and mocked. What evil had He done?
None. Whose eyesight had He put out?
None; but He had given vision to the
blind. Whose child had He slain?

ed was to sit with publicans and sin-

ing there to-day, let us see what an unreasonable, loathsome, hateful, blasting, damning thing is the inquity of the human heart. Unloosed, what will not sin do? It will scale any height,

it will fathom the very depth of hell, it will revel in all lasciviousness. There

is no blasphemy it will not utter, there are no cruelties on which it will not

gorge itself. It will wallow in filth, it

will breathe the air of charnel houses

ed Christ on the Cross, it showed what it would do with the Lord God Almighty if it could get at Him. The prophet had declared—I think it was Jeremah—had declared centuries before

the truth, but not until sin shot out

tossed its sting into the soul of a mar-

tyred Jesus was it illustrated, that

'the heart is deceitful above all things

and desperately wicked."

Again: "It behoved Christ to suf-

fer," that our affections might be excited Christward. Why, sirs, the be-

havior of our Lord has stirred the af-

havior of our Lord has surred the ar-fections of all those who have ever heard of it. It has hung the art-gal-leries of the world with such pictures as Ghirlandajo's "Worship of the Magi;" Giotto's "Baptism of Christ;" Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Tem-ple," Tintoret's "Agony in The Garden;" Angele's "Crucifizion" and it has call-

Angelo's "Crucifixion," and it has call-

ed out Handel's "Messiah," and rung

sweetest chimes in Young's "Night Thoughts," and filled the psalmody of

the world with the penitential notes

of sorrow and the hosannas of Chris-

tian triumph. Show me any other king who has so many subjets. What

king who has so many subjects. What

where is the king who has so many

Show me in history where one man

has given his property and his life for anyone else, and I will show you in

history hundreds and thousands of men

who have cheerfully died that Christ might reign. Aye, there are a hun-dred men in this house, who, if need

were, would step out and die for Jesus.

Their faith may now seem to be faint,

and sometimes they may be incon-

sistent; but let the fires of martyrdom

be kindled, throw them into the pit,

and I will tell you what their last cry

would be: "Come, Lord Jesus, come

death, come scorn and pain, come

whirlwind of darkness, Lord Jesus, I

cannot give Thee up. I have heard Thy voice. I have seen Thy bleeding side. Lord Jesus, if I had some gar-

land plucked from heavenly gardens, I would wreathe it for Thy brow. If

I had some gem worthy of the place,

I would set in Thy crown. If I had

seraphic harp, I would strike it in Thy

praise. But I come lost and ruined

and undone, to throw myself at Thy

Simply to Thy cross I cling.

But I remark again: "It behoved Christ to suffer" that the world might

suffer because they cannot help them-

outrage. He might have hurled the

rocks of Golgotha upon his pursuers, He might have cleft the earth until it

have called in reinforcement or taken

any tunderbolt from the armory of

O, my hearer, has there ever been in the history of the world such an ex-

ful. Sometimes you think that God

has given you a cup too deep and too

brimming. Sometimes you see the world laughing and romping on the

highways of life, and you look out of

never have had any bodily pain, and you will never have any bodily pain that equalled Christ's torture. "It be-

hoved Christ to suffer," that he might

Some of you are persecuted. There

are those who hate you. They criticise you. They would be glad to see you stumble and fall. They have done unaccountable meanness toward you.

Sometimes you feel angry. You feel

how to endure persecution.

Some of you are bereft. It is no random remark, because there is hardly a family here that has not passed under the shadow. You have been beneft. Your house is a different place from what it used to be. The same furniture, the same books, the same pictures, but there has been a voice hushed there. The face that used to light up the whole dwelling has van-

ished. The pattering of the other feet does not break up the loneliness. The wave has gone over your soul, and you have sometimes thought what you would tell him when he comes back, but then the thought has fiashed upon you, He will never come back! Ah! my brother, my sister, Christ has sounded all that depth. Jesus of the bereft soul is here to-day. Behold him! He knows what it is to weep at the tomb. It seems to me that if all storms of the world's sorrow were compressed into

show you how physically to suffer.

selves; but Christ had in His hands

Thou knowest all things. Thou

quickly!"

