GOD AND THE UTY OF NATURE

The Bower of time, From Which the Great Preach oks a Ceral, Moves Him to Excl. There is a God and I Adore Him ow Divine Patience is Taught.

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washington, are discourse hearers and respectively greater and respecti prism, and the of frozen blood, and here you say the coral, which is a miracle of shand a transport of color to those where studied it, is not worthy of man in comparison with our holy relig "No mention shall be made of coral t St. Johnsbury, Vt., in a museum t by the chief citizen, I avaming specimen on the shelf. as I examine specimen on the shelf, I first realized at a holy of holies God built in the temple of can build and Ernst Heckene great scientist, while in Ceylon, was entranced with the specimens with some Cincelland specimens where some Cingalese divers had brought for his inspection that he himself and into the sea and went clear ur the waves at the risk of d again and again, that his life, again again and again, that he might ky more of the coral, the beauty of wh he indicates cannot even be guessed base who have only seen it above we and after the polyps, which are it ulptors and architects, have died a the chief glories of these submarine fors have expired. Job in my text did mean to depreciate this divine sculp in the coral reefs along

divine sculp the sea coast No one cafford to depreciate these white palac of the deep, built under God's direct. He never changes his plans for the ilding of the islands and plans for the ilding of the islands of afford to depreciate these shores, and uncounted thousands of gardens and the coral years the castles and e coral battlements go on and up. Iche you that you will please God and I se yourself if you will go into the mire examination of the corals -their fourtions, their pinnacles, their aisles, their curves, their curves, their cleavages, tr reticulation, their group-ing—famili of them, towns of them, cities of the and continents of them. Indeed you anot appreciate the meaning of mext unless you know something of the coral-labyrinthian, stellar, al, dented like shields from battle, spot like leopards, embroidered like lace, hg like upholstery—twilight and aurora and sunbursts of beauty! pimson to milk white are its colors. Yo may find this work of God through the imalcules 80 fathoms down, or amid to breakers, where the sea dashes the ildest and beas the mightinest and bows the louds. These sea creatures a very busy. I w they build islands in a center of Pacific ocean. Now they It barrier round the conn sea and coast tinent. Inan ocean, of Zanziba ave specials of their inthe their Alpine eleva-The ancient Gauls al to adorn their helmets swords. In many lands employed as amulets. The Algerit has been year (1873) had at work ian reefs i 311 vessels, with 3,150 in profit \$565,000. But worldly value of the coral s compared with the moral as when, in my text, Job comparison. I do not know ne can examine a coral the numb nail without bethinkof God and worshiping him, ig the opposite of the great

eye which he held in his hand, its wonders of architecture and on, when the idea of God flashed adaptation, when the ties of cried out to "Gentlemen, there is a God, him?' Picking up a coral, I feel like crying out, feel like out, feel like crying out, feel like out, feel like crying out, feel like out, that our God loves the beautiful. The Nothing so impresses the beautiful. The that our God loves the beautiful. The most beautiful coral of the world never most beautiful coral of the world never most beautiful coral of the world never for nations to look sunsets he hangs up for nations to look sunsets he hangs up for nations to look sunsets he hangs up for nations to look sunsets he may green the grass and round at; he may green the grass and round at; he may green the grass and round at; he may green the please the world sight, autumnal foliage to please of mortal sight, autumnal foliage to please has had built for achievement I think he has had built for achievement I think he has planted the wave, he played on by the ingers of the wave, he played on by the ingers of the wave, he played on by the ingers of the wave, he played on by the ingers of the wave, he played on by the snow of that white only can har and the bom of that crimson he alone and the bom of that world to can see. Hving garnitured this world to can see the human race and lifted a gloriplease the human race and lifted a planted please the human race and lifted a glorious heave to please the angelic intellious heave to please the angelic intelligence, an glad that he has planted
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brought up and set before us for sublime
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contemplaton. The property of the plantage brought upand set the brown to the continuous of nothing compared with our holy religion,

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and feel

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the beauty and value of the veligion, nothing compared with our holy religion, and he picks up this coraline formation and looks at it and flings it aside with all the other beautiful things he has ever heard of and ories out in costacy of admiration for the superior qualities of our religion, "No mention shall be made of coral."

