# BEAUTY OF THE GOSPEL.

## DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ELOQUENTLY ON DIVINE SCRIPTURE.

**The Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris Made the Subject of a Striking Comparison—The Symbolic Myrrh, Aloes and Cassia—Some Rich Metaphors.**

BROOKLYN, Dec. 2.—New members were received at the Tabernacle this morning, making the communicant membership 4,102. Multitudes of strangers from all parts of the earth were present, and all together, led on by organ and cornet, united in singing William Cowper's hymn:

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Emanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached an eloquent sermon on "The Fragrance of the Gospel," taking for his text: "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."—Psalm xlv, 8. He said:

Among the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with its great towers and elaborated rose windows and sculpturing of the last judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements of quarter foil; its mortlery, with ribbed ceiling and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that building which more vividly appealed to my plain republican taste than the costly vestments which laid in cabinets of rose that had been embroidered with gold and loom work by popes and archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guilts opened the cabinet process and brought out those vestments of fabulous cost and lifted them up, the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than those things that had been done in cloth, and embroidery, and perfume. But today I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of those garments, which "smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

In my text the King steps forth. His robes flash and blaze as he advances. His pomp and power and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is he than Cæsar Vashti moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette on the day when Louis XVI put upon her the necklace of eight hundred diamonds; than Anne Boleyn the day when Henry VIII welcomed her to his palace; all beauty and all pomp forgotten, while we stand in the presence of this imperial glory, King of Zion, King of earth, King of heaven, King forever! His garments not worn out, not dust bedraggled, but radiant, and jeweled, and redolent. It seems as if they must have been pressed a hundred years amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphire, and frankincense, and all manner of precious wood. Do you not inhale the odors? Ay, ay. They smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces.

THE HISTORY AND SIGNIFICANCE OF MYRRH.

Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright leafed Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh, thrown on his infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of his crucifixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for purposes of merchandise. One piece of it, no larger than a chestnut, would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost interminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smelt of myrrh, I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness of Jesus. I know that to many he is only like any historical person—another John Howard, another philanthropic Oberlin, another Confucius, a grand subject for a painting, a heroic theme for a poem, a beautiful form for a statue—but to those who have heard his voice, and felt his pardon, and received his benediction, he is music and light, and warmth and birth, and eternal fragrance. Sweet as a friend sticking to you when all else betray. Lifting you up while others try to push you down. Not so much like morning glories, that bloom only when the sun is coming up, nor like "four o'clocks," that bloom only when the sun is going down, but like myrrh, perpetually aromatic—the same morning, noon and night—yesterday, today, forever. It seems as if we cannot wear him out. We put on him all our burdens, and afflict him with all our griefs, and set him foremost in all our battles, and yet he is ready to lift, and to sympathize, and to help. We have so imposed upon him that one would think in eternal affront he would quit our soul; and yet today he addresses us with the same tenderness, dawns upon us with the same smile, pities us with the same compassion.

There is no name like his for us. It is more imperial than Cæsar's, more musical than Beethoven's, more conquering than Charlemagne's, more eloquent than Cicero's. It throbs with all life. It weeps with all pathos. It groans with all pain. It stoops with all condescension. It breathes with all perfume. Who like Jesus to set a broken bone, to pity a homeless orphan, to nurse a sick man, to take a prodigal back without any scolding, to illumine a cemetery all plowed with graves, to make a queen unto God out of the lost woman of the street, to catch the tears of human sorrow in a lachrymatory that shall never be broken! Who has such an eye to see our need, such a lip to kiss away our sorrow, such a hand to snatch us out of the fire, such a foot to trample our enemies, such a heart to embrace all our necessities, that I struggle for some metaphor with which to express him. He is not like the bursting forth of a full orchestra; that is too loud. He is not like the sea when lashed to rage by the tempest; that is too boisterous. He is not like the mountain, its brow wreathed with the lightnings; that is too solemn. Give us a softer type, a gentler comparison. We have seemed to see him with our eyes, and to hear him with our ears, and to touch him with our hands. Oh, that for day he might appear to some other one of our five senses! Ay, the nostril shall discover his presence. He comes upon us like spice gales from heaven. Yea, his garments smell of pungent, lasting and all pervasive myrrh.

Oh, that you all knew his sweetness. How soon you would turn from your novels, if the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy, and clapped his hands, and rushed through the streets, because he had found the solution of a mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed, clean and made white as snow, when the question has been solved: "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frost bitten, storm lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

THE DIFFERENCE OF THE SAVIOUR'S SUFFERINGS.

