MYSTERIOUS PATHWAY.

A very thock of strongth and pohance, and Yet of Such taffatte Steety of Construction That It is Wide Open to the Foot of feed and of sound- Berpr. fulmage on Hearing.

Washington, April 17. .. Hev. Dr. Tak mase preached this morning from the text: Feature tote, a, "He that planted the ear, shall be not hear?" He said:

Architecture is one of the most fasting ating and, and the south of Egyptian, (Procise, Etruson, Homan, Bysantine, has been to many a man a subtime life work. Lincoln and York cathedrals, Sh. Fant's and St. Fotor's and arch of Titus Farthenon are the monuments to the genius of those who built them. But more wonderful to any arch they ever lifted or any transcept window they ever ever provinced or any (tothle elulator they ever chiborated is the human car.

Among the most skillful and assidnens physiologists of our time have been those who have given their time to the examtnotion of the our and the study of the brobos, the watte, the floore, its canale, the Aqueduces, the gatheries, the intricuoles, the very distinct the divine machinery, and ver it will take another thousand rears before the world comes to any adequate appropriation of what God did when planned and executed the infinite and evernadoring rehisocture of the human car. The must of it is invisible, and the interescope breaks down in the attempt at exploration. The earlings which we sall the car is only the storm door of the great temple clear down out of sight, nest door to the termorbal woul.

Such scientists as Helmholts and Conte and De Blataville and Bank and Buck have attempted to walk the Applan way pathway has noter been fully troublen but by two foot the foot of sound and the foot of tool. Three cars on each side the hand the external car, the middle car, the internal our but all connected by must wonderful belegenphy.

The external our in all ages aderned by temple of derivatora partly built by the contribution of earrings, and Honer in bright drops, her glittering going suspended from the cur," and many of the adornments of modern times were only eaples of her ear jewels found in Pomwhile the outer our may be adorned by human are, the middle and the internal hars are adorned and garnished only by stroke of a key of render organ cate the the threating, and the expendit car cubohee the unfulating sound and passes ear to the internal car, and the 8,000 elbration and roll the sound on into the sout The hidden machinery of the ear by physiologists called by the names of things familiar to us, like the hammer, thing to be emitten; tike the attroop of the wildle with which we mount the like the drum, beaton in the march; like the harpstrings, to be swept with music. Cottout like a "anatt shell," by which one of the innermost passages of the age to notestly culted; like a stateway, the sound to ascend; like a bent tube of a hosting apparatus, taking that which onfore round and round; like a betweenth with wonderful passages into which the thought enters only to be lost in bowthforment A muscle contracting when the notes to too touch, just as the pupil of the eve contracts when the light he for glaring. The external our is defonded by was which with its bistorness Historinges Insorble Invasion. The intornal our "imbedded in by what is far the hardest home of the human gratem, a vory rook of strength and deflance

The ene so stronge a contrivance that by the estiliate of one sespentish it can easing the count of 73,700 elbrations in a second The inter our taking in all kinds of sound, whother the crash of an avatanche or the ham of a box. The sound present to the timer door of the embelde our halts until another mechanism. divine mechanism, passes it on by the bonohibs of the middle car, and, coming be the lamps floor of that second par, the sound has no power to come farther until another divine mechanism passes it on through into the inner our, and then the sound comes for the rall track of the brain branchiob and rolls on and on until to comes to sensation, and there the our tain drops, and a hundred gabes shub. and the votes of (tod seems to say to all human inspection, "Thus far and no

in this vostibule of the palace of the soul how many kings of thought, of modicine, of physiology, have done pen ance of lifetony study and got no farther than the vestibule! Alesterious home of sayerboration and other Grand Contral deput of sound. Headquarters to which there come quick dispatches, part the way by cartilages, part the way by air, part the way by hone, part the way by nerve the slowest dispatch plunging norve the storest dispatch plunging which is played all the muste son ever hauth, from the grandours of an August thunderstorm to the actions breathings of a finte, Small instrument of music, only a unarter of an inch of surface and the thinness of one two hundred and Aftieth part of an inch and that thinness divided into three larges, in that car mustonly teating from the outside natural world to the inside spiritual world; we seein the abutment at this end the bridge, the few of an untifted mystery hiding the abutment on the other and the pr Whisporing gattery of the soul. The haman valve be trad's enlager the car-644,416 sounds, and all that variety hird, but for the human car-