Take my hand and we will walk through this bower of the sea while I show you that even exquisite coral is not worthy of being compared with the richer jewels of a Christian soul. The richer jewels of a Christian soul. The first fining that strikes me in looking at the coral is its long continued accumulation. It is not turned up like Cotopaxi, but is an outbutting and an outbranch.

but is an outbutting and an outbran

mounting to what vast aggregation!

The can estimate the ages between the foundations of the sland and the time when the macrepores put on the capatone of a completed work? It puzzles all the scientists to guess through how many years the corallines were building the Sandwich and Society islands and the Marshall and Gilbert groups. But more slowly and wonderfully accumulative is grace in the heart. You sometimes get discouraged because the upbuilding by the soul does not go on more rapidly. Why, you have all eternity to build in. The little annoyances of life are zoophyte builders, and there will be small layer on top of small layer and fossilized grief on the top of fossilized grief. Grace does not go up rapidly in your soul, but, blessed be God, it goes up. Ten thousand million ages will not finish you. You will never be finished. On foreyer! Up forever! Out of the sea of earthly disquietude will gradually rise the reefs, the islands, the continents, the hemisphers of grandeur and glory. Men talk as though in this life we only had time to build. But what we build in this life as compared with what we shall build in the next life is as a stringd shell to compared with what we shall build in the next life is as a striped shell to Australia. You go into an architect's study and there you see the sketch of a temple the cornerstone of which has not yet been laid. Oh, that I could have an architectural sketch of what you will be after eternity has wrought upon you! What pillars of strength! What altars of supernal worship! What pinnacles thrusting their glittering spikes into the sun that never sets! You do not scold the corallines because they cannot build an island in a day. Why should you scold yourself because you cannot complete a temple of holiness for the heart in this short lifetime? You tell me we do not amount to much now, but try us after a thousand million ages of halleluiah. Let

> mention shall be made of coral." Lord, help us to learn that which most of us are deficient in-patience! If thou canst take, through the sea anemones, millions of years to build one bank of coral, ought we not to be willing to do work through ten years or 50 years without complaint, without restlessness, with-out chafing of spirit? Patience with the erring; patience that we cannot have the millennium in a few weeks; patience with assault of antagonists; patience at what seems a slow fulfillment of Bible promises; patience with physical ailments; patience under delays of Providence; grand, glorious, all enduring, all conquering patience! Patience like that which my lately ascended friend, Dr. Abel Stevens, describes when writing of one of Wesley's preachers, John Nelson, who, when a man had him put in prison

us hear the angels chant for a million

centuries. Give us an eternity with God

and then see if we do not amount to

something. More slowly and marvelously

accumulative is the grace in the soul

than anything I can think of. "No

false charges and being for a long time tormented by his enemy, said,
"The Lord lifted up a standard when the
anger was coming on like a flood, else I should have wrung his neck to the ground and set my foot upon it." Patience like that of Perices, the Athenian statesman, who, when a man pu him to his own door, hurling at him epithets and arriving there when it had become dark, sent his servant with a torch to light his enemy back to his home. Patience like that eulogized by the Spanish proverb when it says, "I have lost the rings, but here are the fingers still." Patience! The sweetest sugar for the sourest cup; the balance wheel for all mental and moral machinery; the foot that treads into placidity stormiest lake; the bridle for otherwise rash tongues the sublime silence that conquers the boisterous and blatant. Patience like that of the most illustrious example of all the ages-Jesus Christ; patient under betrayal; patient under the treatment of Pilate's oyer and terminer; patient under the expectoration his assailants; patient under flagellation; patient under the charging spears of the Roman cavalry; patient unto death. Under all exasperations employ it. Whatever comes