its forked tongue at the crucifixion and

broken? None; but He had inculcated obedience of government. What foul plot had He enacted against the happiness of the race? None; He had come to save the world. The only cruelty He ever enacted was to heal the sick. The only ostentation He ever displayed was to ait with publicant and sin. Eloquent Discourse on the Text, "It Be hoved Christ to Suffer"-Why the Pains of the Savior Were Absolutely

Washington, Jan. 31.-Rev. Dr. Talmage's subject chosen for to-day was "Useful Surfering," the text taken being Luke 24-46. "It behoved Christ to

ed was to sit with publicans and sin-ners, and wash the disciples' feet. The only selfishness He ever exhibited was to give His life for His enemies. And yet, all the wrath of the world surged against His holy heart. Hear the red-hot scorn of the world hissing in the pools of a Saviour's blood! And stand-ing there were what an There have been scholars who have ventured the assertion that the pains of our Lord were unnecessary. Indeed, it was a shocking waste of tears and blood and agony unless some great end were to be reached. If men can prove that no good result comes of it, then the character of God is impeached, and the universe must stand abhorrent and denunciatory at the fact that the Father allowed the butchery of His only begotten Son. We all admire the brave six hundred men described by Tennyson as dashing into the conflict, when they knew they and call it nectar. When sin murdermust die and knew at the same time that "some one had blunder'd;" but we are abhorrent of the man who made the blunder, and who caused the sacrifice of those brave men for no use. But I shall show you, if the Lord will help me, this morning, that for good reasons Christ went through the torture. In other words, "It behoved Christ to

1. In the first place, I remark, that Christ's lacerations were necessary, because man's rescue was an impossibility except by the payment of some Outraged law had great sacrifice. Outraged law had thundered against iniquity. Man must die unless a substitute can intercept that death. Let Gabriel step forth. He refuses. Let Michael, the Archangel, step forth. He refuses. No Roman citizen, no Athenian, no Corinthian, no reformer, no angel volunteered. Christ then bared His heart to the pang. He paid for our redemption in tears and blood, and wounded feet, and scourged shoulders, and torn brow. "It is done." Heaven and earth heard the snap of the prison bar. Sinai ceased to quake with wrath the moment that Calvary began to rock in crucifixion. Christ had suffered. "Oh," is the most potent name to-day in the says some man, "I don't like this doctrine of substitution; let every man Scotland, in Ireland? Jesus. Other bear his own burdens, and weep his own tears and fight his own battles." Why, my brother, there is vicarious suffering all over the world. Do not your parents suffer for you? Do you not suffer sometimes for your child-of ten thousand men in Christ's army. ren? Did not Grace Darling suffer for the drowning sailors. Vicarious suf-fering on all sides! But how insignificant compared with this scene of vicari-

Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree? Amazing pity, grace unknown, And love beyond degree.

Christ must suffer to pay the price of our redemption. But I must remark again: The suffering of Christ were necessary in cover them with poisonous serpents, order that the world's sympathies pound them, flail them, crush them, might be roused. Men are won to the right and good through their sympathies. The world must feel aright before it can act aright. So the cross was allowed to be lifted that the world's sympathies might be aroused. 2re some of us who can say this morn-Men who have been obdurated by the ang, "Lord Jesus, my light and my cruelties they have enacted, by the massacre they have inflicted, by the tion for eternity." Altogether lovely horrors of which they have been guilty, have become little children in the presence of this dying Saviour.

Thou art. My soul is ravished with the vision. Thou art mine. Come, let me clasp Thee. Come life, come What the sword could not do, what Juggernauts could not subdue, the wounded hand of Christ has accomions of people held under the spell of that one sacrifice. The hammers that struck the spikes into the cross have broken the rocky heart of the world. Nothing but the agonies of a Saviour's