About 15 years ago, in Ventor, la down in double one whom many cor from in floath and whom many considered the greatest musical composer of the century. Struggling on up from 6 years of age, whom he was lott fatherless, Wagner rose through the obloquy of the world, and of times all nations seeming-

and by all the rell of German and Italian and French composers, some of them in the battle leaving their blood on the keynotes and the musical scores. Great battle fought for the ear—fought with baton, with organ pipe, with trumpet, with cornet-a-pisten, with all ivery and brazen and silver and golden weapons of the orchestra; royal theater and cathedral and academy of music the fortresses for the contest for the ear. England and haven fought for the supremacy of the Egypt fought for the supremacy of the Suez canal, and the Spartans and the Porsians fought for the delie at Thermopplae, but the musicians of all ages have fought for the mastery of the audi-tory canal and the delite of the immertal al and the Thermopylae of strugglin

For the conquest of the ear Haydn struggled on up from the garret where he had neither fire nor food, on and on until under the too great nervous strain of hearing his own oratorio of the "Creation" performed he was carried out to die, but leaving as his legacy to the world 11s symphonies, 168 pieces for the bari-tone, 15 masses, 5 oratorios, 42 German and Italian songs, 39 canons, 365 English and Scotch songs with accompaniment and 1,500 pages of libretti. All that to capture the gate of the body that swings in from the tympanum to the "small shell" lying on the beach of the ocean of the immorbal 401.

To conquer the ear Handel struggled on from the time when his father would not let him go to school lest he learn the gamus and become a musician, and from the time when he was allowed in the organ loft just to play after the audience had left to the time when he left to all nations his unparalleled oratories of "Esther," "Deborah," "Samson," "Jophthah," "Judas Maccabacus," Israel in Egrpt" and the "Messiah," the soul of the great German composes atill weeping in the dead march of our great obsequies and triumphing in the reptures of every Easter morn.

To conquer the car and take this gate of the immertal soul Schubert compose his great "Screnade," writing the staves of the music on the bill of fare in a estaurant, and went on until he could tenve as a legacy to the world over a thousand magnificant compositions in To conquer the ear and take this gets of the soul's castle Mozart struggled on through poverty until he came to a pauper's grave, and one chilly, wet afternoon the body of him who gave to the world the "Hequiem" and the Minor Symphony" was orunched in on the top of two other paupers into a grave which to this day is epitaphiese.

For the our everything mellifluoue, from the birth hour when our earth was wrapped in swaddling clothes of light and seronaded by other worlds, from the time when Jubal thrummed the first harp and prossed a key of the first organ down to the music of this Sabbath day. Yes, for the ear the coming overtures of heaven, for whatever other part of the body may be left in the dust, the ear, we know, is to come to colestial life; otherwise, why the "barpers barping with their harps!" For the ear carol of lark and whistle of quait and chirp of cricket and dush of cascade and roar of tides ceanic and dexology of worshipful assembly and minstrelsy, cherubic, scraphic and archangelie. For the ear all Pandean pipes, all flutes, all clarinets, all hant-boys, all bassoons, all bells and all organs—Luserne and Westminster abbey and Freiburg, and Berlin and all the organ pipes set across Christendom, the great Giant's Causeway for the menarchs great (Hant's Causeway for the monarche of music to pass over. For the ear all chimes, all ticklings of chronometers, all nuthems, all dirges, all glees, all choruses, all lullabre, all orchestration. Oh. the ear, the first honored ear, grooved with divine sculpture and poised with divine gracefulness and upholstered with cur-tains of divine embroidery and corridored by divine carpentry and pillared with divine architecture and chiseled in bone of divine masonry and conquered by proessions of divine marshaling. The earl A perpetual point of interrogation, asking How? A perpetual point of apostrophe appealing to God. None but God could work it. None but God could keep it. None but God could understand it. None but (tod could explain it. Oh, the wondors of the human ear!

