AUTUMN PAGEANTRY

REV. DR. TALMAGE DELIVERS AN-OTHER SEASONABLE SERMON.

"We All Do Fade as a Leaf"-The Glory of the Woods-How Like the Leaf Is Our Life-A Great Variety of Dead Leaves - From Youth to Age.

Washington, Nov. 1.-The season of the year adds much appositeness to Dr. Talmage's sermon, which we send out to-day. His subject is "The Pageantry of the Woods," and his text Isaiah lxiv, 6, "We all do fade as a

It is so hard for us to understand religious truth that God constantly reiterates. As the schoolmaster takes a blackboard and puts upon it figures and diagrams so that the scholar may on and have their good time. There not only get his lesson through the is no sighing among these leaves to-God takes all the truths of His Bible them. After a lifetime of preaching, natural world. Champollion, the famous Frenchman, went down into Egypt to study the hieroglyphics on monuments and temples. After much labor he deciphered them and announced to brighter than ours has been. As we vestigations. The wisdom, goodness and power of God are written in hieroglyphics all over the earth and all over the heaven. God grant that we may have understanding enough to decipher them. There are Scriptural our knees are stiffened, let us have be studied in the very presence of the ural world.

feet like hind's feet," a passage which knows that the feet of the red deer, rocks without falling. Knowing that falling. In Lamentations we read never got old. that "the daughter of my people is cruel. like the estriches of the wild- and great men die. People worry when erness," a passage that has no mean- some important personage passes off ing save to the man who knows that the stage and say, "His place will never be taken." But neither the to be hatched out by the sun, and that church nor the state will suffer for it. the young ostrich goes forth unattend- There will be others to take the places. ed by any maternal kindness. Know- When God takes one man away, He ing this, the passage is significant, has another right back of Him. God

like the ostriches of the wilderness." ing of the natural world who have other leaves as green, as exquisitely looked at it through the eyes of others, and from book or canvas taken their pointed. However prominent the place impression. There are some faces so we fill, our death will not jar the mobile that photographers cannot take world. One falling leaf does not shake them, and the face of nature has such a flush and sparkle and life that no manned unless there be an extra supply human description can gather them. of hands-some working on deck, some No one knows the pathos of a bird's sound asleep in their hammocks. God voice unless he has sat at summer has manned this world very well. evening tide at the edge of a wood There will be other seamen on deck and listened to the cry of the whip-

There is to-day more glory in one branch of sumac than a painter could and fall amid myriads of others. One put on a whole forest of maples. God | cannot count the number of plumes hath struck into the autumnal leaf a which these frosts are plucking from glance that none see but those who the hills. They will strew all the come face to face—the mountain look- streams, they will drift into the caving upon the man, and the man looking upon the mountain.

For several autumns I have made a tour to the far west, and one autumn, covered with their carpet and the about this time, saw that which I steps of the hills glow with a wealth shall never forget. I have seen the of color and shape that will defy the autumnal sketches of Cropsey and looms of Axminster. What urn could other skillful pencils, but that week | hold the ashes of all these dead leaves? I saw a pageant 2000 miles long. Let | Who could count the hosts that burn artist stand back when God stretches on this funeral pyre of the moun-His canvas! A grander spectacle was | tains? never kindled before mortal eyes. Along by the rivers, and up and down strikes the hour of our going will the sides of the great hills, and by sound the going of many thousands. the banks of the lakes there was an Keeping step with the feet of those indescribable mingling of gold and orange and crimson and saffron, now hundreds doing the same errand. Besobering into drab and maroon, now and there the trees looked as if just as it they had been transfigured, and est cemetery." He said there are two in the evening hour they looked as if Roman Catholic cemeteries in the city the leaves. In more sequestered spots, are all dying. London and Peking are where the frosts had been hindered in | not the great cities of the world. The their work, we saw the first kindling grave is the great city. It hath of the flames of color in a lowly mightier population, longer streets, sprig; then they rushed up from brighter lights, thicker darknesses. branch to branch until the glory of the Lord submerged the forest. Here | Nero is there and all his victims. City you would find a tree just making up of kings and paupers! It has swallowits mind to change, and there one ed up in its immigrations Thebes and looked as if, wounded at every pore, Tyre and Babylon and will swallow all it stood bathed in carnage. Along the our cities. Yet city of silence. No banks of Lake Hur n there were hills voice. No hoof. No wheel. No clash. over which there seemed pouring cata- No smiting of hammer. No clack of racts of fire, tossed up and down and flying loom. No jar. No whisper. every whither by the rocks. Through Great city of silence! Of all its milsome of the ravines we saw occasion- lion million hands not one of them is ally a foaming stream, as though it lifted. Of all its million million eyes