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor, they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through—nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who ever had such a hard reception as Jesus had? A hootalery the first, an unjust trial in court and terminer are other, a foul mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on his back as wide as your two fingers where he was not whipped? Was there a space on his brow as inch square where he was not cut of the betrayal When the spike struck at the instep did it not go clear through to the hollow of the foot? Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage. Aloes! Aloes!

John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour; who fed Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adulteress; but who soothed Christ? Daniel both cradle and death bed, he had a fit place neither to be born nor to die. A poor babe! A poor lad! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer his dying hours. Even the candle of the sun snuffed out. Oh, woe is me all about! All our sins, sorrows, bereavements, losses, and all the agonies of earth and hell picked up as in one cluster and squeezed into one cup, and that pressed to his lips, until the devil, nauseating, bitter draught was swallowed with a distorted countenance, and a shudder from head to foot, and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes! Aloes! Nothing but aloes. All this for himself! All this to get the name in the world of being a martyr! All this in a spirit of unselfishness, because he did not like Cæsar? No! no! All this because he wanted to pluck you and me from hell. Because he wanted to raise you and me to heaven. Because we were lost and he wanted us found. Because we were blind and he wanted us to see. Because we were serfs and he wanted us manumitted. Oh, ye in whose cup of life the aloe charms has predominated; oh, ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward him who in your stead, and to purchase your disenthrallment, took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes!

THE EGYPTIAN QUALITIES OF CASSIA.

Your third curiosity is to know why those garments of Christ are odorous with cassia. This was a plant that grew in India and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superfluous idea. We are not sick. Why do we want cassia? We are athletic. Our respiration is perfect. Our limbs are lithe, and in these good days we feel we could bound like the roe." I beg to differ, my brother, from you. None of you can be better in physical health than I am, and yet I must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case, and have examined all the best authorities on the subject, and I have come now to tell you that you are full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores which have not been bound up or mollified with ointment. The marasmus of sin is on us—the palsy, the dropsy, the leprosy. The man that is expiring tonight on Fulton street—the allopathic and homœopathic doctors have given him up, and his friends now standing around to take his last words—is no more certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying unless we have taken the medicine from God's apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the divine physician, written, not in Latin, like the prescriptions of earthly physicians, but written in plain English, so that a man, though a fool, need not err therein. Thank God that the Saviour's garments smell of cassia.

Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phial on his mantelpiece with medicine he knew would cure him, and he refused to take it, what would you say of him? He is a suicide. And what do you say of that man who, sick in sin, has the healing medicine of God's grace offered him, and refuses to take it? If he dies he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a man and let him out to darkness and death, as though he brought him up to the cliffs and then pushed him off. Oh, no. When a man is lost it is not because God pushes him off; it is because he jumps off. In olden times a suicide was buried at the cross roads and the people were accustomed to throw stones upon his grave. So it seems to me there may be in this house a man who is destroying his own soul, and as though the angels of God were here to bury him at the point where the roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great pile of misimproved privileges, so that those going away look at the fearful mound and learn what a suicide is is when an immortal soul, for which Jesus died, puts itself out of the way.

SOME OF THE CURES BROUGHT ABOUT BY CHRIST.

When Christ trod this planet with foot of flesh, the people rushed after him—people who were sick, and those who, being so sick they could not walk, were brought by their friends. Here I see a mother holding up her little child and saying: "Cure this croup, Lord Jesus. Cure this scarlet fever." And others saying: "Cure this ophthalmia. Give ease and rest to this spinal distress. Straighten this club foot." Christ made every house where he stopped a dispensary. I do not believe that in the nineteen centuries that have gone by since, his heart has got hard. I feel that we can come now with all our wounds of soul and get his benediction. O, Jesus, here we are. We want healing. We want sight. We want health. We want life. The whole need not a physician, but they that are sick. Blessed be God that Jesus Christ comes through this assemblage now, his "garments smelling of myrrh"—that means fragrance—"and aloes"—they mean bitter sacrificial memories—"and cassia"—that means medicine and cure; and, according to my text, he comes "out of the ivory palaces."

You know, or if you do not know I will tell you now, that some of the palaces of olden time were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted into all manners of shapes, and there were stairs of ivory, and chairs of ivory, and tables of ivory, and floors of ivory, and pillars of ivory, and windows of ivory, and fountains that dropped into basins of ivory, and rooms that had ceilings of ivory. Oh, white and overmastering beauty! Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry trailing the snowy floors. Brackets of lights flashing on the luxurious surroundings. Silvery music rippling to the beach of the arches. The mere thought of it almost stuns my brain, and you say: "Oh, if I could only have walked over such floors! I could only have thrown myself in such a chair! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Christ introduce you. From that place he came and to that place he proposes to transport you, for his "garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

THE GRANDEUR AND MAGNIFICENCE OF HEAVEN.