How surpassingly sacred the human let the sound of blasphemy or uncle oss stop into that holy of holies. The tuble says that in the ancient temple the priest was set apart by the putting of the blood of a ram on the tip of the ear, the right ear of the pricet. But, my friends, we need all of us to have the sacred touch of ordination on the hanging lobe of both wars, and on the arches of the onrs, on the enstachian tube of the car, on the mastold cells of the ear, on the is mpanic cavity of the ear, and on everything from the outside rim of the outside car clear in to the point where sound steps off the auditory nerve and rolls on down into the unfathomable depths of the immertal soul. The Bible speaks of "dull cars," and of "unctronmotse and of "Hehing ears," and of "rebollions care," and of "open care," and of those who have all the organs of hearing and ret who seem to be deaf, for it ories to them, "He that care to hear, let

To show how much Christ thought of the human ear, he one day met a man who was deaf, came up to him and put a finger of the right hand into the orifice of the left ear of the patient and put a finger of the left hand into the crifice of the right ear of the patient, and agitated the tympanum, and startled the bone through into the man's soul cried, "Ephthatha!" and the polyphoid growths gave way, and the inflamed auricle cooled off, and that man who had sound for many years that night heard the wash of the waves of Galiles against the limestone shelving. To show how much Christ thought of the human ear, when the spostic Peter got mad and with one siash of his sword dropped the ear of Malchus into the dust Christ created a new external our for Malchus corresponding with the middle our and the internal ear that no sword could city

And to show what God thinks of the ear we are informed of the fact that in the miliennial June which shall reseate the miliennial June which shall reseate all the earth the ears of the deaf will be unstopped, all the vascular growths gone, all deformation of the listening organ cured, corrected, changed. Every being on earth will have a hearing apparatus as perfect as that knows how to make it, and all the ears will be ready for that great symphony in which all the musical instruments of the earth shall play the

No king is satisfied with only one residence, and in France it has been St. Cloud and Versailles and the Tuileries, and in Great Britain it has been Windsor and Halmoral and Osborne. A ruler does not always prefer the larger. The King of earth and heaven may have larger eastles and greater palaces, but I do not think there is any one more curiously wrought than the human ter. The heaven of heavens cannot contain him, and ven of heavens cannot contain yet he says he finds room to dwell in a strite heart, and, I think, in a Chris-

We have been looking for God in the infinite—let us look for him in the infinitesimal. God walking the corridor of the ear, God sixting in the gallery of the human ear, God speaking along the audi-tory nerve of the ear, God dwelling in the ear to hear that which comes from the outside, and so near the brain and the soul he can hear all that transpires there. The Lord of hosts encamping under the curtains of membrane. Palace of the Almighty in the human ear. The of the Almigney in the annual rider on the white herse of the Apocalypse thrusting his foot into the loop of hone which the physiologist has been pleased to call the stirrup of the ear.

Are you ready now for the question of

my text? Have you the endurance to hear its overwhelming suggestiveness? Will you take hold of some pillar and balance "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?" Shall the God who gives us the hear? Shall the God who gives us the apparatus with which we hear the sounds of the world himself not be able to catch up song and groan and blasphemy and worship! Does he give us a faculty which he has not himself? Drs. Wild and Gruber and Toynbee invented the accumeter and other tratumments by which to meet and other instruments by which to mean ure and examine the ear, and do these instruments know more than the doctors who made them? "He that planted the ear, shall he not hear?" Jupiter of Crede was always represented in statuary and painting as without ears, suggesting the idea that he did not want to be bothered with the affairs of the world. But our God has ears. "His ears are open to their ery." The Bible intimates that two workmen on Saturday night do not get their wages. Their complaint instantly strikes the car of (lod, "The cry of those that reaped hath entered the ears of the Lord of Sabbath." Did God hear that poor girl last night as she threw herself on the prison bunk in the city dungeon and orled in the midnight, "God have Do you really think God could hear her? Yes, just as easily as when 15 years ago she was sick with scarlet fever, and her mother heard her when at midnight she asked for a drink of water. "He that planted the ear, shall be not

bolt upright until the prayer travels immensity and climbs to his ear. The Bible says he bends clear over. In more than one place Isaiah said he bowed down his ear. In more than one place the psalmist said he inclined his car, by which I come to believe that God puts his car so closely down to your lips that he can hear your faintest whisper. It is not God away off up yonder; it is God away down here, close up, so close up that when you pray to him it is not more a whisper than a kiss. Ah, yes, he hears the captive's sigh and the splash of the orphan's tear, and the dying syllables of the shipwrecked sailor driven on the Skerries, and the infant's "Now I lay me down to sleep" as distinctly as he hears the fortissime of brazen bands in the Dusseldorf festival,

