannot be kept pure except

effectually neutralize the formation of Uric Acid in the blood and prevent any tendency to Bright's Disease or Diabetes.

For purifying the Blood and renovating the system. especially in the Spring, one 25 cent box is equal to \$10 worth of any Sarsaparilla or Bitters known. Sold by all dealers, or by or Bitters known. Sold by all dealers, or by mail on receipt of price, EDMANSON, BATES & CO., 45 Lombard Street, Toronto.

bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most case removes the tumors. At druggists or by mail, for 50 cts Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Lyman Sons, etc., Mentreal, Wholesale Agents.—93-1y.

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In Bed 5 Months—Had Given Up All Hope of Getting Well-A Remedy Found at Last to which "I Owe My Life."



Science has fully established the | turn thoroughly oils, as it were, the fact that all the nervous energy of our | machinery of the body, thereby enbodies is generated by nerve centres abling it to perform perfectly its diflocated near the base of the brain. | ferent functions, and without the When the supply of nerve force has been diminished either by excessive If you have been reading of the rephysical or mental labours, or owing to markable cures wrought by South a derangement of the nerve centres, we | American Nervine, accounts of which are first conscious of a languor or tired | we publish from week to week, and and worn-out feeling, then of a mild | are still sceptical, we ask you to inform of nervousness, headache, or vestigate them by correspondence, and stomach trouble, which is perhaps succeeded by nervous prostration, chronic to the letter. Such a course may save indigestion, and dyspepsia, and a general sinking of the whole system. In ing and anxiety. this day of hurry, fret and worry, there The words that follow are strong, are very few who enjoy perfect health; but they emanate from the heart, and nearly everyone has some trouble, an speak the sentiments of thousands of ache, or pain, a weakness, a nerve women in the United States and Cantrouble, something wrong with the ada who know, through experience, of stomach and bowels, poor blood, heart the healing virtues of the South disease, or sick headache; all of which | American Nervine Tonic. are brought on by a lack of nervous energy to enable the different organs of the body to perform their respective | writes as fellows:-

marvellous nerve food and health giver, been in bed for five months with a is a satisfying success, a wondrous boon scrofulous tumour in my right side, to tired, sick, and overworked men and suffered with indigestion and and women, who have suffered years nervous prostration. Had given up of discouragement and tried all manner all hopes of getting well. Had tried of remedies without benefit. It is a three doctors, with no relief. The

direct action on the nerve centres, mend it too highly."
which are nature's little batteries, it Tired women, can you do better

Harriet E. Hall, of Waynetown, a prominent and much respected lady, "I owe my life to the great South

South American Nervine Tonic, the American Nervine Tonic, I have modern, a scientific remedy, and in its first bottle of Nervine Tonic improved wake follows abounding health. It is unlike all other remedies in about, and a few bottles cured me enthat it is not designed to act on the different organs affected, but by its cine in the world. I cannot recom-

causes an increased supply of nervous than become acquainted with this energy to be generated, which in its truly great remedy?

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Wholesale and Retail Agent for Lindsay.