stand it. Hold on, wait, bear up. Take my hand again, and we will go a little farther into this garden of the sea, and we shall find that in proportion as the climate is how the coral is wealthy. Draw two isothermal lines at 60 degrees north and south of the equator, and you find the favorite home of the coral. Go to hottest part of the Pacific seas and you find the finest specimens of coral. Coral is a child of the fire. But more in the dissecting room upon a wonderfully do the heats and fires of trouble bring out the jewels of the Christian soul. Those are not the stalwart men who are asleep on the shaded lawn, but those who are pounding amid the furnaces. I do not know of any other way of getting a thorough Christian

morning alone. The wheel of fortune keeps turning up, and he has \$200,000, and now he has prayers on Sabbath morning when he feels like it and there no company. The wheel of fortune keeps on turning up, and he has his \$300,000 and no prayers at all. Four leaf clover in a pasture field is not so rare as family prayers in the houses of people who have more than \$300,000. But now the wheel of fortune turns down, and the man loses \$200,000 out of the \$300,-Now on Sabbath morning he is on pladder looking for a Bible under the old newspapers on the bookcase. He is going to have prayers. His affairs are more and more complicated, and after awhile crash goes his last dollar. Now he has prayers every morning and he hears his grandchildren say the catechism. Prosperity took him away frem God; adversity drove him back to God. Hot climate to make the coral; hot and scalding trouble to make the jewels of grace in the soul. We all hate trouble and yet in the soul. We all hate trouble and yet it does a great deal for us. You have heard perhaps of that painter who wished to get an expression of creat distress for his canvas and who had his servant lash a man fast and put him to great torture,

and then the artist caught the look on the victim's face and immediately transferred it to the canvas. Then he said to "More torture," and under re was a more thorough un, and the artist said: fait till I catch that expresbug of ages. In Polynesia there are reefs hundreds of feet deep and 1,000 miles king. Who built these reefs, these islands? They soophytes, the corallines. They was an inhuman painter!" No say, "he was an inhuman painter!" No

doubt about it. Troub is cruel and inhuman, but he is a great ainter and out of our tears and blood whis palette he makes colors that never did on, that it might be a picture of Christian of shining hope!

On the day I was housed breach the gospel an old Christian my hand and said, "My son, who you without any sermon, send for me, and, will preach for you." Well, it was a great encouragement to be backed up by such a good old minister, and it was not long before I got into a tight corner on Saturday night, without any sermon, and I sent for the old minister, and he came and preached, and it was the last sermon he ever preached. All the tears I he ever preached. All the tears I cried at his funeral could not express my affection for that man, who was willing to help me out of a tight corner. Ah, my friends, that is what we all want—somehody to help us out of a tight corner. You are in one now. How do I know it? I am used to judging of human countenances, and I see beyond the smile and beyond the courageous look with which you hide your feelings from others. I know you are in a tight corner. What to do? Do as I did when I sent for old Dr. Scott. Do better than I did—send for the Lord God of Daniel, and of Joshua, and of every other man who got into a tight corner. "Oh," says some one, "why cannot God develop me through prosperity instead of through adversity?" I will answer your question by asking another. Why does not God dye our northern and temperate seas with coral? You say, "The water is not hot enough." There! In answering question you have answered your Hot climates for richest specime of coral; hot trouble for the jewels of the soul. The coral fishers going out from Torre del Grecco never brought ashore such fine specimens as are brought out of the scalding surges of misfortune. I look down into the tropical sea, and there is something that looks like blood, and I say, "Has there been a great battle down there?" Seeming blood scattered all up and down the reefs. It is the blood of the coral, and it makes me think of those who come out of great tribulation and have their robes washed white in the blood of the Lamb. But these gems of earth are nothing to the gems of heaven. "No mention shall be made of

Again I take your hand, and we walk on through this garden of the sea and look more particularly than we did at the beauty of the coral. The poets have all been fascinated with it. One of them

There, with a broad and easy motion, The fan coral sweeps through the clear deep sea, And the yellow and scarlet tufts of the

