

GREATEST OF EXILES. SOJOURN OF THE KING OF HEAVEN UPON GOD'S FOOTSTOOL.

The Expiration of Christ, the Voluntary Exile—The King Who Left a Throne, Closed a Palace and Went to Die in a Hostile Country.

Washington, April 25.—It is wonderful to how many times the gospel may be set. Dr. Talmage's sermon to-day shows another way in which the earthly experience of our Lord is set forth. His text was II. Samuel, xv, 17, "And the king went forth and tarried in a place which was far off."

Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach. We have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere. Many of us have done that. But he was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and the immensities untraveled. No world has ever hailed heaven, and heaven has never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and balconies were thronged, and that the pebbles were crowded with those who had come to see him sail out of the harbor of light into the ocean beyond. Out and out and on and on and on and on and down and down and down, until one night, with only one to greet him when he arrived, his disembarkation so unpretending, so quiet that it was not known on earth until the excitement in the cloud gave intimation to the Bethlehem rustic that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did he sail? Why was this the place of his destination? I question the shepherds. I question the camel drivers. I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. But the world had plenty of exiles. Abraham, an exile from Haran; John, an exile from Ephesus; Kosciuszko, an exile from Poland; Mazzini, an exile from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an exile from Hungary. But this one of whom I speak to-day had such resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception—for not even a hostler went out with his lantern to light him in, that he is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated exile of earth or heaven.

First, I remark that Christ was an imperial exile. He got down off a throne. He took off a tiara. He closed a palace gate behind him. His family were princes and princesses. Vashti was turned out of the throne room by Ahasuerus. David was destroyed by Absalom's infamy. The five kings were hurled into a cavern by Joshua's courage. Some of the Henrys of England and some of the Louises of France were jostled on their thrones by discontented subjects. But Christ was never more honored, or more popular, or more loved than the day he left heaven. Exiles have suffered severely, but Christ turned himself out from throne room into sheep pen and down from the top to the bottom. He was not pushed out. He was not manacled for foreign transportation. He was not put out because they no more wanted him in celestial domain, but by choice departing and descending into an exile five times as long as that of Napoleon at St. Helena and 1000 times worse; the one exile suffering for that he had destroyed nations, the other exile suffering because he came to save a world. An imperial exile. King of kings. "Blessed be the honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne."

But I go farther and tell you he was an exile on a barren island. This world is one of the smallest islands of light in the ocean of immensity. Other stellar kingdoms are many thousand times larger than this. Christ came to this small Patmos of a world. When exiles are sent out they are generally sent to regions that are sandy or cold or hot—some Dry Tortugas of disagreeableness. Christ came as an exile to a world scorched with lightning and with cold, to deserts simoon swept, to a howling wilderness. It was the back dooryard, seemingly, of the universe. Yea, Christ came to the poorest part of this barren land of a world—Asia Minor, with its intense summer sun for the residence of a foreigner and in the rainy season unfit for the residence of a native. Christ came not to such a land as America, or England, or France, or Germany, but to a land one-third of the year burned up and one-third of the year buried up and only one-third of the just tolerable. Oh! it was the barren island of a world. Barren enough for Christ, for it gave such small worship and such inadequate affection and such little regard to the imperial exile on the barren island of a world.

I go farther and tell you that he was an exile in a hostile country. Turkey was never so much against Russia, France was never so much against Germany, as this world was against Christ. It took him in through the door of a stable. It thrust him out at the point of a spear. The Roman Government against him, with every weapon of its army, and every decision of its courts, and every bank of its war galleys. For years after his arrival the only question was how best to put him out. Herod hated him; the high priests hated him; Gestas, the dying thief, hated him. The whole earth seemingly turned into a detestable watch his steps. And yet he faced this ferocity. Notice that most of Christ's wounds were in front. Some scourging on the shoulder, but most of Christ's wounds in front. He was not on retreat when he expired. Face to face with the world's sin. Face to face with the world's wrath. His eye on the raging countenances of his foaming antagonists when he expired. When the cavalry officer roveled his sword so that he might come nearer up and see the tortured visage of the suffering exile, Christ saw it. When the spear was thrust at his side, and when the hammer was lifted for his feet and when the reed was raised to strike deeper down the spikes of thorn. Christ watched the whole procedure. When his hands were fastened to the cross they were wide open still with benediction. Mind you, his head was not fastened. He could look to the right, and he could look to the left, and he could look up and he could look down. He saw when the spikes had been driven home, and the hard, round iron heads were in the palms of his hands. He saw them as plainly as you ever saw anything in the palms of your hands. No ether, no chloroform, no merciful anæsthetic to dull or stupify;

but, wide awake, he saw the occupation of the heavens, the unbalancing of the rocks, the countenances quivering with rage and the cacophonous diabolic Oh, it was the hostile as well as the barren island of a world.

