"THE LORD IS MY HEPHERD."

APPRECIATIVE SERMON ON THE BEAUTIFUL ASSERTION

PICTURES OF GREEN PASTURES.

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Washington, Feb. 27.—Rev. Dr. Talmage chose as his feat this morning the words of Pasims will, 1. "The Lord is my shephord," and therefrom he preached a most reviving sermon. He said:
What with post and rail fences and our pride in South own, Astrochan and Flamish varieties of sheep, there is no ase now of the old time shephord. Such a one had abundance of opportunity of becoming a post, boing out of doors 12 hours the day, a ofthings waking up in the right on the bills. If the stars or the torrents or the sun or the flowers had torrents or the sun or the flowers had anything to say, he was very apt to hear it. The Ettelek Shepherd of Scotland, who afterward to k his seat in the brilliwho afterward to a his soat in the brilli-nt circle of Wilson and Lookhark, got his wonderful protection in the per years in which he was watching the dooks of Mr. Lat law. There is often a tweet poetry in the rugged prose of the heatch shephard. One of these Scotch shoph shaphard. One of these Stotch shoph side has his only son, and he knot down in prayer at was averheard to say. O ford, it has seemed good in the growldence to take from me the staff of the right hand at the time when to us said blind mortals I seemed to be most be need of it, at how I shall climb up. the hill of sorrow and suld age without it thou mayst ken, but I dinnac"

his father a sheep. They are pasturing on the very hills where afterward a famb was born of which you have heard much, "the lamb of fool, which taketh away the sin of the world. David, the shep-hold boy, was beautiful, brave, musical and postic 1 think he often farget the gloop in his revertes. There in the solitude he string that is theilling through all ages. David the boy was garboing the material for David the post and Pavid the man. Identifier boys. Pavid was fund of using his knife among the saplings, and he had noticed the sauding of the juice of the tree, and when to bosseurs a man he said, "The trees of the lord are full of sap." David the boy, like other boys, had been fond of hunting the birds nests and he had driven the old stock off the nest to find how many aggs were under her, and when he became much he said, "As for the stork, the tr trens are her house." In boyhood he had heard the terrific thunderstorm that heard the bereife thunderstorm that reightened the red door into premature sickness, and when he became a man he said. "The value of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve." David the boy had lain upon his back tooking up at the stars and scamining the sky, and to his boylsh imagination the sky seemed like a piece of divine embrodiery, the divine fingers working in the threads of light and the boats of stars, and he became a man and wrote. When I cansider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers. When he became work of the fingers. When he become an old man, thinking of the goodness of foil he seemed to hear the bleating of his father's sheep across many years and to think of the time when he tended them on the Bothlehem hills, and he erion out in the test, "The Lord is my

shepherd.
If (lod will help me, I will talk to you of the shepherd's plaid, the shepherd's trock, the shepherd's logs, the shepherd's pasture grounds, and the shepherd's locks.

And first the shepherd's platt. It would be preparerous for a man going out to rough and beauting work to put an eplondid apparel. The potter does not work in relvet. The servant maid does during The shepherd does not wear a splendld robe in which to go out and the storms, and the rocks and the nottles; he puts on the rough apparel appropriate to his exposed work. The Lord our Shop herd, coming out to hunt the lost sheep, puts on no regal apparel, but the plain garment of our humanity. There was ing pretentions about th. I know the old eninters represent a bale around the har Jours, but I do not suppose that there was any more hale about that child than about the head of any other babe that was born that Christmas eve in Ju-dea Becoming a man, he were a seamless garment. The scissors and needle had done nothing to make it graceful. I take it to have toon a mock with three holes in is, one for the neck and two for the arms. Although the gamblers quarreled over it, that is no evidence of its value. I have soon two ragpickers quarred over the re-free of an ach barrel. No: in the ward-rede of heaven he last the sandals of light, the girites of beauty, the robes of power, and put on the besseled and tatter ed raiment of our humanity. Sometimes be did not even wear the seamless robe. What is that hanging about the waist of Christ? Is it a badge of authority? Is it a soyal coat of arms? No: It is a towel. The disciples' feet are filthy from the walk on the long way and are not fit to be put upon the sofus on which they are e ractine at the meal, and so Jesus fashes their feet and gathers them up in he towel to dry them. The work of savthe towal to dry thom. The work or sav-the this world was rough work, rugged work hard work, and Jesus put on the miment, the plain raiment of our flesh. The storing were to beat him, the crowds were to justle him, the dust was to splinkle him, the mote were to pursue him O Shephard of Israel, leave at the home the bright array! For thee, what streams to ford, what alghts all uncheltored! He puts upon him the plain ratment of one humanity, were our wose, and white each and hearen and hell stand amazed at the abregation wraps around him the shepherd's plaid. Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the ferver of his prayer.

