An Argument Calculated to Show That Beyond Material Death We May Meet and Mingle With Those We Loved on



EV. DR. TAL-MAGE preached this interesting discourse from the text: "I shall go to Him," found in II. Samuel, xii, 23. He sick child in the abode of David,

which stalks up the dark lane of the poor and puts smothering hand on lip and nostril of the wan and wasted, also mounts the palace stairs, and, bending over the pillow, blows into the face of a young prince the frosts of pain and death. Tears are wine to the King of Terrors. Alas! for David, the king. He can neither sleep nor eat, and lies prostrate on his face, weeping and wailing until the palace rings with the outery of woe.

What are courtly attendants, or victorious armies, or conquered provinces, under such circumstances? What to any parent is all splendid surrounding when his child is sick? Seven days have passed on. There in that great house two eyelids are gently closed, two little hands folded, two little feet quiet one heart still. The servants come to bear the tidings to the king, but they can not make up their minds to tell him, and they stand at the door, whispering about the matter, and David hears them and he looks up and says to them: "Is the child dead?" "Yes. he is dead." David rouses himself up. washes himself, puts on new apparel and sits down to food. What power hushed that tempest? What strength was it that lifted up that king whom grief had dethroned? Oh, it was the thought that he would come again into the possession of that darling child. No gravedigger's spade could hide him. The wintry blasts of death could not put out the bright light. There would be a forge somewhere that with silver hammer would weld the broken links. In a city where the hoofs of the pale horse never strike the pavement he would clasp the lost treasure. He wipes away the tears from his eyes, and he clears the choking grief from his throat, and exclaims: "I will go to

Was David right or wrong? If we part on earth will we meet again in the next world? "Well," says some one, "that seems to be an impossibility. Heaven is so large a place we never could find our kindred there." Going into some city, without having appointed a time and place for meeting, you might wander around for weeks and months, and perhaps for years, and never see each other; and heaven is vaster than all earthly cities together, and how are you going to find your departed friend in that country? It is so vast a realm. John went up on one mountain of inspiration, and he looked off upon the multitude, and he said: "Thousands of thousands." of inspiration and looked off upon it again, and he said, "Ten thousands times ten thousand." And then he came on a higher mount of inspiration, and looked off again and he said: "A hundred and forty and four thou-sand and thousands of thou-And he came on a still sands." And he came on a strangreater height of inspiration, and he greater height of inspiration, and he looked off again, and exclaimed: greater multitude that no man can

find your friends in such a throng as work.
that? Is not this idea we have been men v entertaining after all a falsity? Is this doctrine of future recognition of friends in heaven a guess, a myth, a whim, or is it a gigantic foundation upon which the soul pierced of all ages may build a glorious hope? Intense question! Every heart in this audience throbs right into it. There is in every soul here the tomb of at least one dead. Tremendous question! It makes the lip quiver, and the cheek flush, and the entire nature thrill. Shall we know each other there? I shall we know each other there? I get letters almost every month asking me to discuss this subject. I get a letter in a bold, scholarly hand, on gilt-edged paper, asking me to discuss this question, and I say: "Ah! that is a curious man, and he wants a curious man, and he wants a curious guestion salved." But I get another.

The dead is alive again, and the But I get another question solved." letter. It is written with a trembling hand, and on what seems to be a torn out leaf of a book, and there and here is the mark of a tear; and I say: "Oh, that is a broken heart and it wants to be comforted.

this theory out of the reign of surmise and speculation into the reign of positrue. I hope it may be true." But I believe that I can bring an accumula-tion of argument to bear upon this matter which will prove the doctrine of future recognition as plainly as that there is any heaven at all, and that the kiss of reunion at the celestial gate will be as certain as the dying kiss at the door of the sepulcher.

