#### GOLDEN GATES AJAR.

DR. TALMAGE'S IDEA OF EMPLOY-MENT IN HEAVEN.

A Unique View of the Celestial World-Employment Suited to the Worker-Musicians, Soldiers, Artists, All Will Find Congenial Occupation.

Washington, Dec. 13.-Dr. Talmage's sermon to-day gives a very unusual view of the celestial world and is one of the most unique discourses of the great preacher. The text is Ezekiel i. "Now it came to pass in the thirtieth year, in the fourth month, in the fifth day of the month, as I was among the captives by the river of Chebar, that the heavens were opened."

Ezekiel, with others, had been expatriated, and while in foreign slavery, standing on the banks of the royal canal which he and other serfs had been condemned to dig by the order of Nebuchadnezzar-this royal canal in the text called the river of Chebar -the illustrious exile had visions of heaven. Indeed it is almost always so that the brightest visions of heaven come not to those who are on mountain top of prosperity, but to some John on desolate Patmos, or to some Paul in Mamertine dungeon, or to some Ezekiel st inding on the banks of a ditch he had been compelled to dig-yea, to the weary, to the heartbroken, to those whom sorrow has banished. The text is very particular to give us the exact time of the vision. It was in the thirtieth year and in the fourth month and in the fifth day of the month. So you have had visions of earth you shall never forget. You remember the year, you remember the month, you remember the day, you remember the hour. Why may we not have some vision now and it be in the twelfth month and in the thirteenth

day of the month.

The question is often silently asked though perhaps never audibly pro-"What are our departed Christian friends doing now?" question is more easily answered than you might perhaps suppose. Though there has come no recent intelligence from the heavenly city, and we seem dependent upon the story of 18 centuries ago, still I think we may from strongest inference decide what are the present occupations of our transferred kinsfolk. After God has made a nature He never eradicates the chief characters ic of its temperament. You never knew a man phlegmatic in temperament to become sanguine in temperament. You never knew a man sanguine in temperament to become phlegmatic in temperament. Conversion plants new principles in the soul, but Paul and John are just as different from each other after conversion as they were different from each other before conversion. If conversion does not erad cate the prominent characteristics of temperament, neither will death erad cate them. Paul and John are as different from each other in heaven as they were different from each other in Asia Minor.

You have, then, only by a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition to decide what are the employments of your departed friends in the better world. You are to subtract from them all earthly gros ness and add all earthty goodness, and then you are to come to the conclusion that they are doing now in heaven what in their best moment they did on earth. The reason why so many people never start for heaven is bocause they could not stand it if they got there if it should turn out to be the rigid and formal place some people photograph it. We like to come to church, but we would not want to stay here till next summer. We like to hear the "Hallelulah Chorus," but we would not want to hear it all the time for 50 centuries It might be on some great occasion it would be possibly comfortable to wear a crown of gold weighing several pounds, but it would be an attietion to wear such a crown forever. In other words, we run the descriptions of heaven into the ground while we make that which was intended as especial and celebative to be the exclusive employment in heaven. might as well, if asked to describe the habits of American society, describe a Decoration day or a Fourth of July or an autumnal Thanksgiving, as

though it were all the time that way. I am not going to speculate in regard to the future world, but I must, by inevitable laws of inference and deduction and common sense, conclude that in heaven we will be just as different from each other as we are now different, and hence that there will be at least as many different employments in the celestial world as there are employments here. Christ is to be the great love, the great joy, the great rapture, the great worship of heaven, but will that abolish employments? No more than love on earth-paternal, Alial, fraternal, conjugal love—abolishes

