DR. TALMAGE PORTRAYS THE BLESS

Light to the Claude Earthly Boreavec mente Essential to Heavenly Welcome titory uncounds titoome

Represent was by American Frees Associa-

Washington, April 24.—This sermon of Dr. Talmage will have a tendency to take the gloom out of many lives and stir up a spirit of healthful anticipation; text, tub exert, 21, "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds." Wind east. Barometer falling. Storm A watness taken in. Prophedies of foul weather everywhere. The clouds congregate around the sun, proposing to abolish him. Int. after awhite he assails the Meriks of the clouds with firing artillery of light, and here and there is a sign of clearing weather. Many do not observe Many do not realise it. "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds. In other words, there are 100 men looking for storm where there is one man looking for mushine. My object will be to get you and myself into the delightful habit of making the best of

You may have wondered at the statistion that in India in the year 1878 there were 10,000 people shits by wild beasts, and that in the year 1876 there were ta India ever \$0,000 people destroyed by wild animals. Hus there is a monster in our own hand which is your by your de straying more than that. It is the old beer of melanchoty, and with gospet wea-pons I propose to chase it back to its initingly current. I mean to do two sums a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition a subtraction from your days of depression and an addition to four days of joy. If (tod will help me, I will compet you to see the bright light that there is in the clouds and compel you to make the best of everything.

In the first place, you ought to make the very bost of all your financial inteforburing the panie a few years ago you all lost money. Some of you lost it in most unaccountable ways. For the question, they many thousands of dols lars shall I put aside this year?" you substituted the question, "flow shall I pay my butcher and baker and clothler and landlordy. You had the sensation of Fowing hard with two oars and res all the time going down stream.

You did not say much about it because to was not politic to speak much of finanotal embarrasement, but your wife know. Loss variety of wardrobe, more conomy at the table, self denial in art and topostry. Compression, retronchment. Who did not fool the necessity of it? My friend, did you make the best of this? Are you aware of how narrow an escape you made? Suppose you had reached the fortune toward which you were rapidly going? What then? You would have been as proud as taselfer,

How low men have sneepeded largely in w financial some and yet maintained their simplicity and religious consecra-Hon! Not one man out of 100. There are Morious exceptions, but the general rule is that in proportion as a man gets well off for this world he gets poorly off for the next. He loses his sense of depend-ence on God. He gets a distaste for prayer mostings. With plenty of bank stocks and as that man know of the prayer, "(Hye one this day my daily breads" How few mon largely successful in this world are bringing souls to theist or showing self danial for others or are eminent for ploty? You can count them all upon your eight fligors and two thumbs.

(me of the old covotons souls, when he was stok and slok unto death, used to have a bach, brought in, a basin filled with gold, and his only ampsoment and the only rolled be got for his inflamed hands was running it up in the basin. (b), what infatuation and what destroying power money has for many a man! Now, you were salling at 80 knots the hour toward these vertices of worldliness what a mercy it was, that honest defalcation! The same divine hand that crushed your storehouse, your bank, your office, your insurance company, lifted you out of destruction. The day you benestly ensponded in Inciness made your fortune

"Oh," you say, "I could got along very well myself, but I am so disappointed children " My brother, the same financial into uno that is going to save your sone of it says your children. With the anticipation of large fortune, how much Industry would your children have, withone which habit of industry there is no safety? The young man would say, "Well, there's no need of my working. My father will-soon step out, and then I'll have just what I want." You cannot hide from thin how much you are worth. You think you are hiding it. He knows all about it. He can tell you almost to a dollar. Forhaps he has been to the county office and searched the records of deed and mortgages, and he has added to all up, and he has made an estimate of how long you will probably stay in this world, and is not as much worried about your rheumatism and shortness of breath as you are. The only fortune worth any thing that you can give your child is the fortune you put in his head and heart. Of all the young men who started life with \$10,000 capital, how many turned out well? I do not know half a dozen.

