THE CHURCH GARDEN

A SEASONABLE SERMON PREACHED BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

A Gathering of God's People, a Place of Choice Flowers, Select Fruits and Thorough Irrigation-An Invitation

Washington, May 3 .- As the parks in Washington are abloom with hyacinths, and the gardens are being made, the simile dominant in this subject is very suggestive and practical. Talmage's text was Isalah lvili, "Thou shalt be like a watered gar-

The Bible is a great poem. We have in it faultless rnythm, and bold imagery, and startling antithesis, and rapturous lyric, and sweet pastoral, and instructive narrative, and devotional psalm-thought expressed in style more solemn than that of Montgomery, more bold than that of Milton, more terrible than that of Dante, more natural than that of Wordsworth, more impassionated than that of Pol-lock, more tender than that of Cowper, more weird than that of Spenser. This great poem brings all the gems

of the earth into its coronet, and it weaves the flames of judgment into its garlands, and pours eternal harmonies in its rhythm. Everything this book touches it makes beautiful, from the plain stones of the summer thrashing floor to the daughters of Nabor filling the trough for the camels, from the fish pools of Heshbon up to the psalmist praising God with the diapason of storm and whirwind and Job's imagery of Orion, Arc-

turus and the Pleiades. My text leads us into a scene of summer redolence. The world has had a great many beautiful gardens. Charmagne added to the glory of his reign by decreeing that they be established all through the realm, deciding even the names of the flowers to be planted there. Henry IV., at Montpellier, established gardens of bewitchbeauty and luxuriance, gathering 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 he brought to the adornment of that one treasured spot. He gave £300 for it; he sold it for £17,000. And yet I am to tell you to-day 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. He bought it, He planted it, ns 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 £100,000 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 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

down these aisles and pluck what Thou wilt of sweetness for Thyself. The church, in my text, is appropriately compared to a garden because it is the place of choice flowers, of select fruits and of thorough irrigaborders or at the gateway. The homeliest taste will dictate something if or dahlia or daffodil, but if there be larger means then you will find the Mexican cactus and blazing azalea and clustering oleander. Well, now, Christ fruit. comes to His garden, and He plants there some of the brightest spirits that ever flowered upon the world. Some of them are violets, inconspicuous, but sweet as heaven. You have to search and find them. You do not see them some wild grapes that ought to be very often perhaps, but you find where uprooted. But are you going to dethey have been by the brightened face stroy the whole garden because of a and you cannot get in. It is so with of the invalid and the sprig of gerani- little gnarled fruit? You will find a king's garden. The only glimpse you curtains keeping out the glare of the and insects that sting in the fairy sunlight. They are perhaps more like groves of the Champs Elysees. You do It is not so with this garden, this King's the ranunculus, creeping sweetly along not tear down and destroy the whole garden. I throw wide open the gate amid the thorns and briers of life, giving kiss for sting, and many a man black rock of trouble has found that who ought not to be there, but let us they have covered it all over with be just as frank and admit the fact have found it has been a chagrin. So amid the same and thouamid the crevices. These flowers in Christ's garden are not, like the sunflower, gaudy in the light, but wherever darkness hovers over a soul that phant. There is no grander, nobler needs to be comforted there they

r that

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pure,

some

where.

stand, night blooming cereuses. But in Christ's garden there are plants that may be better compared to he Mexican cactus-thorns without, oveliness within, men with sharp boints of character. They would alnost every one that touches them. They are hard to handle. Men pronounce them nothing but thorns, but Christ loves them rotwithstanding all their sharpnesses. Many a man has had a very hard ground to cultivate, and it as even been through severe trial he has raised even the smallest crop of grace. A very harsh minister was talking to a very placid elder, and the placid elder said to the harsh minister, "Doctor, 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

he grace that would elevate you to the seventh heaven might not keep

very same man, who was so rash in is behavior, loved Christ and could not speak of sacred things without tears of emotion and affection. Thorns without sweetness within the best without, sweetness within—the best streaming down and tossing up into specimen of the Mexican cactus I ever

luxuriant. All around us were dearth

beautiful fountains, until every root

and leaf and flower was saturated.