earthly occupation. In the first place, I remark that all those of our departed Christian friends who on earth found great joy in the fine ar's are now indulging their tastes in the same direction. On earth they had their gladest pleasures amid pictures and statuary and in the study of the laws of light and shade and perspective. Have you any idea that that affluence of faculty at death coldapsed and perished? Why so, when there is more for them to look at and they have keener appreciation of the beautiful and they stand amid the very looms where the sunsets and the rainbows and the spring mornings are woven? Are you so obtuse as to suppose because the painter drops his easel and the soulptor his chisel and the engraver his knife, that therefore that taste which he was enlarging and intensifying for 40 or 50 years is entirely obliterated? These artists, or those friends of art on earth, worked in coarse material and with imperfect brain and with frail hand. Now they have carried their art into larger liberties and into wider circumference. They are at their old business yet, but without the fatigues, without the limi-tations, without the hindrances of the

terrestrial studio. Raphael could improve upon his masterpiece of "Michael the Archangel," now that he has seen him, and could improve upon his mesterpiece of the "Holy Trinity," now that he has visited them. Michael Angelo could better present the "Last Judgment" after he had seen its flash and heard the rumbling battering rams of its thunder. Exquisite colors here, graceful lines here, powerful chiarosouro here, but I am persuaded that the

grander studies and the brighter galgrander studies and the brighter states are higher up, by the winding leries are higher up, by the winding in the army in the air. O, God, open in the army in the army in the air.

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Christ whom they portrayed upon the canvas, are painting yet, but their strength of faculty multiplied ten theusandfold. Their hand has forgotten its cunning, but the spirt has faculties as far superior to four fingers and a thumb as the supernatural is superior to the human. The reason that God took away their eye and their hand and their brain was that He might give them something more limber, more wieldy, more skillful, more multipliant. Do not therefore be melanchofy among the tapestries, and the bric-a-brac, and the embroideries, and the water colors, and the works of art, which your departed friends used to admire. Do not say, "I am so sorry they had to leave all these things. Rather say, "I am glad they have gone up to higher artistic opportunity and appreciation." Our friends who found so much joy in the fine arts on earth are now luxuriating in Louvres and

Luxembourgs celestial. I remark again that all our departed Christian friends who in this world were passionately fond of music are still regaling that taste in the world The Bible says so much about the music of heaven that it cannot all be figurative. Why all this talk about halle uiahs and choirs on the glass and trumpets and harps and oratorios and organs? The Bible over and over again speaks of the songs of heaven. If heaven had no songs of its own, a vast number of those on earth would have been taken up by the earthly emigrants. Surely the Christion at death does not lose his memory. Then there must be millions of souls in heaven who know "Coronation," and "Antioch" and "Mount Pisgah," and "Old Hundred." The leader of the eternal orchestra need only once tap his baton, and all heaven will be ready for the halleluiah. If heaven should ever get out of

music, Thomas Hastings and Lowell Mason and Bradbury would start up a hundred old magnificent chorals. But what with the new song that John mentions, and the various doxologies alluded to, and the importation of sublunar harmonies, a Christian fond of music, dying, will have an abundance of regalement. What though the voice be gone in death, what though the ear be fallen in dissolution, are you therefore to conclude that the spirit will have no power to make or catch sweet sounds? Cannot the soul sing? How often we compliment some exquisite singing by saying, "There was so much soul in her music." In heaven it will be all soul until the body after awhile comes up to the resurrection, and then there will be an additional heaven. Cannot the soul hear? If it can hear then it can hear music. Do not therefore let it be in your household when some member leaves for heaven, as it is in some households, that you close the piano and unstring. the harp for two years because the fingers that used to play on them are still. You must remember that they have better instruments of music where they are. You ask me, "Do they have real harps and real trumpets and real organs" I do not know. Some wiseacres say positively there are no such things in heaven. I do not know, but I should not surprised if the God who made all the mountains, and all the hills, and all the forests, and all the mines of the earth, and all the growths of the universe-I should not be surprised if He could, if He had a mind to, make a few harps and trumpets and organs. Grand old Haydn, sick and wornout, was carried for the last time into the music hail; there he heard his oratorio of the "Creation." History says that as the orchestra came to that famous passage, "Let there be light!" the whole audience rose and cheered, and Haydn waved his hand toward heaven and said, "It comes from there!" Overwhelmed with his own music, he was carried out in his chair, and as he came to the door he spread his hand toward the orchestra as in benediction. Haydn was right when he waved his hand toward heaven and sair, "It comes from there." Music was born in heaven, and it will ever have its highest throne in heaven, and I want you to understand that our departed friends who were passionately fond of music here are now at the headquarters of harmony. I think that the grand old church tunes that died when your grandfathers died have gone with them to heaven. When those tunes died, they did not stay on earth, and they could not have been banished to