Oh, what a place heaven must be! The Tuileries of the French, the Windsor castle of the English, the Spanish Alhambra, the Russian Kremlin, dungeons compared with it! Not so many castles on either side the Rhine as on both sides of the river of God the ivory palaces! One for the angels, unutterably bright, winged, fire eyed, tempest charioted; one for the martyrs, with blood red robes, from under the altar; one for the King, the steps of his palace the crowns of the church militant; one for the singers, who lead the one hundred and forty and four thousand; one for you, ransomed from sin; one for me, plucked from the burning. Oh, the ivory palaces!

Today it seems to me as if the windows of those palaces were illumined for some great victory, and I look and see climbing the stairs of ivory, and walking on floors of ivory, and looking from the windows of ivory, some wings we knew and loved on earth. Yes, I know them. There are father and mother, now 87 years and 79 years, as when they left us, how births and young as when on their marriage day. And there are brothers and sisters, sooner than when we met to cross across the meadows together. The cough gone. The cancer cured. The erysipelas healed. The heart-break over. Oh, how fair they are in the ivory palaces! And your dear little children that went out years ago—Christ's lost not let one of them drop as he lifted them. He did not wrench one of them from you. No. They went as from one they loved well to one whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep it a little while; but when you, the mother, came along, it would struggle to go with you. And so you stood holding your dying child when Jesus passed by in the room, and the little one sprang out to greet him. That is all. Your Christian dead did not go down into the dust and the gravel and the mud. Though it rained all that funeral day, and the water came up to the wheel's hub as you drove out to the cemetery, it made no difference to them, for they stepped from the home here to the home there, right into the ivory palaces. All is well with them. All is well.

It is not a dead weight that you lift when you carry a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and he says: "Put her down here very gently. Put that head, which will never ache again, on this pillow of hallelujahs. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palaces." And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certainly there, having died in Christ, as that you are here. There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company. But, oh, my brother, unless you change your track you cannot reach that harbor. You might as well take the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the windows of heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. You do not seem to know the sound of their voices as well as you used to or to be moved by the sight of their dear faces. Call louder, ye departed ones. Call louder from the ivory palaces. When I think of that place, and think of my entering it, I feel awkward; I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather and my shoes have been bemired and my coat is soiled and my hair is dishevelled and I stop in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit to go in as I am and sit among polished guests. So some of us feel about heaven. We need to be washed; we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory palaces. Eternal God, let the surges of thy pardoning mercy roll over us. I want not only to wash my hands and my feet, but, like some skilled diver, standing on the pier head, who leaps into the wave and comes up at a far distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of thy salvation.

THE MYSTERY OF CHRIST'S DIVINE EXCHANGE.

And here I ask you to solve a mystery that has been oppressing me for thirty years. I have asked it of doctors of divinity who have been studying theology half a century, and they have given me no satisfactory answer. I have turned over all the books in my library, but got no solution to the question, and today I come and ask you for an explanation. By what logic was Christ induced to exchange the ivory palaces of heaven for the crucifixion agonies of earth? I shall take the first thousand million years in heaven to study out that problem. Meanwhile and now, taking it as the tenderest and mightiest of all facts that Christ did come, that he came with spikes in his feet, came with thorns in his brow, came with spears in his heart, to save you and to save me. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." O Christ, whelm this audience with thy compassion. Mow them down like summer grain with the harvesting sickle of thy grace. Ride through today the conqueror, Thy garments smelling "of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces."

Oh sinner, fling everything else away and take Christ! Take him now, not to-morrow. During the night following this very day there may be an excitement in your dwelling and a tremulous pouring out of drops from an unsteady and affrighted hand, and before to-morrow morning your chance may be gone.

### Long Lived Persons.

The statistics taken of aged people in New England are very encouraging to people of light complexion, blue eyes and brown hair; while tall people have a decided advantage over the short. The men who stand above 80 years range from 100 to 160 pounds, and the women from 100 to 130. The men through life have been of the busy sort; but the women the other way. The teeth are mostly gone, but hair in good condition; and in almost all cases the skin remains smooth and moist. If any one wishes to figure up his chances of living to a good old age, he can take these items into the count, if they are favorable to him; if not, we advise him to reject them and rely on good habits, moderate exercise and going to bed early and rising early. The old recipe for long life is good yet: "He that would live long must watch the sun;" that is, go to bed early and be up at sunrise.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### The Son of His Father.