What does my text imply? "I shall go to him." What consolation would it be to David to go to his child if he would not know him? Would David have been allowed to record this an-ticipation for the inspection of all tion? We read in the first book of the Bible, Abraham died and was gathered to his people. Jacob died and was gathered to his people. Moses died and was gathered to his people. What people? Why, their friends, their comrades, their old companions. Of course tt means that. It can not mean anything else. So in the very beginning of the Bible four times that is taken for granted. The whole New Testament is an arbor over which this doc-trine creeps like a luxuriant vine full of the purple clusters of consolation. James, John and Peter followed Christ into the mountain. A light falls from heaven on that mountain and lifts it into the celestial. Christ's garments glow and His face shines like the sun. The door of heaven swings open. Two spirits come down and alight on the mountain. The disciples look at them and recognize them as Moses and Elias. Now, if those disciples standing on the earth could recognize these two spirits who had been for years in heaven, do you tell me that we, with our heavenly eyesight, will not be able to recognize those who have gone out from among us only five, ten, twenty,

thirty years ago?
The Bible indicates, over and over again, that the angels know each other: and then the Bible says that we are to be higher than the angels, and if to be higher than the angels, and if the angels have the power of recogni-tion, shall not we, who are to be higher than they in the next realm, have as good eyesight and as good capacity? What did Christ mean, in His conver-sation with Mary and Martha, when He said: "Thy brother shall rise again?" It was as much as to say: "Don't cry. Don't wear yourself out

The Bible describes death as If we know each other before we go to sleep, shall we not know each other after we wake up? Oh, yes. We will know each other a great deal

We will know each other a great deal better then than now; "for now," says the apostle, "we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. It will be my purified, enthroned and glorified body gazing on your purified, enthroned and glorified body."

Now, I demand if you believe the Bible, that you take this theory of future recognition out of the realm of speculation and surmise into the region of positive certainty, and no more keep saying, "I hope it is so; I have no idea it is so; I guess it is so."

Be able to say, with all the concentrat-Be able to say, with all the concentrated energy of body, mind and soul: "I know it is so!"

There are, in addition to these Bible There are, in addition to these Bible arguments, other reasons, why I accept this theory. In the first place, because the rejection memory. Can it be possible that we shall forget forever those with whose walk, look, manner we have been so long familiar? Will death come, and with a sharp, keen blade hew away this faculty of memory? Abraham said to Dives: "Son remember." If the exiled and the lost remember, will not the enthroned remember?

You know very well that our joy in any circumstances is augmented by the companionship of our friends. We can not see a picture with less than four eyes, or hear a song with less than four eyes. We want some one besides us with whom to exchange glances and sympathies; and I suppose the joy of heaven is to be augmented by the feet that was a rectangle. the fact that we are to have our friends with us when there rise before us the thrones of the blessed and when there surges up in our ear the jubilate of the saved. Heaven is not a contraction. It is an expansion. If I know you here, I will know you better there. Here I see you with only two eyes, but there the soul shall have a million eyes. It will be immortality gazing on immortality—ransomed spirit in colloquy with ransomed spirit—victor beside victor. When John Evans, the Scotch minister, was seated in his study, his wife came in and said to him: "My dear, do you think we will know each other in heaven?"
He turned to her and said: "My dear, do you think we will be bigger fools in heaven than we are here?"

Again I consent this doctrine of

Again, I accept this doctrine of future recognition because the world's expectancy affirms it. In all lands and ages this theory is received.
What form of religion planted it? No form of religion, for it is received under all forms of religion. Then, I argue, a sentiment, a feeling, an anticipation universally planted must ticipation universally planted, have been God-implanted and if Godimplanted it it is rightfully implanted. Socrates writes: "Who would not part with a great deal to purchase a meeting with Orpheus and Homer? If it be true that this is to be the consequence of death, I could even be able to die

Again, I adopt this theory because there are features of moral tempera-ment and features of the soul that will distinguish us forever. How do we know each other in this world? Is it merely by the color of the eye, or the length of the hair, or the facial proportions? Oh, no. It is by the disposition as well, by natural affinity, using the word in the very best sense and not in the bad sense; and if in the dust our body should perish and lie there forever, and there should be no resurrection, still the soul has enough features and the disposition has enough features to make us distinguishable. I Then he came upon a greater altitude can understand how in sickness a man of inspiration and looked off upon it will become so delirious that he will will become so delirious that he will not know his own friends; but will we be blasted with such insufferable idiocy that, standing beside our best friends for all eternity, we will never guess who they are?
Again, I think that one reason why we ought to accept this doctrine is because we never in this world have an opportunity to give thanks to those to whom we are spiritually indebted.
The joy of heaven, we are told, is to
be inaugurated by a review of life's
work. These Christian men and wo-

men who have been toiling for Christ, have they seen the full result of their work? Oh, no.