be in the corridors of alabaster and Again, I remark that those of our departed Christian friends who in this world had very strong military spirit are now in armies celestial and out in bloodless battle. There are hundreds of people born soldiers. They cannot help it. They belong to regiments in time of peace. They cannot hear a drum or a fife without trying to keep step to the music. They Christian, and when they fight they fight on the right side. Now, when these our Christian friends who had natural and powerful military spirit entered heaven they entered the celestial army. The door of heaven scarcely opens but you hear a military demonstration. David cried out, "The chariots of God are 20,000!" Elisha saw the mountains filled with celestial cavalry. St. John said, "The armies which are in heaven followed him on white horses." Now, when those who had the military spirit on earth sanctified entered glory, I suppose they right away enlisted in some heavenly campaign; they volunteered right away. There must needs be in heaven soldiers with a soldierly spirit. There are grand parade days, when the King reviews the troops. There must be armed escert sent out to bring up from earth to heaven those who were more than conquerors. There must be crusades ever being fitted out for some part of God's dominion—battles, bloodless, groanless, painless angels of evil to be fought down and fought out, other rebellious worlds to be conquered, worlds to be put to the torch, worlds to be saved, worlds to be demolished, worlds to be sunk, worlds to be hoisted. Besides that, in our own world there are battles for the right and against the wrong where we must have the heavenly military. That is what keeps us Christian reformers so buoyant. So few good men against so many bad men; so few churches against so many grog-shops; so many pure printing presses against so many polluted printing presses, and yet we are buoyant and courageous, because

perdition, and so I think they must

while we know that the armies of evil in the world are ta ser in numbers than the army of truth, there are celestial cohor's in the air fighting on our side. I have not so much faith in the army on the ground as I have in the army in the air. O, God, open

of Christian warriors who on earth fought with fleshly arm, and now, having gone up on high, are coming down the hills of heaven ready to fight among the invisibles. Our departed Christian friends who had the military spirit in them sanctified are in the celestial army. Whether belonging to the artillery, or the cavalry, or the infantry, I know not. I only know they have started out for fleet service and courageous service and everlasting service. Penhaps they may come this way to fight on our side and drive sin and meanness and satan from all our hearts. Yonder they are coming, coming. Did you hear them as they swept by?

But what are our mathematical friends to do in the next world? They found their joy and delight in mathematics. There was more poetry to them in Euclid than in John Milton. They were as passionately fond of mathematics as Plato, who wrote over his door, "Let no one enter here who is not acquainted with geometry." What are they doing now? They are busy with figures yet. No place in all the universe like heaven for figures. Numbers infinite, distances infinite, calculations infinite. If they want them, arithmetics and algebras and geometries and trigonometries for all eternity. What fields of space to be surveyed! What magnitudes to measure! What diameters, what circumferences, what triangles, what quarternions, what epicycloids, what parallelograms, what conic sections! The didactic Dr. Dick said he really thought that the redeemed in heaven spent some of their time with the hibher branches of mathematics. So of our transferred and transported metaphysicians. What are they doing now? Studying the human mind, only under better circumstances than they used to study it. They used to study the mind sheathed in the dull human body. Now the spirit unsheathed-now they are studying the sword outside the scabbard. Have you any doubt about what Sir William Hamilton is doing in heaven, or what Jonathan Edwards is doing in heaven or the multitudes on earth who had a passion for metaphysics sanctified by the grace of God? No difficulty in guess-Metaphysics, glorious metaphy-

