NEW SPRINGS OF JOY.

SERMON PREACHED BY DR. TALMAGE ON SUNDAY, MAY 19.

As Caleb, the Father, Gave Achsah a Beneficiable Land to Live in, So God Has Given Man This World, a Goodly Home in Which to Dwell.

BROOKLYN, May 19.—The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached today on "New Springs of Joy." The text was: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs."—Joshua xv, 19.

The city of Debir was the Boston of antiquity. A great place for brain and books. Caleb wanted it, and he offered his daughter Achsah as a prize to any one who would capture that city. It was a strange thing for Caleb to do, and yet the man that could take the city would have, at any rate, two elements of manhood, bravery and patriotism. With Caleb's daughter as a prize to fight for, General Othniel rode into the battle. The gates of Debir were thundered into the dust, and the city of books lay at the feet of the conquerors. The work done, Othniel comes back to claim his bride. Having conquered the city, it is no great job for him to conquer the girl's heart, for however faint hearted a woman in her early life, she always loves courage in a man. I never saw an exception to that. The wedding festivity having gone by, Othniel and Achsah are about to go to their new home. However loudly the cymbals may clash and the laughter ring, parents are always sad when a fondly cherished daughter goes off to-day; and Achsah, the daughter of Caleb, knows that now is the time to ask about anything she wants of her father. It seems that Caleb, the good old man, had given as a wedding present to his daughter a piece of land that was mountainous, and sloping southward toward the deserts of Arabia, swept with some very hot winds. It was called "a south land." But Achsah wants an addition of property; she wants a piece of land that is well watered and fertile. Now it is no wonder that Caleb, standing amidst the bridal party, his eyes so full of tears because she was going away that he could hardly see her at all, gives her more than she asks. She said to him: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave her the upper springs, and the nether springs."

GOD HAS GIVEN US THE WORLD.

What a suggestive passage! The fact is, that as Caleb, the father, gave Achsah, the daughter, a south land, so God gives to us his world. I am very thankful he has given it to us. But I am like Achsah in the fact that I want a larger portion. Trees, and flowers, and grass, and blue skies are very well in their places; but he who has nothing but this world for a portion has no portion at all. It is a mountainous land, sloping off toward the desert of sorrow, swept by fiery simooms; it is "a south land," a poor portion for any man that tries to put his trust in it. What has been your experience? What has been the experience of every man, of every woman, that has tried this world for a portion? Queen Elizabeth, amidst the surroundings of pomp, is unhappy because the painter sketches too minutely the wrinkles on her face, and she indignantly cries out, "You must strike off my likeness without any shadows." Hogarth, at the very height of his artistic triumph, is stung almost to death with chagrin because the painting he had dedicated to the king does not seem to be acceptable, for George II cries out: "Who is this Hogarth? Take his trumpery out of my presence." Brinsley Sheridan thrilled the earth with his eloquence, but had for his last words, "I am absolutely undone." Walter Scott, fumbling around the inkstand, trying to write, says to his daughter: "Oh, take me back to my room; there is no rest for Sir Walter but in the grave." Stephen Girard, the wealthiest man in his day, or, at any rate, only second in wealth, says: "I live the life of a galley slave; when I arise in the morning my one effort is to work so hard that I can sleep when it gets to be night." Charles Lamb, applauded of all the world, in the very midst of his literary triumph, says: "Do you remember, Bridget, when we used to laugh from the shilling gallery of the play? There are now no good plays to laugh at from the boxes." But why go so far as that? I need to go no further than your street to find an illustration of what I am saying.

WORLDLINGS ARE NOT REALLY HAPPY.

Pick me out ten successful worldlings—without any religion, and you know what I mean by thoroughly successful worldlings—pick me out ten successful worldlings, and you cannot find more than one that looks happy. Care drags him across the bridge; care drags him back. Take your stand at 2 o'clock at the corner of Nassau and Wall streets, or at the corner of Canal street and Broadway, and see the agonized physiognomies. Your bankers, your insurance men, your importers, your wholesalers and your retailers, as a class—as a class, are they happy? No. Care dogs their steps, and, making no appeal to God for help or comfort, they are tossed everywhither. How have it been with you, my hearer? Are you more contented in the house of fourteen rooms than you were in the two rooms you had in a house when you started? Have you not had more care and worriment since you won that fifty thousand dollars than you did before? Some of the poorest men I have ever known have been those of great fortune. A man of small means may be put in great business straits, but the ghastliest of all embarrassments is that of the man who has large estates. The men who commit suicide because of monetary losses are those who cannot bear the burden any more, because they have only a hundred thousand dollars left.