There is a mother before the throne of God. You say her joy is full. Is it?
You say there can be no augmentation of it. Can not there be? Her son was a wanderer and a vagabond on the earth when that mother died. He broke her old heart. She died leaving him in the wilderness of sin. is before the throne of God now. Years pass and that son repents of his crimes says to the angels of God, rejoice with me! The dead is alive again, and the lost is found. Hallelujah! I never expected to see this lost one come back." The Bible says nations are to be born in a day. When China comes to God will it not know Dr. Abeel?

When the Indians come to God will The object of this sermon is to take they not know David Brainerd? I see a soul entering heaven at last, covered face at the idea that it tive certainty. People say: "It would be very pleasant if that doctrine were ing borne down with unworthiness, ing borne down with unworthiness, and it says to itself: "I have no right here." A voice from a throne "Oh, you forget that Sundayschool class you invited to Christ!
I was one of them." And another
voice says: "You forget that poor old man to whom you gave a loaf of bread, and told of the heavenly bread. I was that man." And another says:
"You forget that sick one to whom you gave medicine for the body and you gave medicine for the body and the soul. I was that one." And then Christ, from a throne overtopping all the rest, will say: "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these, you did it to Me." And then the seraphs will take their harps from the side of the throne and cry: "What song shall the throne and cry: bonding over the the throne and cry: "What song shall it be?" And Christ, bending over the harpers, shall say: "It shall be the 'Harvest Home.'"

Heaven is not a stately, formal place, as I sometimes hear it described, a very frigidity of splendor, whose people stand on cold formalities and go around with heaevy crowns of gold on their heads. No, that is not my idea of heaven. My idea of heaven is more like this: You are seated in the evenof heaven. My lites of heaven like this: You are seated in the evening tide by the fireplace; your whole family there, or nearly all of them there. While you are seated talking and enjoying the evening hour, there is a knock at the door and the door opens, and there comes in a brother that has long been absent. He has been absent, for years you have not seen him, and no sooner do you make up your mind that it is certainly he than you leap up, and the question is who shall give him the first embrace. That is my idea of heaven—a great home circle where they are waiting for us. Oh, will you not know your mother's voice there? She who always called you by your first name long afcalled you be your first name long afcalled you be your first name long afcalled you by your first name long afcalled you be your first name l ther's voice there? She who always called you by your first name long after others had given you the formal "Mister"? You were never anything but James, or John, or George, or Thomas, or Mary, or Florence, to her. Will you not know your child's voice? She of the bright eye and the ruddy cheek, and the quiet step, who came

in from play and flung herself into your lap, a very shower of mirth and beauty? Why, the picture is graven again?" It was as much as to say:
"Don't cry. Don't wear yourself out
with this trouble. You will see him
again. Thy brother shall rise again."
The Bible describes heaven as a
great home circle. Well, now, that
would be a very queer home circle.

Now I bring you this glorious conso-

bation of future recognition. If you could get this theory into your heart it would lift a great many shadows that are stretching across it. When I was a lad I used to go out to the railroad track and put my ear down on the track and I could hear the express train rumbling miles away, and coming on; and to-day, my friends, if we only had faith enough we could put our ear down to the grave of our dead, the track, and I could hear the express and listen and hear in the distance the rumbling on of the chariots of resurrumbling on of the chariots of resur-

rection victory. O heaven! sweet heaven! You do not spell heaven as you used to spell it, h-e-a-v-e-n, heaven. But now, when you want to spell that word, you place side by side the faces of the lov-

place side by side the faces of the loved ones who are gone, and in that irradiation of light and love, and beauty and joy, you spell it out as never before, in songs and hallelujahs. Oh, ye, whose hearts are down under the sod of the cemetery, cheer up at the thought of this reunion. Oh, how much you have to tell them when once you meet them.