The best inheritance a young man can have is the feeling that he has to fight his own battle, and that life is a struggle into which he must throw body, mind and soul or be disgracefully worsted. Where are the burial places of the men who started life with a fortune? Some of them in the potter's field, some in the sulcido's grave. But few of these men renobed 85 years of age. They drank, they smoked, they gambled. In them the beast destroyed the man. Some of them lived long enough to get their fortunes and went through them. The vast majority of them did not live to get their inheritance. From the ginshop or house of infamy they were brought home to their father's house and in delirium began to pick off leathsome reptiles from the embroidered pillow and to fight back imaginary devils. And then they were laid out in highly uphoistered parier, the casket covered with flowers by indulgent parents, flowers suggestive of a resurrec-

tion with no hope, As you sat this morning at your break-fast table and looked into the faces of your children perhaps you said within yourself: "Poor things! How I wish I

could start them in life with a compotence! How I have been disappointed in all my expectations of what I would do for them!' Upon that seems of pathos I

you have won a palace.
"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" It is easier for a camel to go through a le's ere than for a rich man to enter on of heaven." What does that It means that the grandest blessing (tod ever bestowed upon you was to take your money away from you. Let me here say, in passing, do not put much stress on the treasures of this world. You cannot take them along with you. At any rate, you cannot take them more than two or three miles. You will have to leave them at the cemetery. Attila had three coffins. So fond was he of this life that he decreed that first he should be buried in a coffin of gold, and that then that should be inclosed in a coffin of aliver, and that should be inclosed in a offin of iron, and then a large amount of treasure should be thrown in over his Body. And so he was burled, and the men who buried him were slain so that no one might know where he was buried and no one there interfere with his treasures. O men of the world who want to take your money with you, better have Fraft by Bereavements.

Again, I remark you ought to make the very best of your bereavements. The whole tendency is to brood over these separations, and to give much time to the handling of mementos of the departed, and to make long visitations to the cemetery, and to say: "Oh, I can never look up again! My hope is gone. My courage is gone. My religion is gone. My faith in God is gone. Oh, the wear and tear and exhaustion of this loneliness!" most frequent bereavement is the loss of children. If your departed child had lived as long as you have lived, do you not suppose that he would have had about the same amount of trouble and trial that you have had? If you could make a choice for your child between 40 years of annoyance, loss, vexation, exas-peration and bereavements and 40 years in heaven, would ren take the responsi-bility of choosing the former? Would you snatch away the cup of cternal bliss and put into that child's hande the cup of many bereavements? Instead of the complete safety into which that child has been lifted, would you like to hold it down to the risks of this mortal state? Would you like to keep it out on a sea in which there have been more shipwrecks than safe voyages? Is it not a comfort to you to know that that child, instead of being besoiled and flung into the mire of sin, is swung clear into the skies? Are not those children to be congratulated that the point of celestial bliss which you expect to reach by a pilgrimage of 50 or 00 or 70 years they reached at a flash? If the last 10,000 children who had entered heaven had gone through the average of human life on earth, are you sure all those 10,000 children would have finally reached the blissful terminus? Besides that, my friends, you are to took at this matter as a self denial on your part for their benefit. If your children want to go off in a May day party, if your children want to go on a flowery and musical exenssion, you consent. You might prefor to have them with you, but their jubilant absence satisfies you. Well, your loparted children have only gone out in a May day party, andd flowery and mustcal entertainment, and joys and hilari-ties forever. That ought to quell some of your grief, the thought of their glee.

Citorious Welcomes. So it ought to be that you could make the best of all bereavements. The fact that you have so many friends in heaven will make your own departure very cheerful. When you are going an a vey age, everything depends upon where your friends are—if they are on the wharf that you leave or on the wharf toward which rou are going to sail. In other words, the more friends you have in heaven the easier it will be to get away from this world. The more friends here the more hitter goodbyes. The more friends there the more glorious welcomes, Some of you have so many brothers, sisters, children, friends, in heaven that I do not know hardly how you are going to crowd through, When the vessel came from foreign lands and brought a prince to our harbor, the ships were covered with bunting, and you remember how the men of war thundered broadsides bus there was no joy there compared with the joy which shall be demonstrated when you sail up the broad bay of heavenly salutation. The more friends you have there the easier your own transit. What is death to a mother whose children are in heaven? Why, there is no more grief in it than there is in her going into a nursery amid the roup and laughter of her household. Though all around may be dark, see you not the bright light in the clouds, that light the tradiated faces of your glorified kindred?