In Bowling Green, New York, there is a house where Talleyrand used to go. He was a witty man. All the world knew him, and he had wealth almost unlimited; yet at the close of his life he says: "Behold, eighty-three years have passed without any practical result save fatigue of body and fatigue of mind, great discouragement for the future and great disgust for the past." Oh! my friends, this is "a south land," and it slopes off toward deserts of sorrows; and the prayer which Achsah made to her father Caleb, we make this day to our Father God: "Thou hast given me a south land; give me also springs of water. And he gave them the upper springs, and the nether springs."

Blessed be God. We have more advantages given us than we can really appreciate. We have spiritual blessings offered us in this world which I shall call the nether springs, and glories in the world to come which I shall call the upper springs.

THE PURE JOY OF RELIGION.

Where shall I find words enough threaded with light to set forth the pleasures of religion? David, unable to describe it in words, played it on a harp. Mrs. Hemans, not finding enough power in prose, sings that praise in a song. Christopher Wren, unable to describe it in language, strung it into the arches of St. Paul's. John Bunyan, unable to express it in ordinary phraseology, takes all the fascination of allegory. Handel, with ordinary music unable to reach the height of the theme, rouses it up in an oratorio. Oh, there is no life on earth so happy as a really Christian life! I do not mean a sham Christian life, but a real Christian life. Where there is a thorn, there is a whole garland of roses. Where there is one grape, there are three doxologies. Where there is one day of cloud, there is a whole season of sunshine. Take the humblest Christian man that you know—angels of God canopy him with their white wings; the lightnings of heaven are his armed allies; the Lord is his shepherd, picking out for him green pastures by still waters; if he walk forth, heaven is his body guard; if he lie down to sleep, ladders of light, angel blossoming, are let into his dreams; if he be thirsty, the potentates of heaven are his cup bearers; if he sit down to food, his plain table blooms into the king's banquet. Men say: "Look at that old fellow with the worn out coat;" the angels of God cry: "Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let him come in!" Fastidious people cry: "Get off my front steps;" the doorkeepers of heaven cry: "Come, you blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom!" When he comes to die, though he may be carried out in a pine box to the potter's field, to that potter's field the chariots of Christ will come down, and the cavalcade will crowd all the boulevards of heaven.

IT MAKES A MAN "ALL RIGHT."

I bless Christ for the present satisfaction of religion. It makes a man all right with reference to the past; it makes a man all right with reference to the future. Oh, these nether springs of comfort! They are perennial. The foundation of God standeth sure having this seal, "The Lord knoweth them that are his." "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord, who hath mercy upon them." Oh, cluster of diamonds set in burnished gold! Oh, nether springs of comfort bursting through all the valleys of trial and tribulation! When you see, you of the world, what satisfaction there is on earth in religion, do you not thirst after it as the daughter of Caleb thirsted after the water springs? It is no stagnant pond, scummed over with malaria, but springs of water leaping from the Rock of Agess! Take up one cup of that spring water and across the top of the chalice will float the delicate shadows of the heavenly wall, the yellow of jasper, the green of emerald, the blue of sardonyx, the fire of jacinth.

HAPPY IN LIFE AND GLAD IN DEATH.

I wish I could make you understand the joy religion is to some of us. It makes a man happy while he lives and glad when he dies. With two feet upon a chair and bursting with dropsies, I heard an old man in the poorhouse cry out: "Bless the Lord, oh my soul!" I looked around and said: "What has this man got to thank God for?" It makes the lame man to leap as a hart and the dumb sing. They say that the old Puritan religion is a joyless and joyless religion; but I remember reading of Dr. Goodwin, the celebrated Puritan, who in his last moments said: "Is this dying? Why, my bow abides in strength! I am swallowed up in God!" "Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace." Oh, you who have been trying to satisfy yourselves with the "south land" of this world, do you not feel that you would, this morning, like to have access to the nether springs of spiritual comfort? Would you not like to have Jesus Christ bend over your cradle and bless your table and heal your wounds, and strew flowers of consolation all up and down the graves of your dead?

"Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion can supply
Sweetest comfort when we die.

But I have something better to tell you, suggested by this text. It seems that old Father Caleb on the wedding day of his daughter wanted to make her just as happy as possible. Though Othniel was taking her away, and his heart was almost broken because she was going, yet he gives her a "south land," not only that, but the nether springs; not only that, but the upper springs. O God! my Father, I thank thee that thou hast given me a "south land" in this world, and the nether springs of spiritual comfort in this world; but, more than all, I thank thee for the upper springs in heaven.

THE GLORIES OF HEAVEN.

It is very fortunate we cannot see heaven until we get into it. Oh, Christian man, if you could see what a place it is, we would never get you back again to the office or store or shop, and the duties you ought to perform would go neglected. I am glad I shall not see that world until I enter it. Suppose we were allowed to go on an excursion into that good land with the idea of returning. When we got there and heard the song and looked at their raptured faces and mingled in the supernal society, we would cry out: "Let us stay! We are coming here anyhow. Why take the trouble of going back again to that old world? We are here now; let us stay. And it would take angelic violence to put us out of that world, if once we got there. But as people who cannot afford to pay for an entertainment sometimes come around it and look through the door ajar, or through the openings in the fence, so we come and look through the crevices into that good land which God has provided for us. We can just catch a glimpse of it. We come near enough to hear the rumbling of the eternal orchestra, though not near enough to know who blows the cornet or who fingers the harp. My soul spreads out both wings and claps them in triumph at the thought of those upper springs. One of them breaks from beneath the throne; another breaks forth from beneath the altar of the temple; another at the door of "the house of many mansions." Upper springs of gladness! Upper springs of light! Upper springs of love! It is no fancy of mine. "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water." Oh, Saviour divine, roll in upon our souls one of those anticipated raptures! Pour around the roots of the parched tongue one drop of that liquid life! Toss before our vision those fountains of God, rainbowed with eternal victory. Hear it. They are never sick there; not so much as a headache, or twinge rheumatic, or thrust neuralgic. The inhabitant never says: "I am sick." They are never tired there. Flight to farthest world is only the play of a holiday. They never sin there. It is as easy for them to be holy as it is for us to sin. They never die there. You might go through all the outskirts of the great city and find not one place where the ground was broken for a grave. The eyesight of the redeemed is never blurred with tears. There is health in every cheek. There is spring in every foot. There is majesty on every brow. There is joy in every heart. There is hosanna on every lip. How they must pity us as they look over and look down and see us, and say: "Poor things away down in that world!" And when some Christian is hurled into a fatal accident, they cry: "Good, he is coming!" And when we stand around the couch of some loved one (whose strength is going away) and we shake our heads forebodingly, they cry: "I am glad he is worse; he has been down there long enough. There, he is dead! Come home! Come home!" Oh, if we would only get our ideas about that future world untwisted our thought of transfer from here to there would be as pleasant to us as it was to a little child that was dying. She said: "Papa, when will I go home?" And he said: "Today, Florence." "Today? as soon? I am so glad."

THE DAY OF DELIVERANCE IS COMING.

I wish I could stimulate you with these thoughts, oh Christian man, to the highest possible exhilaration. The day of your deliverance is coming, is coming. It is rolling on with the shining wheels of the day and the jet wheels of the night. Every thump of the heart is only a hammer stroke striking off another chain of clay. Better scour the deck and coil the rope, the harbor is only six miles away. Jesus will come down in the "Jarrows" to meet you. "Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed."

Unforgiven man, unpardoned man, will you not today make a choice between these two portions, between the "south land" of this world, which slopes to the desert, and this glorious land which thy Father offers thee, running with eternal water courses? Why let your tongue be consumed with thirst when there are the nether springs and the upper springs, comfort here and glory hereafter?

DO NOT REJECT CHRIST.