Next I mention the shepherd's crook. this was a root with a curve at the end. which when a sheep was going astroy was thrown man the neok and in that way it was pulled back. When the sheep were not going astroy, the sheephard would aften not it as a sort of crutch, leaning en it, but when the cheep were out of the way the creek was always busy pull-ing them back. All we, like sheep, have

always been well. He has never had any

awhite stekness came to him: At account understand what God is going to do with him. He says, "Is the Lord angry with me?" Oh, no! With the shepherd's stock he has been pulled back into botter pastures. Here is a happy household drole. The parent does not realize the truth that those children are only leaned to him, and he forgots from what source came his domestic blessings. Sickness drops upon a little one. He says, "Is fied angry with me?" No. His shepherd's crook pulls him back into better pastures. I do not know what would have become of us if it had not been for the shepherd's crook. "Oh, the mercies of our iroubles." You take up apples and plums from under the shade of the trees, and the very best fruits of Christian character we find in the deep shade of trouble. When I was on the steamer coming

when I was on the steamer coming across the coan, I got a cinder in my eye, and several persons tried to get it cut very gently, but it could not be taken out in that way. I was told that the engineer had a facility in such cases. I went to him the put his large, sobty hand on me, took a knife and wrapped the lid of the sye around the knife. I expected to be hurt very much, but without any pain and instantly he removed the cluder. Oh, there come times in our Christian life when our spiritual vision is being spoiled and all gentle appliances fall? Then there comes some giant trouble and a black hand lays hold of us and removes that which would have ruined our vision that which would have ruined our vision forever. I will gather all your joys to-gether in one regiment of ten companies, and I will put them under Colonel Joy. Then I will gather all your sorrows to-gether in one regiment of ten companies and put them under Colonel Breakhoart. Then I will ask, Which of these regi-

ments has gained for you the greater spiritual victories? Certainly that under Culonel Breakhear?

In the time of war, you may romember at the south and north, the question was whether the black troops would fight; but when they were put into the struggle on both sides they did heroically. In the great day of eternity it will be found that it was not the white regiment of joys that gained your greatest successes, but the black troops of trouble, misfortune and disaster. Where you have gained one spiribual success from your prosperity, you have gained ten spiritual successes from

There is no animal that struggles more violently than a sheep when you corner it and catch hold of it. Down in the glen I see a group of men around a lost sheep. A plowman comes along and seizes the sheep and tries to pacify it, but it is more frightened than ever. A miller comes along, puts down his grist and caresees the sheep, and it seems as if it would die the sheep, and it seems as if it would die of fright. After awhile some one breaks through the thicket. He says, "Let me have the poor thing." He comes up and lays his arms around the sheep and it is lays his arms around the sheep and it is immediately quiet. Who is the last man that comes? It is the shephord. Ah, my friends, be not afraid of the shephord's crook! It is never used on you save in mercy, to pull you back. The hard, cold leeberg of trouble will melt in the warm guif stream of divine sympathy.

There is one passage I think you misinterpret, "The bruised reed he will not break." De you know that the shepherd in olden times played upon these receis?

break." Do you know that the shopherd in olden times played upon these reculs? They were vary easily bruised, but when they were bruised they were never mended. The shepherd could so easily make another one, he would snap the old one and throw it away and get another. The libbe says it is not so with our Shepherd. When the music is gone out of a roan. When the music is gone out of a man's soul, God does not snap him in twain and throw him away. He mends and restores. "The bruised reed he will not

When in the o'erhanging heavens of fate. The threatening clouds of darkness

Then let us bumbly watch and wait. is shall be well, it shall be well

And when the storm has passed away.

And sunshine smiles on flood and fe How sweet to think, how sweet to say, it has been well!

