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the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact that we are sailing on it. So I am not surprised that every-body asks the question, "Is life worth

Solomon in his unhappy moments says it is not. "Vanity," "vexation of spirit," "no good" are his estimate. The fact is that Solomon was at one time a polygamist, and that soured his disposition. One wite makes a man happy; more than one makes him wretched. But Solomon was converted from polygamy to monogamy, and the last words he ever wrote, as far as we can read them, were the words, "mountains of spices." But Jeremiah says in my text life is worth living. In a Book supposed to be doleful, and lugubrious," and sepulchral, and entitled "Lamentations." he plainly intimates that the blessing of merely living is so great and grand a blessing that though a man have piled on him all misfortunes and disasters he has no right to complain. The author of my text cries out in startling intonation to all lands and all centuries, "Where-fore doth a living man complain?" A diversity of opinion in our time as well as in olden time. Here is a young man of light hair, and blue eyes, and sound digestion, and generous salary, and happily affianced, and on the way to become a partner in a commercial firm of which he is an important clerk. Ask him whether life is worth living. He will laugh in your face and say, "Yes, yes, yes!" Here is a man who has come to the forties. He is at the tip-top of the hill of life. Every step has been a stumble and a bruise. The people he trusted have turned out deserters, and the money he has honestly made he has been cheated out of. His nerves are out of tune. He has poor appetite, and all the food he does eat does not assimilate. Forty miles' climbing up the hill of life have been to him like climbing the Matterhorn, and there are forty miles yet to go down, and descent is always more dangerous than ascent. Ask him whether life is worth living, and he will draw out in shivering and lugubrious and appalling negative, "No, no,

How are we to decide this matter righteously and intelligently? You will find the same man vaciliating, oscillating in his opinion from dejection to exuberance, and if he be very mercurial in his temperament it will depend very much upon which way the wind blows. If the wind blew from the northwest, and you ask him, he will say, "Yes;" and if it blew from the northeast and you ask him, he will say, "No." How are we then to get the question righteously answered? Suppose we call all nations together in a great convention on Eastern or Western hemisphere, and let all those who are in the affirmative say "Aye" and all those who are in the negative say "No." While there would be hundreds of thous nds who would answer in the affirmative, there would be more millions who would answer in the negative, and because of the greater number who have sorrow and m tune and trouble the "Noes" would have The answer I shall give will be different from either, and yet it will commend itself to all who hear me this day as the right answer. If you ask me "Is life worth living?" I answer, it all depends upon the kind of life you live.

In the first place, I remark, that a life of mere money-making is always a failure, because you will never get as much as you want. The poorest people in this country are the richest, and next to them those who are half as rich, There is not a scissors-grinder on the streets of New York or Brooklyn who is so anxious to make money as these men who have piled up fortunes year after year in storehouses, in government securities, in tenement houses, in whole city blocks. You ought to see them jump when they hear the fire-bell ring. You ought to see them in their excitement when some bank explodes. You ought to see their agitation when there is proposed a reformation in the tariff. Their nerves tremble like harp-strings, but no music in the vibration. They read the reports from Wall Street in the morning with a concernment that threatens paralysis or apoplexy, or, more probably, they have a telegraph or a telephone in their own house, so they catch every breath of change in the money market. The disease of accumulation has eaten into them-eaten into their heart, into their lungs, into their spleen, into their liver, into

their bones. Chemists have sometimes analyzed the human body, and they say it is so much magnesia, so much lime, so much chlorate of potassium. If some Christian chemist would analyze one of these financial behemoths he would find he is made up of copper, and gold, and silver, and zinc, and lead, and coal, and iron. That is not a life worth living. There are too many earthquakes in it, too many agonies in it, too many predictions in it. They build their castles, and they open their picture galleries, and they summon prima donnas, and they offer every inducement for happiness to come and live there, but happiness

ness to come and live there, but happiness will not come.

They send footmanned and postillioned equipage to bring her; she will not ride to their door. They send princely escort; she will not take their arm. They make their gateways triumphal arches; she will not ride under them. They set a golden throne before a golden plate; she turns away from the banquet. They call to her from uphelstered balcony; she will not listen. Mark you, this is the failure of those who have had large accumulation.