death-throe could rouse the world's i remark again: "It behoved Christ to suffer," that the strength and perdivine love might be demenstrated. Was it the applause of the world that induced Christ on that crusade from h aven? Why, all the knowest that I love Thee. uriverse was at His feet. Could the insignificant planet aid Him for His career of pain, | learn how to suffer. Sometimes people All the honors of heaven surg ing at His fact. Would your Queen all the weapons to punish His enemies, give up her throne that she might rule and yet in quiescence He endured all miserable tribe in Africa? Would the I Jesus Christ, on the throne of the se, come down to our planet if i were a more matter of applause and swallowed up His assailants; He might undertaken for the accumulation of vast wealth. What could all the harvests and the diamonds of our little world and fiery among His foes; but He anfor Him whose are the glories of swered not again. infinitude and eternity? Nor was it an experiment—an attempt to show what He could do with the hard-hearted race. He who wheels the stars in their courses and holds cal distresses, some of you have longthe piliars of the universe on the tips life ailments, and they make you fretof his fingers needed to make no experiment to find what He could do. Oh! I will tell you, my friends, what it was. It was undisguised, unlimited, all conquering, all-consuming, infinite, eternal, omnipotent love that opened the gate, that started the star in the with finger of light pointing down to the manger; that arrayed the Christmas choir above Bethlehem, that opened the stable door where Christ was born, that lifted Him on the cross. Love thirsty t the well. Love at the sick man's couch. Love at the cripple's crutch. Love sweating in the garden. Love dying on the cross. Love wrapped in the grave. You cannot mistake it. The blindest eye must see The hardest heart must feel it. The deafest ear must hear it. Parable and miracle, wayside talk and seaside interview, all the scenes of His life, all the suffering of His death, proving beyond controversy that for our ingrate earth God yearned with stupendous, inextinguishable love.

Sometimes you feel angry. You feel as if you would like to retort. Stop! Look at the closed lips, look at the still hand, look at the beautiful demeanor of your Lord. Struck, not striking back again. Oh! if you could only appreciate what He endured in the way of persecution, you never would complain of persecution. The words of Christ would be your words: "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; but if not Thy will be done." "It behoved Christ to suffer" persecution, that He might show you how to endure persecution.

Some of you are bereft. It is no But I remark again: "It behoved Christ to suffer," that the nature of human guilt might be demonstrated. the house to-day that will not admit that the machinery of society is out of gear, that the human mind and the human heart are disorganized, that something ought to be done, and done right away for its repair and readjustment. But the height, and depth, and length, and breadth, and hate, and recklessness, and infernal energy of the human heart for sin would not have been demonstrated if against the holy and innocent One of the Cross it had not been hurled in one bolt of fire. Christ was not the first man that had been put to death. There had been not been and the christ man that had christ was not the hist man that had been put to death. There had been many before Him put to death; but they had their whims, their bodies, their sins, their inconsistencies. But when the mob outside of Jerusalem howled at the Son of God, it was hate against goodness, it was blasphemy against virtue, it was earth against heaven. What was in that innocent and loving face of Christ that excited the vituperation and the contumely and scorn of men? If He had bantered them to come on; if He had laughed

them into derision; if He had denounced them as the vagabonds that they were, we could understand their ferocity; but it was against inoffensiveness that they brandished their spears, and

one sob, and that sob were uttered to two words: "Jesus wept."

I close my sermon with a doxology:
"Blessing, and glory, and honor, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb, forever. Amen, and Amen!"

Official Inquisitiveness. "Billings; and hurry, please," said the flerce little man who walked up to the window where the man was read-

"What are your initials?" "It don't make any difference to you what they are. Hurry up, will you?" "How can I, unless you tell me your

The little man danced up and down excitedly.
"See here," he said, "I've traveled all over the United States and I never

had such an impertinent question asked me before. It's none of your business what my initials are. Are you going to wait on me or not?" "You must be crazy," said the man at the window. "If you want me to guess who you are, I'd say Tom

The little man raged afresh.
"I'll sue your road," he shouted, "for

"I haven't any road, but I'd give that amount for you, if I was in the museum business." "Are you going to give me that ticket to Billings, or not?" "Oh, you want to buy a railroad ticket. Why didn't you say so? This is the post-office. The ticket office is just around the corner, but I think your train has just pulled out."
The man at the window went on reading his pamphlet on wheat weevil and the little man listened to the train

Clocks With Nerves.

some things real hard.

going around the curve and thought

There is one disadvantage about very tall buildings which is just now being noticed by the occupants. It is perhaps a small disadvantage, but still worth considering, as it involves some annoyances to those who have pot made provision for it, says the

The trouble referred to is the stopping of pendulum clocks by the vibra-tion of the buildings. Many a pendulum clock that has kept accurate time for years in old-fashioned low structures has refused to run at all when moved into some one of the new tall steel-framed buildings in the lower part of the city. On the lower floors of the buildings the clocks run fairly well, but when higher up in the buildings they become more whimsical, and on the top floors will not run at all.