Next I speak of the shepherd's dogs. They watch the straying sheep and drive them back again. Every shepherd has his dog-from the nomads of the Bible times down to the Scotch hordsman watching his flocks on the Grampian hills. Our Shepherd employs the criticisms and persecutions of the world as his dogs. There are those, you know, whose work it is to watch the inconsistencies of Christians and bark at them. If one of God's sheep gets astray, the world howls. With more avidity than a shepherd's dog ever caught a stray sheep by the flanks or lugged it by the ears worldlings seize the Christian satray. It ought to do us good to know that sstray. It ought to do us good to know that we are thus watched. It ought to put us on our guard. They cannot hite us, if we stay near the Shepherd. The sharp knife of worldly assault will only trim the vines until they produce better grapes. The more you pound marjoram and resonary, the sweeter they smell. The more dogs take after you, the quicker you will get to the gate.

You have noticed that different flocks of sheep have different marks upon them; sometimes a red mark, sometimes a blue mark, sometimes a straight mark and sometimes a crocked mark. The Lord our Shepherd has a mark for his sheep. It is a red mark—the mark of the cross. "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heavon."

Furthermore, consider the shepherds' pasture grounds. The old shepherds used to take the sheep upon the mountains in the summer and dwell in the valleys in the winter. The sheep being out of doore perpetually, their woel was better than if they had been kept in the hot atmosphere of the sheep oot. Wells were dug for the sheep and covered with large stones, in order that the hot weather might not spoil the water. And then the shepherd led his flock wherever he would; nobody disputed his right. So the Lord our Shepherd has a large pasture ground. He takes us in the summer to the mountains and in the winter to the valleys. Warm days of prosperity come and we stand on and in the winter to the valleys. Warm days of prosperity come and we stand on sun gilt Sabbaths, and on hills of transfiguration, and we are so high up we can catch a glimpse of the pinnacles of the heaventy city. Then cold, wintry days of trouble come, and we go down into the valley of sickness, want and bereavement and we say, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" But, blessed be God, the Lord's sheep can find pasture any.

the them back. All we, like sheep, have the pherit's astray, and had it not been for the sheepherd's areak we would have fallen long age over the precipioss.

Here is a man who is making too much pengy. To is getting very vain. He says:

"After awhile I shall be independent of all the world. O my soul, eat, drink and be marry!" Business disaster comes to him. What is find going to do with him! has been any grades against him? Oh, se! Rid is throwing over him the sheep against him? Oh, se! Rid is throwing over him the sheep against him? Oh, se! Rid is throwing over him the sheep against him? Oh, se! Rid is throwing over him the sheep against him? Oh, se! Rid is throwing over him the sheep against him? Oh, se! Rid is throwing over him the sheep against him took into the fact is with them that for him." Rich pasture, fountain ted pasture, for all the facts of the Good the pasture, for all the facts of the Good the pasture.

Lastly, consider the shepherd's fold. The time of sheep shearing was a very glad time. The neighbors gathered to gether, and they poured wins and danced for Joy. The sheep were put in a place inclosed by a wall, where it was very easy to count them and know whether any of them had been taken by the jackals or dogs. The inclosure was called the sheepfeld. Good news I have to tell you, in that our Lord the Shepherd has a sheepfeld, and those who are gathered in it shall never be struck by the storm, shall never be touched by the jackals of temptation and trouble. It has a high wall—so high that no troubles can get in, so high that no troubles can get in, so high that the joys cannot get out. How glad the old sheep will be to find the lambs that left them a good many years age! Millions of children in heaven! Ob, what a merry heaven it will make! Not many long meter psalms there! They will be in the majority and will run away with our song, carrying it up to a still bather will be seen to the seen the lambs that he feature. with our song, carrying it up to a still higher point of costacy, Oh. there will be shouting! If children on earth clapped their hands and danced for joy, what will they do when to the gladness of childhood on earth is added the gladness of child-

hood in heaven? It is time we got over these morbid ideas of how we shall get out of this world. You make your religion an undertaker planing coffins and driving hearses. Your religion smells of the varnish of a funeral casket. Rather let your religion to day come out and show you the sheep fold that God has provided for you. Ah you say, there is a river between this and that! I know it, but that Jordan is only for the sheep washing, and they shall go up for the sheep washing, and they shall go up on the other banks snow white. follow the great Shepherd. They

heard his voice lot g ago. They are safe now—one fold and one Shepherd!

