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So the Samoan controvery in any other age would have brought formany and the United States into bloody collision. But all is settled. Arbitration instead of battle. France will never again, I think, through percantile of ambassance, bring on a battle with other nations. She see that doo, in punishment of Sedan, blotted out the French empire, and the only aspirant for that throne who had any right of expectation dies in a war that has not the dignity of even being respectable. What is that busin on the cheek of England today? What is the last that has had a busined the first that the last that has not the dignity of even being respectable.

So the Samoan controvery in any other

THE IS AT HIS HOME AGAIN.

DR. TALMAGE WELCOMED IN BROCKLYN WITH ENTHUSIASM.

He spenks on "The sunrise," and the spenks on "The sunrise," and the survey and a national debt which might have ground this nation to powder.

BROOKLYY, Sept. & The Rev. T. De WHE

Calmage, D. D., was redcomed home today by an overflowing congregation. At the opening of the service the hymn beginning

Welcome, sweet day of rest.

was sing with fine effect. Dr. Talmage's

Back from the mountains and the seastda

you home a fain with the words of Gehast to

phild?" On some faces I see the mark of re-

cont griof, but all along the track of tears I we the story of resurrection and rounten when all tears are done; the deep plowing of

tha keel, followed by the flash of the phose

your welfare, you naturally ask how I am.

but above the level of the sea, or the tonie

atom phere of the Pacific coast, or a bath in

the upl of Long Island beach, or whether it

is the joy of standing in this great group of warm hearted friends, or whether it is a new

approxiation of the goodness of God, I can-

not tell. I simply know I am grandly and

gloriously and inexpressibly happy. It was

mid that John Moffatt, the great Methodist

preacher, occasionally got fast in his sermon,

and to extricate himself would cry "Halle-

high" I am in no such prodicament today,

tion Starting out this morning on a new

prologication year, I want to give you the

bay note of my most twelve months' ministry.

I want to set it to the tune of Antioch, Ariel

and Coronation. Some time ago we had a

new stop put in this great organ a new trumpet stop and I want to put a new

WE VEED THE BLEMENT OF GLADVESS.

In all our Christian work you and I want

norm of the element of gladness. That man

had no right to say that Christ never

laughed Do you suppose that he was glum at the welding in Cana of Galileet Do you

suppose (hrist was unresponsive when the children clambered over his knee and shoul-

der at his own invitation! Do you suppose

said of Christ: "He rejoleed in spirite" Do

you believe that the divine Christ, who pours

all the water over the rocks at Vernal falls.

Vosquite does not believe in the sparkie and

gallop and tunniltuous joy and rushing fap-tures of human life! I believe not only that

the morning laughs, and that the mountains

laugh, and that the seas laugh, and that the easendes laugh, but that Christ laughed.

Moreover, take a laugh and a tear into an

atembie, and assay them, and test them, and

analyze them, and you will often find as

the great laughter he saw among the people.

(todies merriment is blasphenry anywhere, but expression of Christian jey is appropri-

ate everywhere. Moreover, the outlook of the world ought

to stir us to gladness. Astronomers recently

astronomers that there are worlds coming very near together, and that we shall have

plagues and wars and bumults and perhaps

the world's destruction. Do not be seared. If you have ever stood at a railroad center,

where ten or twenty or thirty rail tracks cross each other, and seen that by the move-

ment of the switch one of two inches the

colliding, then you can understand how after worlds may come within an inch of disaster,

and that inch he as good as a million miles. If a human switch tender can shoot the trains this way and that without harm, cannot the Hand that for thousands of years has upheld

the universe keep our little world out of harm's way! Christian geologists tell us that

this world was millions of years in building. Well, now, I do not think God would take

millions of years to build a house which was to last only six thousand years. There is nothing in the world or outside the world.

nothing in the world of outside the world, to restrict or astronomical, to excite dismay. I wish that some stout Gospel breeze might scatter all the malarie of human foreboding. The sun rose this morning at about half past 6, and I think that is just about the hour in the world's history. "The day is at hand." The wan remot is rassing away. The first ray of the dawn I see in the gradual substitution of dislomatic skill for his

