A BEAUTIFUL DREAM.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON "THE HARBOR OF HOME."

Grand Theme in Which Home as Test of Character, as a Safeguard, as school and as a Type of Heaven-

Rev. Dr. Talmage took for his text n Sunday, Mark v. 19: "Go home to ny friends and tell them how great thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee," and preached a ringing, old-time ser-mon. He said:

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There are a great many people longfor some grand sphere in which to e God. They admire Luther at the Worms, and only wish that they Diet of Worms, and only wish in had some such great opportunity in had some to display their Christian prowwhich to display their Christian prowwing their christian prowwing the control of the christian prowwing the christian prowwin which to display their Christian provess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. All they want is an judgment to exhibit their Christian epportunity to exhibit their Christian heroism. Now the apostle comes to us, heroism. Now the apostle comes to us, and he practically says: "I will show the practically says: "I will show the practical of the you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious Christian character, and that is the

If one is not faithful in an insignificant sphere, he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temwill never be able to preach 3060 is into the kingdom at the Penticost. Paul will not take pains to instruct way of salvation the sheriff of Philippian dungeon, he will never ke Felix tremble. He who is not hful in a skirmish would not be faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the position in which we can most grandly serve God, and we ought not to be chiefly fod, and we ought not to be thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which we may after awhile gain, but the all absorbing question with you and with me ought to be, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me (now and here)

which the most of our thoughts will to-day revolve. The word is home. Ask different men the meaning of that word and they will give you ten dif-ferent definitions. To one it means love hearth, it means plenty at the hearth, it means plenty at the table, industry at the workstand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. 'To him it means a greeting at the door and smile at the chair. Peace hovering Joy clapping its hands with Life a tranquil lake. Pillowed ripples sleep the shadows.

ill tell you it is want looking out cheerless fire grate and kneading of a cheeriess are grate and knew hunger in an empty bread tray. The damp air shivering with curses. No Bible on the shelf. Children, robbers and rers in embryo. Vile songs their in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath wave rolling over that doorsill. Vestibule of the pit. Shadow of infernal walls, Euror forging everlasting chains. Fagfor an unending funeral pile. Awweeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it sweats with the death agony of de-

hing bright. The word I other case means everything ter-

shall speak to you of home as st of character, home as a refuge, ome as a political safeguard, home as school and home as a type of heaven. And in the first place, I remark that ome is a powerful test of character. rostume, while in private it is in dis-babille. As play actors may appear in another way behind the scenes, so private character may be very different from public character. Private character is often public character turned A man may receive ven into his parlor as though he were a distillation of smiles, and yet his heart may be a swamp of nettles. There are business men who all day long are mild and courteous and genial and good-natured in commercial life, keeping back their irritability and their petulance and their discontent, but at nightfall the dam breaks and scolding pours forth in

Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a very small house some times will cast a very long shadow. The lips may seem to drop myrrh and cassia, and the disposition to be as bright and warm as a sheaf of sunbeams, and yet they may only be a magnificent show window to a wretched stock of goods. There is many a man who is able in public life and amid commercial spheres who, in a cowardly way, takes his anger and his petulance home and drops them the domestic circle.

The reason men do not display their bad temper in public is because they do not want to be knocked down. There are men who hide their petulance and their irritability just for the same reason that they do not let their notes go to protest—it does not pay. Or for the man in their steek company to sell his stock at less than the right price, lest depreciate the value. As at sunset the wind rises, so after a sunshiny day there may be a tempestuous night. There Audubon, the great ornithologist, with gun and pencil went through the forests of America to bring down and to sketch the heautiful birds, and after years of toil and exposure completed his manu-script and put it in a trunk in Philadelphia for a few days of recreation and rest and came back and found that the picked up his gun and pencil and visited again all the great forests of America and reproduced his immortal work. And yet there are people with the ten thousandth part of that loss who are utterly irreconcilable, who, at the loss of a pencil or an article of raiment, will blow as long and sharp as

Now, that man who is affable in pub-Now, that man who is affable in public and who is irritable in private is making a fraudulent overissue of stock, and he is as bad as a bank that might have \$400,000 or \$500,000 of bills in circulation, with no specie in the vault. Let us learn "to show piety at home."
If we have it not there, we have it not anywhere. If we have not genuine grace in the family circle, all our outward and public plausibility merely springs from a fear of the world or from the slimy, putrid pool of our own selfishness. I tell you the home is a mighty test of character. What you are at home you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not.