So also, my friends, I would have you make the best of your sicknesses. When you see one move off with elastic step and in full physical vigor, sometimes you become impatient with your lame foot. When a man describes an object a mile off and you cannot see it at all, you become impatient of your dim eye. When you hear of a well man making a great achievement, you become impatient with your depressed nervous system or your illapidated health. I will tell you how rou can make the worst of it. Brood over b-brood over all these illnesses-and your nerves will become more twitchy, and your dyspepsia more aggravated, and

and your dyspepsia more aggravated, and your weakness more appalling. But that is the devil's work to tell you how to make the worst of it. It is my work to show you a bright light in the clouds.

Which of the Bible men most attract your attention? You say, Moses, Job, David, Jeremiah, Paul. Why, what a strange thing it is that you have chosen those who were physically disordered! Moses—I know he was nervous from the elip he gave the Egyptian. Job-his blood was vitlated and diseased and his skin distressfully eruptive. David—he had a running sore, which he speaks of when he says, "My sore ran in the night and coased not." Jeremiah had enlargement of the spleen. Who can doubt it who reads Lamentations? Paul—he had a lifetime sickness which the commentatore have been guessing about for years, not knowing exactly what the apostle meant by "a thorn in the flesh." I do neath by a thorn in the hom. I do
not know either, but it was something
sharp, something that stuck him. I
gather from all this that physical disorder may be the means of grace to the
soul. You say you have so many temptations from bodily allments, and it you
were only well you think you could be a
good Christian. While your temptations

nay be different, they are no more than hose of the man who has an appetite hree times a day and sleeps eight hours

From my observation, I judge that invalids have a more rapturous view of the next world than well people and will have higher renown in heaven. The best view of the delectable mountains is through the littlee of the sickroom. There are trains running every hour between pillow and throne, between hospital and mansion, between bandages and robes, between crutch and palm branch. Oh, I wish some of you people who are

compelled to cry: "My head, my head! My foot, my foot! My back, my back!" would try some of the Lord's medicine. You are going to be well anyhow before long. Heaven is an old city, but has never yet reported one case of sickness or one bill of mortality. No ophthalmia for the area. You are more than the lower than the lower the area. the eye. No pneumonia for the lungs. No pieurisy for the side. No neuralgia for the nerves. No rhounatism for the mus-cles, "The inhabitants shall never say, I "There shall be no mor

Again, you ought to make the best of life's finality. Now, you think I have a very tough subject. You do not see how I am to strike a spark of light out of the flint of the tombetone. There are many people who have an idea that death is the submergence of everything pleasant by everything doleful. If my subject could close in the upsetting of all such preconceived notions, it would close well. Who can judge best of the features of a man -those who are close by him or those who are afar off? "Oh," you say, "those can judge best of the features of a man who are close by him!"

Now, my friends, who shall judge of the features of death—whether they are levely or whether they are repulsive? You? You are too far off. If I want to get a judgment as to what really the features of death are, I will not ask you. I will ask those who have been within a month of death, or a week of death, or an hour of death, or a minute of death. They stand so near the features, they can tell. They give unanimous testimony, if they are Christian people, that death, in-stead of being demoniae, is cherubic. Of all the thousands of Christians who have been carried through the gates of the cometery, gather up their dying experiences, and you will find they nearly all bordered on a jubilate. How often you have seen a dying man join in the psalm being sung around his bedside, the middle of the verse opening to let his ransomed spirit free, long after the lips could not speak looking and pointing

Some of you talk as though God had exhausted himself in building this world, and that all the rich curtains he ever made he hung around this planet, and all the flowers he ever grew he has woven into the carpet of our daisied meadows. No. This world is not the best thing God ean do. This world is not the best thing that God has done.