I go farther, and tell you that this exile was far from home. It is 95,000,000 miles from here to the sun, and all astronomers agree in saying that our solar system is only one of the smaller wheels of the great machinery of the universe turning around some one great centre, the centre so far distant it is beyond all imagination and calculation and if, as some think, that great centre in the distance is heaven, Christ came far from home when he came here. Have you ever thought of the homesickness of Christ? Some of you know what homesickness is when you have been only a few weeks absent from the domestic circle. Christ was 33 years away from home. Some of you feel homesickness when you are 100 or 1000 miles away from the domestic circle. Christ was more million miles away from home than you could count if all your life you did nothing but count. You know what it is to be sick even amid pleasant surroundings, but Christ slept in huts, and he was athirst, and he was a-hungered, and he was on the way from being buried in another man's grave.

I have read how the Swiss, when they are far away from their native country, at the sound of their national air get so homesick that they fall into melancholy and sometimes they die under the homesickness. But, oh, the homesickness of Christ. Poverty, homesickness for celestial riches. Persecution, homesickness for hosanna. Weariness, homesickness for rest. Homesickness for angelic and archangelic companionship. Homesickness to get out of the night and the storm and the world's execution. Homesickness will make a man seem as long as a month and it seems to me that the three decades of Christ's residence of earth must have seemed to him almost interminable. You have often tried to measure the other pangs of Christ, but you have never tried to measure the magnitude and ponderosity of a Saviour's homesickness.

I take a step farther and tell you that Christ was in an exile which he knew would end in assassination. Holmström, the master painter, has a picture in which he represents Jesus Christ in the Nazarene carpenter shop. Around him are the saws, the hammers, the axes, the drills of carpentry. The picture represents Christ as rising from the carpenter's working bench and wearily stretching out his arms as one will after being in contracted or uncomfortable posture, and the light of that picture is so arranged that the arms of Christ, wearily stretched forth, together with his body, throw on the wall the shadow of the cross. Oh, my friends, that shadow was on everything in Christ's lifetime. Shadow of a cross on the Bethlehem swaddling clothes, shadow of a cross on the road over which the three fugitives fled into Egypt; shadow of a cross on Lake Galilee as Christ walked its mosaic floor of opal and emerald and crystal; shadow of a cross on the brook Kedron, and on the temple, and on the side of Olivet; shadow of a cross on sunrise and sunset. Constantine, marching with his army, saw just once a cross in the sky, but Christ saw the cross all the time.

On a rough journey we cheer ourselves with the fact that it will end in warm hospitality, but Christ knew that His rough path would end at a defoliated tree, without one leaf and with only two branches, bearing fruit of such bitterness as that human lips had never tasted. Oh, what an exile, starting in an infancy without any cradle and ending in assassination! Thirst without any water, day without any sunlight. The doom of a deserter, and the doom of an angelic excellence. For what that expatriation and that exile? Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. The accidental glance of a sharp blade from a razor grinder's wheel put out the eye of Gambetta and excited sympathies which gained him an education and started him on a career that made his name more majestic among Frenchmen than any other name in the last 20 years. Hawthorne, turned out of the office of collector at Salem, went home in despair. His wife touched him on the shoulder and said, "Now is the time to write your book." and his famous "Scarlet Letter" was the brilliant consequence.

Worldly good sometimes comes from worldly evil. Then be not unbelieving when I tell you that from the greatest crime of all eternity and of the whole universe, the murder of the Son of God, shall come results which shall shine as the glories of eternity past and eternity to come. Christ, an exile from heaven opening the way for the deportation toward heaven of all those who will accept the proffer. Atonement, a ship wrecked enough to take all the passengers that will come aboard it.