you are everywhere, whether you demonstrate it or not,
Again, I remark that home is a refuge. Life is the United States army on the national road to Mexico, a long march, with ever and anon a skirmish and a battle. At eventide we pitch our tents and stack our arms. We hang up the war cap and lay our head on the knapsack. We sleep until the morning bugle calls us to marching and action. How pleasant it is to rehearse

Blessed narbor! There we go for repairs in the drydock of quiet life. The candle in the window is to the toiling man the light-house guiding him into port. Children go forth to meet their fathers as pilots at the Narrows take the hand of ships. The doorsil of the home is the wharf where heavy life is unladen. There is the place where we may talk of what we have done without being charged with self adulation. There is the place where we may lounge without being thought ungraceful. There is the place where we may express affection without being thought silly. There is the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. the place where we may forget our annoyances and exasperations and troubles. Forlorn earth pilgrim! No home? Then die. That is better. The grave is brighter and grander and more glorious than this world, with no tent from marchings, with no harbor from the storm, with no place to rest from this scene of greed and gouge and loss and gain. God pity the man or woman who has no home!

Further, I remark that home is a political safeguard. The safety of the state must be built on the safety of the home. The Christian hearthstone is the only cornerstone for a republic. The virtues cultured in the family circles are an absolute necessity for the state. If there be not enough moral principle to make the family adhere, there will not be enough political principle to make the state adhere. "No home" means the Goths and Vandals, means the nomads of Asia, means the Numidians of Africa, changing from place to place according changing from place to place according as the pasture happens to change. Con-founded be all those Babels of iniquity which would overtower and destroy home! The same storm that upsets the ship in which the family sails will sink the frigate of the consitution. Jails and penitentiaries and armies and navies are not our best defense. The door of the home is the best fortress. Household utensils are the best artillery, and the chimneys of our dwelling houses are the grandest monuments of safety and

triumph. No home. No republic.
Further, I remark that home is a school. Old ground must be turned up with subsoil plow, and it must be harrowed and reharrowed, and then the erop will not be as large as that of the new ground with less culture. Now, youth and childhood are new ground, and all the influences thrown over their heart and life will come up in after life luxuriantly. Every time you have given a smile of approbation all the good cheer of your life will come up again in the geniality of your children. And every ebulition of anger and every uncontrollable display of indignation will be fuel to their disposition 20 or 30 or 40 years from now-fuel for a bad fire a quarter of a century from this. You preise the intelligence of your child too much sometimes when you think he is not aware of it, and you will see the result of it before ten years of age in his annoying affectations. You praise his beauty, supposing he is not large enough to understand what you say, and you will find him standing on a high chair before a flattering mirror. Words and deeds and examples are the seed of character, and children are very apt to be the second edition of their parents. Abraham begat Isaac, so virtue is apt to go down in the ancestral line, but Herod begat Archelaus, so iniquity is transmitted. What vast responsibility comes upon parents in view of this sub-

Oh, make your home the brighest place on earth if you would charm your children to the high path of virtue and rectitude and religion! Do not always turn the blinds the wrong way. Let the light which puts gold on the gentian and spots the pansy po Do not expect the little feet to keep step to a dead march. Do not cover up your walls with such pictures as West's pictures as walls with such pictures as West's "Death on a Pale Horse," or Tintoretto's "Massacre of the Innocents." Rather cover them, if you have pictures, with "The Hawking Party," and "The Mill by the Mountain Stream," and "The Fox Hunt," and "The Children Amid Flowers," and "The Harvest Seeme" and "The Saturday Night Mon walls with such Scene," and "The Saturday Night Mar-

