TALMAGE IN CANADA.

GREAT RESULTS MAY DEPEND ON SMALL EVENTS.

There Are No Insignificances in Our Lives. The Casual, the Accidental, Are Parts of a Great Plan. The Omnipresence of a Mother's Prayers.

Chautauqua, Canada, Aug. 26.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., of Brooklyn, preached on the camp ground at this place today. All Canada is represented in the immense throngs assembled. Dr. Talmage has preached at Grimsby many summers. This closes his summer absence. He has preached, lectured and visited in thirteen states of the Union this summer, his audiences numbering ten and fifteen thousand people. The subject of his sermon here today was "Great Results May Depend on Small Events." Dr. Talmage took for his text: "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall" (II Cor. xi, 33). He said:

Damascus is a city of white and glistening architecture, sometimes called "the eye of the east," sometimes called "a pearl encircled by emeralds," at one time distinguished for secrets of the best material, called Damascus blades, and upholstery of richest fabric called Damasks. A horseman by the name of Paul, riding toward this city, had been the day before thrown to the ground. The horse had dropped under a flash from the sky, which at the same time was so bright it blinded the rider for many days, and, I think, so permanently injured his eyesight that this defect of vision became the thorn in the flesh he afterwards spoke of. He started for Damascus to persecute Christians, but after that hard fall from his horse he was a changed man and preached Christ in Damascus till the city was shaken to its foundation.

The story gives authority for his arrest, and the popular story is, "Kill him! Kill him!" The city is surrounded by a high wall, and the gates are watched by the police lest the Christian preacher escape. Many of the houses are built on the wall, and their balconies projected clear over and hovered above the gardens outside. It was customary to lower baskets out of these balconies and pull up fruits and flowers from the gardens. To this day visitors at the monastery of Mount Sinai are lifted and let down in baskets. Detectives searched around from house to house looking for Paul, but his friends hid him now in one place, now in another. He is arrested, as fifty incidents in his life demonstrate. But he feels his work is not done yet, and so he escapes assassination. "Is that preacher here?" the foaming mobs shout at one house door. "Is that fanatic here?" the police shout at another house door. Sometimes on the street, incognito, he passes through a crowd of clenched fists, and sometimes he accosts himself on the housetops. At last the infuriate populace get on sure track of him. They have positive evidence that he is in the house of one of the Christians, the balcony of whose home reaches over the wall. "Here he is! Here he is!" The confederation and the chorus and howling of the paramors are at the front door. They break in. "Fetch out that traitor, and let us hang his head on the city gate. Where is he?" The emergency was terrible. Providentially there was a good, stout basket in the house. Paul's friends fasten a rope to the basket. Paul steps into it. The basket is lifted to the edge of the balcony on the wall, and then while Paul holds on to the rope with both hands his friends lower away, carefully and cautiously, slowly but surely, further down and further down until the basket strikes the earth and the apostle steps out, and afoot and alone starts on that famous missionary tour, the story of which has astonished earth and heaven. A private entry in Paul's diary of travels: "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."

Observe, first, on what a slender tenure great results hang. The commander who ordered that coal contained in that lowering basket never knew how much would depend on the strength of it. How if it had been broken and the apostle's life had been dashed out? What would have become of the Christian church? All that magnificent mission work in Pamphilia, Cappadocia, Galatia, Macedonia would never have been accomplished. All the writings that make up so indispensable and enchanting a part of the New Testament would never have been written. The story of conversion would never have been so gloriously told as he told it. That example of heroic and triumphant endurance at Philippi, in the Mediterranean curiosities, under flagellation and at his beheading would not have encouraged the martyrs of ten thousand martyrdoms. But that rope holding that basket, how much depended on it! So again and again great results have hung on what seemed slender circumstances.

Did every ship of many thousand tons crossing the sea have such important passenger as Jonah on a boat of leaves, from Joppa to Tarshish? A piece of tar rope, the vessel made waterproof by a coat of bitumen, and floating on the Nile with the infant lawgiver of the Jews on board! Would it some proceeding doubtful enough at? What if some of the camel drivers, for a drink, should sink its vessels of war sometimes carry? Forty guns looking through the portholes, ready to open fire. The day they crossed the Nile some kind angel stood at the gate of thunder that kept back the sun at the law giving. On how fragile cords called how much of historical importance!