The first ray of the dawn I see in the grad-ual substitution of diplomatic skill for hu-man butchery. Within the last twenty-five years there have been international differ-ences which would have brought a shock of arms in any other day, but which were peace-fully adjusted, the pen taking the place of

he swift.
That Alabama question in any other age of

the world would have caused war between the United States and England. How was it settled! By men-of-war of the Narrows, or off the Mersey! By the full Stream of human the ocean crossed by a gulf stream of human

blood! By the pathway of nations incar-nadined! No. A few wise men so into a quiet room at Geneva, talk the matter over,

and telegraph to Washington and to London;
"All settled." Peace. Peace. England pays
to the United States the amount awarded.

pays really more than she ought to have paid. But still, all that Alabama broll is settled softled forever. Arbitration instead

but I am full of the same thapsodie ejacula

of sair of the Colorado mountains, 12,000

nammite: "Is it wall with theat is it

and the springs and the farmhouse,

subject was "The Sunrise," and his text,

ground this nation to powder.
Why did we not let William H. Seward, of Pert is from Faul's Mutchless Spinis New York, and Alexander H. Stephens, of New York, and Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia, go out and spend a few days under the trees on the banks of Fotomac and talk the matter over, and settle it, as settle it they could, rather than the sorth pay in cost of war, four billion seven hundred million delanations. to the Romans, Att, 15-Atte Sermon in lars, and the south pay four billion seven hun-dred and fifty million dollars, the destroying angel leaving the first born dead in so many houses all the way from the Penobscot to the Alabama. Ye aged men, whose sons fell in the strife, do you not think that would have "The day is at band." Romans xiii, 12. He en better? Oh yes! we have come to be Heve, I think, in this country, that arbitraand the springs and the farmhouse, your cheek broased and your spirits lighted, Fhail

CHRISTIANS ARE PRACEABLE. I may be mistaken, but I hope that the last war between Christian nations is ended. Barbarians may mix their war paint, and Afghan and Zulu hurl poisoned arrows, but I think Christian nations have gradually learned that war is disaster to victor as well as vanquished, and that almost anything bought by blood is bought at too dear a price. I wish to God that this nation might be a model of willingness for arbitration. No need of killing another Indian. No need of sacrificing any more brave Gen. Custers. op exasperating the red man, and there will be no more arrows shot out from the reservation. A general of the United States army, in high repute throughout this land, and who, perhaps, has been in more Indian wars than any other officer, and who has been wounded again and again in behalf of our government in battle against the tions, told me that all the wars that had ever urred in this country between Indians and white men had been provoked by white and that there was no exception to the rule. While we are arbitrating with Christian nations, let us toward barbarians carry ourselves in a manner unprovocative of con-

I inherit a large estate, and the waters are rich with fish, and the woods are songful rith birds, and my corn fields are silken and golden. Here is my sister's grave. Out onder, under that large tree, my father died. An invader comes, and proposes to drive me off and take possession of my property. He crowds me back, and crowds me on, and crowds me into a closer corner and still closer corner, until after a while I say: Stand back! don't crowd me any more, or fil strike. What right have you to comhere and drive me off of my premises? got this farm from my father, and he got it om his father. What right have fou to ome here and molest me?" You blandly say: "Oh, I know more than you do. I be long to a higher civilization. I cut my hair shorter than you do. I could put this ground to a great deal better use than you do." And you keep crowding me back and crowding me on into a closer corner and closer cor ter, until one day I look around upon my suffering family, and, fired by their hardships, I hew you in twain. Forthwith all the world comes to your funeral to pronounce enlogium, come to my execution to anathematize me. You are the hero, I am the culprit. Behold the much of the pure gold of religion in a laugh United States government and the North-American Indian. The red man has stood as in a tear. Deep spiritual joy always shows more wrongs than I would, or you we would have struck sooner, deeper. That which is right in defense of a Brooklyn home or a New York home is right in defense of a home on top of the Rocky mountains before this dwindling red race dies completely out, I wish that this generation might by common justice atone for the inhumanity of its prodecessors. In the day of God's judgment, I would rather be a blood smeared Modoc than a swindling United States officer on an hotien reservation! One man was a barhave disturbed many people by telling them that there is danger of stellar collision. We have been told through the papers by these Indian reservation! One man was a bar-Indian reservation! One man was a bar-barian and a savage, and never pretended to be anything but a barbarian and a savage. The other man pretended to be a representa-tive of a Christian nation. Notwithstanding all this, the general disgust with war and the substitution of diplomatic skill for the glit-tering edge of keen steel is a sign unmistaka-ble that "the day is at hand."