That is like the church. The church is

a garden in the midst of a great des-

there flow down rivers of gladness.

"There is a river the stream whereof

shall make glad the city of God."

Preaching the gospel is one of the aque-

ducts. The Bible is another. Baptism

eousness, showing us the rainbow

around the throne. Oh, was there ever

know that the beauty of Versailles and

the latter place, Chatsworth, one day

come into my garden." I say: "Come

Then I see Jesus going up another

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

lence, and no frost shall touch them for-

ever." And I looked up into His face

It has seemed as if Jesus Christ took

the best. From many of your house-

holds the best one is gone. You know

that she was too good for this world:

she was the gentlest in her ways, the

faith in medicines. You knew that the

through the rich grace of the Lord

Jesus Christ, you surrendered that

treasure you said: "Lord Jesus, take

it. It is the best we have; take it,

Thou art worthy!" The others in the

household may have been of grosser

The heaven of your little ones will

not be fairly begun until you get

there. All the kindness shown them

get you. There they are, the radiant

throngs that went out from your

the palace. The crippled shild has a

sound foot now. A little lame child

says, "Ma, will I be lame in heaven?"

in heaven." A little sick child says,

"Ma, will I be sick in heaven?" "No,

my dear; you won't be sick in heaven."

I notice that the fine gardens some-

king rides out in his splendid carriage.

and a garden. Many of you have tried

all the world laugh. He makes us

laugh now when we read his poems.

but he could not make his own heart

augh. While in the midst of his fes-

tivities he confronted a looking glass,

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 of Shenstone, of whose garden I

told you at the beginning of my ser-

mon. He sat down amid those 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-

O ye weary souls, come into Christ's

garden to-day and pluck a little hearts-

ease. Christ is the only rest and the

only pardon for a perturbed spirit. Do

you not think your chance has almost

been waiting year after year for some

good opportunity in which to accept

grudge hast thou against thy poor soul that thou wilt not let it be saved?

all well there.'

mold. She was of the finest.

hour of parting had come and when,

prayer man ever made.

There are others planted in Christ's garden who are always radiant, aiways impressive, more like the roses of deep hue that we occasionally fird, drigated, for "our eyes are unto the called "Giants of Battle;" the Martin hills from whence cometh our help." Luthers, St. Pauls, Chrysostoms, Wyclifs, Latimers and Samuel Ruther-fords. What in other men is a spark 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 Penti-cost. When they fight, it is a Ther-water to slake the thirst, water to mopylae. When they die, it is a wash the unclean, water tossed high martyrdom. You find a great many up in the light of the Sun of Rightroses in the gardens, but only a few 'Giants of Battle." Men say, "Why don't you have more of them in the a garden so thoroughly !rrrigated! You church ?" I say, "Why don't you have in the world more Humboldts and Wel- Chatsworth depends very much upon lingtons?" God gives to some ten the great supply of water. I came to

talents; to another, one. In this garden of the church which when strangers are not to be admitted, Christ has planted I also find the but by an inducement which always snow-drops, beautiful but cold look- seemed as potent with an Englishman ing, seemingly another phase of winter, as an American, I got in, and then the I mean those Christians who are pre- gardener went far up above the stairs cise in their tastes, unimpassioned, of stone and turned on the water. I pure as snowdrops and as cold. They saw it gleaming on the dry pavement, never shed any tears, they never get coming down from step to step until it excited, they never say any thing came so near I could hear the musical rashly, they never do anything pre- rush, and all over the high, broad cipitately. Their pulses never flutter, stairs it came, foaming, flashing, roartheir nerves never twitch, their in- ing down, until sunlight and wave in dignation never boils over. They live gleesome wrestle tumbled at my feet. longer than most people, but their life | So it is with the church of God. Everyis in a minor key. They never run up thing comes from above-pardon from C above the staff. In their music above, joy from above, adoption from of life they have no staccato passages, above, sanctification from above. Christ planted them in the church and Hark! I hear the latch of the garthey must be of some service, or they, den gate, and I look to see who is comwould not be there. Snowdrops, always ing. I hear the voice of Christ, "I am