Here is a story about the son of the late bishop of Illinois. Mr. Whitehouse had some business in New York with a large law firm, wherein a son of Rufus Choate is a partner. It was Mr. Choate to whom Whitehouse addressed himself. "All right, sit down," said the New York lawyer; "I'll see you in a moment or two."

"But," said the visitor, "I am Mr. Whitehouse, of Chicago."

"All right, all right," said the lawyer, scribbling away like mad; "take a chair; I am busy just now."

"But," again said Mr. Whitehouse, "I am the son of Bishop Whitehouse."

"Oh! well, take two chairs then," said Choate, without looking up.—Chicago Herald.

## Grand Results.

For several years R. H. Brown, of Kincardine, suffered for dyspepsia, he says he tried several physicians and a host of remedies without relief. His druggist recommended B.B.B. which he declares produced "grand results," for which he gives it his highest recommendation.—55-2.

## A Pleasing Duty.

"I feel it my duty to say," writes John Borton, of Desert, P.Q., "that Burdock Blood Bitters cured my wife of liver complaint from which she had been a chronic sufferer. Her distressing, painful symptoms soon gave way, and I can highly recommend the medicine to all suffering as she did."—55-2.

## Dangerous Counterfeits.

Counterfeits are always dangerous, more so that they always closely imitate the original in appearance and name. The remarkable success achieved by Nasal Balm as a positive cure for Catarrh and Cold in the Head has induced unprincipled parties to imitate it. The public are cautioned not to be deceived by nostrums imitating Nasal Balm in name and appearance, bearing such names as Nasal Cream, Nasal Balsam, etc. Ask for Nasal Balm and do not take imitation dealers may urge upon you. For sale by all druggists or sent post-paid on receipt of price (50c and $1) by addressing Fulford & Co., Brockville, Ont.—1610-tf.

## Register of Societies.

Masonic, Victoria Rebekah, No. 77, meetings held on the first Friday of each month, in Keenan's block. Mr. G. S. Parish, secretary.

"Mizpah" Chapter of R.A.M., meets in the Masonic Hall, in Keenan's block, the third Thursday of every month. R. G. Cottell, S. E.

L. L. O. B., meets the second Monday of every month over Woods' store.

Lodge Loyal Orange Boys meet the second Monday in every month. A. Brooks, secretary; J. Brown, Master.

True Blue Lodge, Hastert, No. 88, meets the first and third Mondays of each month over Woods' store, Jas. Shaw, secretary.

Orange Lodge, No. 507, meets on the second Tuesday of every month over Dobson's store. Mr. Joseph Ingler, secretary.

Orange Lodge, No. 504, meetings held on the first Thursday of each month over Woods' tinshop. Mr. John Reynolds, secretary.

Royal Black Knights of Ireland meets second Wednesday in each month in Orange Hall, Dobson's block. Joseph Brown, secretary; J. L. Whitere, Master.

I. O. O. F., No. 165 meets every Monday evening in Britton's block. Mr. R. Anderson, secretary.

Ontario Encampment, No. 22, Guiding Star, meetings held on the first and third Wednesdays of each month in Britton's block. Mr. J. Britton, secretary.

Ancient Order of Foresters, No. 7145, meetings held on the first and third Tuesdays of each month in Baker's block. Mr. J. Mellugh, secretary.

Canadian Order of Foresters, No. 135, meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month over Woods' tinshop. Mr. W. Galbraith, secretary.

Sons of England, No. 26, meets first and third Wednesdays of each month in Baker's block. Mr. J. L. Dunsford, secretary.

Home Circle, No. 34, meetings held on the last Monday of each month in Dobson's block. Sheriff McLennan, secretary.

United Workmen meets 2nd and 4th Thursdays, in Orange Hall, over Woods' store. W. H. Gross, secretary.

Royal Arcanum, No. 1165, meets on the second and fourth Tuesdays of each month in Woods' block. A. F. D McCracken, secretary.

Sons of Temperance, No. 228, meets every Thursday in Baker's block. Mr. J. W. Lee, secretary.

Y. M. C. A. meets every Tuesday and Sunday in Hamilton's block. Mr. Henry Miller, secretary.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen meet in the Sons' Hall every alternate Saturday at 7.30 o'clock p.m. L. Holmtosh, Secretary.