The passenger at Epworth, England, is on fire in the night, and the father rushes through the pathway for the rescue of his children. Seven children are out and safe on the ground, but one remains in the consuming building. That one wakes, and finding his bed on fire and the building crumbling, comes to the window, and two peasants make a ladder of their bodies, one peasant standing on the shoulder of the other, and down the human ladder the boy descends. John Wesley. If you would know how much depended on that ladder of peasants, ask the millions of Methodists on both sides of the sea. Ask their mission stations all around the world. Ask their hundreds of thousands already assembled to join their founder, who would have perished but for the living stairs of peasants' shoulders.

An English ship stopped at Pitcairn Island, and right in the midst of surrounding cannibalism and squalor the passengers discovered a Christian colony of churches and schools and beautiful homes and highest style of religion and civilization. For fifty years no missionary and no Christian influences had landed there. Why this oasis of light amid a desert of heathendom? Fifty years before a ship had met disaster, and one of the sailors, unable to save anything else, went to his trunk and took out a Bible which his mother had placed there, and swam ashore, the Bible held in his teeth. The book was read on all sides until the rough and violent population were transformed, and a church was started, and an enlightened commonwealth established, and the world's history has no more brilliant page than that which tells of the transformation of a nation by one book. It did not seem of much importance whether the sailor continued to hold the book in his teeth or let it fall in the breakers, but upon what small circumstances depended what mighty results!

Practical inference. There are no insignificances in our lives. The minutest thing is part of a magnitude. Infinity is made up of infinitesimals. Great things are the sum of small. A drop, a grain, a minute, a second. Everything else is small. Our life is a chain, and the smallest link is as important as any other link. Our life is a tapestry, and the minutest thread is as important as any other thread. Our life is a piece of music, and the minutest note is as important as any other note. Our life is a battle, and the minutest battalion is as important as any other battalion. Our life is a voyage, and the minutest sail is as important as any other sail. Our life is a building, and the minutest nail is as important as any other nail. Our life is a mosaic, and the minutest fragment is as important as any other fragment. Our life is a mountain, and the minutest pebble is as important as any other pebble. Our life is a river, and the minutest drop is as important as any other drop. Our life is a day, and the minutest second is as important as any other second. Our life is a year, and the minutest day is as important as any other day. Our life is a century, and the minutest year is as important as any other year. Our life is a century of centuries, and the minutest century is as important as any other century. Our life is a sky, and the minutest star is as important as any other star in the eastern sky. Our life is a trenched sailor's mouth the evangelization of a multitude. One beat of paprika on the Nile freighted with events for all ages. The fate of Christendom in a basket let down from a window on the wall. What you do, do well. If you make a rope make it strong and true, for you know not how much may depend on your workmanship. If you fashion a boat let it be waterproof, for you know not who may sail in it. If you put a Bible in the trunk of your boy as he goes from home, let it be heard in your prayers, for it may have a mission as far reaching as the book which the sailor carried in his teeth to the Pitcairn beach. The plainest man's life is an island between two eternities—eternity past rippling against his shoulders, eternity to come touching his brow. The casual, the accidental, that which merely happens so, are parts of a great plan, and the rope that lets the fugitive apostle from the Damascus wall is the cable that holds to its mooring the ship of the Church in the northeast storm of the centuries.

Again, notice unrecognized and unrecorded services. Who spun the rope? Who tied it to the basket? Who steadied the illustrious preacher as he stepped into it? Who relaxed not a muscle of the arm or dismissed an anxious look from his face until the basket touched the ground and discharged its magnificent cargo? Not one of their names has come to us, but there was no work done that day in Damascus or in all the earth compared with the importance of their work. What if they had in the agitation tied a knot that could slip? What if the sound of a mob at the door had led them to say: "Paul must take care of himself, and we will take care of ourselves?" No, no! They held the rope, and in doing so did more for the Christian church than any thousand of us will ever accomplish. But God knows and has made eternal record of their undertaking. And they know. How exultant they must have felt when they read his letters to the Romans, to the Corinthians, to the Galatians, to the Ephesians, to the Philippians, to the Colossians, to the Thessalonians, to Timothy, to Titus, to Philemon, to the Hebrews, and when they heard how he walked out of prison with the earthquake unlocking the door for him, and took command of the Alexandrian corn ship when the sailors were nearly scared to death, and preached a sermon that nearly shook Felix off his judgment seat. I hear the men and women who helped him down through the window and over the wall talking in private over the matter and saying: "How glad I am that we effected that rescue! In coming times others may get the glory of Paul's work, but we one shall rob us of the satisfaction of knowing that we held the rope."