Let me tell you, my dear brother, that the stillest and wickedest thing a man ever does is to reject Jesus Christ. The loss of the soul is a mistake that can never be corrected. It is a downfall that knows no alleviation; it is a ruin that is remediless; it is a sickness that has no medicament; it is a grave into which a man goes but never comes out. Therefore, putting my hand on your shoulder as one other puts his hand on the shoulder of a brother, I say this day, be manly and surrender your heart to Christ. You have been long enough serving the world; now begin to serve the Lord who bought you. You have tried long enough to carry these burdens; let Jesus Christ put his shoulder under your burden. Do I hear any one in the audience say: "I mean to attend to that after a while; it is not just the time?" It is the time, for the simple reason that you are sure of no other; and God sends you here this morning, and he sent me here to confront you with this message; and you must hear now that Christ died to save your soul, and that if you want to be saved you may be saved. "Whosoever will, let him come." You will never find any more convenient season than this. Some of you have been waiting ten, twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and sixty years. On some of you the snow has fallen, I see it on your brow, and yet you have not attended to those duties which belong to the very springtime of life. It is September with you now, it is October with you, it is December with you. I am no alarmist. I simply know this; if a man does not repent in this world he never repents at all, and that now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation. Oh, put off this matter no longer. Do not turn your back on Jesus Christ, who comes to save you, lest you should lose your soul.

One Monday morning a friend of mine started from New York to celebrate her birthday with her daughter in Virginia. On Saturday of the same week, just after sunrise, I stood at the gate of Greenwood waiting for her silent form to come in. It is a long journey to take in one week—from New York to Philadelphia, from Philadelphia to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Washington, from Washington to Virginia, from Virginia into the great eternity! "What thy hand findeth to do, do it."

Margaret E. Sangster.

She organized and directed a movement which began among the contributors to the "Post Office Box" in Young People, which has resulted in several important works of intelligent charity. The mites sent in by the children were allowed to accumulate until there was first a sufficient sum to endow a cot in the St. Mary's Free hospital for children. Three thousand dollars went for this, and the cot is known as the Harper's Young People cot. The success of this was sufficient to incite the little ones to increased effort, and they presently built a little church for the whites and blacks in Woodside, N. C.

Next they bought a communion service for a church in Monroe, N. C., and numerous liberal contributions have been made from the same fund to various fresh air funds, seaside homes, day nurseries and the like. As a matter of course, Mrs. Sangster is not the sole donor of these gifts, and she modestly keeps her own connection with the work in the background, but it is safe to say that not the half of what has been done would have been accomplished without her intelligent and never tiring aid.—D. A. Curtis.

She Was Tricky.

A lady came into a Sixth avenue store the other day and complained that some buttons she had got there were not good.

"What's the matter with them?" she was asked.

"The shanks all came off," she said.

She was asked to describe the buttons, and said in reply that if they would show her a certain line of buttons (naming the line) she would point them out. She wanted them to give her enough to make up the set. After some time, and the manager and several clerks all failing to find the particular button described, she opened her cloak. She had the buttons on her dress, and had been wearing them some time, but wanted more of them. It is needless to say that the manager and clerks were all disgusted, and with one accord turned and walked away, leaving her standing there alone.—New York Star.

Corrected Herself.

A little girl who has been taught, by the combined efforts of several members of the family, that she should say, "I beg your pardon," when she does not understand a question, still finds some difficulty in remembering the lesson. So many times has the correction been made for her benefit that it has become a family joke, in which she shares.

"Will you have some of this?" asked her brother, one day, at table, as he began serving a vegetable.

"Some of what?" asked the little girl, and then, as their mother looked rather reproachfully at them both, in view of their bluntness, she added, with a twinkle in her eye:

"Oh, I didn't mean 'Some of what,' I meant 'Some of I—beg—your—pardon.'"—Youth's Companion.

Napoleon's Swift Decline.

In 1821 Europe was startled by the announcement that Napoleon Bonaparte had died at St. Helena on May 5. This event delivered the continental governments from a secret and perpetual apprehension. The French people preserved in their hearts a remembrance of which they were, thirty years later, to prove the persistence. Napoleon's robust health in 1815 gave him promise of many years of life, but six years exhausted his physical strength and sometimes his moral courage. The weight of his captivity was unnecessarily increased by paltry annoyances and severity, and he resented them with a bitterness which the isolation and weariness alone might excuse.—Philadelphia Times.

