

THE ONE RIGHT ROAD

REV. DR. TALMAGE POINTS IT OUT TO LIFE'S TRAVELERS.

He Shows the Road of Righteousness to be Safe, Plain, Pleasant, Broad, Smooth and with a glorious Terminus in the Great Hereafter.

Washington, Feb. 2.—Rev. Dr. Talmage's sermon to-day was a picture of the road that many have traveled and others are trying to get on and is no more appropriate for the capital of the nation than for all places. The text chosen was Isaiah xxxv, 8, 9, 10: "And an highway shall be there, and it shall be called the way of holiness. The unclean shall not pass over it, but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall there be there, nor any ravenous beast shall up thereon, it shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

There are hundreds of people in this house who want to find the right road. You sometimes see a person halting at cross roads, and you can tell by his looks that he wishes to ask a question as to what direction he had better take. And I stand in your presence conscious of the fact that there are many of you here who realize that there are a thousand wrong roads, but only one right one, and I take it for granted that you have come in to ask which one it is. Here is one road that opens widely, but I have not much faith in it. There are a great many expensive tollgates scattered all along that way. Indeed, at every road you must pay in tears, or pay in genuflections, or pay in flagellations. On that road, if you get through it at all, you have to pay your own way, and since this differs so much from what I have heard of the right way, I believe it is the wrong way.

Here is another road. On either side of it are houses of sinful entertainment and invitations to come in and dine and rest, but from the looks of the people who stand on the plaza I am certain it is the wrong house and the wrong way. Here is another road. It is very beautiful and macadamized. The horses' hoofs clatter and ring, and they who ride over it spin along the highway, until suddenly they find that the road breaks over an embankment, and they try to halt, and they saw the bit in the mouth of the fiery steed and cry "Whoa! Whoa!" But it is too late, and crash! they go over the embankment. We shall turn and see if we cannot find a different kind of road. You have heard of the Appian way. It was 350 miles long. It was 24 feet wide, and on either side of the road was a path for foot passengers. It was made out of rocks cut in hexagonal shape and fitted together. What a road! It must have been made of smooth, hard rock, 350 miles long. No wonder that in the construction of it the treasures of a whole empire were exhausted. Because of invaders, and the elements and time—the old conqueror who tears up a road as he goes over it—they have long left that structure but a ruin. But I have to tell you of a road built before the Appian way, and yet it is as good as when first constructed. Millions of souls have gone over it. Millions more will come.

The prophets and apostles, too. Pursued this road while here below, We therefore will, without dismay, Still walk in Christ, the good old way.

First, this road of the text is the King's highway. In the diligence you dash on over the Bernard pass of the Alps, mile after mile, and there is not so much as a sandstone in the wheels. You go over bridges which cross chasms that make you hold your breath, under projecting rock, along by dangerous precipices, through tunnels adrip with the meltings of the glaciers, and perhaps for the first time learn the majesty of a road built and supported by Governmental authority. Well, my Lord the King decided to build a highway from earth to heaven. It should span all the chasms of human wretchedness. It should tunnel all the mountains of earthly difficulty. It should be wide enough and strong enough to hold 50,000,000,000,000 of the human race, if so many of them should ever be born. It should be blasted out of the "Rock of Ages," and cemented with the blood of the cross, and be lifted amid the shouting of angels and the exclamation of devils. The King sent his Son to build that road. He put head and hand and heart to it, and after the road was completed waved His blistered hand over the way, crying, "It is finished!" Napoleon paid 15,000,000 francs for the building of the Simplon road that his cannon might go over for the devastation of Italy, but our King at a greater expense has built a road for a different purpose that the banners of heavenly dominion might come down over it. Being a King's highway, of course it is well built. Bridges splendidly arched and abutted have given way and crushed the passengers who attempted to cross them. But Christ the King would build no such things. He said: "The work done, He mounts the chariot of His love and multitudes mount with Him, and He drives on and up the steep of heaven amid the plaudits of gazing worlds! The work is done—well done—gloriously done—magnificently done."

Still further, this road spoken of is a clean road. Many a fine road has become miry and foul because it has not been properly cared for, but my text says the unclean shall not walk on this one. Room on either side to throw away your sins. Indeed, if you want to carry there along the road on the right road. That bridge will break, those overhanging rocks will fall, the night will come down, leaving you at the mercy of the wind and the bands, and at the very next turn of the road you will perish. But if you are really on this clean road of which I have been speaking, then you will stop ever and anon to wash in the water that stands in the basin of the eternal rock.