There are said to be about 50,000 ministers of religion in this country. About 50,000 I warrant came from early homes which had to struggle for the necessaries of life.

The sons of rich bankers and merchants generally become bankers and merchants. The most of those who become ministers are the sons of those who had terrific struggle to get their everyday bread. The collegiate and theological education of that son took every luxury from the parental table for eight years. The other children were more scantily apparelled. The son at college every little while got a bundle from home. In it were the socks that mother had knit, sitting up late at night, her sight not as good as once it was.

And there also were some delicacies from the sister's hand for the voracious appetite of a hungry student. The father saving the heavy cradle through the wheat, the sweat rolling from his chin bedewing every step of the way, and then sitting down under the cherry tree at noon thinking to himself: "I am fearfully tired, but it will pay if I can once see that boy through college, and if I can know that he will be preaching the Gospel after I am dead." The younger children want to know why they can't have this and that as others do, and the mother says: "Be patient, my children, until your brother graduates, and then you shall have more luxuries, but we must see that boy through."

The years go by and the son has been ordained and is preaching the glorious Gospel, and a great revival comes, and souls by scores and hundreds accept the Gospel from the lips of that young preacher, and father and mother, quite old now, are visiting the son at the village parsonage, and at the close of a Sabbath of mighty blessing, father and mother retire to their room, the son lighting the way and asking them if he could do anything to make them more comfortable, saying if they want anything in the night just to knock on the wall. And then all alone father and mother talk over the gracious influences of the day, and say: "Well, it was worth all we went through to educate that boy. It was a hard pull, but we held on till the work was done. The world may not know it, but, mother, we held the rope, didn't we?" And the voice, trembling with joyful emotion, responds: "Yes, father, we held the rope; I feel my work is done. Now, Lord, bless thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." "Pshaw!" says the father, "I never felt so much like living in my life as now. I want to see what that fellow is going on to do, he has begun so well."

Something occurs to me quite personal. I was the youngest of a large family of children. My parents were neither rich nor poor; four of the sons wanted collegiate education, and four obtained it, but not without great home struggle. We never heard the old people say once that they were denying themselves to effect this, but I remember now that my parents always looked tired. I don't think that they ever got rested until they lay down in the Sommerville cemetery. Mother would sit down in the evening and say: "Well, I don't know what makes me feel so tired!" Father would fall immediately to sleep, seated by the evening stand, overcome with the day's fatigues. One of the four brothers after preaching the Gospel for about fifty years entered upon his heavenly rest. Another of the four is now on the other side the earth, a missionary of the cross. Two of us are in this land in the holy ministry, and I think all of us are willing to acknowledge our obligation to the old folks at home. About twenty-two years ago the one, and about twenty-four years ago the other, put down the burdens of this life, but they still hold the rope.

O men and women here assembled, you brag sometimes how you have fought your way in the world, but I think there have been helpful influences that you have never fully acknowledged. Has there not been some influence in your early or present home that the world cannot see? Does there not reach to you from among the Canadian hills, or western prairie, or from southern plantation, or from English or Scottish or Irish home a cord of influence that has kept you right when you would have gone astray, and which, after you had made a crooked track, recalled you? The rope may be as long as thirty years or five hundred miles long or three thousand miles long, but hands that went out of mortal sight long ago still hold the rope. You want a very swift horse, and you need to reward him with sharpest spurs, and to let the reins lie loose upon the neck, and to give a shout to a racer, if you are going to ride out of reach of your mother's prayers. Why, a ship crossing the Atlantic in seven days can't sail away from that! A sailor finds them on the lookout as he takes his place, and finds them on the mast as he climbs the rattlines to disentangle a rope in the tempest, and finds them swinging on the hammock when he turns in. Why not be frank and acknowledge it—the most of us would long ago have been dashed to pieces had not gracious and loving hands steadily and lovingly and mightily held the cord.

But there must come a time when we shall find out who those Damascenes were who lowered Paul in the basket, and greet them and all those who have rendered to God and the world unrecognized and unrecorded services. That is going to be one of the glad excitements of heaven—the hunting up and picking out of those who did good on earth and got no credit for it. Here the church has been going on nineteen centuries, and this is probably the first sermon ever recognizing the services of the people in that Damascus balcony. Charles G. Finney said to a dying Christian: "Give my love to St. Paul when you meet him." When you and I meet him, as we will, I shall ask him to introduce me to those people who got him out of the Damascene peril.