Are bent like corn on the upland lea. One specimen of coral is called the dendrophilia because it is like a tree; another is called the astrara because it is like a star; another is called the brain coral because it is like the convolutions of the human brain; another is called fan coral because it is like the instrument with which you cool yourself on a hot day; another specimen is called the organ pipe coral because it resembles the king of musical instruments. All the flowers and all the shrubs in the gardens of the ncies in this garden of the sea. Corallum! It is a synonym for beauty. And yet there is no religion. It gives physiognomic beauty. It does not change the features. It does not give the features with which the person was not originally endowed, but it sets behind the features of the homeliest son I ever saw," when, after you came to understand him and his nobility of soul shining through his countenance, you said, "He is the loveliest person I know, ever saw." No one ever had a homely Just as when his mandate lays who thought well-your father, who had whom she bent with so many tende ministrations. When you think of th angels of God and your mother amon them, she outshines them all. Oh, the our young people could understand the there is nothing that so much beauti the human countenance as the religion of Jesus Christ.

Near my early home there ws a called the Two Bridges. Thee bridges leaped the two streams. Well, ay frends, the religion of Jesus Chist is two the religion of Jesus Chist if two bridges. It bridges all the pst. It arches and overspans all the futre. It makes the dying pillow the lading place of angels fresh from glory It turns the sepulcher into a May me orchard. It catches up the dying in full orchestra. Corallum! And yet the loes not express the beauty. "No menon shall be made of coral.

I take your handagain and walk a little farther on in the garden of the sea and I notice the diability or the work little farther on in the sand I notice the diability of the work of the coral. Mogomery speaks of it. He says, "Frail we their forms, ephemeral their lives, eir masonry imperishmeral they are invisible and yet they built the Appenines and hey planted for their Appenines and hey planted for their own monument he cordilleras. It takes own monument he cordilleras. It takes own monument he commerce of the the sea, sayir to the commerce of the the sea, sayir this channel," "Take would, "Take that hanne hanne beating back the Atlantic and Pacms, seas. If the insects of the ocean have built a reef 1,000 miles long who knows but that they may yet build

who knows but that they may yet build a reef 3,000 miles long, and thus that by one stone bridge Europe shall be united with this continent on one side and by another stone bridge Asia will be united with this continent on the other side, and the tourist of the world, without the turn of a steamer's wheel or the spread of a ship's sail, may go all around the world, and thus be fulfilled the prophecy, There shall be no more sea."

But the durability of the coral's work is not at all to be compared with the durability of our work for God. The coral is going to crumble in the fires of the last day, but our work for God will endure forever. No more discouraged man ever lived than Beethoven, the great musical composer. Unmercifully criticized by brother artists and his music sometimes rejected. Deaf for 25 years, and ferced on his way to Vienna to beg food

and lodging at a very plain house by the coadside. In the evening the family opened a musical instrument and played and sang with great enthusiasm, and one of the numbers they rendered was so notional that tears ran down their cleeks while they sang and played. Bethoven, sitting in the room, too deaf hear the singing, was curious to know that was the music that so overpowered tiem, and when they got through he sached up and took the felio in his hand. and found it, was his own music—Bed-hoven's "Symphony in A"—and he cried at, "I wrote that!" The household gat

stood abashed to find that their poorking guest was the great composer.
t he never left that house alive. A the never left that house alive. A ser seized him that night, and no rehet he afforded, and in a few days he But just before expiring he took the of his neahew, who had been sent and had arrived, saying, "After all, mmel, I must have had some talent." her Beethoven! His work still lives, in the twentieth century will be ther appreciated than it was in the nine-

h, and as long as there is on earth the strate to play or an oratorio to beethoven's nine symphonies will be et chantment of nations. sing. Paethoven's nine symphonies will be the en chantment of nations.