But I have not told you of the most in O Jesus! We have been waiting for beautiful flower of all this garden Thee. Walk all through the paths. Look spoken of in the text. If you see a at the flowers, look at the fruit; pluck century plant, your emotions are start- that which Thou wilt for Thyself." Jesus You say, "Why, this flavor has comes into the garden, and up to that been 100 years gathering up for one old man and touches him and says: bloom, and it will be 100 years more "Almost home, father; not many more before other petals will come out." aches for thee. I will never leave thee; But I have to tell you of a plant that take courage a little longer, and I will was gathering up from all eternity, steady thy tottering steps, and I will and that 1900 years ago put forth its soothe thy troubles and give thee bloom never to wither. It is the pas- rest. Courage, old man." Then Christ sion plant of the cross! Prophets goes up another garden path, and He foretold it, Bethlehem shepherds look- comes to a soul in trouble and says: ed upon it in the bud, the rocks shook "Peace! All is well. I have seen thy at its bursting, and the dead got up tears; I have heard thy prayer. The in their winding sheets to see its full sun shall not smite thee by day nor bloom. It is a crimson flower-blood the moon by night. The Lord shall at the roots, blood on the branches, preserve thee from all evil; He will blood on all the leaves. Its perfume is preserve thy soul. Courage, O troubled to fill all the nations. Its breath is spirit!" heaven. Come, O winds, from the north, and winds from the south, and garden path, and I see great excitewinds from the east, and winds from ment among the leaves, and I hasten the west, and bear to all the earth up that garden path to see what Jesus the sweet smelling savor of Christ, my

His worth if all the nations knew, Sure the whole earth would rove Him too. Again the church may be appropriately compared to a garden because garden to gather lilies, and I mean to it is a place of fruits. That would take these up to a higher terrace, for be a strange garden which had in it no the garden around my palace, and 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

Religion is not a mere sentimentality. It is a practical life, life-giving healthful fruit-not posies, but apples. executioners who lifted Him and let "Oh," says somebody, "I don't see what your garden of the church has down! Tell me, thou sun that vielded." In reply I ask, Where did didst hide, ye rocks that fell! Christ loved the church and gave Himself your asylums come from, and your for it. If the garden of the church hospitals, and your institutions of mercy? Christ planted every one of belongs to Christ, certainly He has a right to walk in it. Come, then, O them: He planted them in His garden. When Christ gave sight to Barblessed Jesus, to-day; walk up and timeus. He laid the cornerstone to every blind asylum that has ever been built. When Christ soothed the demonica of Galilee. He laid the cornerstone of every lunatic asylum that has ever been established. When tion. That would be a strange garden Christ said to the sick man, "Take up in which there were no flewers. If thy bed and walk," He laid the cornowhere else, they would be along the nerstone of every hospital the world has ever seen. When Christ said, "I darlings. They are all well now in was in prison and ye visited me," He it be only the old-fashioned hollyhock laid the cornerstone of every prison reform association that has ever been organized. The church of Christ is a glorious garden, and it is full of

I know there is some poor fruit in it. I know there are some weeds that ought a little blind child says, "Ma, will I know there are some weeds that ought be blind in heaven?" "No, my dear; to be thrown over the fence. I know there are some crab apple tress that ought to be cut down. I know there are um or the stand and the new window worm eaten leaves in Fontainebleau, garden because there are a few specimens of gnarled fruit. I admit there nopoly in religion. Whosever will. who has had in his way some great are men and women in the church sands and tens of thousands of glorious Christian men and women-hory, blessed, useful, consecrated and triumcollection in all the earth than the collection of Christians.