We go into long sermon to prove that we will be able to recognize people in heaven, when there is one reason we fail to present, and that is better than all—God will introduce us. We shall have them all pointed out. You would not be guilty of the impoliteness of having friends in your parlor not introduced, and celestial politeness will demand that we be made acquainted with all the heavenly household. What rehearsal of old times and recital of stirring reminiscences. If others fail to give introduction, God will take us through, and before our first twenty-four hours in heaven—if it were calculated by earthly timepieces—have passed, we shall meet and talk with more heavenly celebrities than in our entire mortal state we met with earthly celebrities. Many who made great noise of usefulness will sit on the last seat by the front door of the heavenly temple, while right up within arm's reach of the heavenly throne will be many who, though they could not preach themselves or do great exploits for God, nevertheless held the rope.

Come, let us go right up and accost those on this circle of heavenly thrones. Surely, they must have killed in battle a million men. Surely, they must have been buried with all the cathedrals sounding a dirge, and all the towers of all the cities tolling the national grief. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I lived by choice the unmarried daughter in an humble home that I might take care of my parents in their old age, and I endured without complaints all their querulousness and administered to all their wants for twenty years."

Let us pass on round the circle of thrones. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was for thirty years a Christian invalid, and suffered all the while, occasionally writing a note of sympathy for those worse off than I, and was general confidant of all those who had trouble, and once in a while I was strong enough to make a garment for that poor family in the back lane." Pass on to another throne. Who art thou, mighty one of heaven? "I was the mother, who raised a whole family of children for God and they are out in the world Christian merchants, Christian mechanics, Christian wives, and I have had full reward of all my toil." Let us pass on in the circle of thrones. "I had a Sabbath school class, and they were always on my heart, and they all entered the kingdom of God, and I am waiting for their arrival."

But who art thou, the mighty one of heaven, on this other throne? "In time of bitter persecution I owned a house in Damascus, a house on the wall. A man who preached Christ was hounded from street to street, and I hid him from the assassins, and when I found them breaking in my house and I could no longer keep him safely I advised him to flee for his life, and the basket was let down over the wall with the maltreated man in it, and I was one who helped hold the rope." And I said, "Is that all?" and he answered, "That is all." And while I was lost in amazement I heard a strong voice that sounded as though it might once have been hoarse from many exposures and triumphant as though it might have belonged to one of the martyrs, and it said: "Not many mighty, not many noble are called, but God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not to bring to naught things which are, that no flesh should glory in his presence." And I looked to see from whence the voice came, and lo! it was the very one who had said: "Through a window, in a basket, was I let down by the wall."

Henceforth think of nothing as insignificant. A little thing may decide your all. A Cunarder put out from England for New York. It was well equipped, but in putting up a stove in the pilot boy a nail was driven too near the compass. You know how that nail would affect the compass! The ship's officer, deceived by that distracted compass, put the ship two hundred miles off her right course, and suddenly the man on the lookout cried, "Land ho! and the ship was halted within a few yards of her demolition on Nantucket shoals. A sixpenny nail came near wrecking a Cunarder. Small ropes hold mighty destinies.

A minister seated in Boston at his table, lacking a word, puts his hand behind his head and tilts back his chair to think, and the ceiling falls and crushes the table and would have crushed him. A minister in Jamaica at night by the light of an insect, called the candle fly, is kept from stepping over a precipice a hundred feet. F. W. Robertson, the celebrated English clergyman, said that he entered the ministry from a train of circumstances started by the barking of a dog. Had the wind blown one way on a certain day, the Spanish Inquisition would have been established in England; but it blew the other way, and that dropped the accursed institution with 75,000 tons of shipping to the bottom of the sea or flung the splintered logs on the rocks.

Nothing unimportant in your life or mine. Three noughts placed on the right side of the figure one makes a thousand; and six noughts on the right side of the figure one, a million, and our nothingness placed on the right side may be augmentation illimitable. All the ages of time and eternity affected by the basket let down from a Damascus balcony.

An Old Gas Well.

Port Huron, Mich., has a gas well that is six years old. The finders did not know what it was when they struck it. It was put down for oil, and, the objects for which the work was undertaken not having been reached, it was abandoned, and by some strange phase in this wide awake community it is being forgotten. The site of the hole was originally a hollow basin. It is now a mound. The action of the gas through those years has forced over 500 tons of matter out of the bowels of the earth and is still at work. A power that might have been utilized in lighting and heating our city is thus running to waste in building a miniature hill.—Port Huron Times.

Electrical Patents.