Alas for those who are finally found outside the inclosure! The night of their sin howls with jackals. They are thirsting for their blood. The very moment that a lamb may be frisking upon the hills a bear may be looking at it from the thicket.

In June, 1815, there was a very noble party gathered in a house in St. James' square. London. The prince regent was present and the occasion was made fascinating by music and banqueting and by ewels. While a quadrille was being ormed, suddenly all the people rushed to the windows. What is the matter? Henry Percy had arrived with the news that Waterloo had been fought and that England had won the day. The dance was abandoned, the party dispersed, lards, ladies and musicians rushed into the street, and in 15 minutes from the first announcement of the good news the house was emptied of all its guests. Oh, ye who are seated at the banquet of this world or whirling in its gayeties and frivolities, if you could hear the sweet strains of the gospel trumpet announcing Christ's vicory over sin and death and hell, you would rush forth, glad in the eternal deliverance! The Waterloo against sin has been fought, and our Commander-in-Chief hath won the day. Oh, the joys of this salvation! I do not care what metaphor, what comparison, you have. Bring it to me, that I may use it. Ames shall bring one simile, Isalah another, John another. Beautiful with pardon. Beautiful with peace. Heautiful with anticipations. Or, to return to the pastoral figure of my text come out of the post resturn.

of my text, come out of the poor pasturage of this world into the rich fortunes of the Good Shepherd.

The shepherd of old used to play beantiful music, and sometimes the sheep would gather around him and listen. To day my heavenly Shephord calls to you with the very music of heaven, bidding you to leave your sin and accept his pardon. Oh, that all this flock would hear the piping of the Good Shepherd!

"I ran across a station agent up in the hills the other day who came as near being jack of all trades as any man I ever struck," said Henry Darby. "I refer to a little dried up looking fellow, with more energy than Carter had cate and more irons in the fire than any blacksmith of long experience could possibly keep his eye on. To start with, my little friend is express, freight and ticket agent, has a 10 cent store, sends a telegraph message when he has to, although his is not a train order office; is postmaster, treasurer for the local Sunday school union and two lodges and acts as distributer for a Bible society. Then he is examiner for an insurance company, issues policies for fire, accident and tornado insurance, is switch tender at his place, buys fruit for one eastern house in summer and produce for another in fall and winter. He has long been a justice of the peace, was twice school trustee and councilman, is a deacon in his church and a leader of the hamlet choir. He was chairman of the city Republican committee, has the agency for platform scales and riding oultivators, sells thrashers and light vehicles and finds time to fish a little every spring. "-Louisville Post.

Uneducated people sometimes have a happy knack in coming to the point. Here, for example, is a story from the Boston Herald:

Dan and Mose, neither of them noted for erudition, were partners in an enterprise which it is needless to specify.
One morning a customer called to settle
a small bill and after handing over the money asked for a receipt.

Mose retired to the privacy of an inner room and after a long delay returned with a slip of paper, on which were written these words:

"We've got our pay. Me and Dan."

Ralph Waldo Emerson once told a good story of a friend who always carried in his pocket a horse chestnut as a protection against rheumatism, just the same as other people wear shields and other specifics. Emerson thus testifies to the results in his friend's case: "He has never had the rheumatism since he began to carry it, and indeed it appears to have had a retrospective operation—for he never had it before."

the peculiar property, when chewed, of temporarily neutralizing the sense of taste as regards eweet and bitter things. The Hindoos claim that the plant is an antidote to make bito.

Out of the enormous number of womm in Constantinople—the population is nearly 1,000,000—not more than 5,000 can read or write.

RATS AS SENTINELS.

THE TRICK WORKED BY CRIMINALS IN AN OHIO PRISON.

Convicts Who Trained Rate to Give Warning of the Approach of Keepers While They Sawed Their Cell Bars-A Sheriff A story told by W. R. Ryan, an old

Ohio sheriff, illustrates the ingenuity of criminals. Ryan was sheriff of Cuyahoga county for several years and re-fused a third or fourth nomination for the office for the reason that the county jail in Cleveland was so old and dilapi-dated that the watching of the 70 or 80 prisoners was more of a job than he cared to keep. While he was still in charge a notorious criminal named Foster and an accomplice were convicted and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment in the Ohio penitentiary.