everlasting metaphysics. What are our departed Christian friends who are explorers doing now? Exploring yet, but with lightning locomotion, with vision microscopic and telescopic at the same time. A continent at a glance, a world in a second, a planetary system in a day. Christian John Franklin, no more in disabled Erebus pushing toward the north pole; Christian De Long, no more trying to free blocaded Jeannette from the ice; Christian Livingstone, no mere amid African malarias, trying to make revelation of a dark continent, but all of them in the twinkling of an eye taking in that which was more unapproachable. Mont Blanc scaled without alpenstock, the coral depths of the ocean explored without a diving bell, the mountains unbarred and opened without Sir Humphrey Davy's safety

found their chief Joy now? Studying yet, but, instead of a few thousand volumes on a few shelves all the volumes of the universe open dertaking. them-geologic, ornithologic, conchologic, botanic, astronomic, philosophic. No more need of Leyden jars or voltaic piles of electric batteries, standing as they do face to face with the

facts of the universe. What are the historians doing now! Studying history yet, but not the history of a few centuries of our planet only, but the history of the eternitieswhole millenniums, before Xenophon or Herodotus or Moses or Adam was born. History of one world, history of all What are our departed astronomers doing? Studying astronomy yet, but not through the dull lens of earthly observatory, but with one stroke of wing going right out to Jupiter and Mars and Mercury and Saturn and Orion and the Pleiades, overtaking and passing the swiftest comet in their flight. Herschel died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Herschel is doing? Isaac Newton died a Christian. Have you any doubt about what Isaac Newton is doing? Joseph Henry died a Christian. Have you any doubt what Joseph Henry is do-They were in discussion, all these astronomers of earth, about what the aurora borealis was, and none of them could guess. They know now; they have been out there to see for

themselves. What are our departed Christian chemists doing? Following out their own science, following out and following out forever. Since they died they have solved 10,000 questions which puzzled the earthly laboratory. They stand on the other side of the thin walls of electricity—the thin wall that seems to div de the physical from the spiritual world; the thin wall of electricity, so thin the wall that ever and anon it seems to be almost broken through-broken through from one side by telerhonic and telegraphic apparatus, boken through from the other side by strange influences which men in their ignorance call spiritualistic manifestations. All that matter cleared up. They laughing at us as olde brothers will! ugh at inexpe ienced brothers, as they see us with contracted brow experimenting and exp rimenting, only wishing they could show us the way to open all the mysteries Amare's standing amid his student exp'orers d wn in Brazil, coming across some great novelty in the ro ke taking of his hat and saying; "Gentlemen, let u pray. We must have divine il'umination. We want wisdom from the reator to study these rocks Ho m . them, Let us pray." Agassiz goin right on with his studies forever and f. n ver.

But what are the men of the law, who in this world found their chief joy in the lera' prof s ion-what are they doing new Studying law in a are who e everything is controlled by law from the flight of humming bird to fin o world-law not dry and hare no d ud ing, but righteous and magnithert aw, before which man and cherup and seraph and archar gel and God Firmself bow; the chain of law lon " in aigh to wind a ound the immensities and infinity and eternity. Chain of law. What a place to study law, where a'l the links of the chain

are in the hand! What are our departed Christian friends who in this world had their joy in the healt g art doing now? Busy at their old bus ness. No sickness in heaven, but plerty if sickness on earth, plenty of wound in the different parts of G d's demint n to be healed and to be medica; these glorified souls coming dot a not a new doctor's gig, but with lightering le mot on. You cannot understand w'y that patient got well after all the still un doctors had said

