#### MAKE THE BEST OF IT

THIS LIFE A PROBATIONARY GROUND FOR HIGHER TRAINING

therefore, Prune and Graft the Tree for the Fruits of the Spirit and Become Immortal Against the Day the Body Falls Where It Must Lie.

Washington, Aug. 16 .- Dr. Talmage to-day discusses a question that everybody some time discusses. It is one of tremendous import, Shall we have another chance? The text is Ecclesiastes ii, 3, "If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall

There is a hovering hope in the minds there will be an opportunity in the of this, that however complete a snipwreck we may make of our earthly life it will be on a beach upon which we may walk to a palace; that as the defendant may lose his case in a cirgo up to the supreme court of chancery and all the costs thrown over on the other party, so a man may lose his case in this world, but in the highest jurisdiction of eternity have the decision of the earthly case set aside, all the costs remitted and the defendant be triumphant forever.

The object of my sermon is to show you that common sense declares with the text that such an expectation is chimerical. "If the tree fall toward the south or toward the north, in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be." There are those who say that if the impenitent and unforgiven man enters the next world and sees the disaster, as a result of that disaster he will turn, the distress the ause of his reformation, but we have 10,000 instances all around about us of people who have done wrong and disaster suddenly came upon them. Did the disaster heal them? No; they went

There is a man flung of dissipations. The doctor says to him, "Now, my friend, if you don't stop drinking and don't stop this fast life you are living you will die." The patient thanks the physician for his warning and gets better. He begins to s.t up. begins to walk around the room, begins to go to business, and takes the same round of grogshops where he got his morning dram, and his evening dram, and the drams between. Down again. Same doctor. Same physical anguish. Same medical warning. But now the sickness is more protracted, the liver more obstinate, the stomach more irritable, the digestive organs more rebellious. But st.ll, under medical skill, he gets better, goes forth, commits the same sacrilege against his physical health. Sometimes he wakes up to see what he is doing, and he realizes ne is destroying his family, and that his life is a perpetual perjury against his marriage vows, and that that broken hearted woman is so different from the roseate wife he married that her old schoolinates do not recognize her on the street, and that his sons are going out in life under the taunt of a father's drunkenness, and that his daughers are going out in life under the scarification of a disreputable anestry. His nerves are all a jangle. rom crown of head to sole of foot, he one aching, rasping, crucifying, damning torture. Where is he?

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He is in hell on earth. Does it stop him? Ah, no! After awhile delir.um tremens pours out upon his p.liow a whole jungle of hissing reptiles. H.s screams horrify the neighbors as he dashes out of bed crying, "Take these things off me!" He is drinking down the comfort of his family, the education of his children, their prospects for this life and perhaps their prospects for life to come. Fale and convalescent he sits up. Physician says to him: "Now. my good fellow. I am going to have a plain talk with you. If you ever have an attack of this kind again, you will lie. I can't save you, and all the doc-

tors in creation can't save you." The patient gets up, starts out, goes same road of dissipation and is down again, but this time medicines do not touch his case. Consultations of physicians say there is no hope. th ends the scine. That process of inebriation and physical suffering and medical warning and dissolution is taking place within a stone's throw of you sit and in every neighborhood of Christendom. Pain does not reform. Summan, does not cure. What is true in regard to o e sin is true in regard to all sins, and yet men are expecting in the next life there will be opportunity for purgatorial regeneration. Take up the printed reports of the prisons of the United Sates and find that the vast majority of the criminals were there before, some for two times, three times, four times, six times; punished again and again, but they go right on. Millions of incidents and instances working the other way, and yet men think that in the next world punishment will work out for them salvable effects. Why, you and I cannot imagine any worse tortuce from another world than we have seen men in this world, and without any

galutary consequence. thermore, the prospect of refermation in another world is more improbable than here. Do you not realize the fact that a man starts in this world with the innocence of infancy? In the other case, starting in the other world, he starts with the accumulated bad habits of a lifetime. Is it not to be expected that you could build a better ship out of new timber than out of an old hulk that has been ground up in the breakers? If starting with comparative innocency the man does not become godly, is it possible that starting with sin a seraph can be evoluted? Is there not more prospect that a sculptor will make a finer statue out of a block of pure white Parian marble than out of a black rock that has been cracked and twisted and split and scarred with the storms of a half century? Could you not write a last will and testament, or write a deed, or write an important document on a pure white sheet of easier than you could write it upon a sheet scrib-bled all over with infamy and blotted and torn from top to bottom? And yet there are those who are so uncommon sensical as to believe that though a man starts in this wor'd with infancy and its innocence and turns out badly, in the next world he can start with a