Mr. Dunn of the weather bureau has a fine pendulum clock in the tower of the Manhattan Life building, which has not done an honest day's work since the weather bureau moved into the new offices. It has stopped so often that it is no longer to be relied The pendulum swings continually, but only from the vibration of the building, as the clock has not been wound up for weeks. The only relief is in replacing the pendulum with others that have balance wheels.

To Burst a Boulder.

I. W. wants information as to the best way of breaking up some boulders on his land. Where straw is abundant it is possible to roast the stone, and throw water on it, but this is a very slow and uncertain process. At times, a hole may be drilled into Then drive into the hole a plug of dry wood, which, by absorbing the water will swell and tighten. One night's frost will burst that block. It night's frost will burst that block. It is just possible that the plug may be forced out of the hole by the action of the frost, and in that case the filling and plugging may need to be repeated. But if the plug holds good a gallon of water in one deep hole, will burst up a 100-ton block of the hardest rock in Canada after one night's hard freezing.-Nor'-West Farmer.

In reply to the question, "Is it wise for a man to deny himself and get along with a few hours' sleep a day to do more work?" Tesla, the great electrician, replied: "That is a great mistake. I am convinced. A man has just so many hours to be awake, and the

Sleep as a Preservation,

longer he will live. I believe that a evening. Their surpuse was truly man might live 200 years if he would great when they were met at the door sleep most of the time. That is why by Mr. Ingersoll, who expressed con negroes often live to advanced old age, because they sleep so much. It is said that Gladstone sleeps seventeen needless to say that this action on the hours every day; that is why his faculties are still unimpaired in spite of sentment in the hearts of the ladie his great age. The proper way to interested in arranging the party, are economize life is to sleep every mo- from that time on his enemies we ment that it is not necessary or desirable that you should be awake."—
Philadelphia Record.

Rare Copy of the Koran. Dr. Albert J. Leon, who was professor of Arabic in the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, has the oldest copy of the Koran extant. It was written by Ali, cousin of Mahomet. 'After I had purchased it," said he the other day, "I had it submitted to Mr. Douglas, the expert on Mahometan subjects of the British Museum, and he had but little doubt that the work was by Ali, the first convert to Ma-Dr. Leon intends presenting the Ko-

the window while seated in invalid's ran to sime institution that will cherish it guardedly for the benefit of stu-I want to show you this morning one who had worse pains in the head than you have ever had whose back was scourged, who was wounded in the He Was Too Good to Stand hands and wounded in the feet, and suffered all over, and I want that ex-A clergyman and one of his elderly ample to make you say, "Father, not my will, but Thine be done." You

parishioners were walking home from church one icy day last winter, when the old gentleman slipped and fell flat on his back. The minister, looking at him for a moment, and being assured that he was not hurt, said to him: "James, sinners stand on slippery The old gentleman looked up as if to

assure himself of the fact, and said: "I see they do, but I can't."-Tit-Glad to Be Relieved.

Highwayman-"Get of that wheel," Timid Bicyclist—"Are you go-ing to take it from me?" Bold High-wayman—"Well, I am!" Timid Bicy-clist—"All right. You can have it and welcome, if you'll only keep up the payments on it."—Somerville Journal.

The world is by no means filled yet.

Queensand has still an area of 430.

600,000 acres to a population of about
450,000. Its government has lately
been offering more tempting conditions
to settlers, who may now hold ordinary land for twenty years at a rental
of 3 pence per acre, while "scrub land"
may be selected in areas up to 10,000
acres and held for thirty years at an may be selected in areas up to 10,000 acres and held for thirty years at an average rental of very much less than a penny. This ought to be good news for many struggling for a bare living in the Mother Country. Of course, the climatic conditions in many portions

INGERSOLL WAS WILD

EARLY LIFE OF THE FAMOUS INFIDEL AT ASHTABULA, OHIO.

sketch of His Father, the Rev. Joln Ingersoft, and a Glimpse of the Rigid Discipline of the Home-Some of the Youthful Bob's Exploits.