the lowest leaf and deepest cavern. text find only in it a vein of sadness. I find that I have two strings to this gospel harp-a string of sadness and a string of joy infinite.

"We all do fade as a leaf." First.-Like the foliage, we fade gradually. The leaves which week before last felt the frost have day by day been changing in tint and will for many days vet cling to the bough waiting for the fist of the wind to strike and ragged waiting for the northeast them. Suppose you that the pictured leaf that you hold in your hand took on its color in an hour, or in a day, or in a week? No; deeper and deeper the flush, till all the veins of its life now seem opened and bleeding away. After awhile, leaf after leaf, they fall. Now those on the outer branches, then those most hidden, until the last spark of the gleaming forge shall have been

So gradually we pass away. From day to day we hardly see the change. But the frosts have touched us. The Work of decay is going on. Now a slight cold. Now a season of overfatigue. Now a fever. Now a stitch in the side. Now a neuralgic thrust. Now a rheumatic twinge. Now a fall. Little by little. Pain by pain. Less steady of limb. Sight not so clear. Ear not so alert. After awhile we take a staff. Then, after much reetsance, we come to spectacles. In-to get along without religion amid the etead of bounding into the vehicle, we annoyances and vexations of life that life, but a fading away—slowly—gradu-elly. As the leaf, as the leaf! Again, like the leaf, we fade to

make room for others. Next year's forest will be as grandly foliaged as this. There are other generations of oak leaves to take the place of those which this autumn perish. Next May the cradle of the wind will rock the young buds. The woods will be all a-hum with the chorus of leafy voices. If the tree in front of your house, like Elijah, takes a chariot of fire, its mantle will fall upon Elisha. If, in the blast of these autumnal batteries so many ranks fall, there are reserve forces to take their place to defend the fortress of the hills. The beaters of gold leaf will have more gold leaf to

beat. The crown that drops to-day from the head of the oak will be picked up and handed down for other kings to wear. Let the blasts come. They only make room for other life. So, when we go, others take our spheres. We do not grudge the future generations their places. We will have doctering, selling, sewing or digging, let us cheerfully give way for those who come on to do the preaching, doctoring, selling, sewing and digging. get older do not let us be affronted if young men and women crowd us a little. We will have had our day, and we must let them have theirs. When our voices get cracked, let us not snarl at those who can warble. When

patience with those who go fleet as the deer. Because our leaf is fading do Babakkuk says: "Thou makest my Autumn must not envy the spring. Old means nothing save to the man that Guthrie stood up in Scotland and said: or hind, are peculiarly constructed, so my hair is white. I never was so "You need not think I am old because that they can walk among slippery young as I am now." I look back to fact, we understand that when Habak- when in winter nights in the sittingmy childhood days and remember kuk says, "Thou makest my feet like room the children played the blithest hind's feet," he sets forth that the and the gayest of all the company Christian can walk amid the most were father and mother. Although dangerous and slippery places without reaching fourscore years of age, they

No not be disturbed as you see good "The daughter of my people is cruel, is so rich in resources that He could spare 5000 Summerfields and Saurins, Those know but little of the mean- if there were so many. There will be veined, as gracefully etched, as well the Adirondacks. A ship is not well when you and I are down in the cabin sound asleep in the hammocks.

Again, as with the leaves, we fade erns, they will soften the wild beast's lair and fill the eagle's eyrie. All the aisles of the forest will be

So we die in concert. The clock that who carry us out will be the tramp of tween 50 and 70 people every day lie laming into solferino and scarlet. Here down in Greenwood. That place has over 200,000 of the dead. I said to the their tips had blossomed into fire. In man at the gate, "Then, if there are morning light the forests seemed | so many here, you must have the largsunset had burst and dropped upon each of which had more than this. We Caesar is there and all his subjects.

