CONTRASTED WITH THE SPIRIT OF TREATY BY REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Wounds of the Dead the Mementoe

mage chose for his text Solomon's Song iv., 4: "The tower of David build-

tower of David, and see the dented spirit of treaty and less the spirit of shields, and the twisted swords, and the rusted helmets of terrible battle. So at this season, a month earlier at the south, a month later at the north, the American churches are turned into departed braves. Blossom and bloom, and patriotism and prowess!

By manimous decree of the people of the United States of America the graves of all the northern and southern dead are every year decorated. All acerbity and bitterness have gone out of the national solemnity, and as the men and women of the south one month ago floralised the cemeteries and graveyards, so yesterday we, the men affection. Bravery always appreciates bravery, though it fight on the other | army had been a month ago at Savannah he would not have been ashamed of the nations. to march in the floral processions to the cemetery. And if yesterday a Confederate soldier was at Arlington he was glad to put a sprig of heartsease on the silent heart of our dead.

Confederates were driving back the picking up the officer. But the Confederate captain shouted: "Hold! Don't fire. That fellow is too brave to be of men who can stand under fire. The

h Remedy.

h all known

all stages of

h, but that

o without

e the very

h, and our

kill flies.

escription.

tc., etc.

2010-tf.

facing the other way, and as the gray lest the glove split at the back. of the morning melts into the blue of noon so the typical gray and blue of work the great want is more backbone, old war times have blended at last, and | more mettlefi more daring, more prowthey quote in the language of King ess. We would in all our churches like James' translation without any revis-"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Now, what do we mean by this great observ-

First, we mean instruction to one whole generation. Subtract 1865, when war ended, from our 1896, and you will realize what a vast number of pople were born since the war or re so young as to have no vivid appreciation. No one under 41 years of age has any adequate memory of that prolonged, horror. Do you remember "Well," you say, "I only remember that mother swooned away when she was reading the newspaper, and that they brought my father home wrapped in the flag, and that a good many people came in the house to pray, and mother faded away after that until again there were many people in the house, and they told me she

There are others who cannot remember the roll of a drum or a sigh or a tear of that tornado of woe that swept the nation again and again, until there was one dead in each house. Now it is the religious duty of those who do emember it to tell those who do not. My young friends, there were such partings at rail car windows and steamboat wharfs and at front doors of comfortable homes as I pray God you may never witness. Oh, what a time it was, when fathers and mothers gave up their sons, never expecting to see them again and never did see them again until they came back mutilated and crushed and dead.

Four years of blood. Four years of hostile experiences. Four years of ghastliness, four years of gravedigging. Four years of funerals, coffins, shrouds, hearses, dirges. Mourning, mourning, mourning! It was hell let loose. What a time of waiting for news! Morning paper and evening paper scrutinized for intelligence from the boys at the front. First, announcement that the battle must occur the next day. Then the news of the battle going on. The news of 30,000 slain and of the names of the great generals who had fallen, but no news about the private soldiers. Waiting for news! After many days

was compelled to give up slavery anyyoung men in case our nation show. Might not the north better have in the future need to defend itself paid the money and saved the lives battle. We shall never have another same place. The Inidan had left h

THE SPIRIT OF WAR. the south better have sold out stavery and saved her 500,000 brave men? I swear you by the graves of your fathers and sons to a new here and there a deprayed politician takes it up to see if he can't knaw hatred for the champion curse of the universe-war. O Lord God, with the hottest bolt of thine omnipresent indignation strike that monster down forever and ever. Imprison it in the deepest dungeon of the eternal penitentiary.
Bolt it in with all the fron ever forged in cannon or molded into howitzers.
Cleave it with all the sabres that ever a style of weapon which could be used to be sabred to b Washington, June 7.-Rev. Dr. Tal- with all the pangs which it ever caused. Let it feel all the conflagrations of the warfare. I said, "When you get the homesteads it has ever destroyed. Deaped for an armory, whereon there hang er down let it fall and in flercer flame a thousand bucklers, all shields of let it burn till it has gathered into its mighty men." The church is here compared to an well as time. In the name of the milarmory, the walls hung with trophies lions of graves of its victims, I de- tion of my family, and I can borrow a

armories adorned with memories of as once it chiefly took down the worst. treat you. Other than that, there is O walls, with stories of self-sacrifice Military Law, said of the European tion. I have been across the continent capital crimes, heretics, atheists and all duced to a pretty moderate number." his ration of a pint of spirits a day. and women of the north, put upon the There were noble men in battle, but a hostile navy. I do not know but tombs of our dead the kiss of patriotic the moral character of the army then was 95 per cent. lower than the moral side, and if a soldier of the federal much is war now the more detestable, because it destroys the picked men