dead failure and turn out well. World because our life here is so very

striking against the marble of the other. We ought to have another made the ancient deluge a necessity? It was the longevity of the antediluvians. 'They were worse in the second century than in the first, and worse when they got 300 years old, and worse at 400, and worse at 500, and worse at 600, and worse at 800, until the world had to be washed and scoured and scrubbed and soaked and sunk and anchored a whole month under water before it was fit for decent people to live in. I have seen many pictures of old Time with his scythe to cut, but I never saw any picture of Time with a chest of medicines to heal. Seneca said that in the first few years of his public life Nero was set up as an example of clemency and kindness, but he got worse and of a vast multitude of people that years of age he was the suicide. If 800 years of lifetime could not cure next world of correcting the mistakes the antediluvians of their iniquity, I

of eternity would be only prolongation of depravity. Again, I wish you further to notice that another chance in another world means the ruin of this. Now, suppose a wicked man is assured that after a refetime of wickedness he can fix it all would be demolition of the human race. There are men who are now kept on the limits of sin by their fear. The fear that if we are bad and unforgiven here it will not be well with us in the next existence is the chief influence that keeps civilization from rushing back into semi-barbarism, and keeps semi-barbarism from rushing back into midnight savagery, and keeps midnight savagery from rushing back into extinction. Now, the man idea coming into his soul this idea of another chance, he says, "Go to,

of time. I will overtake the righteous other chance." "Strange, strange," before long. I will only come in heaven says the soul just come up from Madaa little late, and I will be a little more gascar. "Strange. Why, I never heard fortunate than those who have behave the gospel call but once in all my life, ed themselves on earth and then went and I accepted it, and I don't want anstraight to the bosom of God, because other chance." "What are you waitwill see more and have wider exing for?" says one who on earth had cursion and I will come in o heaven very feeble intellect to one who had via gehenna, via sheol!" Hearers! great brain, and whose voice was sil-Readers! Another chance in the next very, and who had scepters of power. world means free license and the de- The latter replies: "I had great power molition of this. Suppose you had a on earth, I must admit, and I mastercase in court, and all the judges and ed languages and I mastered libraries, all the attorneys agreed in telling you and college conferred upon me learned the first trial if it-it would be tried titles, and my name was a synonym twice-the first trial would not be of for eloquence and power, but somehow very much importance, but the second I neglected the matters of my soul, trial would decide everything. On and I must confess to you I am here which trial would you put the most to-day waiting for another chance." expenditure? On which trial would Now the ground trembles with th you employ the atlest counsel? On advancing chariot. The great folding which trial would you be most anxious doors of the burnished hall of judgto have the attendance of all the wit- ment are thrown open. "Stand back," esses? "Oh." you would say, "if there are to be two trials, and the first trial does not amount to much, the second trial being everything, everything de- upon the throngs of nations come to pending upon that, I must have the the last judgment, come to the only

have all my witnesses present, and throne reveals it to all the others. And I will expend my money on that." If then the Judge says, "Divide!" and nity would be post mortom, post fun- ing and widening until the Judge looks eral, post sepulchral, and this world would be jerked off into impenitency dresses the throng and says, "Let him and godleesness. Another chance in another world means the demolition of this world.

Furthermore, my friends-for I am preaching to myself as well as to you; "Let him that is unjust be unjust still, we are on the same level, and though the platform be a little higher than and then He stretches out both hands, the pew, it is only for convenience, one toward the throng on each side and that we may the better speak the vacuum, and says, "If the tree fa." to the people; we are all on the same toward the south or toward the north, another chance in another world when we have declined so many chances in and you invite a vast number of friends and among others you send an invita- is cleared and shut. The high court tion to a man who disregards it or treats it in an obnoxious way. During 20 years you give 20 banquets, a banquet a year, and you invite your friends, and every time you invite this It had successfully resisted shot after man who disregards your invitation or shot. and you invite your friends, but you do not invite that man to whom 20 times you sent an invitation to the smaller house. Are you to blame? You would only make yourself ab-