Aye, at almost every step of the journey you will be crying out, "Create within me a clean heart!" If you have no such aspirations as that, it proves that you have mistaken your way, and if you will only look up and see the finger board above your head you may read upon it the words, "There is a way that seems right unto a man, but the end thereof is death."

What is the use of your fretting lest you will be overcome of temptations? God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape that ye may be able to bear it. Oh highway! Highway! Trees of life on either side, bending over until their branches interlock and drop midway their fruit and shade. Houses of entertainment on either side of the road for poor pilgrims. Tables spread with a feast of good things, and walls adorned with pictures of gold in pictures of silver. I start out on this King's highway, and I find a harper, and I say, "What is your name?" The harper makes no response, but leaves me to guess, as with his eyes toward heaven and his hand upon the trembling strings this tune comes rippling on the air: "The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life. Of whom shall I be afraid?"

I go a little farther on the same road and meet a trumpeter of heaven, and I say, "Haven't you got some music for a tired pilgrim?" And, waving his hand and taking a long breath, he puts his mouth to the trumpet and pours forth this strain, "They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." I go a little distance farther on the same road, and I meet a maiden of Israel. She has a crown of light and of glory, and she looks as if she had rusted from sea spray, and I say to the maiden of Israel, "Have you no song for a tired pilgrim?" And, like the clang of victors' shields, the cymbals clap as Miriam begins to discourse: "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously. The horse and the rider hath He thrown into the sea. And they have bound toward me, and I say, 'Who are they?' The happiest, the brightest, and the fairest in all heaven—who are they?" And the answer comes, "These are they who came out of great tribulations and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

I pursue this subject only one step farther. What is the terminus? I do not care how fine a road you put me on, I want to know where it comes out. My text declares it, "The redeemed of the Lord shall come to Zion." You know what Zion was. That was the king's palace. It was a mountain fastness. It was impregnable. And so heaven is the fastness of the universe. No howitzer has long enough range to shell those towers, and hell has no fire that can burn those walls. They cannot break in those gates. Gibraltar was taken, Sevastopol was taken, Babylon fell, but these walls of heaven shall never surrender either to human or satanic besiegement. The Lord God Almighty is the refuge of the Lord, and the universe! Terminus of the King's highway!

but the end thereof is death: out boldness no man shall see the Lord, and if you have any idea that you can carry along your sins, your lusts, your worldliness, and yet get at the end of the Christian race, you are so awfully mistaken, that in the name of God, shudder at the delusion. Still further, the road spoken of is a plain road. "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein"—that is, if a man is three-fourths an idiot, he can find this road just as well as if he were a philosopher. The immense body, the laughing stock of the street, and followed by a mob hooting at him, has only just to knock once at the gate of heaven, and it swings open, while there has been many a man who could lecture about pneumatics and chemistry and tell the story of Faraday's theory of electrical polarization and yet has been shut out of heaven. There has been many a man who stood in an observatory and swept the heavens with his telescope and yet has not been able to see the morning star. Many a man has been familiar with all the higher branches of mathematics and yet could not do the simple sum. "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Many a man has been a fine reader of tragedies and poems and yet could not "read his little clear to mansions in the skies."

Many a man has botanized across the continent, and yet not known the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valley. But if one shall come in the right spirit, asking the way to heaven, he will find it a plain way. Everything is plain. He who tries to get on the road to heaven through the New Testament teaching will get on beautifully. He who goes through philosophical discussion will not get on it at all. Christ says, "Come to me and I will take all your sins away, and I will take all your troubles away."