RAPID TRANSIF & JOYFUL FACT. f and another ray of the dawn in the compression of the world's distances. What a slow, snail like, almost impossible thing would have been the world's rectification with four teen hundred millions of population and no facile means of communication; but now, facile means of communication; but here, through telegraphy for the eye and telephonic intimacy for the ear, and through steamboating and railroading, the twenty-five thousand miles of the world's circumferfive thousand miles of the world's circumference are shriveling up into insignificant brevity. Hong Kong is nearer to New York than a few years ago New Haven was; Bombay, Moscow, Madras, Melbourne within speaking distance. Purchase a telegraphic chart, and by the blue lines see the telegraphs of the land, and by the red lines the cables under the ocean. You see what opportunity this is going to give for the final movements of the instancianity. A fortress may be months or may do all the work in twenty minutes. Christianity has been planting its batteries for nineteen centuries, and may go on in the work through other centuries; but when those batteries are thoroughly planted, those fortresses are fully built, they may do all their work in twenty-four hours. The world sometimes derides the church for slowness of movement. Is science any quicker? Did it not take science are thousand six hundred and fitty-two years to find out so simple a thing as the circulation of the human bloods with the earth and thesky full of electricity, science fook five thousand eight hundred years before it even guessed that there was any practical use that might be made of this subtle and mighty element. When good mentake possession of all these scientific forces and all these agencies of invention, I do not know that the redemption of the world will be that the redemption of the world will be more than the work of half a day. Do we not that the redemption of the world will be more than the work of haif a day. Do we not read the queen's speech at the proroguing of parliament the day before in London! If that he so, is it anything marvelous that it rwenty-four hours a divine communication ran reach the whole earth? Suppose Christ should descend on the nations—many expect hat Christ will come among the nations personally—suppose that formorrow morningline Son of God from a hovering cloud should be seend upon these cities. Would not that fact he lmown all the world over in twenty-four hours? Suppose he should present his Gospia in a few words, saying: "I am the Son of God; I came to parden all your sine and to fold; I came to parden all your sine and to from the cloude; do you believe me, and do you believe me now?" Why, all the telegraph stations of the earth would be crowded as none of them were ever corogical just after a shipwreck. I tell you these things to shipwreck. I tell you these things for even the improbabilities that Christ will one get for the world as more of them were ever corogical just after a shipwreck. I tell you these things for the different probabilities that Christ will one the improbabilities of even the improbabilities that Christ will one thing for the world as going to heart, but I the tell world the carrier of the world as going to heart, but I mean come the world is going to ready the man and the carrier of the world is going to ready the man and the world is going to ready the carrier of the world is going to ready the carrier of the world is going to ready the carrier of the world is going to ready the carrier of the world is going to mappen."

The good have the fact that the world is going to ready the world is going to mappen. I do not think that Auptier is going to ready the carrier of the world is going to mappen. I do not think that Auptier is going to ready the carrier of the world is going to mappen. The world is going to mappen. The world is going to mappen. The content the carrier of the world is going to of battle.
So, the quarrel eight of nine years ago about the Canadian fisheries in any other age would have caused war between the United States and England. England said: "Fay no for the invasion of my Canadian fisheries." The United States said: "I will not pay anything." Well, the two nations say: "I guess we had better leave the whole matter to a commission." The commission is appointed, and the commission examines the affair, and the commission reports, and pay we ought, pay we must, pay we do. Not a pound of powder burned, not a cartridge litten of, no one hurt so much as by the scratch of a pin. Arbitration instead of battle.

when the time comes. There are foretokenings in the air. Something great is going con to happen. I do not think that Jupiter is going to run us down, or that the axis of the world is going to break; but I mean come thing great for the world's but a mean come thing great for the world's but a mean come thing great for the world's but a mean come.