Again, by this national ceremony we mean to honor courage. Many of these departed soldiers were volunteers, not conscripts, and many of those who were drafted might have provided a substi-In a battle during our last war the tute or got off on furlough or have deserted. The fact that they lie in Federals, who were in swift retreat, their graves is proof of their bravery. when a Federal officer dropped, wound- Brave at the front, brave at the caned. One of his men stopped at the non's mouth, brave on lonely picket risk of his life and put his arms duty, brave in cavalry charge, brave around the officer to carry him from before the surgeon, brave in the dying the field. Fifty Confederate muskets message to the home circle. We yesterwere aimed at the young man who was day put a garland on the brow of cour-

And as the Federal officer, held lion of worldly derision roars and the up by his private soldier, went limping sheet tremble. In great reformatory slowly off the field, the Confederates movements at the first shot how many gave three cheers for the brave private, fall back? The great obstacle to the and just before the two disappeared church's advancement is the inanity, behind a barn both the wounded officer | the vacuity, the soft prettiness, the and the brave private lifted their caps namby pambyism of professed Chrisin gratitude to the Confederate cap- tians. Great on a parade, cowards in battle. Afraid of getting their plumes Shall the gospel be less generous than ruffled, they carry a parasol over their the world? We stack arms, the bayo- helmet. They go into battle, not with net of our northern gun facing this warriors' gauntlet, but wi'n kid gloves. way, the bayonet of the southern gun | not clutching the sword hilt too tight

> to trade off a hundred do nothings for one do everything. "Quit yourselves like men; be strong."

Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer, though they die. They see the traumph from afar And seize it with their eye.

Again we mean by this national observance to honon self sacrifice for others. To all these departed men home and kindred were as dear as our home and kindred are to us. Do you know how they felt? Just as you and I would feel starting out to-morrow morning with nine chances out of ten against our returning alive, for the intelligent soldier sees not only battle ahead, but malarial sickness and exhaustion. Had these men chosen, they could have spent last night in their homes and to-day have been seated where you are. They chose the camp, not because they liked it better than their own house, and followed the Grum and fife, not because they were better music than the voices of the domestic circle. South mountain and Murfreesbero and the swamps of Chiekahominy

were not playgrounds. These heroes risked and lost all for others. There is no higher sublimity than that. To keep three-quarters for ourselves and give one-quarter to others is honorable. To divide even with others is generous. To keep nothing for ourselves and give all for others is magnanimity Christlike. Put a girdle around your body and then measure the girdle and see if you are 50 or 60 inches round. And is that the circle of your sympathies—the size of yourself? Or, to measure you around the heart, would it take a girdle large enough to encircle the land and encircle the world? You want to know we dry theologians mean when we talk of vicarious suffering. Look at the soldiers' graves and find out. Vicarlous! pangs for others, wounds for others, homesickness for others, blood for others, sepulcher for others.

These who visited the national cemeteries at Arlington Heights and at Richmond and Gettysburg saw one inscription on soldiers' tombs oftener repeated than any other-"Unknown." waiting for news! After many days a load of wounded soing through the town or city, but no news from our boy. Then a long list of wounded and a long list of the dead and a long list of the dead and a long list of the missing, and among the last list our boy.

When missing? How missing? Who saw him last? Missing! Was he in the wood or by the stream? Was he hurt? Missing! Missing! What burning prayers that he may yet be heard from. In that awini waiting for news many a life perished. The strain of anxiety was too great. That wife's brain gave way that first week after the battle, and ever and anon. for news many a life perished. The strain of anxiety was too great. That wife's brain gave way that first week after the battle, and ever and anon she walks the floor of the asylum or looks out of the window as though she expected some one to come along the path and up the steps as she soliloquizes, "Missing; missing!"