If they exercised saving faith in the David and Samson and the hundreds he must die. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him-Abercrombie, who, after many years doctoring the bodies and the souls of people in Scotland, went up to God in 1844. Perhaps Abercrombie touched him. I should not wonder if my old friend Dr. John Brown, who died in Edinburgh-John Brown the author of "Rab and His Friends." John Brown, who was as humble a Christian as he was a skillful physician and world renowend author-I should not wonder if he had been back again and again to see some of his old patients. Those who had their joy in healing the sickness and the woes of earth, gone up to heaven, are come forth again for benignat

> But what are our friends who found their chief joy in conversation and in sociality doing now? In brighter conversation there and in grander social-What a place to visit in, where your next door neighbors are kings and Some swords rust where others clash; queens, you yourselves kingly and queenly! If they want to know more particularly about the first paradise, they have only to go over and ask Adam. If they want to know how the sun and moon halted, they have only They will not rest till roses creep to go over and ask Joshua. If they want to know how the storm pelted Sodom, they have only to go over and ask Lot. If they want to know more about the arrogance of Haman, they have only to go over and ask Mordecai. If they want to know how the Red Sea boiled, they have only to go over and ask Moses. If they want to know miss a chance to make a good bargain advent, they have only to go over and a business of buying and selling goods. that Christmas night in the balconies of crystal. If they want to know more of the particulars of the crucifixion, they have only to go over and ask those who were personal spectators while the mountains crouched and the heavens got black in the face at the spectacle. If they want to know more about the sufferings of the Scotch Coveranters, they have only to go over and ask Andrew Melville. If they want to know more about the old time revivals, they have only to go over to ask Whitefield, and Wesley, and Livingston, and Fletcher, and Nettleton, and Finney. Oh, what a place to visit in! If eter-

nity were one minute shorter, it would not be long enough for such sociality. Think of our friends who in this world were passionately fond of flowers, turned into paradise! Think of our friends were very fond of raising superb fruit, turned into the orchard where each tree has 12 kinds of fruit at once, and bearing the fruit all the year round! What are our departed Christian friends doing in heaven, those who on earth found their chief joy in the gospel ministry? They are visiting their old congregations. Most of those old ministers have got their people. around them already. When I get to stripes of rosebuds. heaven-as by the grace of God I am destined to go to that place-I will come and see you all. Yes, I will come to all the people to whom I have administered in the gospel and to the millions of souls to whom, through the moist. of the ministry are now engaged in that delectable entertainment and un-

friends who in all departments of usefulness were busy finding their chief joy in doing good-what are they doini now? Going right on with the work. John Howard visiting dungeons: the dead women of northern and southern battlefields still abroad looking for the wounded; George Peabody still watchthe poor; Thomas Clarkson still looking after the enslaved-all of those who did good on earth busier since death than before: the tombstone not the terminus, but the starting post. What are our departed Christian friends who found their chief joy in studying God doing now? Studying God yet. No need of revelation now, for, unblanched, they are face to face. Now they can handle the omnipotent thunderbolts just as a child handles the sword of a father come back from a victorious battle. They have no sin, no fear, consequently. Studying Christ, not through a revelation, save a revelation of the scars-that deep lettering which brings it all up quick enough. Studying the Christ of the Bethlehem caravansary; the Christ of the awful ssacre, with its hemorrhage of head and hand and foot and side; the Christ of the shattered maus leum; Christ the sacrifice, the Star, the Son, the Man, the God, the God-Man, the Man God. But hark! The bell of the cathedrai rings—the cathedral bell of heaven. What is the matter now? There is going to be a great meeting in the temple; worshippers all coming through the aisles. Make room for the Con queror. Christ standing in the temple. All heaven gathering around him. Those who loved the beautiful come to look at the Rose of Sharon. Those who loved music come to listen to his voice. Those who were mathematicians come to count the years of His reign. Those who were explorers come to discover the height and the depth and the length and breadth of His love. Those who had the military spirit on earth sanctified, and the military spirit in heaven. come to look at the Captain of their salvation. The astronomers come to look at the Morning Star. The men of the law come to look at Him who is the judge of quick and dead. The men who healed the sick come to look at Him who was wounded for our transgressions. All different and different forever in many respects, yet all alike in admiration for Christ, in worship for Christ, and all alike in joining in the doxology, "Unto Him who washed us from our sins in His own blocd, and made us kings and priests unto God; to Him be glory in the church throughout all ages, world without end." Amen. To show you that your departed friends are more alive than they ever were, to make you homesick heaven, to give you an enlarged view of the glories to be revealed, I have