Were rushing to put out the conflagra- not one of them sparkles. Oll all its tion. If at one end of the woods a million million hearts not one pulsates. commanding tree would set up its The living are in small minority.

crimson banner, the whole forest pre-If, in the movement of time, some pared to follow. If God's urn of colors great question between the living and Were not infinite, one swamp that I | the dead should be put and God called saw along the Maumee would have up all the dead and the living to deexhausted it forever. It seemed as if cide it, as we lifted our hands, and the sea of divine glory had dashed its from all the resting places of the dead surf to the tiptop of the Alleghanies, they lifted their hands, the dead would and then it had come dripping down to outvote us. Why, the multitude of the dying and the dead are as these Most persons preaching from this autumnal leaves, drifting under our feet to-day. We march on toward eternity, not by companies of 100, or regiments of 1000, or brigades of 10,000, but 1,600,000,000 abreast! Marching on!

> Again, as with variety of appearance the leaves depart, so do we. You have noticed that some trees at the first touch of the frost lose all their beauty. They stand withered and uncomely storm to drive them into the mire-The sun shining at noonday gilds them with no beauty. Ragged leaves. Dead leaves. No one stands to study them They are gathered in no vase. They are hung on no wall. So death smites many. There is no beauty in their departure. One sharp frost of sickness or one blast off the cold waters and they are gone. No tinge of hope. No prophecy of heaven. Their spring was all abloom with bright prospects. Their summer thick foliaged with op-portunities. But October came, and their glory went. Frosted! In early autumn the frosts come, but do not eem to damage vegetation. They are light frosts. But some morning you

"There was a black frost last night," and you know that from that day everything will wither. So men seem to get along without religion amid the

their families, their friends, their books, their pictures, and step out of THE HINDOO AT HOME the sunshine into the shadow. They quit the presence of bird and bloom welcomed. The bower in which they stood and sang and were chaplets and made themselves merry has gone down under an awful equinoctical. No bell can toll one-half the dolefulness

of their condition. Frosted! But, thank God, that is not the way people always die. Tell me on what day of all the year the leaves of the woodbine are as bright as they are to-day. So Christian character is with frown and harsh voice, driven calmly, sweetly, grandly. As the leaf! As the leaf!

Why go to the deathbed of distinbaby died, there were enough angels in the room to have chanted a corosat watching, and after awhile felt of his wrist, and then put your hand upon his arm to see if there were any warmth left and placed the mirror to the mouth to see if there were any sign of breathing, and when all was over you thought how grandly he slept-a giant resting after a battle. Oh, there are many Christian deathbeds! The chariots of God, come to take His children home, are speeding every whither. This one halts at the gate of the almshouse, that one at the gate of princes. The shout of captives breaking their chains comes on the morning air. The heavens ring again and again with the coronation. The 12 gates of heaven are crowded with the ascending righteous. I see the accumulated glories of a thousand Christian deathbeds-an autumnal forest illuminated by an autumnal sunset. They died not in shame, but in triumph. As the leaf! As the leaf! Lastly, as the leaves fade and fall

shower of the woods is making the ground richer, and in the juice and sap of rope laced backward and forward and life of the tree the leaves will come up again. Next May the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and they will rise. So we fall in the dust only to rise again. "The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall hear His voice and come forth." It would be a horrible consideration to think that our bodies were always to lie in the ground. However beautiful the flowers you plant there, we do not want to make ed from the long poles which they wise the tallow will granulate and our everlasting residence in such a

I have with these eyes seen so many of the glories of the natural world and the radiant faces of my friends, that I do not want to think that when I close them in death I shall never open them again. It is sad enough to have a hand or foot amputated. In a hospital, after a soldier had had his hand taken off, he said, "Goodby, dear old hand, you have done me a great deal of good service," and burst into tears. It is a more awful thing to think of having the whole body amputated from the soul forever. I must have my body again, to see with, to hear with, to walk with. With this hand I must clasp the hand of my loved ones when I have passed clean over Jordan and with it wave the triumphs of my King. Aha, we shall rise again! We shall rise again! As the leaf! As the leaf!