Man's Inhumanity to Woman.

The man who found his wife crying about that great cause of woman's tears, "nothing," said it was "mighty mist-teary-ous." And yet she continues to live with him. However, it's easy enough to see what makes her cry, poor woman. Her husband is the leading American humorist.—Bob Burdette.

A Hawk and a Trap.

A hawk which was caught in a trap near Gettysburg suddenly made a bold dash for freedom and rose in the air, carrying the trap with it. Farmer Geesey saw the performance and then drove on. He had gone nearly two miles when he saw a big hawk hovering and fluttering over a rail fence at one side of the road. As Geesey came opposite the bird he was amazed to see that it had a steel trap fast to one of its legs. A chain three or four feet long was attached to the trap, and on the end of the chain was a large ring. This ring was around the sharp point of one of the fence stakes, and the hawk was unable to get away. Geesey got out of his wagon, and after a lively fight with the hawk succeeded in overpowering and capturing it.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Never Despair.

Even when all seems lost, there is yet hope. Many a despairing, disheartened victim of dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney complaint, scrofula or rheumatism, has been brought back to health and usefulness by Burdock Blood Bitters, the greatest remedy known for all blood diseases.—79-2.

The red color of the blood is caused by the Iron it contains. Supply the iron when lacking by using Milburn's Beef Iron and Wine—77-5.

Policemen Suffer

From rheumatism, dyspepsia, biliousness, kidney complaint and many other ills, in exactly the same manner as ordinary mortals, and Burdock Blood Bitters cure them quickly and permanently just as it always does in every case, from whatever cause arising.—79-2.

Property for Sale.

The residence of Mr. Wm. Foley, situated in Victoria Ward. A valuable property. Good house, splendid garden, and good stable. Will be sold cheap. Fine place for retiring farmer. Apply to WM. FOLEY, Hardware and Paint Merchant.—13-tf.

I. EARL and S. BROWN

Livery Stables, Bobcaygeon,

Contains a complete lot of first class horses, buggies, phaetons and carriages in general, well adapted for driving. Every accomodation and attention paid to the travelling public; special attention paid to commercial men. All orders promptly attended to. Prices reasonable. Opposite Rokeby Hotel, successors to Garlick Bros.—74-13.

"Young Abbotsford" Stallion for Sale.

(Canadian Bred.)

This Stallion, the property of Eyres & Graham of Cameron, Ont., is now offered for sale, is rising four years old and is considered one of the best got up horses in North or South Victoria, having been exhibited at Lindsay Central and a number of other exhibitions for three years past, and was successful in carrying off the red ticket. Will be sold at a bargain. Apply to J. R. GRAHAM, Cameron.—55-tf.

Improved Farm to Sell in Fenelon.

The undersigned offers for sale on reasonable terms **Lot 2, Con. 3, Fenelon**, south of Sturgeon Lake, containing 200 acres, 110 cleared and under good cultivation. There are on the farm a good brick house, wood-shed, workshop, driving shed, barn 80x30, warm frame stables and cattle sheds 60x28, two good pump wells of never failing water, and within one lot of Sturgeon lake waters, a good bearing young fruit orchard, good fences both board and rail, and about eighty or ninety acres of woods, good sugar bush. The farm lies within five miles of the flourishing town of Lindsay. For further particulars and terms apply on the premises to JOSEPH MARRER, Fenelon township. Lindsay P. O., Dec. 28, 1888.—59-4 tf.

Russell's Improved Fence.

(Patented.)

The undersigned having purchased the right for MARIPOSA and OFS will be pleased to correspond with parties who contemplate fence building. We will build the fence and furnish the wire for 18 cents per rod. Farm rights for sale at 5 cents per acre. Cut your stakes 6 feet long. Russell's Improved Fence excels all others for its simplicity, cheapness and durability. It only requires half the timber; takes up but half the room of the common rail fence. No posts in the ground to decay, or nails to break off, being firmly secured with the best annealed and oiled steel wire, and can be built for less money than any other fence. J. MEEHAN and A. SIMONS.
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Vegetables and Poultry in season will also be kept. A call is respectfully solicited.