preached this sermon. . . d. uaus newspaper Library. A most interesting and valuable scrapbook collection is that of Miss Dora Burtall of the Omaha Public Library. This young lady, who presides over the reading rooms and takes care of the newspaper files, became possess. ed of the idea that there was a great loss of information when every month these files were destroyed, and she began to clip from them systematically. Enthusiastic and faithful in her work, it steadily grew until now, with the assistance of the head librarian, who recognized its value, it has become a comprehensive bureau of information. In neat rows on long lines of shelves are ranged the big cardboard envelopes, book-shaped, that in alphabetical order contain clippings from the best-known newspapers of every large city, comprising a wide and varied range of

TWO EXTREMES OF LIFE

Some find work where some find rest, And so the weary world goes on.
I sometimes wonder which is dest, The answer comes when life is gone,

Some eyes sleep when some eyes wake, And same dreary night hours go. Some hearts beat when others break, I often wonder why 'tis so.

Some will faint where some will fight Some love the tent and some the field. I often wonder who is right-The ones who strive or those who yield

hande fold where other hands Are lifted bravely in the strife. And so through ages and through lands Move on the two extremes of life.

Some feet halt where some feet tread. In tireless march a thorny way,
Some struggle on where some have fled;
Some seek where others shun the fray. Some fall back where some move on;

Some flags furl where others flash Until the battle has been won. Some sleep on while others keep The vigils of the true and brave.

Around their name above a grave.

Farmers Buying Feed. We feel now just like making a few remarks on the subject of farmers buying feed, says Hoard's Dairyman, We believe a farmer never ought to ask the serenading angels who stood If a farmer can sell something from his farm and buy something else for less money, that will be worth more to him, he ought to do it. Now this seems a simple proposition and one from which no person could reasonably dissent. And yet a great many farmers have such a deep-rooted prejudice against buying anything to feed their stock on, especially their cows, and are so imbued with the idea that they must feed that, and that only, which is grown on their own farms, that they often miss a splendid chance to make good trade. For instance, oats were worth 32 cents a bushel, or \$20 a ton, I have known a man to haul them to mill and pay \$2.00 a ton to have them ground to feed cows, rather than sell them, and buy wheat bran at \$10 and \$12 per ton, just because he was averse

> Fancies in Furnishing. The heavier cretonnes, dark green, dull browns and Venetian reds, are very much used for fall furnishing. These colors form the ground work for indescribale beauties of trailing vines, scattered flowers and pretty little

buying anything to feed when he

had "plenty of feed grown on my own

Cut-glass cracker jars, with sterling silver tops, are very handsome; these come also for cigars and tobacco for There is nothing better than men. glass to keep the weed in to keep it

land and in the uttermost parts of the on each side, so that they can be con- stock. Large variety to select from. notice. Our departed friends It is a fad now for milady to make tea Men's heavy Rubbers and Socks, special, at \$1.25 a pair. What are our departed friends who earth. I will visit them all. I give veniently carried from room to room. or, in other words, to have the tea ser-But what are our departed Christian vice carried to her.

> Drought Every Nineteen Years. Mr. H. C. Russell, a scientific man of New South Wales, announces as a result of a prolonged examination of history from the earliest times that seasons of drought recur with unfailing regularity at intervals of nineteen years. Of 208 droughts recorded since the year 900, all but fifteen conform to his theory, which is that there are every nineteen years one long period of three years during which the rainfall is somewhat deficient, and a shorter period between each of the long periods when the deficiency is excessive. He even finds a confirmation of the Bible chronology in the fact that the dates of the Egyptian drought in Joseph's time, the drought during King David's reign, that told by Elijah, and that predicted by Elisha all fall into the nineteen-year period.