Get you no hint of cheerfulness from grasshopper's leap and lamb's frisk, and quail's whistle, and garrulous streamlet, which, from the rock at the mountain top clear down to the meadow ferns under the shadow of the steep, comes looking for the steepest place to leap off at and talking just to hear itself talk? If all the skies hurtled with tempest and everlasting storm wandered over the sea, and every mountain stream went raving mad, frothing at the mouth with mad foam, and there were nothing but simoons blowing among the hills, and there were neither lark's carol nor humming bird's trill, nor waterfall's dash, but only bear's bark and panther's scream and wolf's howl, then you might well gather into your homes only the earth and the heavens with beauty and with gladness, let us take into our heme circles all innocent hilarity, all brightness and all good cheer. A dark home makes bad boys and bad girls in preparation for bad men and bad wo-

Above all, my friends, take into your homes Christian principle. Can it be that in any of the comfortable homes in my congregation the voice of prayer is never lifted? What! No supplication at never lifted? What! No supplication at night for protection? What! No thanks giving in the morning for care? How my brother, my sister, will you answer God in the day of judgment with reference to your children? It is a plain question, and therefore I ask it. In the tenth chapter of Jermiah God says He will pour out His fury upon the families that call not upon His name. Oh, parents, when you are dead and gone and the moss is covering the inscription of the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of father and mother at family prayer? Will they take the old family Bible and open it and see the mark of tears and contrition and tears of consoling promise, wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness? Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian prinin the hearts of your children and you do not warn them against evil, and you do not warn them against evil, and you do not invite them to holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal souls, on their deathbed and in the day of judgment they will curse you! Seated by the register or the stove, what if on the wall should come out the history of your children? What a history—the mortal and immortal life of your loved ones! Every parent is writing the history of his child. He is writing it, composing it into a song or tuning it into

My mind runs back to one of the best fearly homes. Prayer, like a roof yer it. Peace, like an atmosphere in it. Parents, personifications of faith in trial, and comfort in darkness. The trial, and comfort in darkness. The two pillars of that earthly home long ago crumbled to dust. But shall I ever forget that earthly home? Yes, when the flower forgets the sun that warms it. Yes, when the mariner forgets the star that guided him. Yes, when love has gone out on the heart's altar and memory has emptied its urn into forgetfulness. Then, home of my childhood, I will forget thee—the family altar of a father's importunity and a mother's tenderness, the voices of affection, the funerals of our dead. Father and mother, with interlocked arms, like

tents and stack our arms. We hang up the war cap and lay our head on the knapsack. We sleep until the morning bugle calls us to marching and action. How pleasant it is to rehearse the victories and the surprises and the attacks of the day, seated by the still campfire of the home circle!

Yea, life is a stormy sea. With shivering masts and torn sails and hulk aleak, we put into the harbor of home.

Interwining branches of trees, making a perpetual arbor of love and peace and kindness, then I will forget thee; then, and only then. You know, my brother, and only then would have been kept cut of sin by the memory of such a scene as I have been describing. You have often had raging temptations, but you know what has held you with supernatural grasp. I tell you a man who has had such a good home as that never gets over it, and a man who has had a

Dad early home never gets over that.

Again, I remark that home is a type of heaven. To bring us to that home Christ left His home. Far up and far back in the history of heaven there came a period when its most illustrious citizen was about to absent himself. He was not going to sail from beach to beach. We have often done that. He was not going to put out from one hemisphere to another hemisphere. Many of us have done that. But He was to sail from world to world, the spaces unexplored and immensities untraveled. No world had ever hailed heaven, and hea-

world had ever hailed heaven, and heaven had never hailed any other world. I think that the windows and the balconies were thronged and that the pearly beach was crowded with those pearly beach was crowded with those who had come to see Him sail out of the harbor of light into the oceans beyond. Out and out and out, and on and on and on, and down and down and down He sped, until one night with only one to greet Him, He arrived. His disembarkment so unpretending, so quiet, that it was not known on earth until the evitament in the cloud gave intimathe excitement in the cloud gave intima-tion that something grand and glorious had happened. Who comes there? From what port did He sail? Why was this the place of His destination? I question the shepherds. I question the camel drivers. I question the angels. I have found out. He was an exile. But the world has had plenty exiles. Abraham, an exile from Ur of the Chaldees; John, an exile from Poland; Mazzini, an exile from Rome; Emmet, an exile from Ireland; Victor Hugo, an exile from France; Kossuth, an exile from Hun-But this one of whom I speak gary. But this one of whom I speak to-day had such a resounding farewell and came into such chilling reception for not even a hostler went out with his lantern to help Him in—that He is more to be celebrated than any other expatriated one of earth or heaven.