Crossing the Atlantic the ship may founder and our bodies be eaten by the sharks, but God tameth leviathan, and we shall come again. In awful explosion of factory boiler our bodies may be shattered into a hundred fragments in the air, but God watches the disaster, and we shall come again. He will drag the deep and ransack the tomb, and upturn the wilderness, and torture the mountain but he will find us and fetch us out and up to judgment and to victory.

We shall come up with perfect eye, with perfect hand, with perfect foot and with perfect body. All our weaknesses left behind. We fall, but we rise, we die, but we

live again! We molder away, but we come to higher unfolding! As the leaf!

For Women's Wear.

Eton jackets of black, blue or dark green trimmed with black braid. Chiffon frillings of different width, black, white and colors, for dress trimmings.

Otter fur and velvet, embroidered in pearls and jewels, for evening gown trimmings. Underwear of silk, batiste, etc., either of black trimmed with white or

vice versa. Black cloth gowns made up with a waits nearly all of black velvet brocaded with a color. Black chiffon dotted with turquoise

and rhinestones for vests in silk gowns or odd waists. Simple gowns in figured black goods, with a black satin stock and high belt, and white linen collar

Immense neck ruches of fluffy mousseline or chiffon studded with ribbon bows, flowers or tiny tufts of ostrich

Jewish Substitute for Butter. The Jewish Chronicle of London describes a new Jewish product, to be used as a substitute for butter, which it calls nucoline. It is simply the fat or butter of sweet cocoanuts. Cocoanut butter, like that from cow's milk, rapidly becomes rancid and this has prevented its introduction into Europe as an edible fat. This difficulty overcome by a patented process of refining which removes the characteristic odor and taste of cocoanut oil and transforms it into palatable fat or butter of such remarkable stability that it remains, odorless and sweet for

many months. Sarony's Memory.

Sarony has a most remarkable memory for faces. He will remember a sitter a number of years after the photograph is taken, and can even tell what kind of a picture he turned out.

The Baldwin Locomotive Company has just filled an order for a two-foot gauge mountain climber for a Mexican railroad, one a little wider, and the first of a large number ordered for the Russian trans-Siberian Railroad, a Russian trans-Siberian Railroad, a ledges of shops, on bedsteads in the compound engine for the Norwegian State Railroad, and an armored locomotive, which is almost a fortress, for the plague has stricken down the inhabitants, but it only indicates that the wise Hindoo has chosen the open air of heaven for his bed as well is probably a market for them in those three-eighths of an inch in thickness, which can be slid over the glass when which can be slid over the glass when required. These shutters are provided annoyances and vexations of life that the which can be slightly here and nip them ni

and wave to go unbeckoned and un- A PEOPLE WHO UNOSTENTATIOUSLY LIVE OUT OF DOORS.

> Their Simple Customs Yay Be Observed Each Morning on the Banks of Any of the Rivers-A Life of Peace When

No one can be surprised at the rapidity with which reports circulate never attractive as in the dying hour. in India when he observes the open-Such go into the grave, not as a dog, air life led by the people. The day begins by the tanks or river side. into a kennel, but they pass away There may be seen numberless men and women washing their clothes and themselves all at once. A woman unrolls one end of her colored sari, or guished men when there is hardly a cloth, about eight yards long, standhouse on this street but from it a ing herself meanwhile in the water, Christian has departed? When your then she winds herself up in the wet end and washes the other-a decorous but uncomfortable fa ion of public nation. When your father died, you bathing. The sari, with a short jacket coming a little way below the shoulders, constitutes the ordinary costume of a Southern woman, the sari being wrapped around the legs, and also drawn over the head and shoulders. morning bath. The elephants lie right down in the water while their attendants scrub them with cocoanuts.

The rivers have very wide beds, which are covered during the rains by rushing streams; after these subside great expanses are left bare on which pumpkins and water-melons are plentifully grown. From the river one can return to the town and observe the further domestic arrangements of the population. A great deal of hairdressing goes on in the streets; many men have their heads shaved bare with the exception of one little tuft on the only to rise, so do we. All this golden crown or a strip on either side.