The number of applications for patents on electrical appliances is phenomenal. During the week ending May 29, seventy-three patents were issued from the patent office. A general subdivision into various recognized departments is interesting, as showing those in which inventors are most busily engaged. There are fourteen patents relating to instruments and devices of measurement and testing, two to telegraphy, two to the telephone, three directly to the motor, four directly to the galvanic battery, four directly to the secondary battery, one to a thermo-electric generator, twenty-six to dynamos and electric light apparatus and the transmission and distribution of electricity for purposes of light and power, seventeen to miscellaneous applications. Among those relating to electric light apparatus are quite a number covering a whole alternating current system.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

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Pass Pontypool	6.30 p.m.		9.24 a.m.
Reach N. Toronto	8.20 p.m.	7.38 a.m.	11.16 a.m.
" U Station	8.35 p.m.	8.00 a.m.	11.45a.m.

GOING EAST.

	Express.	Express.	Pacific Express.
Leave U Station	8.30 a.m.	8.45 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
" N. Toronto	9.05 a.m.	9.18 p.m.	5.31 p.m.
Pass Pontypool	10.46 a.m.		7.09 p.m.
" Peterboro	11.31 a.m.	11.41 p.m.	7.52 p.m.
Arr. Carleton Jc.	4.37 p.m.	4.25 a.m.	12.41 a.m.
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9.15 a.m. Express direct to Toronto, from Port Hope via Peterboro.

1.15 p.m. Mixed to Toronto, from Lindsay.

6.05 p.m. Express to Toronto from Port Hope via Peterboro.

Passengers for Port Perry and Whitby via Manilla Jc. connect on either 9.15 a. m, or 6.05 p.m. trains.

GOING NORTH-WEST.

6.20 p.m. Local for Coboconk, connecting at Lornaville with Express for Orillia and Midland City.

GOING NORTH.

9.15 a.m. Mixed for Fenelon Falls, Kinmount and Haliburton.

5.00 p.m. Mail for Fenelon Falls, Kinmount and Haliburton.

ARRIVALS NOT INDICATED ABOVE.

8.55 a.m. Mail from Haliburton, Kinmount, Fenelon Falls, etc.

9.55 a.m. Local from Coboconk, Midland, Orillia, and Lornaville.

12.45 p.m. Mixed from Toronto to Lindsay.

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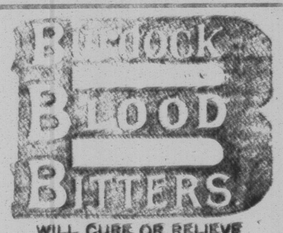

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Sault Ste. Marie Canal.

Notice to Contractors.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the Sault Ste. Marie Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on TUESDAY, the 23rd day of October, next, for the formation and construction of a Canal, on the Canadian side of the river, through the Island of St. Mary.

The works will be let in two sections, one of which will embrace the formation of the canal through the island; the construction of locks, &c. The other, the deepening and widening of the channel-way at both ends of the canal; construction of piers, &c.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications of the works can be seen at this office on and after TUESDAY, the 9th day of October, next, where printed forms of tender can also be obtained. A like class of information, relative to the works, can be seen at the office of the Local Officer in the Town of Sault Ste Marie, Ont.

Intending contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms and be accompanied by a letter stating that the person or persons tendering have carefully examined the locality and the nature of the material found in the trial pits.

In the case of firms, there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name of the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same; and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of $30,000 must accompany the tender for the canal and locks; and a bank deposit receipt for the sum of $7,500 must accompany the tender for the deepening and widening of the channel way at both ends, piers, &c.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted.

The deposit receipt thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tenders.

By order,
A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 8th August, 1888. —69-8.

LUMBER, - LATH, PICKETS & SHINGLES.

Lumber of all kinds for barns and Dwelling Houses.

ESTIMATES given on all kinds of buildings at the Lindsay Yard.

BILL STUFF

Of all dimensions, from 10 ft. to 30 ft. long.

DRY LUMBER FOR SASH AND DOORS.

All kinds of Dressed Lumber at the Lindsay Yard or at the mill at Fenelon Falls.

GREEN & ELLIS, Proprietors.

JAS. A. McWILLIAMS, Agent at the Lindsay Yard in place of S. Parsons.

Lindsay, Dec. 27, 188

J. Killaby. R. Kennedy.

Lindsay

LUMBER & WOOD YARD.

KILLABY & KENNEDY

Proprietors.

Wholesale and retail dealers in all kinds of Lumber and Wood.

Lumber of every description dry, dressed and matched, ready for use.