The announcement that the famous

inndel, Bob Ingersoll, is to quit the practice of the legal profession and take the lecture platform, make his history again of immediate interest. The early residents of Ashtabula, Ohio, will remember the time when "Bob," as a boy, played upon the streets of their city, attended his father's church, was a pupil in the public school and perhaps most appropriately described as the most mischievous boy in all the town. The fact that his ather was a minister seemed to have no more influence upon him at the age of 8 years than it did in after life.

The Rev. John Ingersoll came to
Ashtabula from New York state in 1841 and succeeded the Rev. Robert Conklin as pastor of the First Presbyterian church. This was in the early days of church. This was in the early days of Ashtabula county and in the city of Ashtabula, which now boasts of a population of 15,000, there were then less than 1000 inhabitants. At that time this church was considered one of the strongest and most influential in this section of the Western Reserve, and not only did its membership consist of residents within the village limits but for miles around the coun-

try was represented on Sabbath morning. There were nearly 200 members enrolled, which number, however, was sometimes a small part of the weekly In those days the people were most orthodox and in choosing a minister his sound theology was a first consideration. Accordingly when the Rev. Mr. Ingersoll assumed the duties of his pastorate it was well understood

that his theology was spotless. The house which Mr. Ingersoll chose for his residence is now one of the landmarks of the city. Around it are now built business blocks several stories high. It is a two-storey frame house, supporting the old-fashioned twelve-pane wirdows and the gable roof sloping toward the street. At the present time it is occupied by Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Robinson, who were then members of the First church, Mr. Robinson was one of the trustees who hired the Rev. Mr. Ingersoll, and he still holds that office in this same

In appearance it is said that Robert Ingersoll resembles his father. In manner and disposition there is no domparison. The Rev. Mr. Ingersoll was pessimistic, austere and rigid. He believed in preaching hell-fire and using the rod freely, and those who knew say that mischievous "Bob" had to take many a sound thrashing in the old woodshed at the rear of the house. Mr. Ingersoll was an able preacher, however, and delivered many splendid sermons, the themes of which are remembered by persons to this day. He often addressed audiences in surrounding towns and once conducted revival pervices in the Saybrook Congregational church, five miles distant. Soon after his arrival the preacher took up with the theory of the "Gra-

was too much vanity in the world. To him fine clothes and even minor extravagances were intolerable. Little Bod, his elder brothers and two sisters often went in their bare feet until so late in the fall that many people remarked that it was a wonder that they did not catch severe colds, but John Ingersoll was a man who be-lieved in children becoming hardened and the opinions of the people in no case disturbed his peace of mind. For all this, the old gentleman exhibited considerable pride on some occasions. It was then the custom to

hold a donation party for the parson at least once a year. The ladies of Pastor Ingersoll's church planned a dofewer of these he uses up each day nation and gathered in large numbers the longer they will last, that is, the at his residence on the appointed siderable anger that they should make needless to say that this action on the part of the parson caused no little re not a few. He was not a man of win ning ways in any respect, and before the close of his pastorate a large per cent. of his congregation were anxicusly awaiting a new preacher. Being a strong man he had considerable influence, but on account of his dis position it did not have a good effect upon the community. Concerning his sa'ary the following resolution was at one time read be-

fore the trustees:

"Resolved, That we pay the Rev.
John Ingersoll \$350 a year, providing
we can raise that amount." A few days ago a correspondent of the Chicago Record called upon the elderly Deacon Robinson. As we sat in the old arm-chairs he reminded me that this was the room which the father of Robert Ingersoll loved to call his prayer-room, and that it was the study in which he prepared his ser-mons. The room is situated in the front corner, on the first floor, well lighted by windows reaching from the