At that time the jail was crowded, and Sheriff Ryan was compelled to place both convicted men in the same cell. The sheriff lived in the county build-

ing, and on the night following the conviction of Foster he went to bed soon after supper, intending to get up early the next morning and take the two midnight he aweke with a start. He was trembling violently and was convinced that trouble was brewing in the

"There's something wrong in the jail," he said to his wife, "and I'll bet going down stairs to look around."

Dressing himself, he put a revolver into his pocket and noiselessly went down to the chief jailer's room on the first floor. Abe Abrams, his deputy, was guarding the jail door.
"What's the matter?" asked Abrams.

"What's wrong in the jail?" returned

"Nothing," replied Abrams. "Haven't you heard the noise saws?" asked Ryan. "Nope, and they ain't been working.

mighty quiet."

the slightest noise. Of that he was cer-tain. He breathed regularly and with as little noise as possible, and he could not detect a sound which indicated that an effort was being made to saw the cell bars. Nevertheless, he could not get rid of his suspicion and remained get rid of his suspicion and remained there perfectly quiet until 5 o'clock.

Then he went to breakfast, called a deputy and, placing the handcuffs and leg irons on Foster and his confederate, to take them to Columbus on the take them to Columbus on the confederate and the take them to Columbus on the confederate and the take them to Columbus on the columbus on the columbus of th

noon, this message was handed to Ryan: Found two dozen fine file saws in cell. Ryan banded the telegram to the prisoners, and when they read it they laughed.

"You see, boys, that you may be pretty foxy, but you couldn't beat the old man," said the sheriff.

"That's right," said Foster; "but night and stay so long? Who put you

"Nobody," answered Ryan. "I just guessed it. But how did you know I

was there? Did you hear me?" "Not a sound. You made a quiet meak for such a big man," said Fos-"Then how did you know I was

there?" persisted the sheriff. "Now, see here, Mr. Ryan," replied Foster. "We're in for a long term, and if you will put a good word in for us we'll tell you our steret."
"Agreed!" said Ryan.

"Well, where we got the diws is neither here nor there and none of your business," mid Foster, "but we knew you were watching us and knew that if we wanted to give you the dip we would have to exercise more than ordinary or human vigitance. Now, the jail is full of rate, and jail rate, having been killed so often by way of amuse ment for the prisoners, are timid. Rats like meat. We saved some of our meat at supper every night and scattered it in front of the cell. The rate soon realised that we meant them no harm, and after a number of experiments they would allow one of na to feed them while the other worked. Rats have a keener sense of hearing than men, and if an outsider should appear they would run. Well, when you sneaked into the jail last night we didn't hear you, but the rats did. They scampered and we quit. When you left, the rats returned, but it was too late then, and the game | Pur

The records of county commissioners show that on the following day a requisition was received from the sheriff's office calling for two dozen rat traps and a case of rat poison. Pigeomholed in the prosecuting attorney's office is an indictment entitled "State of Ohio versus Rodent, for aiding and abetting the attempted aroung of certain prisoners of attempted escape of certain prisoners of the state from the county jail of Cuya-hoga county, state of Ohio." This charge never came to trial, and the de-fendants suffered capital punishment whenever captured without even hav-ing a hearing.—Cleveland Letter.

Southern Way to Clean Carpet If there are spots of grease on the carpet they may be removed by covering them with curd soap which has been dissolved in boiling water. Rub theroughly over the spot with a brush. To remove a hallow stain try alcohol. For vegetable, wine and fruit stains and red ink wash with warm soap and water or ammonia. When the stain is of tar rub with pumics stone, then soap. Let it stand a while and then wash alternately with turpentine and water.

The Golden Klondike

AN ENORMOUS RUSE OF GOLD SEEKERS GOING IN

Some Sound Advice From One Who Has Made the Trip, and Knows Something of the Hardships the Gold Seekers Must Undergo.