What made matters worse, all this might have been avoided. There was no more need of that war than at this moment I should plunge a dagger through your heart. There was a few Christian philanthropists in those days, scoffed at both by north and south, who had the right of it. If they had been heard on both sides, we should have had no war and no slavery. It was advised by those Christian philanthropists, "Let the north pay in money for the slaves as property and set them free." The north said, "We cannot arford to pay." The south said, "We will not sell the slaves anyhow." But the north did pay in war expenses efough to purchase the slaves, and the south the purchase the slaves, and the south that will sive enthusiasm to our time unknown after when the government of the United States shall take off that wpitable. They are no more unknown. We have found them out at last. They are no more unknown. We have found them out at last. They are no more unknown. We have found them out at last. They are no more unknown. We have found them out at last. They are no more unknown. We have found them out at last. They are no more unknown. We have found them out at last. They are no more unknown. We have found them out at last. They are no more unknown.

We have found them out at last. They are no more need of the asylum of the peloved sons of the republic.

Would it not be well to take the statue of the hearten goddess off the top of the capitol (for I have no faith in the morals of a heathen goddess of the top of the capitol (for I have no faith in the morals of a heathen goddess of the statue of the heat end of the capitol (for I have no faith in the morals of a heathen goddess of the top of the capitol (for

north did pay in war expenses enough to purchase the slaves, and the south and that will give enthusiasm to out the south the slaves, and the south the country shall not be forgotten,"

something off it. We are floating off farther and farther from the possibil-

ity of sectional strife. No possibility of civil war. But about in self-defence, but not in aggressive nations to adopt that weapon, you have introduced the millennium." I have no right to go on my neighbor's premises and assault him, but if some ruffian break into my house for the assassinaof dead heroes. Walk all about this nounce it. The nations need more the gun and load it in time and aim it straight enough, I will shoot him.

There is no room on this continent War is more ghastly now than once, for any other nation-except Canada, not only because of the greater destruc- and a better neighbor no one ever had. tiveness of its weaponry, but because If you don't think so, go to Montreal now it takes down the best men, where- and Toronto and see how well they will Bruge, in 1717, in his Institutions of absolutely no room for any other Raarmies of his day, "If all the infamous again and again, and know that we have persons and such as have committed not a half inch of ground for the gouty foot of foreign despotism to stand on. dastardly feminine men, were weeded But I am not so sure that some of the out of the army, it would soon be re- arrogant nations of Europe may not some day challenge us. I do not know Flogging and mean pay made them that those forts around New York bay still more ignoble. Officers were ap- are to sleep all through the next cenpointed to see that each soldier drank tury. I do not know that Barnegat lighthouse will not yet look off upon that a half dozen nations, envious of our prosperity, may want to give us a character of an army to-day. By so wrestle. During our civil war there were two or three nations that could hardly keep their hands off us. It is very easy to pick national quarrels, and if our nation escapes much longer it will be the exception.

If foreign foe should come, we want men like those of 1812 and like those of 1862 to meet them. We want them all up and down the coast. Pulaski and Fort Sumter in the same chorus of thunder as Fort Lafayette and Fort Hamilton. Men who will not only know how to fight, but how to die. When such a time comes, if it ever does come, the generation on the stage of action will say: "My country will care for my family, as they did in the soldiers' asylum for the orphans in the civil war, and my country will honor my dust, as it honored those who preceded me in patriotic sacrifice, and once a year at any rate, on Decoration day, I shall be resurrected into the remembrance of those for whom I Here I go for God and my coun-

If foreign foe should come, the cld sectional animosities would have no power. Here go our regiments into the battlefield: Fifteenth New York Volunteers, Tenth Alabama Cavalry, Fourteenth Pennsylvania Riflemen, Tenth Massachusetts Artillery, Seventh South Carolina Sharpshooters. I do not know but it may require the attack of some foreign foe to make us forget our absurd sectional wrangling. I have no faith in the cry, "No north, no south, no east, no west." Let all four sections keep their peculiarities and their preterences, each doing its own work and not interfering with each other, each of the four carrying its part in the great harmony-the bass, the alto, the tenor, the soprano-in the grand march