One week of the year is called blossom week-called so all through the land because there are more blossoms in that week than in any other week of the year. Blossom week! And that is what the future world is to which the Christian is invited-blossom week forever. It is as far ahead of this world as paradise is ahead of Dry Tortugas, and yet here we stand shivering and fearing to go out, and we want to stay on the dry sand and amid the stormy petrels when we are invited to arbors of jasmine and birds of

One season I had two springtimes. went to New Orleans in April, and I marked the difference between going toward New Orleans and then coming back. As I went on down toward New Orleans the verdure, the foliage, became thicker and more beautiful. When I came back, the farther I came toward home the less the foliage and less and less it became until there was hardly any. Now, it all depends upon the direction in which you travel. If a spirit from heaven should ome toward our world, he is traveling from June toward December, from radiance toward darkness, from hanging gardens toward toebergs. And one would not be very much surprised if a spirit of thois sent forth from heaven toward our world should be slow to come. But how strange it is that we dread going out toward that world when going is from December toward June, from the snow of earthly storm to the snow of Edenic blossom, from the arctics of trouble toward

the tropies of eternal joy! Oh, what an ado about dying! We get so attached to the malarial marsh in which we live that we are afraid to go up and live on the hilliop. We are alarmed his eyes. because vacation is coming. Eternal sunlight and best programme of celestial minstrels and hallelniah, no inducement. Let us stay here and keep cold and ignorant and weak. Do not introduce us to Elijah and John Milton and Bourdaloue. Keep our feet on the sharp cubblestones of earth instead of planting them on the bank of amaranth in heavon. Give us this small island of a leprous world instead of the immensities of splendor and delight. Keep our hands full of nettles and our shoulder under the burden and our neck in the yoke and hopples on our ankles and handcuffs on our wrists. 'Dear Lord," we seem to say, "keep us down here where we have to suffer instead of letting us up where we might live and reign and rejoice.'

Amazing Infatnation. I am amazed at myself and at yourself for this infatuation under which we all rest. Men you would suppose would get frightened at having to stay in this world instead of getting frightened at having to go toward heaven. I congratulate anybody who has a right to die. By that I mean through sickness you cannot avert or through accident you cannot avoidyour work consummated. "Where did they bury Lily?" said one little child to another. "Oh," she replied, "they buried her in the ground." "What! In the cold ground?" "Oh, no, no; not in the cold ground, but in the warm ground, where ugly seeds become beautiful flowers!"

But," says some one, "it pains me so with which my soul has so long compan-ioned." You do not lose it. You no more lose your body by death than you lose your watch when you send it to have it repaired, or your jewel when you send it to have it reset, or the faded picture when you send it to have it touched up, or the photograph of a friend when you have it put in a new locket. You do not lose your body. Paul will go to Rome to get his, Payson will go to Portland to get his, President Edwards will go to Princeton to get his, George Cookman will go to the bottom of the Atlantic to get his, and we will go to the village churchyards and the city cometeries to get ours, and when we have our perfect

we will be the and of men and women that the resurrection morning will make

doleful story yet. What have you proved about death? What is the case you have made out? You have made out just this—that death allows us to have a perfect body, free of all aches, united forever with a perfect soul, free from all sin. Correct your theology. What does it all mean? Why, it means that moving day is coming and that you are going to quit cramped apartments and be mansioned forever. The horse that stands at the gate will not be the one lathered and bepattered, carrying had news, but it will be the horse that St. John saw in Apocallyptic vision—the white horse on which the King comes to the hanquet. The ground around the palace will quake with the tires and hoofs of colestial equipage, and those Christians who in this world lost their friends and lost their made out? You have made out just this

property and lost their health and lost their life will find out that God was always kind, and that all things worked together for their good, and that those were the wisest people on earth who made the best of everything. See you not now the bright light in the clouds?

DAD WRIGHT'S LIGHTNING STROKE. The Many Things it Did Besides Curing

"A few years ago 'Dad' Wright of Salvisa, this State, had a very remarkable experience with lightning," said a gen-tleman from Garrard county, whose stock tleman from Garrard county, whose stock of good and true stories is always large. "His escape from instant death at the time was miraculous. While hastening on foot through an open field toward his home during a terrific thunderstorm he was struck squarely on the head by an electric bolt. It stripped the hair from one side of his brainpan, tore the clothing from his body, and made a crooked black stripe an inch wide down his left side from head to feet. When struck he bounced several feet in the air and fell back upon the ground as if dead. The back upon the ground as if dead. The

shower of mud.
"At the time Wright carried in his hip or At the time Wright carried in his hip pocket a loaded revolver. Every chamber of the weapon was discharged, the woodwork was burned and the metal partially fused by the heat. His left shoe was ripped from his foot. The unfortunate man lay senseless and naked for several hours in the dronching rain, but, incredibless the man seem finally regained parble as it may seem, finally regained par tial consciousness and began to stagger uncertainly about over the field. He was in this pitiable condition when discov-

"He was soon recognized, taken in charge, and conducted to his home, where he was clothed and given proper attention
"As a result of the stroke his teet! and toe nails were loosened, his scalp al-most denuded of hair, and his hearing rmanently impaired. On the other hand he reaped an unexpected and decided benefit. For years prior to the occurrence here outlined he had been a great sufferer from muscular rheumatism, but never afterward felt a twinge of pain from that disease, being completely cured of it by the terrible shock.