It pays to keep horses' teeth in order. Unless the food is properly masticated by the teeth and mixed with saliva before it is swallowed it cannot be utilized fully by the digestive apparatus. There is loss of food and there is a tendency to the establishment of disease that may be either of a mildly detrimental character or may be serious enough to produce death. When horses' teeth are out of order the animals are prone to slobber, drive on one rein, toss the head or develop some other bad habit.-Country Gentleman.

Experiments last winter indicate more strongly than ever that close stabling during cold weather is best. On a few days, when it seemed above freezing, I turned my cows out. The flow of milk was invariably reduced. Dairy cattle need very little exercise at any time, and enjoy close stabling, provided their quarters are comfortably arranged.-E. S. Hallett, in American

Photographing Rifle Bullets. Rifle bullets are now photographed in their course by mans of the electric spark. The camera is taken into a dark room, which the bullet is caused to traverse. As it passes the camera it is made to interrupt an electric circuit and produces a spark, which illuminates it for an ins ant and enables the impression to be taken.

Ink Spo s on White Paper. For ink spots on white paper go over them with a camel's hair brush dipped in a solution of oxalic acid; on white cloth, wash first with the oxalic acid, then with clear, warm water. If on a carpet, rub instantly and faithfully with clean blotting paper, or if they have dried, try javelle water.

Nicely Planned. "Yes, Margaret, I think George ought not to have married me; he would have been happier with another woman." "Doesn't it pain you to think so?" "No; for then, you see, I could have been happier with some other man."

Professor Flirders Petrie has some large ideas about museums. He wants the Government to buy a tract of 500 acres, somewhere within an hour's ride of Lendon, and gradually build it all over, for a storage place for ethnological materials. No museum in London is large enough to hold the treasures that are being discovered by Englishmen all over the world.

#### WE POINT WITH PLEASURE

to the foot-prints of hundreds of people who, regardles of sleet or snow, have walked to our lactory during the past two weeks to investigate the

#### BLANKET SALE ANNOUNCEMENT

What has been the result? Saturday 21st we sold over our counters 31 pair all wool and woven blankets, Saturday Dec. 5th, 42 pair, and the sales every day of the week were so large that we are running our machinery over time to keep pace with the demand. We are not making goods for keep sakes but tuen over our output quickly at small profits. Gentlemen's underwear kuit to order; hosiery, socks and mitts in great variety.

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Larger assortment of Trimmed Hats than ever before shown. Large and beautiful stock of Dress and Mantle Goods, Ready-made Mantles and Trimmings, just opened out. CALL AND INSPECT OUR

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Picked up in quantities last week, Much Below Regular Prices, are

Men's heavy Frieze Ulsters, special, at \$5, \$7, \$8 and \$9. Men's heavy Tweed Suits, special, at \$6, \$7. \$8 and \$9. Boys' heavy, Tweed Suits, special, at \$2 up to \$5.

The quality, workmanship and style of this clothing will bear close comparison permitted to preach every week in this tables have ornamental brass handles and at these prices every one is a genuine bargain. All sizes in

> Boy, fine quality Overshoes, special, at \$1.00 a pair. and have "the mountain brought to Boys' Kip Long Boots, sizes 1 to 5, special at \$1 25 a pair Mahomet" after the English fashion; Boys' Kip Long Boots, sizes 1 to 5, special at \$1 25 a pair Men's fine Water proof grain Long Boots, special, at \$2.75 pair. Men's long Boots, 18 inch leg, special, at \$2.50 a pair. Full stock of Men's, Women's and Children's Rubbers, plain and wool lined,

#### CHRISTMAS GOODS

and overshoes in finest qualities.

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