But you are not a composer, and you say that there is nothing remarkable about you ly a mother trying to rear your fan by for usefulness and heaven. Yet the ong with which you sing your child to shap will never cease its mission. You will grow eld and die. That son will pass out into the world. The song with which you sang him to sleep last night will go with him while he lives, a conscious or unconscious he lives, a conscious or unconscious restraint and inspiration here and may help open to him the gate of a glorious and triumphant hereafter. The lullables of this century will sing through all the centuries. The humblest good accomplished in time will last through aterncenturies. The humblest good accomplished in time will last through attentity. I sometimes get discouraged, as I suppose you do, at the vastness of the work and at how little we are doing. And yet, do you suppose the rhizopod said, "There is no need of my working; I cannot build the cordilleras?" Do you suppose the madrepore said, "There is no need of my working; I cannot build the Sandwich Islands?" Eachone att ended to his own business, and there are the Sandwich Islands and there are the cordilleras. Ah, my friends, the redemption of this world is a great enterprise. I did not see it start; I will not in this world

see its close. I am only an insect as compared with the great work to be done, but yet I must do my part. Help build this eternal corallum I will. My parents toiled on this reef long before I was born. I pray God that my children may toil on this reef long after I am dead. Insects all of us, but honored by God to Insects all of us, but honored by God to help heave up the reef of light across which shall break the open's immortal gladness! Better be insignificant and useful than great and tile. The mastodons and megatheriums of the earth, what did they do but stalk their great carcasses across the land and leave their greaters. skeletons through the strata, while the coral lines went on heaving up the islands all covered with fruitage and verdure? Better be a coralline than a

Little things decide great things. All that tremendous career of the last Napoleon hanging on the hand of a brakeman who, on one of our American railways, caught him as he was falling etween the cars of a flying train. The battle of Dunbar was decided against the Scotch because their matches had given out. Aggregations of little things that pull down or build up. When an army or a regiment come to a bridge they are always commanded to break ranks, for the simultaneous tread will destroy the

strongest bridge. A bridge at Angiers, France, and a bridge at Broughton, England, went down because the regiment kept step while crossing. Aggregations of tempta-tion, aggregations of sorrow, aggrega-tions of assault, aggregations of Christ--these make the irresistible power to beauty in the coral compared with our demolish or to uplift, to destroy or to save. Litle causes and great results. Christianty was introduced into Japan by the falling overboard of a pocket Bible from a hip in the harbor of Tokyo, Written on the fly leaf of one of my books of one whom God took to himself

person a heaven that shines clear through. So that often on first acquaintance you said of a man, "He is the homeliest person I ever saw," when, after you came fot a sparrow falleth but its God doth

Christian mother. Whatever the world monarch low; may have thought of her, there were two Not a leaflet waveth but its God doth admired her for 50 years, and you, over Think not, then, O trembler, God forgetteth thee! For more precious surely than the birds

that fly Is a Father's image to a Father's eye. E'en thine hairs are numbered. Trust him full and free, thy care upon him, and he'll care

For the God that planted in thy breast a soul his sacred tables doth thy name anroll. thine heart, thou trembler, never

faithless be. He that marks the sparrow will remember thee.

Oh, be encouraged! Do not any man say, "My work is so small." Do not any woman say: "My work is so insignificant. I cannot do anything for the upbuilding of God's kingdom." You can. Remember the corallines. A Christian mother sat sewing a garment, and her little girl wanted to help her, and so she sewed on another piece of the same garment and brought it to her mother, and the work was corrected. It was imperfect and had to be all taken out again. But did the mother chide the child? Oh, no. She said, "She wanted to help me, and she did as well as she could." so the mother blessed the child, and while she blessed the child she thought of herself and said: "Perhaps it may be so with my poor work at the last. God will look at it. It may be very imperfect, and I know it is very crooked. He may have to take it all out. But he knows that I want to serve him, and he knows it is the best that I can do." So be comforted in your Christian work. Five thousand million corallines made one corallum. And then they passed away and other millions came, and the work is wonderful. But on the day when the world's redemption shall be consummated, and the names of all the millions of Christians who in all ages have toiled on this structure shall be read, the work will appear so grand and the achievement so glorious and the durability so everlasting that "no mention shall be made of

The Fatal Spot. "And where was the man stabbed?" asked the excited lawyer of a physician. "The man was stabbed about an inch and a half to the left of the medial line

and about an inch above the umbilious," was the reply. "Oh, yes, I understand now. But I thought it was near the town hall."-London Fan.