There are Christian men and women in this house 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 in their worldly occupation as it ever kept them at the communion table. There are women here to-day 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 her work, that she may sit there drunken husband who has exhibited more faith and patience and courage than Ridley in the fire. He was consumed in twenty minutes. Hers has been a twenty years' martyrdom. Yon-der is a man who has been fifteen years thrist, but have postponed it 5, 10, 20, on his back, unable to feed himself, 30 years, do you not feel as if now yet calm and peaceful as though he your hour of deliverance and peaceful right than for other men to do right. The grace that would elevate you to paddles in the crystal river. Why, it seems to me this moment as if St. Paul I feel as if salvation must come to-day

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," he of Christ—love, joy, peace, patience, said, "I have such a violent temper! Christ—love, joy, peace, patience, charity, brotherly kindness, gentleness, mercy—glorious fruit enough to fill all the baskets of earth and heaven.

Very early at the Jersey City ferry, and I saw a milkman pour a large quantity of water into the milk can, and I said to him, 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me, and I knocked and I save a milkman pour a large quantity of water into the milk can, and I said to him, 'I think that will do,' and he insulted me, and I knocked water. I have seen a garden in the boat came and went, came boat.

I feel as if salvation must come to-day in some of your hearts.

Some years ago a vessel struck on the fruits growing in this great garden to the fruits growing in this great garden to the fruits growing in this great garden the rocks. They had only one life boat. In that life boat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The very glorious fruit enough to fill all the rocks. They had only one life boat. In that life boat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The very glorious fruit enough to fill all the rocks. They had only one life boat. In that life boat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The very glorious fruit enough to fill all the rocks. They had only one life boat. In that life boat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The very glorious fruit enough to fill all the rocks. They had only one life boat. In that life boat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The very glorious fruit enough to fill all the rocks. They had only one life boat. In that life boat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The very glorious fruit enough to fill all the rocks. They had only one life boat. In that life boat the passengers and crew were getting ashore. The very glorious fruit enough to fill all the rocks. They had only one life boat. In

man to do."

and went, but her turn did not see to come. After awhile she could wait no longer, and she leaped on the taffrail and then sprang into the sea, crying to the boatman: "Save me next! Save me next!" Oh, how many have gone ashore into God's mercy, and yet you are clinging to the wreck of sin! Others have accepted the pardon of Christ, but you are in peril. Why not this moment make a rush for your immortal rescue, crying until Jesus shall hear you and heaven and earth ring with the cry: "Save me next! Save From the mountains of God's strength me next!" Now is the day of salva-

tion! Now! Now! This Sabbath is the last for some of ou. It is about to sail away forever. Her bell tolls. The planks thunder back in the gangway. She shoves off. She floats out toward the great ocean of eternity. Wave farewell to your last chance for heaven. "Oh, Jerusaiein, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thee as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not! Behold your house is left unto you desolate!" Invited to revel in a garden, you die in a desert! May God Almighty, before it is too late, break

Protect the Farm Homes.

The worth of protection is too lightly estimated by the farmers whose homes are without protection. When a man can raise the temperature of his immediate surroundings ten or fifteen degrees when storms are raging, or when he can do the equivalent of this by planting around his home a protecting belt of trees, it is surely important that he should do so. When a tree is given half a chance it will grow, and it will grow quickly. It is not so, however, everywhere. Since such is the fact, let us grow them. We have simply to prepare the ground and plant them, and protect them, to have them grow. The process is very simple. Then let us all have the protection which they afford. I am of the opinion that a man is an enemy to himself, and he is, so far, an enemy to his family, if he does not plant trees to protect his home, if he owns the land which he tills. many kinds of trees to plant for protection, all of which will grow well. It is not so on the western prairie. Only a few kinds of trees will grow there. Some of the dwellers in those lands can only enjoy the protection of a cottonwood grove, even where the blizzards blow their flercest, and in some instances they cannot have even that. But the farmer further east can have any kind of a tree to make his grove that he may desire to choose; that is to say, he can have any one of the many varieties that grow in his country. Even amid evergreens there is much variety from which to choose. The white pine grows sturdily; and shuts out the wind. The native spruce will form a close wall even though it may not grow so fast. But the Norway variety is probably better suited to the rapid and effectual protection of a home than any other variety of evergreen. Get the boys and girls of the home to help plant