And then you must take into consideration that the vast majority of those who make the dominant idea of life money-getting fall far short of affluence. It is estimated that only about two out of a hundred business men have anything worthy the name of success. A man who spends his life with the one dominant idea of financial accumulation spends a life net worth living.

So the idea of a worldly approval. If that be dominant in a man's life he is miserable. The two most unfortunate men in this country for the six months men in this country for the six months of next Presidential campaign will be the two men nominated for Presidency.

LIFE IS WORTH LIVING.

AN INTERESTING SERMON BY THE BROOKLYN PREACHER.

Solomon Was Dissatisfied With Life Besuse He Was a Polygamist—One Wife Makes a Man Happy, More Than One Makes Him Wretched.

BROOKLYN, July 22—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now touring in the Australian cities has chosen as the subject for to-day's sermon through the press' "Worth Living," the text being taken from Lamentations 3: 39, "Wherefore doth a living man complain?"

If we leave to the evolutionists to guess where we came from and to the theologians to prophecy where we are going to, we still have left for consideration the important fact that we are here. There may be some doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about where the river empties, but there can be no doubt about the fact, that we are a suite so a manufacture, and the struggle for what is called social words. It shall be a Luxembourg of fine pictures. It sh

preferment you see in every community in the struggle for what is called social Tens of thousands of people trying to get into that realm, and they are under terrific tension. What is a social position? It is a difficult thing to divine, but we all know what it is. Good sary, but wealth, or the show of wealth, is absolutely indispensable. There are men to-day as notorious for their libertinism as the night is famous for its darkness, who move in what is called high social position. There are hun-dreds of out-and-out rakes in American society whose names are mentioned among the distinguished guests at the great levees. They have annexed all the known vices and are longing for other worlds of diabolism to conquer. Good morals are not necessary in many of the exalted circles of society.

Neither is intelligence necessary. You find in that realm men who would not know an adverb from an adjective if they met it a hundred times a day, and who could not write a letter of acceptance or regret without the aid of a secretary. They buy their libraries by the square yard, only anxious to have the binding Russian. Their ignorance is positively sublime, making English grammar almost disreputable. And yet the finest parlors open before them. Good morals and intelligence are not necessary, but wealth, or a show of wealth, is positively indispensable. It does not make any difference how you got your wealth, if you only got it. The best way for you to get into social posi-tion is for you to buy a large amount of credit, then put your property in your wife's name, have a few preferred creditors, and then make an assignment. Then disappear from the community until the breeze is over, and then come back and start in the same business. Do you not see how beautifully that will put out all the people who are in competition with you and trying to make an honest living? How quickly it will get you into high social position ! What is the use of forty or fifty years of hard work when you can by two or three bright strokes make a great fortune? Ah, my friends! when you really lose your money, how quick they will let you drop, and the higher you get the

harder you will drop.

There are thousands to-day in the realm who are anxious to keep in it. There are thousands in that realm who are nervous for fear they will fall out of it, and there are changes going on every year, and every month, and every hour, which involve heartbreaks that are never reported. High social life is constantly in a flutter about the delicate question as to whom they shall let in nd whom they shall push out, and the battle is going on-pier mirror against pier mirror, chandelier against chandelier, wine cellar against wine cellar, wardrobe against wardrobe, equipage against equipage. Uncertainty and insecurity dominant in that realm, wretchedness enthroned, torture at a premium.

and a life not worth living.

A life of sin, a life of pride, a life of indulgence, a life of worldliness, a life devoted to the world, the flesh, and the devil is a failure, a dead failure, an infinite failure. I care not how many presents you sent to that cradle, or how many garlands you send to that grave, you need to put right under the name on the tombstone this inscription, "Bet-

ter for the man if he had never been But I shall show you a life that is worth living. A young man says, "I am here. I am not responsible for my ancestry; others decided that. I am not responsible for my temperament; God gave me that. But here I am, in the afternoon of the nineteenth century at twenty years of age. I am here, and I must take an account of stock. Here I have a body which is a divinely constructed engine. I must put to the very best uses, and I must allow nothing damage this rarest of machinery. Two feet, and they mean locomotion. Two eyes, and they mean capacity to pick out my own way. Two ears, and they are telephones of communication with all the outside world, and they mean capacity to catch sweetest music and the voices of friendship — the very best music. A tongue, with almost infinity of articulation. Yes hands with which to welcome, or resist, or lift, or smite, or wave, or bless—hands to help myself and help others.
"Here is a world which after six thousand years of battling with tempest and