of music will linger in your ears for days after you have heard it, and just as a sharp cry of pain I once heard while passing through Bellevue hospital chung o my ear for weeks, and just as a horric my in the street som blasphemy in the for days, so God not haunts one's ears for days, so God not only hears, but holds the songs, the prayers, the groans, the worship, the phemy. How we have all wondered at the phonograph, which holds not only the words you utter, but the very tones votes, so that 100 years from that instrument turned, the very words you now utter and the very tone of your voice will be reproduced. Amazing phonograph! But more wonderful is (lod's power to hold, to retain. Ah, what delightful encouragement for our pray-ors! What an awful fright for our hard speeches! What assurance of warm hearted sympathy for all our griefs' "He that Pleater take that organ away from all

Better put it under the best sound Better take it away from all gossip, from all slander, from all innuendo, from all bad influence of evil association. Better put it to school, to church, to philhar-Better put that ear under the touch of Christian hymnology. Hetter consecrate it for time and eternity to him who planted the ear. Rousseau the infidel, fell asleep amid his skeptical manuscripts lying all around the room, and in his dream he entered heaven and heard the song of the worshipers, and it was so sweet he asked an angel what it meant. The angel said, "This is the paradise of flod, and the song you hear is the anthem of the redeemed." Under another roll of the celestial music Rousseau wakened and got up in the midnight and, as well as he could, wrote down the strains of the music that he had heard in the wonderful tune called "The Songs of the Redeemed." God grant that it may not be to you and to me an infidel d but a glorious reality. When we come to the night of death and we lie down to our last sleep, may our ears really be wakened by the canticles of the heavenly wakened by the canticles of the heavenly temple, and the songs and the anthems and the carols and the dexologies that shall climb the musical ladder of that heavenly gamut.

Freeze 'Em and Starre 'Em. Oregon City is trying a bread and water diet, in a cold cell, for hobos who will not work. The tramp will give berth to the city that offers suc

Telling a Gone Crast. Here is a recipe as to how to tell "The first step is to examine he leaf with eyes and fingers, and careilly estimate its color, its texture and hile smoking the sampler snifts the noke repeatedly, to determine the aroma-tion the ask is inspected; and this re-

"GOOD OLD TIMES."

IMAGINATION ALONE THAT MUCH-TALKED-OF EPOCH EXISTED.

Our Ancestors Labored-The Results of a Patent German Investigator's Search Into the Mysteries and Facts of the Pasts

When were the "good old times?"
What was the exact date of that muchtalked of and much sighed-after epoch?
One of these terrible German investigators has been asking some such questions,
and in the vain effort to find the exact
time and place of the "good old days" he
has gone back in vain to the dawn of
history and the era of hieroglyphics. history and the era of hieroglyphics. Theodor Kundhausen is his name, and in Ueber Land und Meer, Leipsie, he

in Ueber Land und Meer, Leipsie, he shows that, strange to say, the time of perfect peace and contentment never was. We summarize his article as follows:

The "good old times" were not a quarter of a century ago, that's plain, for the editor of the Evangelische Kirchen Zeitung then wrote: "Every one is anxious to get rich quickly and without working in our times. This craving after wealth to get rich quickly and without working in our times. This craving after wealth rapidly acquired demoralizes society more than anything else." Nor was it fifteen years earlier, when the Kreuz Zeitung said: "Now at last, when immorality is increasing at such a frightful rate, a reform movement is begun to reduce the evil. It is terrible! Carnal pleasures are followed by every one, and they all want to make money. no matter how."