For the royal exile I bespeak the love and service of all the exiles here present, and in one sense or the other, that includes all of us. The gates of the continent have been so widely opened that there are here many voluntary exiles from other lands. Some of you are Scotchmen. I see it in your high cheekbones and in the color that illuminates your face when I mention the land of the thistles. Some of you are Englishmen. Your ancestry served the ancestors of a nation sleeping in Greyfriars churchyard, or by the deep lochs filled out of the pitchers of heaven, or under the heather, sometimes a death of color it makes one think of the blood of the Covenanters who signed their names for Christ, dipping their pens into the veins of their own arms opened for that purpose. How very fiber of your nature thrills as I mention the names of Robert Bruce and the Campbells and Cochrane. I bespeak for this royal exile of my text the love and the service of all English exiles. Yes, some of you came from the island of distress ever which burges, or a throne of human skeletons, sat queen. All efforts at amelioration halted by massacre. Proclamation of families, procession of martyrs marching from northern channel to Cape Clear and from there Irish sea across to the Atlantic. An island not bounded as geographers tell the British isles, but as geographers know—bounded on the north and the south and the east and the west by waves which no human politics can alleviate and only Almighty God can assuage. Land of Goldsmith's rhythm, and Sheridan's wit, and Burke's eloquence, and Edmund Burke's statesmanship, and O'Brien's sacrifice. Another Patmos with its apocalypse of blood. Yet you cannot think of it today without having your eyes blinded with emotion, for there were martyrs sleep in graves, some of which they entered for lack of bread. For this royal exile of my sermon I bespeak the love and the service of all Irish exiles. Yes, some of you are from Germany, the land of Luther, and some of you are from Italy, the land of Garibaldi, and some of you are from France, the land of John Calvin, one of the three mightiest of the glorious reformation. Some of you are descendants of the Puritans, and some of you are exiles, and some of you are descendants of the Huguenots, and they were exiles, and some of you are descendants of the Holland refugees, and they were exiles.

Some of you were born on the banks of the Yazoo or the Savannah, and you are now living in this latitude; some of you on the banks of the Kennebec or at the foot of the Green mountains, and you are here now, some of you on the prairies of the west, or the tablelands, and you are here now. Oh, how many of us far away from home! All of us exiles. This is not our home. Heaven is our home. Oh, I am so glad when the royal exile went back to the gate star and left it to the angels. "Going home!" That is the dying exclamation of the majority of Christians. I have seen many Christians die. I think nine out of ten of them in the last moment say "Going home." Going home out of banishment and sin and sorrow and sadness. Going home to join in the hilarity of our parents and our dear dead. Going home to stay. Where are you loved ones that died in Christ? You pity them. Ah, they ought to pity you! You are an exile far from home. They are home! Oh, what a time it will be for you when the gatekeeper of heaven shall say "Take off that rough sandal. The journey's ended. Put down that saber. The battle's won. Put off that iron coat of mail and put on the robe of conqueror."

At that gate of triumph I leave you to-day, only reading the paper before me translated from the Italian. If you ever heard anything sweeter, I never did, although I cannot adopt all its theology:

"Twas whispered one morning in heaven How the little child, the angel, In the shade of the great white portal, Sat sorrowing night and day; How she said to the helper warden, 'He of the key and bar; 'Oh, angel, sweet angel, I pray you Set the beautiful gates ajar. Only a little, I pray you, Set the beautiful gates ajar.'"

"I can hear my mother weeping, She is lonely, she cannot see me, A glimmer of light in the darkness When the gates shut after me. Oh, turn me the key, O warden, The splendor will shine so far. But the warden answered, 'I dare not Set the beautiful gates ajar. Spoke low and answered, 'I dare not Set the beautiful gates ajar.'"

Then up rose Mary, the blessed, Her hand on the hand of Christ, She said, and her throat sufficed, Turned was the key in the portal, Fell ringing the golden bar, And, lo, in the little child's fingers Stood the beautiful gates ajar. In the little child's angel fingers Stood the beautiful gates ajar."

Newspaper Advertising Occupies the most important place in the merchant's estimation, and often forms the only method he employs for spreading his fame. To the very moderate advertiser, or the man unskilled in the art, the paper offers an easy and effective means for reaching the public, and all advertisers, small and large, give this medium the preference. To advertise in the papers, it is only necessary to write the copy, read the proof, kick for position, and pay the bills, while any other method requires considerably more attention.