surd before God and man to send that man another invitation. For 20 years he has been declining your offers and sending insult for your kindness and courtesy, and can he blame you? Can he come up to your house on the seeing it is a finer house, will he have burn." any right to say; "Let me in, I declined all those other offers, but this is a larger house, a brighter house, a more luxuriant abode. Let me in. Give me another chance?" God has spread a banquet of His grace before us. For 365 days of each year since we knew the difference between our right and our left He has invited us by His providence and by His spirit. Suppose

we decline all these offers and all this kindness. Now the banquet is spread in a larger place in the heavenly palace. Invitations are sent out, but no invitation is sent to us. Why? Because we declined al lthose other banquets. Will God be to blame? Will we have any right to rap on the door of heaven and say, "I ought not to be shut out of this place; give me another chance?" Twelve gates of salvation standing wide for free admission all our life and then when the 12 gates close we rush on the bosses of Jehovah's buckler, saying, "Give me another

You see common sense agrees with my text in saying that "if the tree fall toward the south or toward the north. in the place where the tree falleth there it shall be." You see this idea lifts this world from an unimportant way station to a platform of stupendous 13sues and makes all eternity whirl around this hour. Oh, my soul, my soul! Only one trial, and all the preparations for that trial to be made in this world or hever made at all. Oh, my soul, my soul! You see this piles up all the emphasis and all the cir-"But," say some people, "we ought maxes and all the destinies into this life. No other chance. Oh, how that to have another chance in the next intensifies the value and the importance of this chance. Alexander and his the largest county in the United States, brief. We scarcely have room to turn around between the cradle and the army used to come around a city, and army used to come around a city, and they would kindle a great light, with they would kindle a great light, with the understanding that as fonc as that

light was burning the city might sur- A PREHISTORIC PACE its growth is phenomenal. Five or six render and all would be well, but if they let that light go out then the chance because of the brevity of this battering rams would swing against life." My friends, do you know what the walls and there would come disaster and demolition. Oh, my friends, all you and I need to do to prepare for eternal safety is just to surrender to the King and Conqueror, Christ. Surrender hearts, surrender life, surrender everything. The great light keeps burning, light kindled by the wood of the cross, light flaming up against the dark night of our sin and sorrow. On, let us surrender before the light goes out and with it our last opportunity of making our peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Oh, my brother, talk about another chance; this is the supernal chance. In the time of Edward II., at the battle of Musselburg, a private soldier saw that the Earl of Huntley had lost his helmet. worse, the path descending, until at 68 The private soldier took off his helmet and went up to the Earl of Huntley and put the helmet on his head. Now, the head of the private soldier uncovundertake to say, that all the ages ered, he was soon slain, while his commander rode in safety through and out of the battle. But it is different in our case. Instead of a private offering a helmet to an earl, it is the King of heaven and earth, offering a crown to an unworthy subject, the King dying that we might live! Oh, tell it to the right up in the future. That would points of the compass, tell it to-day be the demoralization of society that and night, tell it to earth and heaven, tell it to all the centuries and all the millenniums that God has given us such a magnificent chance in this

world that we need no other chance in another! A dream. I am in the burnished judgment hall on the last day. The great white throne is lifted, but the Judge has not yet taken it. While we are waiting for His arrival I hear the immortals in conversation. "What are you waiting for?" says a soul that is kept on the limits of sin. But this went up from Madagascar to a soul that went up from America. The latter responds: "I was in America forty aow. I'll get out of this all there is in years ago, and I heard the gospel it. Come, gluttony and revenge and preached, and I had plenty of Bibles in uncleanliness and all sensualities, and the house, and from the time that I wait upon me. It may abbreviate my knelt at my mother's knee in prayer earthly life by dissoluteness, but that until my last hour I had great opporwill only give me heavenly indulgence tunities, but I did not improve them, on a larger scale in a shorter length and I am here to-day waiting for an-

cry the ushers, "and let the Judge of quick and dead pass through." He takes the throne. He looks off

most eloquent attorney, and I must judgment, and one flash from the these men who are impenitent and the burnished walls echo it, "Divide:" who are wicked felt there were two and the guides angelic answer "Ditrials, and the first was of no very vide!" and the immortals are rushing great importance, and the second trial this way and that, until there is an was the one of vast and infinite im- aisle between them, a great aisle, and portance, all the prepartions for eter- then a vacuum, widening and widento one side of that vacuum, and adthat is righteous be righteous still, and let him that is holy be holy still." And then turning to the throng on the other side of the vacuum, he says platform, and I am talking to my seul in the place where the tree falleth while I talk to yours-my friends, why there it shall be!" And then I hear something jar with a great sound. It is the closing of the book of judgment. this? Suppose you spread a banquet The Judge ascends the stairs behind the throne. The hall of the last assize