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Lindsay, April 18th, 1889.—70-tf

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Ontario and Quebec Division.

GOING WEST.

	Express.	Express.	Ex. from Vanco'v'r
Leave Montreal....	9.10 a.m.	3.30 p.m.	
" Ottawa.....	11.30 a.m.	11.00 p.m.	
" Carleton Jc...	2.45	12.01 a.m	3.50 a.m
" Peterboro....	5.52 p.m.	5.11 a.m.	8.39 a.m.
Pass Pontypool.....	6.36 p.m.		7.45 a.m.
Reach N. Toronto....	8.20 p.m.	7.28 a.m.	11.16 a.m.
" U Station....	8 55 p.m.	8 00 a.m.	11.45a.m.

GOING EAST.

	Express.	Express.	Pacific Express.
Leave U Station....	8.30 a.m.	8.46 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
" N. Toronto ..	9 03 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 53 p.m.
Arr. Carleton jc...	4.37 p.m.	4.25 a.m.	12.41 a.m.
" Ottawa	5.45 p.m.	5.25 a.m.	
" Montreal	8.15 p.m.	8.15 a.m.	

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7.55 p.m. Express via Peterboro to Port Hope, from Toronto.

GOING SOUTH-WEST.

9.15 a.m. Express direct to Toronto, from Port Hope via Peterboro.
2.00 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.

8.20 p.m. Local for Coboconk, connecting at Lorneville with Express for Orillia and Midland City.

GOING NORTH.

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

ARRIVALS NOT INDICATED ABOVE.

10.30 a.m. Mail from Haliburton, Kinmount, Fenelon Falls, etc
9.55 a.m. Local from Coboconk, Midland, Orillia, and Lorneville.
12.45 p.m Mixed from Toronto to Lindsay.
2.15 p.m. Local direct from Port Hope via Bethany.

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DR. G. S. RYERSON.

L. R. C. P. S. E

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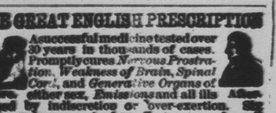
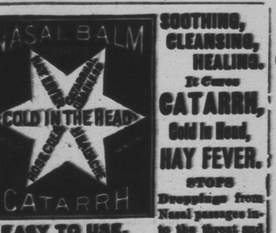
Lindsay, Dec. 2

THE GREAT ENGLISH PRESCRIPTION



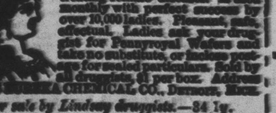
A successful medicine tested over 30 years in thousands of cases. Promptly cures *Nervous Prostration, Weakness of Brain, Spinal Cord, and Generative Organs of either sex, Emissions* and all ills attendant thereto or resulting from indiscretion or over-exertion. The package is *guaranteed* to effect 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.*



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 FULFORD & CO., Brockville, Ont.

PENNYROYAL WAFERS.



Prescription of a physician who has had a life long experience in monthly 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 $1 in letter to EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., Detroit, Mich. For sale by all druggists, $1 per box. Address

For sale by Lindsay druggists.—34 1y.

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,
1538 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. Having leased the premises owned by Mrs. Keeve, three doors east of the new Post Office, 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. Give me a call.

JAMES LITTLE.

Lindsay, Dec. 12th, 1888.—1619.

NOTICE.

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

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.

ANY MAN making under forty dollars weekly should examine Eldipath's Illustrated "World," the best book on earth to make money with; $5 outfits free to those meaning business. BALCH BROTHERS 104 Adelaide street East Toronto.—21-tf

W. Stahlschmidt & Co.

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. 38-1y

JOHN MAKINS

—IRON FOUNDER—

WILLIAM STREET, LINDSAY

MANUFACTURER OF

Saws and Shingle Mill Machines, Flour Mill, Steam Engines and Steam Pumps.

Have a large assortment of General Patterns to 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.

VICTORIA LAUNDRY

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. 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 tended to:

KILLABY & KENNEDY,

OFFICE—East end of Wellington St. Bridge.