sand years of battling with tempest and accident is still grander than any architect, human or angelic, could have drafted. I have two lamps to light me a golden lamp and a silver lamp—a golden lamp set on the sapphire mantel of the day, a silver lamp set on the jet mantel of the night. Yea, I have that at twenty years of age which defied all inventory of valuables—a soul, with capacity to choose or reject, to rejoice or to suffer, to love or to hate. Plato says it is immortal. Seneca says it is imit is immortal. Seneca says it is immortal. Confucius says it is immortal. mortal. Confucius says it is immortal. An old book among the family relics—a book with leathern cover almost worn out, and pages almost obliterated by oft perusal, joins the other books in saying I am immortal. I have eighty years for a lifetime—sixty years yet to live. I may not live an hour, but then I must lay out my plans intelligently, and for a long—life. Sixty years added to the twenty I have already lived, that will bring me to eighty, I must remember that these eighty years are only a brief preface to the five hundred thousand millions of quintillions of years which will be my chief residence and existence. New, I understand my opportunities and my responsibilities.

ties and my responsibilities.

"If there is any being in the universe all wise and all beneficent who can help a man in such a juncture, I want him. The old book found among the family relies tells me there is a God, and that for the sake of His Son, one Jesus, He will give help to a man. To Him I appeal. God help me! Here I have yet sixty years to do for myself and to do for others. I must develop the body by all industries, by all gymnastic, by all sunshine, by all fresh air, by all good habits. And this soul I must have swept, and garnished and illumined, and closified by all that I can do for it and

of thy Lord.' 'My brother, my sister, I do not care whether that man dies at thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy or eighty years of age; you can chisel right under his name on the tombstone these words:-"His life was worth living."

Amid the hills of New Hampshire, in olden time, there sits a mother. There are six children in the household—four boys and two girls. Small farm. Very There rough, hard work to coax a living out of it. Might tug to make the two ends of the year meet. The boys go to school in winter and work the farm in summer. Mother is the chief presiding spirit. With her hands she knits all the stockings for the little feet and she is stockings for the little feet, and she is the mantuamaker for the little boys, and she is the milliner for the girls. There is only one musical instrument in the house—the spinning-wheel. The food is very plain, but it is always well provided. The winters are very cold, but are kept out by the blankets she quilted. On Sunday when she appears in the village church, her children around her, minister looks down, and is reminded of the Bible description of a good house-wife-"Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and

Some years go by, and the two eldest boys want a collegiate education, and the household economies are severer, the calculations are closer, and until those two boys get their education there is a hard battle for bread. One of these boys enters the university, stands in a pulpit widely influentiat, and preaches righteousness, judgment and temperance, and thousands during his ministry are blessed. The other lad who got the collegiate education goes into the law, and thence into legislative halls, and after a while he commands listening Senates as he makes a plea for the down-trodden and the outcast. One of the younger boys becomes a merchant, startling at the foot of the ladder, but climbing on up until his success and his philanthropies are recognized all over the land. The other son stays at home because he prefers farming life, and then he thinks he will be able to take care of father and mother when they

Of the two daughters, when the war broke out one went through the hospitals of Pittsburg Landing and Fortress Monroe, cheering up the dying and home-sick, and taking the last message to kindred far away. So that every time Christ thought of her He said, as of old, 'The same is my sister and mother.' The other daughter has a bright home of her own, and in the afternoon of the forenoon when she has been devoted to her household, she goes forth to hunt up the sick and to encourage the discouraged, leaving smiles and benediction all

along the way.
But one day there start five telegrams from the village for those five absent ones, saying: "Come, mother is danones, saying: "Come, mother is dan-gerously ill." But before they can be ready to start, they receive another telegram, saying: "Come, mother is gram, saying: "Come, mother is dead." The old neighbors gather in the old farmhouse to do the last offices of respect. But as that farming son, and the clergyman, and the senator, and the merchant, and the two daughters stand by the casket of the dead mether taking the last look, or lifting their little children to see once more the face of dear old grandma, I want to ask that group around the casket one question: "Do around the casket one question: "Do you really think her life was worth living?" A life for God, a life for others, a life of unselfishness, a useful life, a Christian life is always worth living.