The Bank of England employs about 11,000 men and has a salary list, in-cluding pentions, of about \$1,500,000

Russian komiss is made of mare's milk and kopt in smoked out leather

HAWARDEN CASTLE

Declining Years of His Eventful Career.

his 88th hirthday. The "grand old man" was been in Liverpool, Dec. 29, 1809, and, as things look now, he bids fair to welcome the dawn of the twentieth can participate in the centenary celebra-tion of the Irish rebellion. As he comes of a stordy race, the chances are that he will live even beyond his 90th birth-

Hawarden Castle, the home of this rest political "hermit," as he is somecalled lies about six miles east of he valley of the beautiful Dee, in a picturesque park of some 700 acres, Mr.
Gladstone is spending the remaining
years of his eventful career. Among his wn countrymen he is regarded as a "secular pope," although he is by no means as closely confined as the distin-

guished "Prisoner of the Vatican." Mr. Gladstone has taken up his abode practically in the gateway to Wales, perhaps because he has so many admirers among the Welsh. Then, too, he has for by it be true that extremes meet, and if all the gossip be true that I have heard here, then the richest peer and the poorest stateman in the United Kingdom live side by side, says a correspondent in the New York Advertiser. It is no secret that Mr. Gladistone has very limited means at his disposal. Hawarden Castle belongs to his write, having been inherited from her father. Even while holding his first Premiership the veteran statesman had to sell a valuable collection of china in order to make both ends meet.

Sunday, rain or shine, when at

so strong as then.

during a Cabinet crisis he went to church i no less than three times in one day. The great British statesman in this respect is something like our own Benjamin Franklin, who, during a critical period in the framing of our constitution, powerful blood medicine known. It cures sistance. And, as if to encourage the husband had two cancers taken off his

The Gladstone family, which represents three generations, sits immediately behind the head of the house, while the by taking one of Milburn's Sterling Headache little church is filled every Sunday, many | 25c. -24 5. visitors coming for the purpose of seeing and hearing the foremost statesman in Great Britain performing the humble ervice of reading prayers.

of a mile away. The road winds through beautiful park of chestnut, oak, ash and walnut trees. On the way you pass the ruins of the old eastle, consisting of a circular keep, the top of which commands a good view of the Dee valley. The land is not cultivated, as is the case at Eaton Hall, but remains in its natural ndition. Hawarden Castle is decidedly nodern in appearance, and is surmounted Forced Sale of Alexander Bryby a high terrace. It is a typical Engby a high terrace. It is a typical English manor, and contains Mr. Gladstone's
valuable working library. Here the
statesman spends his days and nights in
study. New books pour in upon him by
every mail, and no one in Great Britain
is better posted in regard to what is passing in the literary world than the hermit
of Hawarden.

Offers will be received for the purchase of the
East Half on Lot No. 6 in the 1st Concession of the Township of Ops in the County of
Victoria, 100 acres more or less, Frame Barn, Stone
Foundation, Comfortable House, good soil, rented
for \$175 GO ayear. A chance for a bargain, as the
estate mast be wound up.

G. H. HOPKINS,
Vendor's Solicitor,
Lindsay, Ont.

of Hawarden. The average day at the castle is passed substantially as follows: Mr. Gladstone wakes at 7.30 o'clock and has a light breakfast served him in his room. He generally makes it a point to rise at 10 o'clock, after reading in bed a couple of hours, and then goes through his mail.

As he does not employ a secretary, this takes some little time. Very soon, however, he has a pack of postal cards ready for mailing, for letters are rarely written. or mailing, for letters are rarely written in these latter days. Lunch is now served, after which he reads till 4 clock, and the remainder of the evenng is divided between the family fireide and the library.