Here a man, extended on a bedstead on a wooden frame, is being rubbed with sandal-wood oil; there a woman is adorning the space in front of her door by sticking little flowers into the earth; here again are girls coming from the well bearing on their heads polished brass lotas, or earthenware chatties; there are the bheesties carrying the water in skins tucked under their arms, or in vessels piled one above the other in nets suspendtheir waists, and possible bracelets

string tied to the tail of one and passed through the nostrils of his companion immediately following.

Here comes a merchant borne in a or misunderstood. palki, or a great man reclining in a either side of the narrow street are about a couple of feet above the ground, sheltered by projecting awnings of bamboo, thatch, or tiles. The side-posts and lintels are sometimes, as at Muttra, curiously carved; sometimes, as at Baroda, gaudily painted red, green and yellow. On the platform the master of the establishment often spreads his charpoy and bolster, such a bed as the healed paralytic would have carried away with him, and waits placidly for the bargaining Even the pie, about a customers. third of a farthing, is not minute enough for native transactions, and a pile of cowrie shells by his side re-

presents vet smaller change. Here you see every kind of petty ware in process of manufacture or displayed for sale-grain of all kinds, pink and yellow flowers to offer in the temple or to hang around the neck of an honored guest, tempting gold and silver braid, colored cloths, folded as they arrived from Manchester, or held out to dry as they are drawn fresh from the dyeing vat. Boys squat with strings tied to their toes which they are twisting ready for bead necklaces; men are concocting from sugar, milk, cocoa and grain the endless variety of sweetmeats for the native palate; women are grinding corn with circular stones or spinning cotton with rudely-

fashioned hand-wheels. rings, ear-rings, anklets and particul- richer comrades can escape the Cuban squeezed over the hand without break- for a substitute, they see no reason ing previous to payment, at the expense of a crushing of bones, which brings tears to the eyes. Native women, moreover, often have their arms happily at home. Whatever the readoes not obtain among the men. Cheap purchases are made standing

in the street, but if you wish to indulge in more costly wares you are invited inside, and perhaps to an upper room. Then a lengthy process of weighing silver goods or goldworked cloth in scales against rupees, and of wearisome bargaining, has to be gone through, It begins with the unvarying protest that the vendor does not tell lies and asks the price he means to take, and ends with his acceptance of such a deduction as you are strong-minded enough to insist

As the day wears on, wedding parties perambulate the streets, women come bearing on their heads baskets of bridal gifts, and if the marriage is a tolerably rich one the bridegroom approaches mounted on an elephant and preceded from which he so often seeks to free by nautch girls. Evening falls sud- himself by his own hand." denly. One minute you have clear daylight, the next a gorgeous western sky, and before you have gazed your fill at its beauty comes darkness with

The natives will not retire yet awhile squatted around them, gossip far into it appears that fully 10,000 horses have the night. If you drive through the been shipped from this country to the ledges of shops, on bedsteads in the each, and are often resold, according to road. It almost looks like a city the paper, for \$350 at Leipsic and other

He feared no bucking broncho that went He feared no bucking broncho that went snorting over the plain,
He had tamed the brute for pleasure and could do the same again;
He had steered the ponderous mail coach where the rocky passes sweep
In mystifying zigzags close to chasris broad and deep,
And sometimes he had ridden, in an economic stress.

omic stress.
Out in front upon the pilot of the cannon His reckiess hungering for speed oft texpt ed him to seek
The joy of a toboggan down the nearest ountain peak.

But success must have its limit. Ere his mad career was through oasted once too often and he met his He box Waterloo He thought no path too devious or swift for him to strike.

But he howled for help and weakened when

they got him on a bike.

-Harper's Bazar.

The Care of Harness Harness should never be allowed to get greasy and dirty, so as to need scraping and cleaning and scrubbing with stiff brush and soda water; but if it is in that condition, then take it apart, so far as practicable, and clean each part thoroughly, and work between the hands in warm, soapy water until quite soft and pliant. Castile soap is considered the best to wash with, In the north she generally wears a but any good white soap will answer, petticoat and a shorter sari or chudder and is cheaper. When quite clean, worn more like a mantilla. Not only hang up in a room where it will dry people but elephants and buffaloes slowly, and before it is entirely dry, may be seen at times enjoying a rub it wen with cod-liver oil, which is better than neat's-foot oil, because rats and mice won't touch harness rubbed with it, while they will that greased with the latter oil. Moreover, cod-liver oil has more body than neat's-foot oil. When well boiled, hang up to dry. When dry, give another coat of oil. When again dry, wipe carefully with a dry woolen cloth. This for heavier harness. For carriage harness finish with a wet sponge and castile soap, using a