Once more, this great national ceremony means the beautification of the tombs, whether of those who fell in battle or accident, or who have expired in their beds or in our arms or on our laps. I suppose you have noticed that many of the families take this season as the time for the adornment of their family plots. This national observance has secured the arboriculture and floriculture of the cometeries, the straightening up of many a slab planted 30 or 40 years ago, and has swung the sycthe through the long grass and has brought the stonecutter to call out the half obliterated epitaph. This day is the benediction of the resting place of father, mother, son, daughter, brother,

It is all that we can do for them now. Make their resting places attractive, not absurd with costly outlay, but in quiet femembrance. You know how. If you can afford only one flower, that will do. It shows what you would do if you could. One blossom from you may mean more than the Duke of Weldington's catafalque. Oh, we cannot afford to forget them. They were so levely to us. We miss them so much. We will never get over it. Blessed Lord lesus, comfort our broken hearts, From every bank of flowers breathes promise

of resurrection. In olden times the Hebrews, returning from their burial place, used to pluck the grass from the field three or four times, then throw it over their heads, suggestive of the resurrection. We pick not the grass, but the flowers, and instead of throwing them over our heads, we place them before our eyes, right down over the silent heart that once beat with warmest love toward us, or over the still feet that ran to service, or over the lips from which we took the kiss at the anguish of the

But stop! We are not infidels. Our bodies will soon join the bodies of our departed in the tomb, and our spirits shall join their spirits in the land of the rising sun. We cannot long be separated. Instead of crying with Jacob for Joseph, "I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning," let us cry with David, "I shall go to

on one of the gates of Greenwood is the quaint inscription, "A night's lodging on the way to the city of the New Jerusalem." Comfort one another with these words. May the hand of Him who shall wipe away all tears from all eyes wipe your cheek with its softest tenderness. The Christ of Mark and Martha and Lazarus will infold you in his arms. The white robed angels who sat at the tomb of Jesus will yet roll the stone from the door of your dead in radiant resurrection. The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout and the voice of the grehangel. shout and the voice of the grehangel. So the Dead March in Saul shall become the Hallelujah chorus.

Retation in the Garden.

In rotating your crops, don't forget that the garden needs rotating as much or more than any other plot of ground on the farm. In many ways it is a great convemence to have a permanent garden, but in the long run better results will be obtained by shifting its location at least every other year. Most garden truck does well after clover. If you do not shift the entire garden you can at least shift the parious beds; so as not to grow the same vegetables two seasons in the same place.

THE "DEATH VALLEY"

THE MYSTERY SURROUNDING THIS CURIOUS DESERT.

The Evils Which Afflict the Traveler Curious of Its Secrets Are of a Strange Order, and There Be None Who Live

Another mysterious death has occurred in that most mysterious place on earth called "Death Valley," the well-known desert which nestles in the rocky, mountainous country between Arizona and Nevada. This time a ranchman named Hildalgo, a half-breed Mexican, is the victim. He attempted to make a short cut from his ranch in Arizona to a trading post in Nevada and lost his life in the effort. Out in that neighborhood those asked say he died of the "desert." To the borax men and cattlemen who inhabit that section of the land "the desert" is an uncertain term, which means to them an indefinite combination of loneliness, alkali dust, thirst and hope lessness. But men have been known to die from it with water close at hand and the dust unstirred by the wind. That is the mysterious part of it. oNt every man who crosses the valley succumbs, of course, but enough of them do to make most men go. around it, except those who go in search of gold.

Death Valley is only a strip itself eight to sixteen miles wide, but the man who could walk across it at its worst has never been born With the fierce sunlight blazing down, being cast back from the sand, so that even in the shadow the thermometer registers nearly 140 degrees, with the air full of salt and the sand giving under his tread, he'd die half way. You can't drink water enough to slake your thirst and travelers are found dead with canteens of water beside them.

The only fresh water in the valley comes from the gloomiest feature of all, the spotted, strange-stained Funeral Mountain. The single employe of a borax enterprise has managed to make alfalfa grow on a little plot-the only green place in Death Valley. Back from this there are hills as white as flour mountains, covered as cleanly by borax as if it had fallen like snow.