Bill Stuff of all kinds in stock.

Framing Timber and Joists of all lengths.

Shingles of all grades, cheap.

DRY WOOD of the very best quality delivered to any part of the town, and in quantities to suit purchasers. Also Lumber, Shingles and Lath at shortest notice. Orders left at J. KEITH'S store will be promptly attended to.

KILLABY & KENNEDY.

OFFICE—East end of Wellington St. Bridge.

City Harness Shop, Lindsay.

JAMES LITTLE, - PROPRIETOR.

My business having increased to an extent beyond my expectations during the past year, I am now in a much better position to attend to my many customers. In addition to this I have greatly enlarged my premises by adding a large and commodious apartment to my showrooms. Customers of the surrounding country and town will find it to their advantage to give me a call and be convinced.

My Stock of Harness, Collars, Whips, Trunks and Valises

is large, well selected, guaranteed, and cheaper than any place in town. Hand made collars a specialty. Remember that all my work is finished by experienced workman, none other employed. This is money well invested. All I ask is an inspection of my stock and you will be convinced that it is the largest to choose from, best workmanship, and prices really cheaper than any place in town. My expenses being lower, therefore I give my customers the benefit. Gentleman, place in your orders at once and don't miss this opportunity. Repairing promptly done. Don't forget the place, 2nd door North of J. Keith's implement store, William Street. Give me a call.

JAMES LITTLE.

Lindsay, March 29th, 1888.—1519.

NOTICE.

All parties whose accounts are due are requested to call and settle at once and save costs.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.

William Foley,

HARDWARE.

Nails, all kinds
Fence Wire
Window Glass
Locks and Hinges
Spades and Shovels
Saws, all kinds
Bird Cages

Building Paper,
Barbed Wire,
Paints and Oils
Mixed Paints
Hoes and Forks
Rope, all kinds
Handles
Sash & Doors

Everything in the Hardware Line

Information given, and contracts taken for House Painting, etc.

WM. FOLEY.

J. J. TURNER

Sail, Tent & Awning Maker

PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

Tents, Awnings, Flags of every description, Horse and Wagon Covers, Oil Cloth Clothing, Rubber Clothing, Rubber Blankets, Canoe Sails, Yacht Sails, Boat Sails, Camp Tables, Camp Chairs, Camp Beds, American Oilcloth, and everything in the Camping Line to be got at J. J. TURNER'S, Peterborough, Ont.

TENTS TO RENT.—27-1y

W. Stahlschmidt & Co.

PRESTON, ONTARIO.

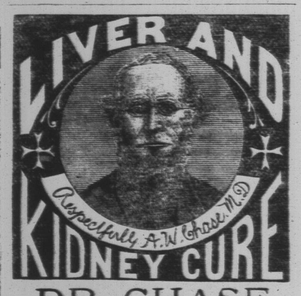
Manufacturers

Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.

Rotary Office Desk, No. 51.

The "Marvel" School Desk.

Patented January 14th, 1888. Send for Circulars and Price Lists. 36-1y



DR. CHASE

Has a world wide reputation as a physician and author. His Mandrake Dandelion Liver Cure is a triumph of medical skill, curing all diseases of the Kidney and Liver.

SYMPTOMS OF

KIDNEY COMPLAINT, Distressing Aches and pains in the back; a dull pain or weight in the bladder and base of abdomen; scalding urine, often obstructed; frequent desire to urinate, especially at night, among aged persons; hot, dry skin, pale complexion, red and white deposits, drop dizziness, sour stomach, constipation, piles, liver, dropsical swellings, etc.

Symptoms of

LIVER COMPLAINT. Pain under shoulder blades, jaundice, sallow complexion, a weary, tired feeling, no life or energy, headache, dyspepsia, indigestion, spots, pimples, etc.

HOW CURED.

Mandrake and Dandelion are nature's Liver cures, and when combined with Kidney remedies, as in Dr. Chase's Liver Cure, will most positively cure all Kidney-Liver troubles. It acts like a charm, stimulating the clogged liver, strengthening the kidneys, and invigorating the whole body. Sold by all dealers at $1, with Receipt Book, which alone is worth the money.

KIDNEY LIVER PILLS. DR. CHASE'S PILLS are the only Kidney-Liver Pills made. They act gently yet effectually. May be taken during any employment. They cure Kidney-Liver troubles, headache, biliousness, costiveness, etc. One Pill a dose. Sold by all dealers. Price 25 cents.

T. EDMANSON & CO., BRADFORD, Ont., Manfs.

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