I would not find it hard to persuade you that the poor lad, Peter Cooper, making glue for a living, and then making glue for a living, and then amassing a great fortune until he could build a philanthropy which has had its echo in ten thousand philanthropies all over the country—I would not find it hard to persuade you that his life was worth living. Neither would I find it hard to persuade you that the life of hard to persuade you that the life of Susannah Wesley was worth living. She sent out one son to organize Metho-dism and the other son to ring his anthems all through the ages. I would not find it hard work to persuade you that the life of Frances Leere was worth liv-ing, as she established in England a school for the scientific nursing of the sick, and then when the war broke ont sick, and then when the war broke out between France and Germany, went to the front, and with her own hands scraped the mud off the bodies of the soldiers dying in the trenches with her weak arm—standing one night in the hospital—pushing back a German soldier to his couch, as, all frenzied with his wounds, he rushed towards the door

and said:—"Let me go, let me go to my 'liebe mutter." Major generals stand back to let pass this angel of mercy.

Neither would I have hard work to Neither would I have hard work to persuade you that Grace Darling lived a life worth living—the heroine of the lifeboat. You are not wondering that the Duchess of Northumberland came to see her and that people of all lands ask for her lighthouse, and that the proprietor of the Adelphi Theatre in London offered her a hundred dollars a night just to the lifeboat while night just to sit in the lifeboat while some shipwreck scene was being enact-

But I know the thought in the minds of hundreds who read this. You say; "While I know all these lived lives worth living, I den't think my life amounts to much." Ah! my friends, whether you live a life conspicuous or inconficience, it is worth living, if you live aright. And I want my next sentence to go down want my next sentence to go down into the depth of all your souls. You are to be awarded, het according to the greatness of your work, but according to the hely industry with which you employed the talents you really possessed. The majority of the crowns possessed. The majority of the crowns of Heaven will not be given to people with ten talents, for most of them were tempted only to serve themselves. The vast majority of the crowns of heaven will be given to people who had one talent, but gave it all to God. And remember that our life here is introductory to another. It is the vestibule to a palace; but who despises the door of the Madeleine because there are grander glories within? Your life if rightly lived is the first bar of an eternal oratorio, and who despises the first note of Haydn's symphonies? And the life you live now is all the more worth living because it opens into a life that shall never end, and the last letter of the word "time" is the first letter of the word "eternity!" MR. PULLMAN'S DISPOSITION.

The Criticism of a Man Who Knows the Great Car Builder Intimately A man who has crossed the ocean twice with Mr. Pullman, and who traveled extensively with him on the Continent, in speaking of the car builder yesterday, said:

"It is difficult to discover any sub-

stantial foundation in Pullman's manner stantial foundation in Pullman's manner or speech for the stories which credit him with an overbearing disposition and the desire to boss everything that he has any interest in. He is certainly well known to newspaper writers, to the clerks of hotels, and to the traveling public as amiable and accessible. I have been with him for weeks at a time, and in traveling one gets to know a man's in traveling one gets to know a man's disposition pretty well. Pullman is as unpretentious and good natured a man as I have ever run across. He is democratic in his tastes always cats at public tables, and I have frequently seen him give up his turn in a barber shop to

blige some man who was in a hurry.
"He hangs on the strap in a cable car, eats at a standing lunch counter when he feels inclined that way, talks with everbody, and is utterly without the characteristics of exclusiveness and offishness with which he has been credited. If you will go down to Wall street, and question the shrewder bankers there, you will learn that Mr. Pullman's wealth is very much exaggerated by common report. He is by no means the millionaire that the public and the strikers take him to be.

"Men who are the figureheads of such an extraordinary upheaval as that in the west are apt to be distorted in the public

A Problem Solved,



-Life.