procession of prosperities and triumphs. Better be on the lookout. Better have your observatories open toward the heavens, and the lenses of your most powerful telescopes well polished. Better have all your Leyden jars ready for some new pulsation of mighty influence. Better have new fonts of type in seem automidfinduction. Better have new routs of type of your printing offices to set up some astounding good news. Better have some banner that has never been carried, ready for sudden their some of them, guided by the good news. In the some of them, guided by the good news their way between the graves and made their way between the graves. den processions. Better have the bells in your church towers well hung, and rope within reach, that you may ring out the marriage of the King's Son. Cleanse all your court houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative your court houses, for the Judge of all the earth may appear. Let all your legislative halls be gilded, for the great Lawgiver may be about to come. Drive off the thrones of despotism all the occupants, for the King of heaven and earth may be about to reign. The darkness of the night is blooming and within was a ghost, the men sprang to their The

now, do not let us do another stroke of work diggers, in a half unconscious conuntil we have settled one matter. What is going to be the final issue of this great contest between sin and righteousness! Which is going to prove himself the stronger, God or Diabolus? Is this world going to be all garden or all desert? Now let us have that here. As I entered, the door closed with a matter settled. If we believe Isaiah and Ezekiel and Hosea, and Micah and Malachi, and John and Peter, and Paul and Christ, But let us have it settled. Let us know came I was thoroughly frightened. There whether we are working on toward a success was no fun in the prospect of passing a or toward a dead failure. If there is a child whole night in a narrow vault with sevenstanch and the winds are changing for change. a better quarter, and he is sure he will bring you safe into the harbor, you patiently submit to present distress with the thought of safe arrival. Now I want to know whether we are coming on toward dismay, darkness and defeat, or on woe, and every event that passes, whether bright or dark, brings us one event nearer a happy consummation, and by all that is inexorable in chronology and mathematics I commend you to good cheer and courage. If there is anything in arithmetic, if you subtract two from five and leave three, then by every rolling sun we are coming on toward a magnificent terminus. Then every winter passed is one severity less for our poor world. Then every summer gone by brings us nearer unfading arborescence. Put your algebra-

down on the top of your Bible and rejoice. If it is nearer morning at 3 o'clock than it is at 2, if it is nearer morning at 4 o'clock than it is at 3, then we are nearer the dawn of the world's deliverance. God's clock seems to go very slowly, but the pendulum swings and the hands move, and it will yet strike noon. The sun and the moon stood still once; they will never stand still again until they stop forever. If you believe arithmetic as well as your Bible, you must believe we are nearer the dawn. "The day is at hand." MYSTERIOUS SIGNS OF THE TIMES,

me think that the spiritual and the heavenly world may after a while make a demonstration in this world which will bring all moral heard an audible voice from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however: that the veil between this world and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that perhaps after a while, at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenport brothers, or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul-may come down and help us in the battle against unrighteousness. Oh, how I would like to have them here—him of the Red Sea, him of the valley of Ajalon, him of Mars Hill. History says that Robert Clayton, of the English cavalry, at the close of a war bought up all the old cavsiry horses, lest they be turned out to drudg-ery and hard work, and bought a piece of ground at Naversmire Heath, and turned these old war horses into the thickest and richest pasture, to spend the rest of their days for what they had done in other days. One day a thunder storm came up, and these war horses mistook the thunder of the skies for the thunder of battle, and they wheeled christianity has been planting its betterful. through the heavens, the old scriptural war-riors can keep their places on their thrones. Methinks they will spring into the fight and exchange crown for helmet, and palm branch

for weapon, and come down out of the king's galleries into the arena, crying: "Make room! I must fight in this great Armageddon."

My beloved people, I preach this sermon because I want you to toil with the sunlight in your faces. I want you old men to understand before you die that all the work you did for God while yet your ear was siert and did for God while yet your ear was alert and your foot fleet is going to be counted up in the final victories. I want all these younger people to understand that when they toil for God they always win the day; that all prayers are answered, and all Christian work in some way is effectual, and that the tide is setting in the right direction, and that all heaven is on our side saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, omnipotent, charlot and throne, doxology and procession, principalities and dominion; he who hath the moon under his feet and all the armies of heaven on white horses.

A few nights ago while a party of young men and women were walking under the shade trees skirting the Lafayette cemetery they were startled by a number of wild cries issuing from the center of that burying ground. The hour was about 9, and although there were twenty persons about, none of them at first could muster enough courage to

whitening into the lilies of morning cloud, feet and ran like mad for the streets. The and the lilies reddening into the roses of stronger day—fit garlands, whether white or Smith passed that way. Just as he reached red, for him on whose head are many the vault in question he noticed the white face of a man who was lying on the floor in-One more ray of the dawn I see in facts chronological and mathematical. Come, found James N. Clarke, one of the graveleaning against the side of the vault. It was

to do some work. There are seventeen boutes here. As I entered, the door closed with a bang and I saw that I was caught. The lock is a spring lock and opens only from the outside. At first I laughed, but as no one came white I soon quit that. When night There is a register I soon quit that. When night There is a spring lock and opens only from the outside. At first I laughed, but as no one came white, Port Perry and Toronto.