It Was a Fine Stream.

there I will plant them, and in better in Portland who would make a successful horse swapper. Having a farm to sell recently, this descendant of the Pilgrims advertised it, and soon afterand said: "Well, it is His garden, and ward a gentleman called on him to He has a right to do what He will speak about it. with it. Thy will be done"—the hardest

"Well, judge," said he, "I have been over that farm you advertised and find it all right, except the fine stream of water you mentioned." "It runs through the piece of woods in the lowest part of the meadow,"

said the judge. deepest in her affections, and when "What, that little brook? Why, it at last the sickness came you had no doesn't hold much more than a spoonful. I am sure if you would empty a bowl of water into it it would overflow. You don't call that a fine stream, do you?"

"Well, if it were much finer you couldn't see it at all," said the judge blandly.-Portland Express.

Some very dainty hosiery are those with the old-fashioned clock instep. These are in cotton, lisle and silk, and They range in price from 60 cents to \$2.25. Black or colored stockings, embroidered with tiny vines or single flowers scattered over the instep, and sometimes reaching over the top of the shoes, are very fetching. More elaborate stockings have a line of "No, my darling; you won't be lame open-work resembling a hemstitched pattern alternating with a delicate. embroidered vine. These are expressly designed to wear indoors, with low shoes, and with indoor evening dress, Another new style is ornamented with you won't be blind in heaven. They are diamond-shaped bits of open work at intervals extending from the ankle to half way to the knee. These are a times have high fences around them

Pots and Plants in Harmony. The decorated stone pots so largely in use in drawing rooms for growing plants need to be selected with care. They should not only be adapted in coloring to the plants they are to hold. but there should be a harmony in the jars themselves as no matter how beautiful each individual one may be if there is incongruity in the coloring the whole effect will be unpleasing. Even an uneducated eye would detect the inharmonious effect without being able to discover the cause.-Ladies Home Journal.

Dairymaid Princesses. The Princess of Wales has a dairy where she and her daughters sometimes make, with their own hands, delicious butter. The description of one of the rooms with its tiled walls. marble counters, silver pans and silver churns, almost turns on's head, but good, substantial butter comes from this very room when the Princess honors it with her working presence. In an adjoining room the usual family

supply of butter is made by other

than royal hands. Spraying fruit trees when in bloom is considered of paramount importance nearly everywhere, and in some states laws make it obligatory. It is so general in many western sections that apiarists complain bitterly. Where there is an abundance of clover and other blossoms furnishing sweets, bees get along all right; but where they depend in large part upon flow-ering orchards, the question of partial or complete destruction of the bloom through spraying is a serious one.

ON HOW TO GROWOLD.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW TELLS HOW IT SHOULD BE DONE.

His 62nd Birthday Message to the World - From ...is roint or View Wo. .. . the Best Medicine Any One Can Take -The World to a Busy Man.

It is unfortunate for the solution of the problem of how to grow old that the patriarchal worthies who were frisky youths at 500, and marrying and giving in marriage at 800, did not leave some autobiographies. Methuselah would be an authority of infinite value. No doubt they did keep diaries and left the impressions of their times in the lessons of their lives for their numerous descendants. I judge this to be true because there is no fragment of literature which survives of any age that does not prove the sages of that period to have been interested in old age, its limitations and pos-

sibilities. I have known and now know men of great vigor, fire and energy nearer eighty than seventy, capable of doing more and better work than any of the younger men about them I am constantly coming in contact with men between forty and fifty who are of no further use in the world and