te make money, no matter how." Let us go back a little further. In 1846 plains of the "materialistic indency of our times." In 1833 Freiherr on Stein summarized his observations as follows: "The country is everpopulated, our industries are too rapidly progressing, there is much overproduction, and we live too well." Stein must have been mistaken if he thought that this people only in his own time, for in 1807 illustrated the attitude of the Prussian Neittrammer, the philologist, wrote that rules our times." Perhaps od old times" are to be found in the ateenth century. But, alas! Frederick the Great complains bitterly; he says he is "tired of ruling people with the minds of slaves." Again, in 1733, Albrecht Haller wrote that "the hearts of our citizens, the very marrow of the state, is ollow and rotten. History will record how soon the downfall of the country ollowed the decline of morals." During the thirty years' war nobody will look for the "good old times," and, indeed, George Wilhelm of Brandenburg, in an edict, wrote as follows: "The people lead vile lives; murder, highway robberies, blood feuds, and arson are defiling the country." So we travel back to the times of the reformation, and read in a letter of Johann von Nassau to William of Orange, in 1583, that "the people are blind to what is good; the lust for gain on the one hand, suspicion and pessimism the other, are increasing." No wonder, then, that the social reformer found denty of work to do among the wealthy urghers of the times. In 1565 the Ham-Senate passed laws against luxury and immorality; and in 1505 the sumptuary ordinance of the city of Magdeburg egan with the words, "In-consideration of the fact that the manners and the aphanged much," and the citizens are sed of filthy habits, want of order, a sire to make a show, irreligiousness, of the sacredness of an oath and disobedi-

ence generally to the authorities. We stand on the threshold of the middle ages. We hear the agonized cry of a easant carried to barbarous execution Woe is me; already must I die, yet have I never in my life been able to eat my fill!" The Frankfort Diet in 1442 reports 'much robbery, murder, exe arson,' and Walter von der Vogelweide, the troubadour, sings of "the golden spring of good old times," when love and freedom, manly dignity and truth and holiness were found. "How pitiful is the conduct of young men nowadays!" he exclaims. nal manuel by Burkard von Worms, in the year 1000, shows what marching questions were thought necessary by the priest, and in 881 Ratpert the Monk regards an invasion of the Northmen as just punishment for the wickedness of his contemporaries. In 430 Salvian writes: "How the wealthy of our times rob the poor and ruin the country is best known to the Spanish provinces, of whom the name alone remains, and to the African provinces, which are ruined.

and Gallia, which has been devastated.' Ancient history does not encourage our tearch for "the good old times." Lactantius, a contemporary of Constantine the Great, declares that "the country is ruined by overtaxation, the peasants leave their acres, and land which should be cultivated is changed into forests. Throughout the entire period of imperial Home we meet with the complaint that iculture is declining, that superstition purer spirits of those times always wished is rampant, and morals are bad. The "the vanished past, when men led natural lives and civilization was not." Suctonius and Tacitus prove to us that "the good old times" were not with them. Perhaps we find them with the republic of Rome. But Cleero denies it, and China Lacilius republic of Rome. and Caius Lucilius wonders if Rome is still worthy of the protection of the gods. The scandal cases of 186 B.C. prove that orm was necessary even then, and that the authorities were forced to legislate st immorality and the destruction of family life. Cato's thunderings against rality of his times and his also of "the good old times" are well tnown, but the bitter class wars of the ages before his birth do not lead us to think we are very close to the object of

Turning to Greek literature, we find and the waste of public funds, of poverty of childless marriages, and ruin of the country. Strabo relates that the Theban villages were devastated during the time of the Macedonian empire. Isocrates sugof the Macodonian empire-gests the founding of colonies where tramps may be employed. Lysins accuses the Athenian courts of corruption. Demosthenes declares that he would not elieve Timothy, Athens' best general, nder oath. Aristophanes accuses his intemporaries of greed, demagogism, ad immorality, and points to "the good

The writer closes his article with the following remarks:

"It is plain that every age has its aches and pains, but also its comforts and pleasures, and, though it is quite just to mention the faults of our own times, we should not forget its material and intellectual advantages. Many who complain of our times would, if the 'goloshes of fortune' could place them in a former generation, wish themselves back again."—Literary Digest.