7.55 p.m. Express via Peterboro to Port Hope, from Toronto. we believe that it is going to be all garden. to my relief I soon quit that. When night in your house sick, and you are sure he is teen corpses. Then I shricked for help, but going to get well, you sympathize with present pains, but all the foreboding is gone. If I awoke the sun was shining. I knew no you are in a cyclone off the Florida coast, more until you came, I'm going into some and the captain assures you the vessel is other business now." — Philadelphia Ex-

Petrified Bodies.

A most remarkable story comes from Aspen, Colo., regarding an unexpected find in one of the principal mines on the Aspen mountains. Last Thursday, as the story goes, ward light and blessedness. You and I be- the night shift in the Minnie mine put in lievo the latter, and if so, every year we 32-inch holes in the breast of the 500-foot level spend is one year subtracted from the world's and fired the blast just before leaving for the surface. On returning to the mine it was found that the two shots had broken into a cave, the extent of which they proceeded to

explore. Going in a few feet, they found the walls covered with crystallized lime and lead that glittered like diamonds. Here and there little stalactites hung from the ceiling. The lime formation resembled lace and frieze work of wondrous beauty. The cave has a descent of about twenty degrees, and then formed rooms and chambers grand beyond descrip-

feet when they found a flint ax. A little further was a pool of fresh water and a current of air was felt. Further on a chamber was discovered covered with a brownish muck that was sticky. A man who was in the lead suddenly stopped and said: "There sits a boy." Sure enough, there sat a human form.
The head was resting on the knees and the arms were drawn around the legs, Indian fashion. A stone bowl and ax were found beside the figure. The body was well preserved, but in trying to lift it one arm broke There is a class of phenomena which makes off. Other bodies in different attitudes were found in the chamber, but when disturbed they crumbled. One body of a man was

again. He had so much run Saturday morning that he could not resist the temptation to repeat the experience, and yesterday afternoon he was practicing sharpshooting once more. The first intimation any one had that he had returned to his perch in the hemlock he had returned to his perch in the hemlock was when a number of girls, who were walking under the tree, were struck with several cones. Their shrieks attracted the attention of several people in that neighborhood, and the squirrel's delighted chattering quickly informed them as to the cause of the hubbub, A crowd of boys gathered to chase the little animal away, and they had a nice time doing it. They used stones and the squirrel used cones. One of the boys wears a black eye as proof that the animal can throw accurately, while there is no record that the squirrel was struck by any of the numerous small quarries that went sailing through the branches.

(A. DUNLOP, Master), will make her regular trips on this route. leaving constant from and Port Hope at 7.37, and Port Hope at 8.25 or the Road Price at 7.38, and Port Hope at 9.50 o'clock, on arrival of Grand Trunk Railways, at 10 check, on arrival of Grand Trunk Railways, and the Lake Ontario division of the Rome, Watertown and Ogucasburg Railway for all points east, west and south Refundable and Surrelays, at 12 o'clock p.m.; Thursdays at 9 o'clock p.m.; Thursdays at 9 o'clock p.m.; Thursdays at 10 clock p.m., and Saturdays of Port Hope at 8.50 clock p.m.; Thursdays at 12 o'clock p.m.; Thursdays at 12 o'clock p.m.; Thursdays at 9 o'clock p.m.; Thursdays at 12 o'clock p.m.; Thursdays at 9 o'clock p.m.; Thursdays, at 12 o'clock p.m.; Thursdays, at 12 o'clock p.m.; Thursdays at 9 o'clock p.m.; Thursdays, at 12 o'clock p.m.; Thursdays and Saturdays, at 7 a. m. struck by any of the numerous small quarries that went sailing through the branches. After about an hour's sport the frisky little fellow concluded that he had had enough and skipped from tree to tree to his home in the cemetery.—Birmingham Transcript.

A writer in The Interior, in regard to the habit of sleeping in church, intimates "that the church pew is not meant to be a Pullman

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The men had entered about two hundred et when they found a flint ax. A little fur-L.R. C. P. S. E

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