At our best estate we are only pil-grims and strangers here, "Heaven is our home." Death will never knock at the door of that mansion, and in all that country there is not a single grave. How glad parents are in holiday time gather their children home again. But I have noticed that almost always there is a son or a daughter absent-absent from home, perhaps absent from the country, perhaps absent from the world. Oh, how glad our heavenly Father will be when He gets all His children home with Him in heaven! And how delightful it will be for brothers and sisters to meet after long separation! Once they parted at the door of immortality. Once they saw only "through a glass darkly:" new it is "face to face," corruption, in-corruption; mortality, immortality. Where are now all their sins and sorrows and troubles? Overwhelmed in the Red sea of death while they passed through dry

one night, lying on my lounge when very tired, my children all around about me in full romp and hilarity and laughter—on the lounge, half awake and half asleep, I dreamed this dream: I was in a far country. It was not Period the work more than oriental luxsia, although more than oriental lux-uriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics; although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there, and I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday attire, and I said, "When will they put off this and put on workmen's garb and again in the mine or swelter at forge?" But they never put off the holi-

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most blissfully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a manim or a monument or a white slab could I see. And I went into the chapel of the great town, and I said, "Where of the great town, and I said, "where do the poor worship, and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was made me, "We have no poor in this country." And then I wandered out to find the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of ambertal times and gold but not a four could and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear, and I was bewildered and I sat down under the branches of a great tree and said: "Where am I? And whence comes all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves and any the flowers paths and the leaves and up the flowery paths and across the bright streams there came a beautiful group, thronging all about me, and as I saw them come I thought I knew their step, and as they shouted I thought I knew their step, their voices, but then they were so gloriously, arrayed in apparel, such as I had never before witnessed, that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clapped their hands and shouted, "Welcome, their hands and shouted, welcome!" the mystery all vanished, and found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven. And I looked around, and I said, "Are we all here?" and the voices of many genera-tions responded, "All here?" And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing, "Home,

Honest at the Cost of a Fortune. It is easy enough for anyone to be honest when it doesn't cost anything, but when it means the loss of a fortune it is a very diff reat thing to a good many people. Apparently it didn't make any difference to Sarah Hudnut, of Indianapolis, however, and as a result she is now practically penniless, after enjoying for three years the use of a fortune. When her brother Patrick died he left her his whole estate, giving nothing to his ex-wife, who had secured a divorce from him on the ground of cruelty. Miss Hudand held it until a few days ago. Then she presented to the Probate Court a will written by her brother, which she had found among osme old papers. It had been written after the one under which she had inherited the estate, and in it Hudnut left all his property to his former wife, deciaring that she had helped him accumulate the pro-perty and had been compelled to seek a divorce because of his ill-treatment of her. The will did not mention his sister all, and the latter has turned the whole property over to her former sister-in-law, refusing to accept any-ting whatever.—Detroit Free Press.

London is suffering from a brick famine on account of the building boom in the suburbs. In the last few weeks bricks have gone from \$2 to \$3 a thousand above the normal price.

Daughter—Yes, I've graduated, but now I must inform myself in psychonow I must inform myself in psychology, philology, bibli—"
Practical Mother—Stop right where you are. I have aranged for you a full course in roastology, boilology, stitchology, darnology, patchology and general domestic husticology. Now, get on your working clothes.—Detroit Free Press.

A Straight Tip. The Heiress—Yes, when I don't wish accept certain men's attentions, and bey ask me where I live, I say in the suburbs."
Mr. Selfsure—Ha! Ha! An exceltent plan. (After a pause): But where do you live, Miss Brownlow?
The Heiress—In the suburbs.—New York Tribune.



THE BUBONIO PLAGUE.