"The dark, sigzag streak along the left side of his body, indicating the scarred path of the electric current, could never be altogether removed, although various methods were tried for this purpose. In a very short time Wright was up and around and as cheerful as a bird. From that time forth he was famous in that section as the human lightning rod."-Louisville Evening Post.

Worldliness and Unworldliness,

If we would draw the line between vorldliness and unworldliness we must ook for it not where so-called worldly nts are accepted or refused, but ather where there is a vastly broader marcation, viz., between the things which are unseen and eternal. The fashion of this world passeth away. Some things perish with the using. The man who is supremely devoted to "temporal" things is a worldly man. There are things which outlast the stars. Faith and hope and charity are classed by St. Paul amongst those things which "abide." Money is not one of them; fame is not; social position is not, nor governmental power. These are things for time. The reat things are for eternity. The man who cares primarily about money or fame or station lives in the region of worldliness; the man who cares primarily about truth and purity and goodness dwells in the vast and enduring and satisfying re-gion of unworldliness. The unworldly man may come now and then into the region of these so-called worldly amusements and share them for needed recreation or for the good of others, but, if so, he comes as a visitor from the earthly tents, whereas the man eagerly pursuing fame, or fashion, or power through wealth, can know nothing of unworldliness. The sights above are hidden from

A Bank Bill.

A Canadian on making some purchases in a Detroit store a few days ago tendered a Bank of Montreal bill in payment. "Have you nothing else?" asked the serchant, "I don't like bills issued by those little Canadian banks."

The Canuck bristled at this, and in a discussion that followed hoasted that the bill in question was issued by the second greatest bank in the world. The merchant laughed, and the irate customer dared him to step around to the nearest banker and refer the point to him. They went. "I have said that this bill is issued by the second greatest bank in the world,

said the Canadian. "Am I right?" "Well," said the banker, "I guess you are right-yes, as far as I know you are

'I'm satisfied," said the merchant. That bill's good enough for me." 'Its too good for you, said the custom-"You'll never get your hands on it. Next time you are offered a Canadian bank bill accept it, for your banker will tell you that Cauada has the safest and simplest banking system in the world. And he went out, leaving the merchant and his banker in deep consultation.

The Cap Fitted. "Now," said the fussy old gentleman, putting one of the biggest berries in his mouth and picking up another, "what is the sense of having that sign read, 'Fresh strawberries' would be enough! Don's you suppose everybody knows they

are for sale?

"I dunno," answered the grocer 'some folks seem to think I'm givin' them away." And then the old centleman put the berry back in the box.—Retail Grocers'

Ashes With Stable Manure. It may seem strange to advise applying wood ashes unleached to stable manure just before it is plowed under. Yet this is often a good thing to do. While exposed to the air, especially if the manure be wet so as to leach the ashes, there will be some loss of ammonia. But so fast as the manure and ashes are turned under this waste of ammonia ceases. The ashes cause the manure to ferment rapidly, and in contact with the soil none of the ammonia will be lost. In fact, much of it will combine with the potash in the ashes, forming a nitrate of potash, which is the most effective manure known.—American Cultivator.

HOW DIFFERENT NATIONS EAT. umerous Idiosyncrasies of Various People While at the Table.

The English are admitted by all unpre-udiced foreigners to be the most refined atters in the world. To see a well-bred inglishman go through the various tages of his dinner is to have a lesson in the art of graceful eating.

Very different is the behavior of the

ian, who does not disdain to use nature's weapons when he considers the latter more convenient than knife and The Frenchman will use a piece of read in nearly all cases where he should

use a knife. The German, on the other hand, plunges his knife into his mouth in a way that is terrifying.

The Swede cuts up all his food into

tiny pieces first of all, and then, having laid aside his knife, proceeds to take up piece by piece with his fork.