Experience has shown that for ordinary purposes a space four inches long running across two columns is most effective. Two and a half inches would answer, but a four-inch ad presents twice the showing and does twice the good of three inches. A larger space is not generally needed, and if the ad is much smaller, there is danger that the printer will place it where it will not show up well in trimming up his pages. A single column ad is too easily put anywhere and does not fill up odd corners. Almost any paper will show examples of small ads, and the advertiser will place it where it will not show up well in trimming up his pages. A single column ad is too easily put anywhere and does not fill up odd corners. Almost any paper will show examples of small ads, and the advertiser will place it where it will not show up well in trimming up his pages.

A fixed rule for writing advertisements is impossible. A very valuable feature of an ad rests in its being the expression of the merchant's own ideas, and it should be different from other advertisements as he differs from the men who use them. An advertiser gives the public not only the information regarding his goods conveyed by the words, but the person who reads a number of the ads, and they appear, has a pretty definite idea of the character and magnitude of the business done, and of the kind of man who does it, and in the end this effect is of more importance than the trade directly resultant from each advertisement at the time of issue.—Hardware.

Taking No Chances. "Here's a good scheme," she said, looking up from the paper she had been reading. He seemed a trifle suspicious, but it was so evident that he was expected to ask about it that he made the inquiry: "Why, it says that some wives shave their husbands, and in that way save what he would ordinarily pay to a barber," she explained. "Mary," he said, after a moment's thought, "you may get that gown you spoke about this morning. It won't be necessary for you to get at my throat with a razor."—Chicago Post.

FAMILIAR SAYINGS. THE ORIGIN OF MANY WELL-KNOWN VERBAL EXPRESSIONS.

"The Blindestocking." "Going to Pot." "Post Haste." "To Catch a Tartar." Was Found "As Dead as a Door Nail." For "Robbing Peter to Pay Paul."

"Go to the dickens" is a popular abbreviation and corruption of "go to the devils," or little devils. In this is a reminder of the day when boiling to death was a legal punishment of pariahs. "To be in a brown study" is a corruption of brow study, a study requiring much thought and contraction of the brows. "Knocked into cocked hat" is expressive of the ease with which this article, especially when old, assumed almost any shape.

"As dead as a herring" is an expression arising from the fact that herring die very quickly after being taken out of the water. "To catch a weasel asleep" is indicative of the extreme vigilance of these animals, who are disturbed and made wide awake by their scent, however slight. "To knock the spots out of anything" is an allusion to the traditional skill of Western cowboys and famous rifle shots who would shoot the spots out of a card held between the fingers of a friend.

"Do as Rome as the Romans do" is credited to no less an authority than St. Augustine, who advised a convert doubtful about the propriety of some custom observed at Rome, to do as other people did. "Tell that to the marines" indicates the contempt which, even to the present day, professional sailors feel and express for the soldiers who form a portion of the complement on board a man-of-war.

The term "blue stockings" is as old as the year 1400, at which date in Venice a society of literary ladies and gentlemen was organized, the members of which wore distinguishing badge were blue stockings. "By the holy poker" is a popular abbreviation of an oath which became common during the Crusades. "By the holy repulcher" was in the mouths of all Englishmen during the two centuries that the Crusades went on.

"To haul over the coals" recalls the former legal custom of trial by fire, the accused walking barefoot over a bed of glowing coals, and his innocence or guilt being deduced from the condition of his feet after a certain number of days elapsed. "To grin like a chesnut" or Chesnut cat, is an expression which came into use in England in the early days of this century. A cheese manufacturer of Cheshire, having made an excellent article, placed on the boxes as his sign, or trade mark, a picture of a cat with mouth extended from ear to ear.

"To kick the bucket" is said to have originated in the time of Queen Elizabeth, when a shoemaker named Hewkins committed suicide under peculiar circumstances, placing a bucket on a table in order to raise himself high enough to reach, after above, then kicking away the bucket on which he stood.

"Good wine needs no bush" is explained by the fact that in former days, both in England and on the continent, a bush or living bough, hung before the door, was the usual sign of a winery. Establishments which bore this mark, and the quality of their liquors did not expose their quality to other sign, and hence the proverb. "To take any one down a peg or two" recalls the Saxon tankards or wassal bowls, graduated by lines run in the art, the smaller holes were made partly through the sides of the vessel, and in these were placed pegs to regulate the amount drunk by each participant in the feast. To drink a greater portion than another was to take him down a peg.