A Drendful Disease of China and India

That May Girdle the Earth. The fact that two cases of the bubonic plague have developed in London is a reminder that eastern epidemics too frequently girdle the earth in running their course, as did la grippe, which was first heard from in Russia. We are exposed on two sides to invasion by the bubonic plague, which is the "black death" which in 1665 killed 100,000 Englishmen. Already two cases have occurred on one ready two cases have occurred on one of the Pacific mail steamers en route from China to San Francisco. This disease is said to have been more or less prevalent in parts of China since the sevent cents. less prevalent in parts of China since the seventeenth century, when it swept all Europe. It took pestilential form in Canton about two years ago. In all violent outbreaks of bubonic plague, rats seemed first to be seized, and their death in great numbers always preceded by a few days corresponding ravages among human beings. The swarming rats, dying by thousands, were the first warning the Chinamen had that the epidemic was upon them. From China the disease upon them. From China the disease got to Formosa and the Malay pening sula. The Japanese, with their modern learning, kept the deadly invader comlearning, kept the deadly invader comparatively at bay; but the disease crept into India, and has spread with frightful rapidity. In India, as in China, the advent of the plague was heralded by an epidemic among rats. A feature of the disease is the suddenness of the attack. The first cymptom is usually a chill. Then follows tom is usually a chill. Then follows acute nervousness, with fever tha sends the temperature to from 100 to 107 degrees. Headache, thirst and intense pain in the upper part of the abdomen follow. Sticky perspiration exudes from the pores, and then follow the glandular swellings from which the disease takes its name. These occur in the groin, or neck, or under the armpits. The more of them there are, the less dangerous the attack. Dark spots appear upon the skin of the victim just before dissolu-

An eminent Japanese bacteriologist who studied in Europe under Koch has discovered the microbe of "black death," and his discovery was confirmed by Prof. Gersin, formerly attached to the Pasteur laboratory, in Paris. The bacillus is short, thick, easy of culture, and when inoculated on guinea pigs, kills them in 24 hours. It is bored a vaccine will be obtained It is hoped a vaccine will be obtained that will prove efficacious.

A FEMALE FARM COLONY.

How Lady Henry Somerset Is Developing

a Class of New Women. Lady Henry Somerset is engaged in developing a class of new women, who are likely to have a marked effect on the part of the world in which they reside. This fact is clearly demonstrated by the report of what has been accomplished during the first year of the Industrial Farm Colony at Duxhurst, England, the only colony of the sort in the world; the only farm col-ony which is ruled by a woman and opulated by her own sex.

The cause for the inception of the

project was the prevalence of inebriety among the women of England located in the cities who belonged to the working class. Lady Henry, as the chief of the temperance movement in England, thought out a way in which the women who had succumbed, not only to the influence of drink, but who had fallen to the lowest depths, might be saved from themselves.

The plan was the Industrial Farm

Colony. There were croakers in plenty, who prophesied all sorts of evil and the direct of failures. They have proved false prophets, as is demonstrated by Lady Henry Somerset's statement concerning the work of the institution. "It is encouraging to believe that we, at any rate, are feeling our way toward

a solution of the difficulty that has perplexed us sorely-how to deal with our drunken women. We have hitherto relied on penal treatment; now we are beginning to see that we need edu-cational methods. The prison has failed as a deterrant to the habitual drunkard, but we believe that the hospital will succeed, and it is essentially on the lines of a hospital that we have opened our work. Our medicine is fresh air and hard work, kindness, sympathy, and, above all, the atmosphere of home. We have found that the outdoor employments in which most of our portions are consequed have most of our patients are engaged have a seriously emiliarating effect, both mortely and parameters and well grown fruit and flowers testify to the power of women to carry out their work with of women to carry out their work with

a large measure of success.
"I was speaking a few days ago to
the medical man who visits us periodically, and he told me that he could not have believed that such good physical results could have attended the treatment given to the patients at Dux-hurst. He had seen women whose health seemed to be permanently impaired entirely recurrenated within a few weeks, and new health and vigor

restored to them. At first no woman is allowed to leave the premises under any pretext. She is practically a prisoner on the farm. But after some months' sojourn, if no fault has been found, and no rules broken she is allowed to become what we call a trust patient, and she is free to go out walking by permission, is sent to do errands, and is given a certain amount of liberty. In only two cases has this trust been broken.

"The great difficulty hitherto attending this reform work has been

tending this reform work has been that when women are dismissed from to bring with it also the first struggle 'homes,' the first day of freedom seems against temptation; but I have a strong conviction that this course is a mistake, and that the moral nature of the woman should be strengthened by degrees, in order that she may be prepared to meet the trial which she must necessarily face when she goes out into the world again.