Oh, how they bound in, these spirits before the throne! Some shout with gladness. Some break forth into uncontrollable weeping for joy. Some stand speechless in their shock of delight. They sing. They quiver with excessive gladness. They gaze on the temples, on the palaces, on the waters, on each other. They weave their joy into garlands, they spring it into triumphal arches, they strike on timbrels, and then all the loved ones gather in a great circle around the throne. ones gather in a great circle around the throne of God-fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, sons and daughters, lovers and friends, hand to hand around about the throne—the circle, hand to hand, joy to joy, jubilee to jubilee, victory to victory, "until the day break and the shadows fiee away. Turn, my beloved, and be like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

Oh, how different it is on earth from the way it is in heaeven when a Christian dies! We say: "Close his eyes." In heaven they say: "Give him a palm." On earth we say: "Let him down in the ground." In heaven they say: "Hoist him on a throne." On say: "Hoist him on a throne." On earth it is: "Farewell, farewell." In heaven it is: "Welcome, welcome."
And so I see a Christian soul coming down to the river of death, and he down to the river of death, and he steps into the river, and the water comes up to the ankle. He says: "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not death." And he wades still deeper down into the waters until the flood comes to the large, and he says: "Lord Jesus tell knee, and he says: "Lord Jesus, tell me, tell me, is this death?" And he Christ says: "No, no, this is not death." And he wades still further down until the wave comes to the girdle, and the soul says: "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." And deeper in wades the soul till the billow strikes the lip, and the departing one cries: "Lord Jesus, is this death?" "No," says Christ, "this is not." But when Christ had lifted this soul on a throne of glory, and all the pomp and joy of heaven came surging to its feet, then Christ said:
"This, oh transported soul! this is This, oh transported soul! this is

Whims of Fashion. Moire velour is greatly favored for Trained skirts are seen on the new

costumes. The violet toque gains favor as the season progresses.
Collarettes and jabots, boasting frills of chiffon, are considered very correct.
In strong contrast to the very small sleeves seen in gowns, those that are employed in opera jackets are so large that they resemble capes.

The more a fabric looks as though ink had been indiscriminately spilled on a light background, the more de-eidedly modish it will be regarded this Advocates Steel Roadways.

Martin Dodge, the Ohio State road commissioner, is enthusiastic on the subject of steel roadways. He estimates that a double track road, the tracks laid 16 feet apart, and the space between the rails of each track filled in with broken tracks. in with broken stone, macadam size, would cost much less than a good macadam road; and the cost of a country one-track road would be about half as much as the double track. He says that such a road would last much longer than a stone road; and that one horse will draw on a steel track 20 times as much as on a dirt road and five times as much as on macadam.

Electric Light Standards. Incandescent electric lamps can be obtained from 4 up to 500 candle-power. In this country the 16 candlepower lamp is the standard and is the lamp mostly used in stores and residences. In some of the foreign countries the eight candle-power lamp is the standard. In store lighting a bright light is wanted, and a writer in the Electrical Engineer, in view of this fact, predicts that in the near future the standard for such service will be a 20 candle-power.

Limits of the Universe.

Prof. Simon Newcomb, in a recent paper, discussed the question of stellar distances. He said the stars of small magnitude were evidently not as remote from the earth as their faintness would indicate, and this fact seemed to warrant the inference that the visible universe has a definite limit in space.

Of Two Evils, "No," said Miss Cayenne, during a conversation about some young wo-men who take part in theatricals, "I do not like her disposition." "After she spoke so sweetly of her rival in the cast?"
"Yes. Professional jealously is bad enough, but hypocrisy is worse."—
Washington Star.

Killed by Japanese Competition. A receiver was recently appointed for a straw matting manufacturing concern in New Hoven, Conn. The company has been unable to meet Japanese competition, and some months ago thought of removing its works to

The New Woman. "Wouldn't you feel helpless, Eme-ne, if you heard the wolf at your line, if you door?"
"Not much; I'd pull him in by the ears and make a lovely rug out of

Mad Dog Does Not Foam, A mad dog does not foam at the mouth, as is commonly believed. The discharge from the mouth is small in quantity, brownish in color, and hangs about the lips like strips of gum.