In the rush towards the golden fields of the Klundike, there are thousands who are ill fitted to stand the strain of hard are ill fitted to stand the strain of hard ship and exposure, which are inseparable from that trip. Illness, disease and death is almost certain to claim many of the ill prepared adventurers. The following letter from one who has under gone the hardships of the trip, will prove interesting to those who intend going into the declate, but gold laden north:

Skagway, Dec 12th 1897 SKAGWAY, Dec. 12:b, 1897. DEAR SIRS,—My object in writing this letter is to give a word of advice to those

fields. For ten years I have followed the occupation of prospecting, timber estimating and mining, and the bardships and privations which one has to undergo, are enough to wreck the strongest constitution. prisoners to the penitentiary. About In the spring of 1897 I was stricked with pleuriey, as the result of exposure. I recovered from this, but it left behind the seeds of disease which manifested them-selves in the form of heart and kidney troubles. I managed to reach Vancouver, but did not have much hopes of recover-Foster is about ready to break out. I'm ing. I was advised, however, to give first purchased bus two boxes. Before these were gone I found beyond a doubt that they were helping me, and their continued use "put me on my fee; again," to use a common expression. I then engaged to go to the Yukon country, and only those who have made the trip to Dawson City can form even the faintest conception of the hardships that have to be borne in making the trip. Before starting I added to my outfit two dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I can honestly say no part of my outfit or I'd heard 'em, as I've been laying proved of such invaluable service to me, and I would strongly urge every man Ryan was suspicious and listened at- who goes in to take a supply with him, tentively at the jail door. There was no 'as he will find the need of such a tonic noise except an occasional snore of one and upbuilder of the system on many occasions. I went in and returned to "Abe," said Ryan, "I'm certain Fos- this place by the Dalton trail, which ter and his pal are up to mischief. I've consists of 350 miles of old Indian trail, been feeling it in my bones all night, starting at Pyremid Herbor. In going and I'm going to sneak in two tiers under their cell and listen." through mud more than a foot deep, and 15 Toronto Street, Toronto. He opened the jail door noiselessly and crept through the jail until he was under Foster's cell. He had not made my weight was only 149 pounds, and I now weigh 169 pounds, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

I am soon starting for another trip to Dawson by the same route. This time, however, the travelling will be on snowshoes, and you may depend upon it Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will again form part

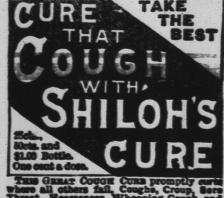
an early train.

"As soon as we leave," said the Yukon will require something to brace sheriff to Abrama, "you search the cell him and telegraph me the result at Columbus."

I may say that my home bus."

Lumber, Lath & Shingles, Cement that country. I may say that my home is at Copper Cliff, Ont., where my wife ua." is at Copper Cliff, Ont., where my wife When Columbus was reached about now resides.

The price of Old Eaglish Condition Powder has been r-duced to 20cts, six for \$1 00. A. HIGINBO! HAM. —36 3



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Motherhood.

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flow'r inmortal.—
Esther Cottrell in March Ladies'

Easter Hats are Rich, Gorgeous

To describe the coming Easter hate and bonnets must sorely try the pen of even so capable a writer on tashings as Label A. Mailon, In the March Ledies' Home Journal she pictures the feminine headdress that will have its first airing on fashiou's great show day—Easter. The united effort of pen and papers are sent to the former address; day—Easter. The united effort of pen and pencil bring the conviction that the vogue gives the widest range as to shape of headdress and that the plumage of almost every known bird will be brought into requisition, beside artistic duplicates of every flower of the hothouse, garden and field will be called upon to supply the ornamentation. The velvets and ribbons may be as rich as the purse can buy, and the woman can select almost anything in the way of colors or combinations and yet be entirely within the bounds of vogue.

papers are sent to the former address; they are held responsible.

5—The courte have decided that refusing to take periodicals from the office or removing and leaving them uncalled for its evidence of intention to defraud.

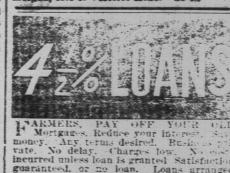
6—If subscribers pay in advance they are beand to give notice at the end of their time if they do not wish to conlinue taking it, otherwise the publisher is obliged to send it, and the subscriber will who contemplate going to the Yukon gold

How to Keep Well. Without regular action of the bowels good publisher. health is impossible. Laxa Liver Pilis

entirely within the bounds of vogue.

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BOARD,—Private boarding on Melbourne st., second house west of Cambridge st. Mrs. Morgan, late of Victoria Road.—36 tf.



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