Depew on the Strike, Chauncey M. Depew has written a long despatch at the request of the London Times, giving the story of the recent strike and the causes which led up to it. This is an unexpected development of enterprise on the part of the "Thunderer," but "our Chauncey" is pretty well known in "Lunnon," you know. Here is Mr. Depew's conclusion

of the whole matter : After President Cleveland's proclama-tion, it required a few days for the general public and the strike leaders to grasp the idea that the president was in earnest and the army and navy in mo tion, when this gigantic conspiracy collapsed as suddenly as it had organized. The losses occasioned by the strike are enormous, but it is destined to prove of incalculable benefit to the country. The national idea has been strengthened and broadened. Safe archorage has been found for persons and property. One of the hopeful features of the situation has been the unmistakable display of loyalty in the South. The so-called rebel States unanimously maintained the Federal Government before everything else. We surrendered," they said, Government with ample power to en-force the law, and we will live under no other." The far-reaching results of this short revolution can be briefly stated. Interstate railroads are national high ways which the Government will keep open at any cost, and a method will be provided for the settlement of differences with their employes. The general Government will find a way to protect the citizens of the United States from the cowardice of the State officers of their corrupt sympathy with law-breakers. Every vested interest is more secure, and the rights of everyone more safe. Legitimate labor is better protected and more sure of its rights and of

All About Hen Fruit.

During all ages, the most prevalent and characteristic custom of the Easter festival has been the use of eggs. Sometimes they were eaten, oftener kept as amulets, or used in playing games. The pagan people at their New Year feasts presented each other with eggs as a type of the new life of nature, which they colored to show their joy at the return of spring, while the Romans celebrated their New Year with egg games in honor of Castor and Pollux. The Druids used eggs in the worship of the goddess Eostre. What wonder, with all the traditions and superstitions convected. traditions and superstitions connected with the egg, that this custom was continued, even had it not been an appropriate emblem of the Resurrection. The early Christians continued this practice, and colored the eggs red to symbolize the blood of their redemption. St. Augustine recognized the egg as a type of hope. Marble eggs have been found in the tombs of saints and martyrs. The contrast between the cold, lifeless egg, and the warm, downy chicken, full of life and motion, may well have made the former an emblem of the endless life.

To be Thwarted.

To be Thwarted.

'The best thing often that could happen to a man is to be thwarted in his favorite hopes. The old song that has the hope that in time of old age we may find one face at our fireside whom we loved when we were young; but I would say, far rather than this: 'God grant that we may find Him there in the home of our darkened life.' Then all else will seem to us but dross. When a man has nothing more to lose; when his hopes are all beyond the grave; when we listen without terror to the ebbings and flowings of the tide of life and the rush of its storms—then after the night to us flowings of the tide of life and the rush of its storms—then after the night to us the day will come back, and after the tempest a great calm. We know that it is God's work, and that God loves us better than we can love ourselves. We know then that all our life is guided by Him, so that we find consolation and contentment; and if we have those two things with us—consolation in our sorrows and contentment in any loss—we have the richest blessings which God can give us."—Archdeacen Farrar.

CHASE'S CHAPTER

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

2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble

that will ever increase unless 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, stomach sour and belching, urine scalding, had to get up 3 or 4 times during night to urinate, commenced 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

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 SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S CINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists or by mail, for 50 cts Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman Sons, etc., Mentreal, Wholesale Agents.—93-1y. mind, but in Mr. Pullman's case the distortion is unusually grotesque."



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it cannot be kept pure except the Kidneys and Liver do their work naturally. Something 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 by those of delicate constitution.

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FOR ALL WOMEN.

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 en-When the supply of nerve force has slightest friction. been diminished either by excessive If you have been reading of the rephysical or mental labours, or owing to markable cures wrought by South 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 suc- become convinced that they are true ceeded by nervous prostration, chronic to the letter. Such a course may save indigestion, and dyspepsia, and a gen-eral sinking of the whole system. In ing and anxiety. disease, or sick headache; all of which | American Nervine Tonic. are brought on by a lack of nervous Harriet E. Hall, of Waynetown, a energy to enable the different organs of prominent and much respected lady, the body to perform their respective | writes as follows:-

marvellous nerve food and health giver, is assatisfying success, a wondrous boon to tired, sick, and overworked men and suffered with indigestion and

direct action on the nerve centres, mend it too highly." which are nature's little batteries, it causes an increased supply of nervous than become acquainted with this energy to be generated, which in its truly great remedy?

bedies is generated by nerve centres abling it to perform perfectly its diflocated near the base of the brain. ferent functions, and without the

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 sche, 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

"I owe my life to the great South South American Nervine Tonic, the American Nervine Tonic. I have and women, who have suffered years of discouragement and tried all manner of remedies without benefit. It is a modern, a scientific remedy, and in its 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-

Tired women, can you do better

E. GREGORY

Wholesale and Retail Agent for Lindsay.