English Who Rent Houses. In England 233 families live in houses which pay more than \$5000 a year rent, while 3,625,000 pay less than \$100 a year for their houses.

Watches Instead of Medals. The Japanese Government, instead of presenting medals to the soldiers who participate in the war against China is to give them excellent Swiss watches instead.

Some careful experiments which have been made in England prove that the life of a locomotive is about 500,-000 train miles. California Mustard. This year's mustard crop in California amounts to 16,000,000 pounds.

A Locomotive's Life.

HE FORESAW FAMINE

LORD ROBERTS RECOGNIZED THE DANGER TO INDIA.

Suggested Wide Reforms-His Newly Published "Forty-One Years in India" Tells the Story - Exploits Narrated With Quiet Dignity and Modesty.

One of the most kindly, picturesque and modestly self-revealing autobio-graphies of a really great soldier is Field Marshal Lord Roberts' "Fortyone Years in India, from Subaltern to Commander in Chief." Without a brag or a boast, without any insistenceindeed, without any apparent con-sciousness of his own courage and ability—Lord Roberts, by his supreme quality of truthful simplicity, has succeeded in placing before us a portrait of himself done to the life, a full length canvas of "Little Bobs," the hero of the British private, the fearless leader of men whom every Indian soldier would cheerfully have followed

to the

to the death.

Lord Roberts' career has been a brilliant one. The son of General Sir Abraham Roberts, a military leader little less famous than himself, he re-ceived his first commission in 1851 as a second lieutenant in the Bengal artillery. He served in various outbreaks and all through the Indian mutiny of 1857-58. During the latter he won the Victoria Cross for an asterishing act of breavent at Whode. tonishing act of bravery at Khoda-gunj. His active career in the field gunj. His active career in the field closed with the Burmese expedition of 1886. The greatest, or at all events, his best remembered, achievements were in the Afghan war of 1878-80, when he made his famous march from Cabul to the relief of Candahar. A special bronze star was given to every participant in this march, Roberts himself receiving the thanks of both houses of Parliament, as well as the Government Parliament, as well as the Government of India, and the honor of a baronetage. He rose to be commander-inchief in India in 1885, was thenceforward one of the most active and effi-cient members of the Cabinets of Lord Dufferin and Lord Lansdowne; was raised to the peerage in 1892; resigned and returned to England in 1893, and

in 1895 became a field marshal.

Such has been the life of the veteran soldier and statesman who now, at the age of seventy, sits down to tell the story of his military and political

Hearken to his relation of the youthful feat which won him the Victoria Cross. This occurred, it should be remembered, during the retreat of the Sepoys after the battle of Cawnpore. Entrenching themselves in an advantageous position at the village of Khodaguni, the rabels paying the give Khodaguni, the rebels paused to give battle again. General Houe Grant hurled his cavalry upon them, dislodged them and once more put them

"The General now formed the cav-alry into a long line, and, placing himself at the head of his own regiment, followed up the flying foe. I rode a little to his left, with Younghusband's squadron, and next to him came Tyrrell Ross, the doctor. As we galloped along Younghusband drew my attention with great pride to the admirable manner in which his men kept their

dressing.
"On the line thundered, overtaking groups of the enemy, who every now and then turned and fired into us before they could be cut down or knelt to receive us on their bayonets before discharging their muskets. The chase continued for nearly five miles, until daylight began to fall and we appeared to have got to the end of the fugitives, when the order was given to whirl to the right and form up on the road. Before this movement could be carried out we overtook a batch of mutineers, who faced about and fired into the squadron at close quarters. I saw Younghusband fall, but I could not go to his assistance, as at that moment one of his sowars was in dire peril from a Sepoy, who was attacking him with his fixed bayonet, and had I not helped the man he must have been killed. The next moment I descried in the distance two Sepoys making off with a standard, which I determined must be captured, so I rode after the rebels and overtook them, and while wrenching the staff out of the hands of one of them, whom I cut down, the other put his musket close to my body and fired. Fortunately for me, it missed fire, and I carried off the standard." It does not take a military man to see that in the latter exploit "Fighting Bobs" had bodily thrown himself upon death and escaped only by a very extraordinary accident. Yet, note the ab. solute calm and simplicity of the narrator's method. He has to tell the facts. He does so without any rhetorical fanfaronade, and equally without any mock modesty. He just tells them, that's all.