Of course, everybody who visits Hawarden takes away a memento of the place. But it remained for a Minneapolis girl to carry off the prize for originality in this respect. She noticed some pea-cocks strutting around on the terrace, and, with the aid of a ladder, secured from the old gardener by means of a bribe, she succeeded in pulling a feather out of a bird's tail as a souvenir of her

Mr. Gladstone is nothing if not methodical. Indeed, he has been called a human chronometer. He is as regular as clockwork in everything, and even goes so far as to insist that a piece of meat should be bitten 32 times. His theory as

I determined to ascertain if the saying that no prophet is without honor save in his own country applied to Mr. Gladstone, and so I asked the people of Chester right and left what they thought of him. While many had a good word to say for the great statesman not a few denounced him in decidedly emphatic terms. Of course, politics had a great deal to do in coloring their opinions, but in not a few instances there was the greatest amount of indifference as to his presence among them. One man total me he would not go across the street to hear him talk, and another said that the ex-Premier was thought more of America than in England anyway.

Customer-Are my clothes ready? istomer—Not yet, sir.

ustomer—But yet said you would

them done if yet worked all night,

ular—Yes; but a dan't work all

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a part of it, regarding the shortage of copper cents in Toronto, has been solved. An East BUYS his neighbor the Duke of Westminster, who lives only a few miles away at Raton Hall, and owns half of Chester and a good part of the city of London. If it be true that extremes meet, and if explained to the police authorities that he had been collected to the police authorities that he had been collected to the police authorities that he had been collected to the police authorities that he had been collected to the police authorities that he had been collected to the police authorities that he had been collected to the police authorities that he had been collected to the police authorities that he had been collected to the police authorities that he had been collected to the police to have collected to the police authorities that he had been collected to the police authorities that he had been collected to the police to have collected to the police t

coming year, there are grounds for believing that Khartoum will be occupied The first place of interest on the way to Hawarden is the little parish church where Mr. Gladstone replaced before the end of March Five press correspondents have been packed off to Suakim, via Berber, and as it is inconceivable of architecture, are nothing remarkable about it other than being the latter th representatives, publicopinion has jumped the place where the most distinguished to the conclusion, after Lord Salisbury's man in Great Britain worships. Every to the conclusion, after Lord Mayor's barquet, man in Great Britain when at the Lord Mayor's barquet, Hawarden, the great statesman is found that nothing the would be done for the in his seat within the chancel of the little precent. The other hand, it is curious church. His place is on the front bench, that so distinguished a general as Sir which is fitted up with a rubber air Francis Grenfell shoul have been cushion, and contains a prayer book and suddenly taken from his headquarters But it is not the same Gladstone that I Auxiliary Forces and Recruiting, which saw in the House of Commons some ten years ago. To-day his form is bent with age and he holds the prayer book close to his eyes. Moreover his hearing is impaired, so that he must use his hand as a kind of ear trumpet. Nor is his voice so strong as then.

Auxiliary Forces and Recruting, which he was filling with conspicuous success, merely to command the troops at Cairo in piping times of peace. The victor of Toski is no ordinary soldier. He is an officer of great distinction, destined for high command in certain eventualities. His day is opened and closed with In sending him to Egypt the action of the prayer, and when the cares of state have cabinet is unintelligible unless there is pressed hard upon him he has gone to his serious work for him to do. Arrange 'secret closet' many times in the course ments are now being made for the of 24 hours. It is a well-known fact that | occupation of Kassala .- Harper's Weekly

Cancer Uan be Cured.

moved that the convention seek Divine cancer and all skin diseases. Proof; "My assistance. And, as it to encourage the advantage was coming on his lip. He took Clivert Pipes for aid at all times, there is this text in two bottles of Burdook Blood Bitters and it his bedroom hanging over the mantelpiece: disappeared. I know this medicine is an "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind it stayed on thee." | *xcellent blood purifier." Mrs. Wm. Kirby, Akron, Eric Co., New York.—26.3.

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