Now what is the use of my discussing it any more? Is not that plain? If you wanted to go to some city, and I pointed you out a highway thoroughly laid out, would I be wise in detaining you by a geological discussion about the gravel you will pass over, or a physiological discussion about the muscles you will have to bring into play? No. After this Bible has pointed you the way to heaven, is it wise for me to detain you with any discussion about the nature of the human will, or whether the atonement is limited or unlimited? There is the road—go on it. It is a plain way. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And that is you, and that is me. Any little child here can understand this as well as I can. "Unless you become as a little child you cannot see the kingdom of God." If you are saved, it will not be as a philosopher; it will be as a little child. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Unless you have the spirit of little children, you will never come out of their glorious destiny. Still further, this road to heaven is a safe road. Sometimes the traveler in those ancient highways would think himself perfectly secure, not knowing there was a lion by the way, burying his head deep between his paws, and then, when the right moment came, under the fearful spring the man's life was gone, and there was a mangled carcass by the roadside. But, says my text, "No lion shall be there." I wish I could make you feel your entire security. I tell you plainly that one minute after a man has become a child of God he is as safe as though he had been 10,000 years in heaven. He may slip, he may slide, he may stumble, but he cannot be destroyed; kept by the power of God, through faith, unto complete salvation everlastingly safe. The severest trial to which you can subject a Christian man is to kill him, and that is glory. In other words, the worst thing that can happen a child of God is heaven. The body is only the old slippers that he throws aside just before putting on the sandals of light. His soul, you cannot hurt it. No fires can consume it; no floods can drown it; no devils can capture it.

Firm and unmoved are they Who rest their souls on God; Fixed as the ground where David stood, Oh where the ark abode.

His soul is safe, His reputation is safe. Everything is safe. "But, you say, 'suppose his store burns up?'" Why, then it will be only a change of investments from earthly to heavenly securities. "But, you say, 'suppose his name and his honor are ruined, and his name and his honor are ruined?'" The name will be so much brighter in glory. "Suppose his physical health fails?" God will pour into him the floods of everlasting health, and it will not make any difference. Earthly subtraction is heavenly addition. The tears of earth are the crystals of heaven. As they take rags and tatters and put them through the paper mill, and they come out beautiful white sheets of paper, so often the rags of earthly destitution, under the cylinders of death come out a white scroll upon which shall be written eternal emancipation. There was one passage of Scripture the force of which I never understood until one day at Chamounix, with Mont Blanc on one side and Mont Avert on the other, I opened my Bible and read, "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so the Lord is around about them that fear Him." The surroundings were an omnipotent commentary.

Though troubles assail and anger afflict, Though friends should all fall and foes all unite, Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide, The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

Still further, the road spoken of is a pleasant road. God gives a bond of indemnity against all evil to every man that reads it. "All things work together for good to those who love God." No weapon formed against them can prosper. That is the bond, signed, sealed and delivered by the President of the whole universe. What is the use of your fretting, O child of God, for things that are round about you? No weapon formed against them can prosper. That is the bond, signed, sealed and delivered by the President of the whole universe. What is the use of your fretting, O child of God, for things that are round about you? No weapon formed against them can prosper. That is the bond, signed, sealed and delivered by the President of the whole universe.

What keeps up Her spirit. "There is a charming elasticity about Miss Dolly Fitters." "Yes; she is a maiden of seventeen springs, you know."—Harper's Bazar.

A Rhinoceros. Berlin schoolgirls seem to be growing very emancipated. They now have their "salamanders," or drinking cups, just like the university students, but content themselves with coffee instead of beer.

That Face. Miss Payne—is it true that you said the mere sight of my face would make a man climb a fence? Harper's—It is a matter of course, if the man was on the other side of the fence.

Old Deerfoot, the runner. Never was there a more unique figure in the history of athletics than old Deerfoot, the Indian runner, whose death was announced the other day. He died with the title he had never lost of the champion long-distance runner of the world. Deerfoot's right name was Louis Bennet. He was born in 1828 on the Cattaraugus Reservation, some six miles from Silver Creek, N.Y. When a youngster he gave promise of future athletic power. He excelled his comrades in their favorite game, lacrosse, and, though many could defeat him in short-distance runs, few cared to tackle him in a race that required endurance.

At twenty he was recognized as a champion among the red men. He was then a beautiful figure of a man, fully six feet in height and perfectly proportioned. He worked but little. His time was mostly spent in hunting, and there is a tradition among his tribe that he on several occasions ran down a deer and taking care of some of his kinsmen that he gained the name Deerfoot by running down a deer after a chase lasting twelve hours. Deerfoot himself used to laugh significantly when asked as to the truth of this story, giving as near an approach to what he acknowledged as the truth of his own story was that the title was given him after he had won a race in 1850, when he was twenty-two years old, against a horse during the annual meeting of the tribes on the Cattaraugus Reservation.