An old but very good receipt for making harness and leather blacking is as follows: Mutto suet.2 oz.; beeswax. oz.: white sugar, 6 oz.: soft soap, 2 oz.; powdered indigo, 1 oz.; When all have been melted together and well mixed, add four ounces of turpentine. A good grease for heavy farm harness may be made as follows: Melt three pounds of clean beef tallow, melting slowly and no tallowing to get hot; pour slowly into this one pound of neat's-foot oil, and stir until the mass is cold. Much depends upon the stirring; if done well the mass will become thoroughly amalgamated; othercarry over the shoulder. Everywhere show white specks. It should be soft are little brown babies whose sole cos- and smooth. Add a little bone-black tume is a piece of string tied round to color it.-London Farmers' Advocate.

chamois skin to dry with.

What Is a Drunkard? ing rough wooden carts or carrying Melbourne. Australia. was recently burdens; perhaps a line of camels fas- asked, during the progress of a divorce tened together with total disregard case, to define what constituted an of their comforts by means of a habitual drunkard. His reply defined drunkard, and he carefully remarked that he did not want to be misquoted

The case before the court was one of carriage driven by a gaily but un- divorce brought by a woman against tidily clad coachman and preceded by her husband for confirmed and habimounted sowars carrying little flags tual drunkenness. It was the defence or lances. Turning into the bazaar, which raised a question which brought the scene is even more animated. On from the judge a reply that "A man who got drunk every Saturday night little open shops, like platforms raised | after his week's work was over and remained drunk over Sunday was not an habitual drunkard. If I classed such men as habitual drunkards I would be compelled to divorce twothirds of the labor population of the country.

This latter sentence raised a howl of afterward wrote to the Premier, making apologies, and saying that when he made the remark he had not thought of the construction which might be put on his hurriedly spoken words.

Spanish Deserters.

The Spanish authorities have ordered a strict watch to be kept along the French frontier of Spain, in order to intercept the great number of young Spaniards who take refuge in France to escape being sent to Cuba. All the trains that cross the frontier are visited, and every young man submitted to a rigorous examination and obliged to furnish papers establishing his identity. Guards are also stationed all standing these efforts a large number succeed daily in effecting their escape Many of these deserters assert that Heavy silver ornaments and glitter- were all their companions subjected to ing native jewelry with imitation a like duty they would willingly take stones attract the young wives-nose- their chance with the rest; but as their arly lac bracelets which have to be campaign by paying 1500 francs (2300) why they should be sent to death while others, blessed with a larger share of this world's goods, remain elaborately tattoed, but this custom son, the number of desertions is daily on the increase.

> Man's Bitterest Enemy. "Sin is always man's bitterest enemy," writes Dwight L. Moody, in "Mr. Moody's Bible Class," in the November Ladies' Home Journal. "It separates him from his Maker. It separates him from his fellow-beings. No position is too high for sin to debase; no place so hallowed but it seeks to corrupt: no home so sacred but it seeks to destroy. Sin, like holiness, is a mighty leveler. says a distinguished divine. And what suicides which have occurred during the past year if it is not a loathing of self? It is sin, then, that makes a man loathe himself. It is sin which makes man's life become a burden

American Horses in Germany. One of the influential German illus trated papers, using the report of the U. S. Consul at Bremen as a text, to their closely-packed houses. They says there is a good market in Gerlight little fires out of doors and, many for American horses. Since 1895 town at midnight you may see figures various German ports, the chief marwrapped in blankets or quilts lying kets being in Hamburg and Bremen everywhere; under verandahs, on the 'They bring on an average about \$175 How to Select Wall Paper. paper, however, warns American ship-It is well to remember when papering pers that it is useless to end poor

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indignation against Justice Williams, and formed the subject of inquiry in the House of Assembly. The Judge afterward wrote to the Premier, mak-

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along the frontier line to prevent desertion from other parts, but notwith-Edwards & Co.

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