Around the base of the Funeral Mountain curves the Amargosa River. Nobody has ever seen water flowing upon the surface of this river bed. but the ghost of a great river, miles wide, is there between great perpendicular banks, hundreds of feet high. Nobady has followed the river bed to its source or traced it to its disappearance. Somewhere down under the bed the water flows, the scientists say, but whether it is a yard or a mile down even they do not know. Even when the skies crack and let the cloudbursts through, no water runs over the Amargosa River sands. The thirsty earth can drink it up faster than it

Death valley is beautiful, but the man who explores it and the uncanny mountains about it comes back, if he comes at all, gaunt and wasted, In his blistered eyes are the images of the mirror-like sea of salt, the blurr of the blazing sun, the heaped-up mounds that tell where somebody has found a dead man and put him out of sight, the bleached skeleton, not whiter than the earth on which it lies, and not the gay colors of the Funeral peaks, the picturesque rounded tops of the Monts Blanco, the quaint

crags of the dead river's cliff banks. About the valley lives about every venomous thing that crawls in the west-rattlesnakes, terantulas, centipedes, scorpions, even Gila monsters, those hideous slow lizards that every scientist says are harmless and every frontiersman says are deadly. The valley never lacks for victims, There is gold there gold enough for many fortunes, and year after year

the men seek it, even where the sun

scorches and sets them mad. The gold has been found, not once, but many times. This frightful place has more tales of lost mines than any other. The Pegleg, the Breyfogle, the Mansfield claim, the Lost Padre mine and many more have tempted prospectors back to the pit of glaring alkali. These are real mines. In Southern California towns they will show you ore brought back by the original discoverer, rock all g-glitter with the precious points, but in the whole list no one has rewarded its finder. The Pegleg discoverer, the first and richest of all, could never find his way back to the boulder that jutted through the white cap of borax and revealed the wealth below. He tried again and again, until he could no longer find credit for the flour and bacon he must have to live on while he searched. He left his ore specimens and his map to another man, who has

kept up the search for twenty years, and hasn't found it yet. Old Breyfogle trailed his way out of the desert with more rich rock. He told of a cave in a canyon where he crawled to find shelter from a cloud-burst, and found the richest rock that was ever brought out of the gold country. He showed the rock when he came out and started back to his mine with mules laden with water and provisions. Of course, he was followed. His find was too big to be left to one His find was too big to be left to one man, but old Breyfogle knew the mountains and the men who prospect among them, and he doubled on his trail, made false starts and at last shook the followers off the scent and vanished. He never came back Man, mules, water barrels, tools, provisions—all disappeared. This was a generation ago, but in that country there are yet men clambering among the dead canyons looking for a cave with a roof studded with gold. It is the same story, with a few variations, all through,

The Lost Padre Mine is the only one with a radically different legend. That take came from the Indians. An old Plute came over from the Nevada side and was rescued from death from thirst by a prospector, and in his gratitude offered to bring the white man to a mine that had been worked by the mission fathers 100 years before. They started, but as they went the worth of the service he had received seemed less to the Indian and the service he was rendering seemed more, and at last he refused to proceed unless he was paid a pony and a gun.

and a silver crucifix with a Spanish inscription. He brought these to show that he knew where the old-time refused to show the mine. Why? deer, a snake, a quail and a crow might have been on the trail together; or it may have been, and probably was, just Injun "cussedness."

A BLOOP RED LAKE.

Switzerland Has a Carious Body of Water

With Unstable Habits. Lake Morat, in Switzerland, has a queer habit of turning red about two or three times every 10 years, says an exchange. It is a pretty lake, like most of the sheets of water in that picturesque country, and its peculiar freak is attributed to a dispositon to celebrate the slaughter of the Burgundians under Charles the Bold on June 21, 1476. But the French say it blushes for the conduct of the Swiss, who in that battle gave the Burgundians no quarter. This year it was redder than ever, and had a sinister appearance when the setting sun illuminated its waves.

legend. The old fishermen of the lake, who catch enormous fish, called silures, that weigh between twenty-five and forty kilograms, say, when they see the waters of the lake reddening, that it is the blood of the Burgun dians. As a matter of fact, some of the bodies of the Burgundians killed in the battle were thrown into the lake, while others were tossed into a grave filled with quicklime. This historical recollection angered the Burgundian soldiers of the victorious armies of the republic in 1798 so much that they destroyed the monument raised in honor of "their compatriots who fell historically in that battle and Henri Martin very justly reproached them for that piece of vandalism.