floor to the low ceiling, and is small As Mr. Robinson talked of the happenings of 1841 he recalled the fact that the famous "Bob" was a member of his Sabbath-school class. In spite of his mischievousness, he said, he really liked the little fellow, and Robert liked his Sabbath-school teacher, too. On week days Bob would often go to the store of Mr. Robinson, where the kindly gentleman, after giving him some good advice, would fill his peckets with nuts. In after years the colonel remarked that Mr. Robinson was one remarked that Mr. Robinson was one of the few men in those days who treated him as if he was a white boy. The Rev. Mr. Ingersoll had a large garden, in which his son was often set to work. Cows in those days ran at large, and were trained to come home at dusk. A cow belonging to a neighbor persisted in getting into Mr. Ingersoll's garden, whereupon the old gentleman commanded Robert to drive her out. Robert tried in vain to drive the cow through the gap. He would

the cow through the gap. He would get her to the bars, when she would shy off in another direction.

At the rear of the garden there is a deep embankment. At the foot of it runs a stream which, farther down, is spanned by the bridges which marked the famous Ashtabula disaster. From the top of this embankment to the bot-

tom is a distance of nearly eighty feet. Robert, falling to induce the cow to go out through the gap, con-cluded to drive her over the bank. This he did, and that same evening he stood a little way off from the barn climatic conditions in many portions of the country are very trying, but so they are in Western Australia, which at the present time is adding 750 a week to its population, and the revenue of which has been increasing at a rate far outstripping the calculations of its treasurer. But this may be only temporary, and it may be that Queensland will be the home of millions of our fellow-countrymen after the golden age in the west of the colonial continent has passed away.—
Westminster Gazette.

as he was at the sight or the con-Robert, at the age of 8 years, was attending the v llage school and was often chosen to take part in the school entertainments. His part usually consisted of a recitation. He was never timid in coming before an audience, and even at that age he once made quite a hit before a crowd which gathered at a school entertainment. This entertainment was held in the

It was therefore in a church that Robert started his career upon the platform. He was quick to learn and his bright eyes and sturdy disposition gained many friends for him. One year ago, when Robert visited Ashtabula he called at the residence where he spent a part of his boyhood. He still remembers the old elder who treated

him so kindly in his youth.

The Rev. John Ingersoll's pastorate in this city was for a year and a half. From Ashtabula he went to Madison, a town fifteen miles distant, and while filling the pulpit of that church he also preached for a congregation is Saybrook. From there he moved to Illinois, from which state Robert was afterward sent to Congress.

Among the varied possessions which add ease and comfort to the life of the busy housekeeper a dainty white apron should be first and foremost, since like the ubiquitous hairpin it can be used on a dozen occasions and be not a whit the worse for it. It is of thread and dust, and dear knows what, that are continually flying about bedrooms in the morning have a special affinity for the front of a woman's dress and once lodged they are as hard to get rid of as all other unwelcome visitors. To baffle them the only sure defense is the ever-ready apron and it is a great deal better to put it on at once than to wait until it serves to cover a multitude of specks.

There is a tradition that some house.

wives do their daily duties sans apron and sans all personal tidiness and it is also told sub rosa that these same Mrs. Jellabys are in the habit of don-ning an immaculate apron for the edification of stray callers. Now it would certainly seem more honest as well as more economical to begin with the apron on (since it can be laundried and thus renewed in pristine splendor) and to cast it aside upon the advent of an unexpected friend. Again when the weekly mending is to be done it is safe to predict that one minute spent in tying on an apron will save at least ten spent in futile brushing at a gown that has caught the fuzz inseparable from all clothing that needs mending.

In the kitchen, of course, the apron reigns supreme and is a matter of course, but its use in the other parts of the house is not so general as some tidy housewives would have us be-

Altogether it is not amiss to parody the famous Josh Billings, where aprons are concerned, and to say to all house-"Never work without an keepers: apron; and if you must work without an apron, put on your apron first."

Separate the Sexes. If it can be done, now is a good time to separate the cockerels from the pullets. Both will be gainers from such separation. They will grow faster and mature into finer birds if they are separated. The pullets will be namites," and insisted that the family these lusty young males, and the males able. A still further division is advisable when it can be made, and that is that the cockerels intended for breeders and exhibition should be removed from those intended to be killed. The latter can be more closely yarded than the former, and should be fed on highly fattening food. It is, perhaps, almost too early to crowd the fattening, but they can be got into condition for killing, so that a little crowding will finish them off in nice shape. The breeding and exhibition cockerels should have a good range, plenty of bone and muscle forming food, and should be kept growing, in order that they may develop their possibilities. A like division can be made of the pullets if any are intended to be slaughtered, or indeed, one can separate the layers from the breeding and exhibition birds, in order to give the latter a better chance. The food for layers and those intended for breeders and exhibition, however, would not be materially different at this time of year.-Reliable Poultry Journal.