> of eternity adjourned forever. They were testing a new armor plate.

sends back some indignity. After "Here," said a bystander, "try this awhile you move into a larger house new projectile," and he tossed a cube and amid more luxuriant surroundings, of dark brown material to the chief

passed squarely through the wrecked armor plate. "Have you any more of those remark-

able projectiles?" inquired the aston-

ished ordinance officer. "I'll see if I can't get you a couple of pansful to-morrow afternoon," replied the stranger, with a grim smile. "Satnight of the banquet? Looking up and urday is the day we have 'em to

"Then they are-" "My wife's Vassar biscuits!" By a common impulse the two men, so strangely thrown together, clasped hands in cordial sympathy. "I married a Wellesley girl myself," said the ordinance officer. "Have one with me," feelingly

marked the stranger. Then they turned aside and sampled a small bottle of dyspepsia tonic .-Cleveland Plain Dealer. A New Royal Singer. A new royal singer is Princess Ludmilla of Wrede, whose husband's name

appears in the Almanac de Gotha.

She is a mezzo-soprano, a puril of

Mme. Marchesi, and is singing in public in London. He Was no Hog. A Mexican official has resigned his position because, as he explained, he was too rich to hold office.

A Truth From 3 sop. It is a great art to do the right thing at the right season.-Aesop.

Bicycling is the favorite explanation of bad theatrical business in London

A solid chunk of lead ore weighing 22,000 pounds, turned up in a Joplin (Mo.) mine lately. A coroner's jury in London strongly condemned the practice of riding bicy-

San Barnardino, Cal., is sald to be

LEAVE BEHIND THEM FARMING LES-SONS OF VALUE.

The Results of Irrigation in the Semi-Arid Lands of Southwestern America -An Interesting Article From an Expert Commissioner.

The following interesting article is from the pen of the travelling correspondent of the Country Gentleman, who prepared it while on his voyage across the Atlantic and mailed it to his enterprising journal:

an examination of the agricultural results of irrigation in southern California, Arizona and New Mexico that proved of very great interest to me, and now, while on my way to examine a very different agriculture in another quarter of the globe, I desire to give some account of the wonderful results achieved in a remote section of our own country. What I may find in the three Scandinavian countries remains to be seen, but I am confident I will nowhere kitness the earth bringing forth such bounteous returns for human effort as she does in a portion of America. Of course almost everyone knows that throughout the great middle region west of the Mississippi, and on nearly to the Pacific, agriculture is largely dependent upon irrigation. The normal rainfall is insufficient for the growth of crops. It requires 24 inches of water to ensure any crop of calue and much more than this to make agriculture profitable. In the vast region named, this quantity is not obtained. The great mountain ranges, however, catch the moisture- grown. bearing currents of air and cause the precipitation of rain and snow that supplies the streams which furnish the means of irrigating the lands that lie along their courses. Fortunately for this region, there are a number of plants, including some valuable grasses that grow where the rainfall is very light, and these furnish food for the great herds of cattle and flocks of sheep that live and grow upon the vast ranges of which we have heard so much and which have proved to be a great fountain of stock whose streams run into the corn-growing districts where they are fattened for the eastern markets. The buffalo grass,

diminished food supply. The results of irrigation in southern California are well known. The production of citrous fruits and many other valuable products is almost enments of less than a quarter of a cen- route, to the north. ury excite our wonder and admira-But great as these are, they are not so striking and impressive as are the results obtained within a very few years in the territory of Arizona, where the desert has truly been made to blossom with roses, and the stringe and viscous cacti have given place to the choicest of fruits and most preci-

growing and curling close to the

ground, once furnished food for the

great herds of bison that roamed this

region, and which alas, are now ex-

tinct; but domestic cattle have taken

the place of the aboriginal herds, and

are cropping these native grasses too

closely to allow of proper seeding and

reproduction. What the result of this

will be remains to be seen, but al-

ready it is becoming serious in the

ous crops produced from the soil in any cuarter of the earth. The desert of Arizona is vast and in itself most forbidding. Extending north and south nearly through it? central portion is a great whale-back rise of land that reaches seven or through which the Colorado River has sistless strides. cut the immense canon that surpasses in extent and depth and wonder all others of the world. This high land catches the currents of air from the Pacifis, and extracting their moisture, has as a result growths of grass and forests of pine. But here are the only native trees in the territory, worthy of the name. All else are but brush, or straggling specimens by the feeble water-courses.