It would hardly do to attribute the reddening of the waters to the lake to the blood of the soldiers of Charles to the presence in large quantities of little aquatic plants called by naturalists oscillatroia rubescens. The curlous thing about it is that Lake Morat is the only lake in which this curious growth is developed, and this peculiarity is beginning to interest scien-

Most Valuable Egg in the World. One of the most complete collections of birds' eggs in existence was sold at auction in London last week by its owner, Mrs. J. C. Stevens, Among the specimens sold was a great auk's egg. As the bird is extinct and the eggs very rare, the successful bidder was obliged to give the remarkable during which time it has been in four collections. It was sold in 1841 for

In 1890 there were only sixty-eight recorded specimens of the great auk eggs in existence. In that year Baron d'Hamonville, a well-known collector of France, sold two fine specimens for about \$1200. Later in the same year an Englishman bought a large collection from a farmer in Holland for a few dollars, and discovered among them two specimens of the precious for over \$1000. Still later these same eggs were sold separately for \$800 and \$1200 respectively. The latter is the highest recorded price ever given for a sigle egg. The high price encouraged the placing in the market of a number of elever forgeries, but before many were sold their origin was dis-

The Cochineal Industry. One of the most curious agricultural products known, if it can be placed in such a category, is cochineal, the chief seat of which industry has for many years been the Canary Islands, says the Chambers' Journal. The story of the establishment of cochineal culture in the islands is a curious one. In 1835 a native gentleman became acquainted with the methods pursued for producing this dye in Honduras, and brought with him from that place specimens of the cochineal insect, and the cactus upon which it thrives. At that time the wine growers at the Canaries were flourishing, and no other kind of

industry was believed in.

The culture of the cochineal was regarded as a mad freak, and its producer met with opposition on all sides. Then the dreaded phylloxera made its appearance in the vineyards and ruin faced the winegrowers. They were glad, indeed, to take up the despised chineal, and the old vineyards were river up to the new inustry with such ruccess that in a year the value of the exported dye reached not far short of £1,000,000. The introduction of aniline dyes changed all this, and it is feared that the cochineal industry can never regain its former position in the Canary Islands.

"I just saw a man slip on a banana peel, and he came up smiling and never said an unpleasat word."
"I guess he must be learning to ride a bika"

RHEUMATISM Its Cause and Cure. A poisonous Acid in the Blood

only one means for a radical cure. Rheumatism is a blood disease, due to the presence of uric acid—a poison—in the system, and it is only by the removal of this pain-producing poison, that a radical cure can be effected. Acute rheumatism is hereditary, and thus it is that young children are often victims to this torture. The use of liniments, embrocations and outward applications, may give temporary relief, but can never eure, for the poison is in the blood, and until it is expelled, rheumatism, sciatica and neuraligic pains will centinue. Scotts Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism by removing the cause—by neutralizing and expelling this poisonpus acid. In chronic cases, this medicine reaches the source of the disease as no other medicine can. It gives renewed energy to the organisthat sustain life, the forces that make the blood. For the nervous troubles of youth, for the debility that precedes old age; for ladies in their severe ordeals, it is without a compeer. Rheumatism is a blood disease, due to

night and had returned twenty-four hours later with the sold-bearing rock hours later with the sold-bearing rock Miss Mitchell's Grand Millinery Opening

priests had got their gold, but he had suffered another change of heart, and now gave back the horse and gun and row gave back the horse and gun and why?

New took just opened out. Grandest display of Hats, now gave back the horse and gun and Flowers, Ribbons, etc., Dress and Mantle Goods, Gloves and Fancy 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.



ORGANS, - PIANOS,

SEWING MACHINES,

Of best makes, at lowest prices and easy terms.

J. J. WETHERUP.

Cor. Sussex & Peel sis.

Attention . Growers,

If you want to get the highest price for your Wool sell direct to those who nanufacture 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, Shaker Flannels the Bold. The coloring is due simply 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-ly.

sum of \$830 for it. The specimen was not a perfect one, for it has a small crack in the side. The history of this egg is known for about sixty years,

Has Removed

them two specimens of the precious from the South side of Kent street, next to the Post Office, to the

> North side, next door to J. G. Edwards & Co.

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.

JOB WORK

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

Scott's Sarsaparilla is a concentrated compound of the finest medicines known to modern medical science—The dose is to modern medical science—The dose is from one half to one teaspoonful and the from one half to one teaspoonful and th