"For one's wits to go wool gathering" is an allusion to a pitiful industry sometimes seen in older countries. In parts of France, Germany and elsewhere very old people are sometimes employed in gathering wool from bushes in sheep pastures, where it has been plucked from the fleeces as the animals pass too close to the branches. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush" is a saying credited to the famous Will Sommers, who died in 1548, but it is certainly much older than his time, being found in one form or another in the medieval chapeaux and literature of Greece.

"Everybody who was in a hurry and could afford the expense traveled post; that is, with relays of horses at the end of every five or ten miles of the journey, the fresh animals thus enabling the traveler to make rapid progress. The expression "a grass widow" has several fanciful explanations, but is most probably a corruption of the French expression, veuve de grace, a widow by grace or courtesy; that is a woman who has lost her husband, or has been deserted by him. "Going the whole hog" was originally a piece of butchers' slang. In the colonial days of America purchasers would frequently buy a whole hog to be cut up at home, hence the phrase would ask if the customer meant to go the whole hog or wanted only a part.

"To catch a tartar" recalls a story, told at least two centuries ago, of an Irish exile the services of the Austrian government who was captured by a Tartar horseman, and who shouted back to his captain that he had caught a Tartar, but that the fellow refused to be brought into camp.

"Robbing Peter to pay Paul" is said to have originated in an act of the church government of England in 1550. At that date the Cathedral of St. Paul in London being out of repair, and no funds available, a portion of the income of Westminster, which was consecrated to St. Peter, was diverted to the repair of St. Paul's.

"To give the cold shoulder" is said to have originated in a practice once common in France, and during Norman days in England also. When a guest had outstayed his welcome, instead of the haunch of mutton or venison usually served at dinner, a cold shoulder of mutton was placed before him as a hint that he had better go. At St. Asue it is done still, but first secured utterly senseless, but becomes

HERBACEOUS PLANTS THAT BECOME ROOT-BOUND SHOULD BE LIFTED AND DIVIDED.

Herbaceous plants that become root-bound should be lifted and divided, and then re-set with more room for development. Inspect beds and borders, and hedges and fence corners, with rake and pruning knife, and trim and restrain rampant honeysuckles and roses that have been dishevelled by hazy winds. Almost before the front has left the ground, anemones and crocus and scillas will be peeping from sheltered corners; and long ere it is safe to set out tender plants, the hyacinths and tulips and crocuses will have bloomed and faded. Something will be needed to succeed them, and in this planning of the season's flower garden, a liberal supply of tuberous begonias and gladioli and caladium esculentum, and ornamental and a few dwarf tube roses, should not be omitted. These summer flowering bulbs will be appropriate successors to the fall ones, and they will impart a beauty to the garden which no other plants can give. Tuberous begonias are beautiful anywhere, whether in beds by themselves or scattered among the shrubbery and hardy borders; and nothing can be better for adding dashes of bright color to backgrounds of greenery than the stately, brilliant-bracted gladioli.

In ordering seeds, be sure to include a generous quantity of sweet peas and nasturtiums. Both will prove available during the summer for cut flowers. Sweet peas will stand considerable cold and may be planted very early, and then at intervals of two or three weeks, until July. This will give an unbroken succession of flowers all through the summer. By the time it is safe to set out heliotropes and coleus and alternantheras, the shrubbery and herbaceous plants will be trimmed and divided and all the summer bulbs in the ground. House or greenhouse plants that are not put in beds by themselves, scatter among the shrubbery and in the hardy borders and about the house. Nothing can make a more effective background for tender plants than the hardy ones. A good order of success is to permanently arrange your hardy material just as you want it, and where it will be most effective; then each year to make summer beds and borders with reference to their hardy neighbors, and finally, to plant annuals in the open and bare spaces.

In the selection of annuals two things should be considered: First, bright color for the ground they occupy; and second, foliage and fragrance and delicate color for cut flowers in the house. Such varieties as bloom for a limited period should have new stock coming on for succession, and all should be cut freely, as it induces more stocky growth and a greater profusion of flowers. Unless seeds are wanted, no decaying flowers should be allowed to remain on desirable plants. Forming of seed means no ending of bloom.—Frank H. Sweet, in American Agriculturist.