Deerfoot's fame as a runner soon spread, and a leading sporting man took the red man in hand. Under charge of his beaver, Deerfoot visited all the leading cities of the United States, meeting and beating, without exception, all the acknowledged long-distance runners. At the conclusion of his triumphal tour, he went back to the Cattaraugus Reservation, and lived quietly at home for a few years.

In 1881, the sporting man who had taken him through the United States, took Deerfoot on a campaign through England, the home of long-distance runners. The first race arranged for the Indian in England was at London, with a young college man who had bested the pick of British long-distance cranks. When the two athletes met, Deerfoot laughed at the youthful appearance of his competitor and said he would send for his son, then a youthful buck on the reservation, to race against the "pale face."

Deerfoot had a harder time of it than he expected. The Englishman out too hot a pace at the start for his own good. The race was for twelve miles, and by the end of the eleventh mile Deerfoot had fairly run his opponent off his feet. Subsequently, he defeated three other men who were recognized champions, and thereafter all England hailed the red man as the greatest athlete that ever wore a running shoe. The Prince of Wales took great interest in him, and for several weeks Deerfoot was a guest at the royal apartments. He gave several exhibitions before the royal family and received from the Queen and the Prince of Wales tokens of remembrance. These he prized highly and kept to the time of his death. He trained the famous Tom Mac for his fights, and returned before the masters and students of Oxford and Cambridge Universities on physical training. He remained in England until the latter part of 1883, when he sailed to this country with considerable money in his pockets. When he reached the Prince of Wales presented him with a £50 note.

Deerfoot went at once to his old home and purchased a small farm, which he owned at the time of his death. Two years after his return to this country he went to Chicago and raced there against horses. In every case he was victorious. He competed against a couple of runners in Buffalo and Cleveland and defeated them. In 1886 he settled down on the Cattaraugus Reservation, and there he died of smallpox. He leaves two sons, who live on the property owned by their father. His wife died many years ago.

Deerfoot made his great record in London in 1882, when he ran 10 miles in 22 minutes. He declared that this record had never been broken, but his assertion is disputed. He once ran fifty miles, but his time was not taken. He was on exhibition at the Chicago Exposition of 1883, and was present at numerous celebrations in Western New York and Pennsylvania. He possessed scores of medals, but rarely displayed them. He kept them lock in a trunk in his house and handled them with great care, saying: "My descendants will like to look at them and see what good man old Deerfoot was."

Deerfoot made a study of physical training, and it really surprised how carefully he had observed every little point. At the time of the Corbett-Sullivan fight Deerfoot remarked: "Bet me could train them boys so could fight much better; they think they know lots 'bout it, but me can tell them much."

Disastrous Famines. The most disastrous famine of modern times occurred in northern China in 1877-78. It was so severe that 9,500,000 of the inhabitants perished. The sum of £45,000 was collected in England and forwarded to China for the relief of the famine. It is said to appear by a blue book, published in 1885, that the famine in India in 1878, caused the deaths of 3,500,000 people in the Madras district, and of 2,435,000 people in the Oude district. The potato famine in Ireland in 1847 was the most horrible of modern times. It is estimated that 1,000,000 deaths in Ireland, and 1,000,000 deaths ensued. Two years afterward, in Rajpootana, over 1,500,000 perished from hunger.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Apples and Milk. Congressman Amos Cummings has introduced a new dish in the restaurant attached to the House of Representatives at Washington. He fills a bowl to the brim with milk and then slices an apple into it. When asked for the history of his simple luncheon, the other day, he said that his mother had fed him with apples and milk when he was a boy and that the combination still had a relish for him.—New York Times.

AS THE GYPSY FORETOLD.

How Miss Dallas Yorkie Became the Duchess of Portland.

Gracious and stately, and one of the Duchess's persons of her day, when Miss Dallas Yorkie became Duchess of Portland, she at once took her place among the first of the leaders of society in London. It would be almost more correct if we were to substitute the word England for London, since the Duchess appears to be singularly indifferent to the attractions of the metropolis. She arrives there late in the season, she leaves early, and she makes so many Saturday-to-Monday visits to Weibek, where she usually has a brilliant house party, and her friends are especially proud that for all practical purposes she never comes to town at all.