Through the southern portion of the territory, south of the highlands describes in its hottest and most arid dstrict, flow the Salt and Gila Rivers, fed from the melting snows of high mountains and which unite and empty water. into the Colorado. Here the Pima and Maracopa Indans have lived and have grown limited crops of wheat and barley by a rude and very limited system of irrigation. Long before them a prehistoric race, of whom we know nothing whotever except in the traces of their work that still remain, mates that a poulation of at least 250,-000 souls once resided here. They were probably the same people as the cliff and cave dwellers, whose deserted houses so excite our wonder to-day.

The development of irrigation in the Salt River Valley in a few years is illustrated by the growth of the town of Phoenix to the proportions of a city. Water has done it. A number of small canals were consolidated by the Arizona Improvement Company, which now supplies the water through a complete system that irrigates something like 150,000 acres of land. The surface of the ground is perfectly adapted to convenient irrigation. It has just the uniform slope that permits the water to flow to evry portion with the velocity that gives rapid distribution without washing. If water is discharged at the northeast corner of any tract, however large or small it can be easily conducted everywhere upon it.

The conditions of the Salt River Valley are almost identical with those of the Valley of the Nile. The climate is almost exactly that of Egypt and the Nile, but almost the same result age do not exhaust it throughout the season. But as along the Nile the greatest results are obtained by supplementing this with additional water throughout the year; so a like treatent produces the same result here, out here it is done much more easily and cheaply than in Egypt, where expensive pumping plants are required. Nowhere in Egypt have I seen such as the Salt River Valley, and nowhere else

in the world have I seen such abundant irrigated districts is alfalfa. It is ex- devotedly attached. is employed. In the Salt River Valley

Here, where frost is unknown, there are 365 growing days in the year. In our northern latitudes, plants can grow at best but half the year, and during this half there are many days when it is so cold that growth is checked or stopped altogether, and there are many other days when it is so dry that no growth is under absolute control, and the temperature is always favorable. It becomes, therefore, only a question of the plant-food in the soil as to what the limit of production

shall be. Alfalfa is a remarkable plant. Like other legumens it is rich in albuminoids and is not deficient in other necessary constituents. It has but little waste in woody fibre. If a man chews 2008-tf. During the month of April I made a piece of dry alfalfa hay it is almost entirely dissolved in the saliva. All animals grow and fatten upon it with astonishing rapidity. It seems to be suited to horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry. Cattle brought in from the ranges, poor and empty, in five grow to maturity in less than three years, and pigs are quickly ready to market with flesh of excellent quality. The quality of the beef is such that one purchase of 5000 beeves was made for the California market.

crops grown and these yield abundantly. I cannot give the figures of crops, but two or three weeks before harvesting I estimated the wheat yield at forty bushels per acre. Wheat and barley are winter crops as they July 8, 1896.—21 ly. are in Egypt. Corn does not succeed well. Egyptian dura is considerably

But, interesting and important as these strictly agricultural productions are, our admiration is most aroused by the growths of fruits. Extensive orchards of oranges, lemons, limes, apricots, peaches figs and almonds, planted three and five years ago, are producing enormous crops of the highest quality. There are extensive vineyards also. I have seen the orange and lemon groves of southern Europe the apricots of France and Switzerland and the figs of Asia Minor and Palestine, but in none of those countries have I seen such extensive plantings. such perfection of growth, greater fruitfulness or higher quality of product than I saw in the Salt River Valley. The total absence of dew, fogs and rain causes an exquisite finish of skin, while the temperature with the character of the soil produces the highest quality of flesh and juice. All fruits ripen earlier than elsewhere in the United States. Last year the orange crop was fully ripe in November, and this spring apricots were ripe by the 10th of May. Citrous and deciduous fruits receive constant irrigation, in

carefully graduated quantities. Eastern markets are reached by branches to the Southern Pacific Railway to the south, and to the Atlantic tirely dependent upon it. The achieve- and Pacific, known as the Santa Fe