The Italian uses a spoon quite as often as fork. He will employ the former for regetables, and sometimes even for fish. The latter use of the spoon is somewhat

The Japanese diner uses chop-sticks, a form of implement somewhat difficult to manipulate without considerable prac-tice, while the Chinaman tears his food with his long nails in a manner thor-

oughly repulsive.

The Greek swallows his meat in huge mouthfuls, and would probably devour a steak weighing half a pound in half a minute. Taking a very sharp knife, he divides the meat irto four or five sections, each of which he flings into his mouth in rapid succession. It is not to be wondered at that the Greeks suffer much from indigestion.

When all is said and done, the English beat the other nations in the art of re fined eating .- Tit-Bits.

Air and Heat for House Plants.

As regards airing the plants, it is perhaps sufficient to say that what in this respect is healthful for human lungs will suit the plants. But do not forget that the plants cannot take a walk on a pleasant day, hence fresh air should frequentby be admitted to them from the winlows. In nature all plants and trees have their seasons of growth and of rest, a principle that must be observed in house lant culture. When, therefore, any plant, after a period of growth and bloom, shows signs of lessening growth, water also should be somewhat withheld. In a state of rest from growth most kinds can get along with lessened light also, and this we may take advantage of by putting some kinds of fuchsias, oleanders hydrangeas and scarlet geraniums in a light cellar, while growth is suspended. Almost without exception it is best as the end of the resting season approaches, say in late winter, to shake the old soil from the roots and repot the plants into fresh earth. - Vick's Magazine.

Ablaze on His Wheel. Frank Taxton of Glenville while returning on his bicycle from this village one day recently met with a peculiar accident. Through some unaccountable manner two boxes of parlor matches, which he carried in his coat pocket, became ignited while he was rapidly coasting down the Gobbleman hill. He did not see that the flames were leaping up his sides. Owing to the impetus of the wheel he could not stop, and there was a good-sized blaze in progress when he reached the bottom. A few rods further on was Sackett's pond. Taxton swerved the wheel to the right, passing through the gateway and splashing into the pond -fire, wheel and all. The water did its tork well. Barring a scorched side and arm and a ruined suit of clothes, he is none the worse for his adventure. - White Plains (N.Y.) Argus.

The Herrible and Grotesque. Not a few of the scenes a clergyman is called upon to witness are both grotesque and terrible. An old man had been ill for months, but clung to life with that wonderful pertinacity which is so common with old people. He was, of course, a great burden to his two daughters, who had to nurse him and at the same time earn their own bread. One day, on being asked how the old man was, one of the daughters, even while she stood by the hed, announced: "E's just the same, 'e is such a time a dying. I wish 'e'd 'urry up a bit, it's s' awk'ard for me and my sister, with our other work to do." It was terrible enough to see natural feeling all but destroyed by poverty, but there was something truy awful in the scene when the old man gasped over from his bed: "I am a making 'asta, ain't I? I've got no call for to live."-

Cornhill Magazine. Children's Answers.

Children's answers are always a fruitful source of amusement. A girl 18 or 10 years old, who had received what was supposed to be a good education, was describing to me her recent visit to the Tower of London. Among the many wonders she had seen was a sword given to Henry VIII. by Max Muller, an amusing though not altogether unnatural substitute for the Emperor Maximilian. If children are allowed to think for themselves their answers are amusingly original. "What do you think makes the sea salt?" was a question put to a school class. A brilliant idea struck the boy. "Please, sir, the 'errings." It makes one thirsty to even think of the saltness of the bloaters with which the boy was acquainted.—Cornhill Magazine.

Mark Twain's Reply. At a New England society dinner some years ago Mark Twain had just finished a piquant address when Mr. Ewarts arose, shoved both of his hands down in his trousers pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly remarked: "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny?" Mark Twain waited until the laughter excited by his sally had subsided and then drawled out: "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have his hands in his own pockets?"-Los Angeles Express.

Adding to the World's Good. It is not alone those high in place or great in the world's esteem who have the

opportunity of living a purposeful life and of accomplishing a part in the world's work. Whoever does a useful thing, and does it well and cheerfully, is contributng to the world's happiness and better ment. Whoever does no more than keep himself truly happy, is adding to the

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