THE NEED OF EVERY LIFE

Is Time Set Apart for Solitude and

"Every man who wants to lead the ther life," said Mr. Stead recently,

higher life," said Mr. Stead recently, "should devote some part of the day to solitude and contemplation; should, that is, save an hour or half an hour a day. from the cares and amusements and wor-ries of this life, and devote it to the reon of his own soul." That such a habit of quiet and meditation is good for men we cannot possibly doubt. We may drug our souls with rosaries and vain repetitions, but we may also drug them with the busy idleness of a hurried life. We say "idleness" advisedly, for most men who lead the ordinary active busi-ness life leave their souls in complete idleness. They hurry and they rush, they are occupied with a thousand questions, great and small; but as Matthew Arnold said, they never once possess their souls before they die. If a man is to give his soul its rights he must allow it times in which, untroubled alike by bodily activity and by mere mental activity, it can use its wings and travel unfettered in its own region, the region of pure thought. To t men the notion of an hour, or even half an hour, with nothing to do suggests acute torture. If they have nothing to do or to read, nothing, as they would say, with which to occupy their minds, they feel utterly lost. This fact is a proof of how much men need to acquire the habit of contemplation. The wings of the soul have become so stiff from want of use that the mere thought of stretching them out is painful. The habit of contemplation has, then, for most people, to be acquired by a conscious effort. But it is a habit well worth acquiring, and when it is once acquired it greatly strengthens and vivifies a man's nature. It will be said, what is a man to think about in the hour or half he gives up to the daily meditation? In all probability the devils of worry-if not worse devilswill seize the opportunity to run riot in his head. Work and occupation success-fully guard the door against them, but meditation simply throws it wide open to these most unwelcome guests. No doubt for the morbid and the semi-insane meditation may have its dangers, but the normal man who learns how to think may easily keep out of the ordinary wor-ries of life while he sets his mind to consider and dwell on the great issues of life and eternity, and of human conduct. In such times of meditation a man may and should consider in its widest aspect his tuty toward his neighbor. He will not anically and formally run over lists of friends and deaden his thoughts by repetition, but will, instead, think upon the laws which control human relationships. Woodsworth tells us that the happy warrior makes "his moral being his prime care." It is in and through contemplation that a man may train and develop his moral being, and may then and develop his soul. It has been truly said that the greatest things that have been done in the world have been due to the victories of the spirit But to gain the victories of the spirit contemplation is as necessary as is a base

A Lesson in Wisdom

There is only one kind of advertising that is a sure shot," declared the man who got rich by verifying his theory, and that's in newspapers. I've got usiness now that keeps 400 men on the keen jump, but I had to go broke before

I began to get common sensee.
"I had a great scheme once, and it would have made me rich if I had known as much as I do now. I wrote a book that attracted a great deal of attention and it resulted in my being called to the West as a lecturer. To speak entirely within the truth, I called myself. I was advised by a good friend to put my name in the papers and accompany it with a lurid entation of my merits. But I thought I knew a trick worth two of that and had my advance agent, who was traveling for his health and expenses, flood the towns where I was to appear with handbills. This made some of those early western editors mad and they put up a job on me in the very first town I went to. As I went from the depot to the only hotel in the place I was stopped by nearly every resident, old and young, without regard to sex. They were all anxious for my autograph and I gladly gave it to looking upon it as an advertise-That evening I took in, as I suped, a young fortune. But when went to the box office after the lecture I found my man in a dead faint. Every person that came had written over my name, 'Admit the bearer.' I was busted and stranded. From that time to this I have asked through the papers for anything that I wanted."

Facts No Cyclist Should Forget. That the first hill in two minutes may ean the last mile in two hours.

clothing than to be measured for a coffin when crossing the road, and no wheelman should hesitate to dismount for dislike of the mere trouble of dismounting. That a lighted lantern on a country

That it is better to wear woollen under

That a dog is no respecter of persons on bloycles. Scoot, when you see him That one foot of tire tape is worth te

olumes of hard thoughts.

That it is as impossible for two bicycles o pass on a six-inch path as for approaching railroad trains to pass on the same

That the man who said he never had puncture rode over a tack within the

aries of Corporation of London In stipends, salaries and wages to their umerous officers, clerks and staff the orporation of London spends yearly upard of £100,000. Cheap Motor Traveling.

nglishman has just completed a of 1,500 miles on a motor car through England and Scotland. He was five weeks traveling and used 114 gallons of oil, which made his traveling cost him a farthings (1½ cents) a mile.—Scientific

What is

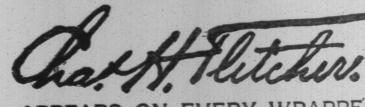
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