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| " Carleton Jc. | 2.45 | 12.01 a.m | 8.50 a.m |
| " Peterboro | 5.52 p.m. | 5.11 a.m. | 8.39 a.m. |
| Pass Pontypool | 6.36 p.m. | | 7.48 a.m. |
| Reach W. Toronto | 8.30 p.m. | 7.38 a.m. | 11.16 a.m. |
| " U Station | 8.55 p.m. | 8.00 a.m. | 11.45a.m. |

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| | Express. | Express. | Pacific Express. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Leave U Station | 8.50 a.m. | 8.45 p.m. | 6.00 p.m. |
| " W. Toronto | 9 05 a.m. | 9.18 p.m. | 5.31 p.m. |
| Pass Pontypool | | 10.46 a.m. | 7.09 p.m. |
| " Peterboro | 11.51 a.m. | 11.41 p.m. | 7.58 p.m. |
| Arr. Carleton Jc. | 4.37 p.m. | 4.35 a.m. | 12.41 a.m. |
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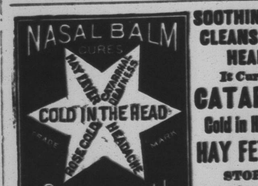
Mariposa, Nov. 1888.

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. 2



SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING.
It Cures
CATARRH, Cold in Head, HAY FEVER.
STOPS
Droppings from Nasal passages into the throat and excessive expectoration caused by Catarrh. Sent pre-paid on receipt of price, 50c, and $1. Address
EASY TO USE. FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION

A successful medicine tested over 30 years in thousands of cases. Promptly cures Nervous Prostration, Weakness of Brain, Spinal Cord, and Generative Organs of either sex, Emissions and all its After-caused by indiscretion or over-exertion. Six packages is guaranteed to effect a cure when all Other medicines fail. One package $1, six packages $5, by mail. Sold by druggists. Write for Pamphlet. EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., Detroit, Mich.

PENNYROYAL WAFERS.

Prescription of a physician who has had a life long experience in treating female diseases. Is used monthly with perfect success by over 10,000 ladies. Pleasant, safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Pennyroyal Wafers and take no substitute, or inclose postage for sealed particulars. Sold by all druggists, $1 per box. Address
THE EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., DETROIT, MICH.
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STILL INCREASING.
D. SINCLAIR'S
BLACKSMITH AND
Carriage Works
are now complete in all departments.
Special preparations are ready for the winter of 1888-9. The latest improvements and fashions in
SLEIGHS, - CUTTERS, - AND FAMILY - SLEIGHS.
Under one roof are now General Blacksmith Shop, Ironworkers' Shop, Carriage Shop, Wagon Shop, Carriage Trimming Shop, Paint Shop, Stock Room, Show Room and Store Room.
Send in orders early for Sleighs, Cutters, or Pleasure Sleighs.
DOUGALL SINCLAIR,
1588 The Market, Lindsay.

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.—1619.

NOTICE.
All parties whose accounts are due are requested to call and settle at once and save costs.
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The largest Circulation of any Paper in the Midland District.

The Williams M'f'g Co.
MANUFACTURERS OF THE NEW
WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINES
The parts are hardened and all adjustable.
Noiseless in its operation, will not excite nervousness.
Every one fully warranted for five years.
Winds the bobbin automatically in perfect manner.
Wherever one is sold it is sure to sell another on its merits.
Light running. The most delicate lady can operate it.
Large amount of room under the arm.
Attachments are elegant, useful and of approved style.
Material the best procurable, good all through.
Stand has automatic leveller and swing treadle, both patented.
Manufactured by a solid company.
Cheapest machine in the market, material, finish and durability considered.
Has a vibrating presser bar and under braider.
Six hundred of them now in use in this county, and a present of a new machine will be given to any person who can find one of them not giving satisfaction. For sale by
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PRESTON, ONTARIO,
Manufacturers
Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.

Rotary Office Desk, No. 51,

The "Marvel" School Desk.
Patented January 14th, 1886. Send for Circulars and Price Lists. 29-ly

JOHN MAKINS
—IRON FOUNDER—
WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY
MANUFACTURER OF
Saws and Shingle Mill Machinery, Flour Mill, Steam Engines and Steam Pumps.
Have a large assortment of General Patterns for the above description of works.
Lindsay, July 27th 1882.—1323.

J. BATES, - BAKER
Is second to none in making
Wedding Cakes, Birthday Cakes, and all kinds of Candies.
Persons bringing sugar can get Candies home with them.
Bread Delivered to all parts of the town.
Address or leave orders at J. BATES' Bakery, William Street North, Lindsay.—29-tf.

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Peel Street, Three Doors East of Salvation Army Barracks.
Sergt.-Major John Martin
Begs to inform the people of Lindsay that he has opened a laundry at the above address, where all orders will be promptly attended to.
Parcels called for and delivered.
Family washing a specialty.—1-tf.

J. Killaby. E. 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.