> Where does Cleopatra's body rest? Scarcely a layman who would not answer: "Why, in Egypt." After her cajoleries, her wiles, her life of intense if not exalted loves, Cleopatra was laid in one of the loveliest tombs that have ever been fashioned by the hand of man. But what a change 2000 years has brought about! To-day an ugly mummy with an emblematic bunch of decayed wheat and a coarse comb tied ed dust-lies crumbling in a hideous glass case at the British museum. It is Cleopatra, the once great queen, a Venus in charm, beauty and love. "To what base uses may we not?" etc.— St. Paul's Magazine.

Flower Farming for Women. Flower farming undertaken by women is by no means unlucrative. have one friend who is doing well with a violet farm and apple orchard. Another lady, no longer young, but with an indomitable pluck, circumstances to make her own living, started a lily farm last summer in a remote country village in Sussex. am glad to say she is succeeding wonderfully, and besides her lilies disposes of eggs, cream, mushrooms and other garden produce, without difficulty. And my friend was a London woman who had had no previous experience n country ways and doings.—From the

For living a pure life. For doing your level best. For being kind to the poor. For hearing before judging. For thinking before speaking. For standing by your principles. For stopping your ears to gossip. For bridling a slanderous tengue. For being square in business deal-

You Will Never Be Sorry.

For giving an unfortunate person a lift.
For promptness in keeping your For putting the best constructions on acts of others.

Never economize politeness. To be courteous is a divine injunction.
Courtesy should flavor every act of
the most ordinary day. Its practice
would invest life with beauty and sweetness, would garland the rough places and soften the hard, and be soothing balm to the sensitive, so of-ten needlessly wounded.

Burning Meteors.

It is supposed that meteors begin to burn when they are within about 125 miles of the earth, and that combustion is completed and they disappear at from thirty-five to fifty miles above the earth. When we see a falling star, therefore we may consider that we have watched it through a flight of about 100 miles before it finally burns out and disappears from view.



Horsemen's Attention

A good horse should be well covered in one of our heavy all-wool comforters. Have just finished one hundred check blankets of a new fancy check pattern. Price reduced to 60c. per square yard. Are heavy, soft and warm, and as the material and workmanship is the best, we have no hesitation in saying that with good care one of these blankets will give service for fifteen years. It is the best. It is the cheapest. See them before you put an inferior blanket

HORN

Dec. 24, 1896.—21-ly.

BROS. Lindsay Woolen Mills.

on your steed.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!

CHEAPER THAN EVER. GOODS SOLD BELOW COST.

a well-known fact that the tiny bits We also hold on hand a large stock of Dress and Mantle Goods; also Trimmings for same.

> - - FANCY GOODS - -We also do Dress and Mantle Making in the very Latest Styles. GIVE US A CALL.

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Men's loose Sock. Long Felt Boots. Men's three buckle Felt Boots. Women's lace and gaiter Felt Boots.

Women's Felt Slippers Men's Felt Sock and Rubbers, a very large assortment, commencing at \$1.25 a pair.

spared the vexatious attentions of Cvershoes and Wool Lined Rubbers, all varieties in Men's, Women's and Children's sizes.

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As the season is well advanced we have large stocks on hand. We are CLEARING OUT THE ABOVE LINES MUCH BELOW REGULAR

Bargains in strictly high class goods for winter wear during the next

HOGG BROS.,

OAKWOOD.

mummy with an emblematic bunch of decayed wheat and a coarse comb tied to its head—mere roll of tightly swathed dust—lies crumbling in a hideous

of all descriptions neatly and promptly done at "The Warder" office.

GRANITE WARE AND STOVES.

Granite Cups and Saucers. Granite Plates for Children. Granite Tea Pots.

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