"It is singular how dittle touble we have had considering how difficult

have had, considering how difficult have been the cases, with which we were called to deal. Perhaps the saddest feature of the work is the fact that we have been obliged to refuse three thousand applications because ed; we can only take in forty-two patients in the village itself, and beds are bespoken months before they are

Of all the work which Lady Henry of all the work which Lady Henry has accomplished in the cause of temperance there is none which has shown such beneficial results, as far as that section of the public, which she strives to reach is concerned, as the Industrial Farm Colony.

Mr. Pegg Long—A basket of patent edicines? What on earth you got Mrs. Doser's Boy—Mar's goin' to take m. She wants to get her pictur' in

"So you want to be a prima donna?"
"Yes."
"You are too pretty; I shall have to

GENTLEMEN. -In the spring of 1893 I was taken with erveipeles in the face, which left me in a very bad state of health, but having taken one bottle of Bardock Blood Bitters I can truly say that it cured me. You are at liberty to refer anyone to me for further particulars as regards this wonderful medicine. JAS. S. CROCKER, South Farmington, Annapolis, N S. -96 2.

Read Great Offer 1

> The London Free Press.

The Free Press, desiring to greatly necrease its subscription list, makes the following great offer to the farmers and stockmen of Canada whereby subscribers to Weekly Free Press will get One Year's Paper Free.

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DUST AND GRIT THE BEARINGS OF

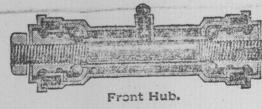
The that it is the most carefully constructed higgsle sold in Canada to do. The that it is the most carefully constructed bicycle sold in Canada to-day. The best skilled mechanics and choicest materials are employed in its construction.

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By no means the least important feature of a bicycle are the bearings. Red Bird bearings are so constructed that they are absolutely dust proof. As a result of their perfect construction Red Birds are wonderfully easy running, stand hard wear without end, and scarcely ever require repairs.

The front wheel bearings are all ground out perfectly true before being pressed into hub, and are afterwards submitted to a thorough test.

Unlike most wheels, each wheel is trued on its own bearings, not temporary ones used just



for fitting them up. The balls of the bearings are kept in place by ball-retaining washers, which are very easily removed should it be necessary to take out balls. This only becomes necessary in case of accident, however, for each bearing has a double dust proof cap that proves a most effective preventive to dust or grit.

The dust cap on left side of front wheel also acts as a cone adjuster. This renders the adjusting of the bearings exceedingly easy. By loosening one nut the bearings can be adjusted with the fingers, which, in addition to being a much more sensitive means of adjustment, does away with the necessity of carrying an extra kit of tools or calling in the services of the expert repairer

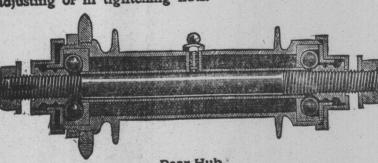
Red Birds are fitted with patent ball oilers that are convenient, simple and effective. In oiling it is merely necessary to push ball to one side with the point of the oil can, inject oil, and when the can is removed the coil spring underneath brings the ball back into its original position.





The oil goes straight through the hub by way of the direct conveying oil tube, to the bearings. The oil is thus prevented from going all around the hub before reaching the balls, as it does with most wheels. Many wheels run hard and are taken to the repair shop to be doctored just because the bearings do not get properly oiled.

In case it is desired to remove front wheel from forks, two wrenches are not necessary, as with other bicycles, for the cone pin is prevented from turning by a dowel in front fork that is fitted in a slot in front pin. Without this the cone pin turns in adjusting or in tightening nuts.



The eleven 3/16 balls used in front hub form a perfect circle, and when properly adjusted run so easily as scarcely to be heard.

The rear wheel is similar to the front wheel in being absolutely dust proof and very easily adjusted. More spokes and

larger balls are used, however, as the greater strain comes on the rear wheel.

Throughout every part of the Red Bird, modern mechanical skill and great care in construction is evident. The most modern of bottom brackets, the strongest pedals, the stiffest frames, all go to make the perfect Red Bird. A post card will bring our handsome '97 Catalogue.

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