But there is more in this autobiography than a mere record of battles and sieges. In its most interesting pages we see the gradual development of the brilliant staff officer, first into a military administrator with far-reaching views, and later into a military statesman who has to conciliate opposition in high places, to balance parties, and amid many conflicting interests to convert his ideas into accomplished facts. Of all the reforms which Lord Roberts fathered, none is of more imminent importance at the present period, when pestilence has invaded Bombay and is threatening the whole of India, than the movement for supplying skilled nurses to the military hospitals in India. He gives credit for the original idea to Lady Roberts. The sick soldiers, officers and men should be entirely dependent for nursing, even in times of the most dangerillness, on the tender mercies of orderly on duty, who, whether kind hearted or the reverse, was necessarily utterly untrained and ignorant of the requirements of sickness, was, he says, a source of unhappiness to his wife and had been felt as a cruel want by many. But whenever she had dis wife and had been felt as a cruel want by many. But whenever she had dis-cussed the subject with those who might have helped her she was told that proposals for supplying this want had already been made; that the Gov-ernment could not nor would it ever be able to act on such proposals, on ac-count of the prohibitory expense. Con-sequently she felt that there was no use in making any appeal until Lord Roberts himself might be in a position to see that any suggestion made by her would be certain to receive the careful consideration of the Govern-

The time arrived when Lord Roberts, by his appointment as commander-in-chief in India, became one of the Cabichief in India, became one of the Cannet advisers of Lord Dufferin. "Almost immediately Lady Roberts drew up a scheme for supplying lady nurses to the military hospitals throughout India, and set to work to try and get India, and set to work to try and get the support of some of the principal medical officers." To her great joy, her recommendations were accepted by Lord Dufferin and his council, and her note upon the subject was sent home to the Secretary of State, strongly backed up by the Government of India. Lord Cross happily viewed the subject in a favorable light. He consented not only to a certain number of nurses being sent out the following year as an experiment, but to the whole of the cost of the movement being born by the state, with the exception of the provision of "Homes in the Hills" for the nursing sisters, as health resorts, when worn out by their trying work on the plains. Nevertheless, as the Secretary of State looked upon these homes as an invaluable part of the nursing scheme, Lady Roberts, with her husband's approval, set to work to her husband's approval, set to work to approval.

raise the necessary funds by pressubscription.

subscription.

She appealed to the army in India to help her. With scarcely an exception every regiment and battery generously responded, even the private soldiers subscribing liberally, so that by the beginning of 1887 Lady Roberts set about purchasing and building suitable houses.

"I may as well say here," adds Lord Roberts, "that the nursing experiment proved a complete success, and now every large military hospital in India has its staff of nurses, and there are altogether four superintendents, nine

altogether four superintendents, nine deputy superintendents and thirty-nine nursing sisters in India. Surely, as my nursing sisters in India. Surely, as my wife pointed out in her first appeal, when one considers what an expensive article the British soldier is, costing as he does, £100 before landing in India, it seems certain that on the score of economy alone, altogether setting aside the human aspect of the question ,it is well worth the state's while to provide him with the skilled nursing care which has up to now saved so many lives."

The immense value of the establishment of this trained army nursing service in the emergency that has arisen in India cannot be overestimated. Civilians may flee from an afflicted or threatened city. The military must remain at their posts. The awful experience through which the British soldiers passed during the ravages of the cholera in India will hardly be repeated. No Bartholomew Dowling will be called upon in the future to sing a be called upon in the future to sing a new hymn of "Indian Revelry," a new new hymn of "Indian Revery,
paean for English soldiers segregated
paean for English soldiers segregated
paean for English soldiers are and from their kind by pestilence, and celebrating their predicament in the

awful lines: Cut off from the land that bore us, Betrayed by the land we find, When the brightest have gone before

And the dullest are left behind, Stand, stand to your glasses steady!
Tis all we have left to prize; One cup to the dead already-Hurrah for the next that dies!