The Largest Gold Nugget. The largest piece of gold ever mined was taken from Byer and Halton's gold mining claim, Hill End, New South Wales, May 10, 1872. Its weight was 640 pounds; height 4 feet 9 inches; width nearly 2 1/2 feet. It was found imbedded in a thick wall of blue slate, at a depth of 250 feet from the surface. The owners of the mine were living on charity when they found this immense nugget.

Bread as a Cattle Food. An English farmer who is feeding bread to stock apparently finds it a cheap as well as a satisfactory ration. It would be interesting to know if others of his class are doing likewise. The fact would seem less strange if the farmer were feeding his own wheat crop, but inquiry has elicited the statement that the farmer buys the wheat and has it ground at any way and baked in an ordinary manner.

A FAMOUS MAN! What His Researches Have Done for the World. All successful and distinguished men have imitators, and Dr. Chase, the well-known author of the famous "Recipe Book," proved no exception to the rule. Dr. Chase's discoveries have many rivals, but no equals. Long scientific researches produced Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and his famous "Recipe Book," which has cured all kidney, liver, stomach, bladder and rheumatic troubles; the latter an absolute specific for chronic and offensive skin diseases. Among his other discoveries were Chase's Catarrh Cure and Chase's Liniment and Turpentine for colds and bronchitis.

During 1895 the Canadian manufacturer, Edmond, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard Street, Toronto, gave away free 500,000 samples of Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and 100,000 samples of Chase's Catarrh Cure. The return they brought proved how much they were appreciated. The same free distribution of samples will be continued during 1896. Those at whose distance should enclose a 6-cent stamp and also receive a sheet of latest made in return.

of all descriptions neatly and promptly done at "The Warder" office.

Miss Mitchell's Grand Millinery Opening

New stock just opened out. Grandest display of Hats, Flowers, Ribbons, etc., Dress and Mantle Goods, Gloves and Fanny Goods, ever shown in Lindsay.

Dress and Mantle making done in the latest styles. We guarantee satisfaction. Call and examine goods. MISS MITCHELL, Shop over Mr. A. Campbell's Grocery, Kent Street.

Image of a piano with the name 'BELL' on it. Text: ORGANS, PIANOS, AND SEWING MACHINES, Of best makes, at lowest prices and easy terms.

J. J. WETHERUP, Cor. Sussex & Peel sts.

Wool Growers, Attention!

If you want to get the highest price for your Wool sell direct to those who manufacture it; and when you buy Dry Goods buy from the manufacturer. We have a large and well assorted stock of Blankets, Sheetings, Shirtings, Full-Cloth, Yarns, Men's Underwear, Top Shirts, Cottons, Snaker Flannels, Cottonades, etc., which we sell at very small advance on wholesale prices. 2 cents per lb. extra paid for Wool when traded.

HORN BROS., Lindsay Woolen Mills. April 21st, 1896.—21/2.

ADVERTISE in the WARDEE

Image of a horse and carriage. Text: Fine Drivers, cannot be made out of horses that are out of condition. Merely to feed plenty of oats is not enough. A horse gets run down the same as a man and needs a general toning up. Dick's Blood Purifier is a scientific preparation in the form of a powder. It purifies the blood, strengthens the digestion, turns a rough coat into a smooth and glossy one and puts the animal "in condition." He then has "good life" and feels like holding up his head and lifting his feet. MILCH COWS are greatly benefited by it. The whole system is toned up. The digestive organs being strengthened, more nutriment is drawn from the food and the flow of milk increased. Dick's Blood Purifier will pay for itself ten times over. For sale by druggists, at general stores or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cts. Dick & Co., P. O. Box 48a, Montreal.

STRAIGHT AS AN ARROW

TO THE MARK.

In all diseases that affect humanity there is some weak link in the chain of health, some spot that is the seat of the trouble. It may be the liver, it may be the stomach; perhaps it is the bowels or the kidneys; most likely it is the blood. Burdock Blood Bitters goes straight to that spot, strengthens the weak link in the chain, removes the cause of the disease, and restores health, because it acts with cleansing force and curative power upon the stomach, liver, kidneys, bowels and blood.

With good red blood health is assured, without it disease is certain to come and Burdock BLOOD BITTERS is the only remedy that will positively remove all blood poisons. In ulcers, abscesses, scrofula, scrofulous swellings, skin diseases, blotches, old sores, etc., B.B.B. should be applied externally, as well as taken internally according to directions.

of all descriptions neatly and promptly done at "The Warder" office.

JOB WORK

ADVERTISE in THE WARDEE