One cannot help wondering what will be the result of all this marvelous development of production. Here the desert is practically limitless. The water suppy alone determines where the limit shall be. For the present this is sufficient for all purposes, and in the future by storage it can be greatly extended. In so far as these irrigated districts furnish grain and animals, they admonish us that the excessive production that has so crippled our eastern agriculture by its competition has not yet reached its limit, while the growers of citrous fruits throughout the world will find their most dangereight thousand feet in height, and ous rival to be advancing with re-

I have sought in vain for a satisfactory analysis of these desert soils. The territorial experiment station could not supply me with the desired information. The food supply seems to be abundant and exhaustless. The disintegration of rock containing feldspar has furnished the potash; the crustacea of a former geological period have furnished the phosphoric acid and the nitrogen, from whatever source it came, has remained undissolved in the soil that has never known of rain. Time has left these quietly stored for man to use by the application of nature's sole agent in feeding plants-JAMES WOOD.

Tombs of the Apostles. All that now remains of the apostles of Christ, says the Hartford Times, are in the following places: Seven are sleeping the sleep of the just in Rome -namely, St. Peter, St. Philip, St. James the Lesser, St. Jude, St. Barand whom for the want of a truer tholomew, St. Matthias and St. Simon. name we call Aztecs, irrigated these The remains of three lie in the kingvalleys on an extensive scale. Their dom of Naples-St. Matthew at Salergreat canals bear witness to their skill no, St. Andrew at Amalfi and St. in hydraulic engineering, and the ruins Thomas at Ortona. One, St. James the of their towns and villages tell of their Greater, was buried in Spain at St. great numbers. Lieut. Cushing esti- Jago de Compostella. Of the exact whereabouts of the remains of St. John the Evangelist there is much dispute. St. Mark and St. Luke are buried in italy, the former at Venice and the latter at Padua. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. St. Peter is buried in Rome in the church which bears his name; so, too, are St. Simon and St. Jude, St. James the Lesser is buried in the Church of the Holy Apostles, St. Bartholomew in the church on that island in the Tiber which bears his name. The "Legends of the Apostles" places the remains of St. Matthias under the altar of the renowned Basillica.

To Examine a Child's Throat. Most mothers have experienced great difficulty in trying to look into the throat of a child, and as the up-todate physician advises that a child's throat be instantly examined, at the slightest approach of indisposition, the following simple device will be found to be of the greatest service. Take a large silver spoon and hold every foot of ground is desert, except it back of a candle with the concave where water performs its magic work, surface turned toward the light, and Here is no annual inundation, as along you will have an excellent reflection. This combination placed before the is obtained by copious winter irriga- open mouth of a child will permit you tion, which so completely fills the soil to concentrate the luminous rays in with water that evaporation and seep- the throat and ascertain its condition with absolute certainty.

> In Paris people rise early in the morning, in London late.

A Queen, but a Devoted Daughter.

The Dowager Duchess of Genoa, mother of the Queen of Italy, during her late visit to the Quirinal had an attack of small-pox, fortunately a slight one, but complicated with rheumatism. The Queen never thought of infection, and was in constant attend-The corner-stone of agriculture in ance on her mother, to whom she is

## crops are sometimes cut in a year. GREAT BARCAIN SALE. Here, where frost is unknown, there

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Now is the time for you to get your Millinery, as you can get a hat as low as 5c.

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the Southern Pacific slope gets its best best beef here. While I was in the valley one purchase of 5000 beeves was made and close. Our Yarn has no equal.

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No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties, as Burdock Blood Bitters. It not only cleanses internally, but it heals, when applied externally, all sores, ulcers, abscesses, scrofulous sores, botches, eruptions, etc., leaving the skin clean and pure as a babe's. Taken internally it removes all morbid effete or waste matter from the system, and thoroughly regulates all the coopies of the body, restoring the stomach, liver, boweis and bloom to healthy agricu. In this way the sick become well, the we who have that fired, worn out feeling rece buoyant health and spirits, so that they feel appetite is poor, your energy gone, your ar will restore you to the full enjoyment of I 

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