have lost their ambition. If I may be permitted to give testimony from my own experience, increasing years are full of additional enjoyment of life and capacity for endurance and work. I have never labored so many hours in my business nor made so many speeches requiring more or less preparation, nor dictated so many articles, nor furnished so much matter for the press, nor traveled so many miles, nor so completely filled each day from early morning until late at night as during the past year, and never enjoyed such perfect health and entire immunity from that "tired feeling" which comes at times

to all of us. The number of years that one has lived upon this planet has little to do with what he can accomplish or en-It is a matter of heredity, habit and determination in each case. I remember hearing a distinguished president of one of our great universities describe as the ideal way of passing one's time from seventy until the close, the reading of agreeable books, light exercise and frugal meals. An old stock breeder and horseman said to me in despair : "After a man passes sixty he has nothing left but to drive on the road in the afternoon."

When I was a youngster, my father had a horse which had served the family with fidelity and distinction for twenty years. As I was taking some boys and girls for an attack on the cherry trees of a friendly farmer ten miles from Poekskill, "Old Sorrel" was drafted as safe and sure. He carried us over ten miles of the hilly highways of Winchester, and while we climbed the trees the farmer put him out

When the farmer, after "Old Sorrel" was unharnessed, led him by the halter to the spring of water, this wise and ancient animal made up his mind that after a ten-mile hard pull he'd have some fun with the farmer, and he frightened that son of te soil and his hired man so that we children of the family had to argue with "Old Sorrel" and demonstrate to him the impropriety of his conduct before the frightened farmer could get him back to the stable. That horse lived just as frisky, just as willing and just as anxious for work or play until over

thirty years of age. The lesson "Old Sorrel" taught was that those live longer, healthier and happier who keep the harness on, and when they lay it off keep their spirits fresh and young. So long as your body is healthy, your mind is clear and your heart is vigorous you are young. No matter how many years, you should still take your walks, your drives, your travels and your recreation; you should still study with an eager zest the good things of the past and acquire an easy familiarity with the discoveries, the inventions and the children of the mind of the present. You should cultivate young people, be a child with children, a boy with boys and both love and inspire love.

I never knew a man past forty who retired from business or the professions, in order as he said to enjoy life, who lived over three or four years. Idleness, lack of familiar occupation, want of interest in the active affairs of the world and introspection make such a man dyspeptic, then hypochondriac, then the victim of patent medicines, then a subject for the under-

This is a bright, brilliant, lovable world, full of bright, brilliant lovable people, and those who are older, who keep extracting the vital forces of youth from those who are younger, will continue to the last, like Gladstone or Rismarck or Thiers in his large sphere, or like many a sweet, lovable old man in his humble one, both enjoying life and ministering to the enjoyment of others.—Chauncey M. Depew, in New York World.

One Remedy Which has Never Failed-Tried and Tested Ointment. Because other alleged remedies for piles, scrofula, eczematic eruptions,

scald head, chafing, black heads, salt rheum and skin diseases generally have For instance, Nelson Simmons,

fail. For instance, Nelson Simmons, Meyersburg, Ont., writes:

"I used Dr. Chase's Ointment for Itching Piles, and can recommend it highly. Since using it I have had perfect freedom from the disease."

Peter Vanallen, L'Amable, Que., had the eczema for three years. He tried three doctors, but received no benefit. One box of Dr. Chase's Ointment and three boxes of Dr. Chase's Pills cured him completely. Large scales covered his legs and body, but the Ointment soon removed them. He will swear to these facts.

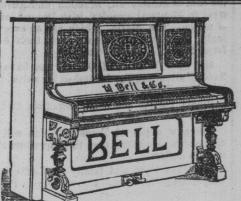
Chase's Ointment may be had from any dealer or from the manufacturers Edmanson, Bates & Co., 45 Lombard street, Toronto. Price 60 cents.

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

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April 21st, 1896.—21-ly.

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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.

rheum and skin diseases generally have proved useless, don't condemn Dr. Chaşe's Ointment. It has never been known to Ointment. It has never been known to

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

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