Friendship of Youth. Two kinds of friends stand before every young person. The one is not good, and invites to whatsoever things are unworthy. The other is pure, inspiring, uplifting, and invites to whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely. It is possible for everyone to have friendships which will be enriching and full of all beautiful inspirations. They may not always seem so attractive as those which are nore worldly. Good friends do not think of life as all ease and self-in-dulgence. It was Emerson who said: "The chief want of life is, somebody who shall make us do the best we can." That is the kind of friend young people need. But too often the opportunities for taking into life such friendships are accepted which bring no good, which only entangle the life in meshes of evil and which lead to loss, harm and sorrow. There is a time when the gate of holy and worthy friendship stands open. Then there is a day when it is shut. The friendships

more largely than we dream make the life and its destiny. There are many people far on in their years, bound now inextricably in the claims of evil or unwerthy companiorships who look back with bitter regret to the day when they turned away from friends who would have made their career one of beauty and good, choosing those not One Way of Looking at It. A little lad in our neighborhood had climbed a very steep spout attached to his parents' house to get a nest which

had been built by so He was successful and was walking away with his companion, when a gentleman who had watched his dangerous feat stopped him and said:
"My little fellow, I was sorry to see you risk your life for such a paltry thing. What would have happened if the spout had given away." "Oh," said the lad, "it wouldn't have mattered much. We're going to leave house to-morrow."-Pearson's

Her Apology. In a certain part of Banffshire, where the roads are as nearly precipitous as may be imagined, a little girl was one day employed in her usual task of herding the cows. A minister, newly settled in the parish, coming suddenly upon her, remarked:

These are awful hills you have here, Overcome, doubtless, with the feel-ing of awe for the cloth so common in Scotland, the frightened lassie answered, in apologetic tones:
"'Deed, sir, they were here afore we cam.' "-Tit-Bits.

1972-1 yr-eow

Population of France. France has 38,518,975 inhabitants, according to the census taken at the end of last March, an increase of only 175,027 since 1891, and of 299,072 since 1886. The population of Paris is 2,-536,000 an increase of 88,000. The increase in towns of over 30,000 inhabitants is 327,000 since 1891. The number of foreigners has declined, being 1,027,000, as compared with 1,115,000 in 1886. This is partly due to easier naturalization laws and partly to the ill-

treatment of foreign workmen. Among Winter Modes. Rose pink satin dinner gowns with trimmings of sable are favored by fair

ones in society. Some lovely chinchilla sets consisting of hat, stole and muff are shown by the furriers. Women with old Persian lamb muffs are utilizing them for the chic little turban so much worn nowadays.

The fur with which a chapeau is trimmed should match the muff car-

ried with it. Chesapeake Bay.

Few people fully appreciate the great size of the Chespeake bay. It is the largest identation on the Atlantic coast, and it has often been called the Mediterranean of America On its easily float. It is 200 m les long, and in some places it is forty miles broad. It has an area of 2000 square miles, and it shoots o ffinto great rivers with an agregate of thousands of miles.— Baltimore American.

French Treatment of Table Napkins. In France, instead of using starch on table napkins, after they are washed and dried and ready to be 'ironed', they are dipped in boiling water and partially wrung out between cloths. They are rapidly ironed with as hot a flatiron as possible without burning them. They become beautifully stiff

A Cold-Water Deal. May—How do you get George to leave so early every night?
Agatha—At 10.30 sharp papa comes into the room, lights four blazing gas jets and then raises all the window curtains. You don't suppose for a moment a fellow has any pluck after

Clearness in water is no sign of purity. It may contain many germs invisible to the naked eye. Spring water is considered the best that can be obtained, and shallow well water is generally the worst.



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 i. ankets will give service for fifteen years. It is the best. It is the cheapest. See them before you put an inferior blanket on your steed.

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Overshoes and Wool Lined Rubbers, all varieties in Men's, Women's and Children's sizes. Men's Fur Caps. Robes.

Heavy Wool Underwear. As the season is well advanced we have large stocks on hand. We are

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