For this reason the features of the Duchess are perhaps less generally known than those of most women of her position, and this is the more striking as her personal beauty marks her out at once on those occasions when she does appear in public. Perhaps the most effective likeness of Her Grace is a charming study in silver point from the gifted hand of her attached friend, the Marchioness of Granby. In this especially note the no less noise of the head, rising from a picturesque Medici collar, the delicate contour of cheek and chin, and the sweet, serious eyes, all of which are imprinted on the memory of those who have once had an opportunity of observing the Duchess closely.

There is such promise of romance in the delicate profile and the dreamy eyes of the Duchess of Portland that my readers would not be disappointed if I did not hint that something of its ambience had entered into her life as well. More than one tale might be unfolded, but unfortunately one may not say all he knows. However, on her first meeting with the young Duke I may say one word. It took place in a London ball room, and the Duke observed her attentively, and he has since confessed that he said to himself at the time, "If ever I marry, I should like it to be a woman such as this."

Later on the Duke met the lady in a London ball room, and he was so attracted by her that he had noticed her approaching that he looked on the brilliant scene before her with indifference, not to say with weariness. "I am afraid that this does not amuse you," he said.

"No," replied Miss Dallas Yorkie, "I do not like society, and I do not care for London."

As these words accurately described the Duke's own opinions, it is not surprising that the acquaintance ripened rapidly. Before many weeks had passed the problem which had puzzled the social world from his succession to the dukedom in 1879 was solved, and Miss Dallas Yorkie became Duchess of Portland.

A characteristic story is told of the Duchess, which, if even not true, belongs to the ben trovato order, and well illustrates the simplicity and absence of ambition which are among her most striking characteristics. A gypsy, the Duke's maid, had possessed herself of the hand of Miss Dallas Yorkie, who had not then made her debut. "You will be married to a duke, my bonnie lady," said the old crone, "and become one of the greatest ladies in the land."

"Oh, I hope not," said the girl, with an emphasis that made those around her laugh as she drew her hand quickly away, adding, "I should like one thing as little as the other." However, the prophecy has been fulfilled, and on appearances the beautiful young Duchess does not find her lot very hard to bear.—From Madame.

How to Cure Bacon. Good bacon is cured in this way: The sides are not cut until the carcass is quite cold and well aired. They are then laid on a bench and well rubbed with this mixture: For each 100 pounds of meat, 4 ounces of saltpetre, 7 pounds of salt, and 20 ounces of brown sugar, the latter two being heated in a pan quite hot and thoroughly dried. The saltpetre is finely powdered and sprinkled over the flesh side of the meat 12 hours before the salt mixture is used. This is well rubbed into the flesh, the pieces being laid one upon another skin side down. The meat should have skin side down. The meat should be laid in a salting trough, or the bench should have a gutter cut around the edge to lead the brine into a pan. This brine is poured on the meat and rubbed daily, the pieces being reversed, the top one going to the bottom of the trough. After four weeks the meat is cured and ready for smoking. The best material for smoking is corn cobs or hickory brush. If it is desired, the meat may be wet cured—that is, the salt and sugar, with the saltpetre, are dissolved in boiling water and the solution is skimmed when cold. It is then poured over the meat, previously rubbed with salt and packed in a clean barrel.

REMARKABLE CASES. Carole Invalids Rased from Their Beds After Giv'g Up Hope. London, Ont.—Henry R. Nicholls, 176 Rectory street, catarrh; recovered. Dr. Chase's catarrh cure, 25c. Markdale—Geo. Crowe's child, itching eczema; cured. Chase's Ointment. Turo, N.S.—H. H. Sutherland, traveler, piles—very bad case; cured; Chase's Ointment, 60c. Lescan—Wm. Branton, gardener, skin worms; all gone. Chase's Pills. L'Amable—Peter Van Allan, eczema for three years; cured. Chase's Ointment. Galt Point—Robano Barak, dreads full of itching piles, 30 years; well again; Chase's Ointment, 60c. Meyerburg—Nelson Simons, itching piles; cured. Chase's Ointment. Malone—Geo. Richardson, kidney and liver sufferer; better. One box Chase's Pills, 25c. Chesley—H. Will's son, crippled with rheumatism and suffering from diabetes, completely recovered. Chase's Pills. Matchard Township—Peter Taylor, kidney trouble, 30 years; cured. Chase's Pills, 25c. Toronto—Miss Bette Delaney, 174 Crawford street, subject of perpetual colds. Cured by Chase's Syrup of Eucalyptus and Menthol, 25c.

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