FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.

SUBJECT OF DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON SEPT. 22.

He Tells the Tabernacle Congregation of His Transcontinental Journeys—The Text is from Psalms lxxii, 8—The Sermon Given in Full.

BROOKLYN, Sept. 22.—It was a great anthem of praise that went up from the crowded throngs at the Brooklyn Tabernacle this morning where the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., preached as usual. The opening hymn was:

No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt,
But to each conscience be applied
The blood that flowed from Jesus' side.

The subject of the sermon was "From Ocean to Ocean, or My Transcontinental Journeys." Text—Ps. lxxii, 8: "He shall have dominion from sea to sea." The preacher said:

AMERICA FOR GOD.

What two seas are here referred to? Some might say that the text meant that Christ was to reign over all the land between the Arabian sea and Caspian sea, or between the Red sea and the Mediterranean sea, or between the Black sea and the North sea. No; in such case my text would have named them. It meant from any large body of water on the earth clear across to any other large body of water. And so I have a right to read it: He shall have domain from the Atlantic sea to the Pacific sea. My theme is, America for God!

First, consider the immensity of this procession. If it were only a small tract of land capable of nothing better than sage brush and with ability only to support prairie dogs, I should not have much enthusiasm in wanting Christ to have it added to his dominion. But its immensity and affluence no one can possibly unless, in immigrant wagon or in stage coach or in rail train of the Union Pacific or the Northern Pacific or the Canadian Pacific or the Southern Pacific, he has traversed it. Having been privileged six times to cross this continent, and twice this summer, I have come to some appreciation of its magnitude. California, which I supposed in boyhood from its size on the map was a few yards across, a ridge of land on which one must walk cautiously lest he hit his head against the Sierra Novadas on one side or slip off into the Pacific waters on the other; California, this thin slice of land as I supposed it to be in boyhood, I have found to be larger than all the states in New England and all New York state and all Pennsylvania added together; and if you add them together their square miles fall far short of California. North and South Dakota, Montana and Washington territory, to be launched next winter into statehood, will be giants at their birth. Let the congress of the United States strain a point and admit also Idaho and Wyoming and New Mexico. What is the use in keeping them out in the cold any longer? Let us have the whole continent divided into states, with senatorial and congressional representatives, and we will all be happy together. If some of them have not quite the requisite number of people, fix up the constitution to suit the occasion. Even Utah will, by dropping polygamy, soon be ready to enter. Monogamy has triumphed in parts of Utah, and will probably triumph at this fall election in Salt Lake City. Turn all the territories into states, and if some of the sisters are smaller than the elder sisters, give them time and they will be as large as any of them. Because some of the daughters of a family may be five feet in stature and the other daughters only four feet, do not let the daughters five feet high shut the door in the faces of those who are only four feet high. As one of the dying utterances of our good friend, the wise statesman and great author, the brilliant orator and the magnificent soul, S. S. Cox, was the expressed determination to move next winter in congress for the transference of other territories into states.

THE COUNTRY'S FOSSIL PIES.

"But," says some one; "in calculating the immensity of our continental acreage you must remember that vast reaches of our public domain are uncultivated, heaps of dry sand, the 'dead lands' of Montana and the great American desert." I am glad you mentioned that. Within twenty-five years there will not be between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts a hundred miles of land not reclaimed either by farmer's plow or miner's crowbar. By irrigation the waters of the rivers and the showers of heaven in what are called the rainy season will be gathered into great reservoirs and through aqueducts let down where and when the people want them. Utah is an object lesson. Some parts of that territory which were so barren that a spear of grass could not have been raised there in a hundred years are now rich as Lancaster county farms of Pennsylvania, or Westchester farms of New York, or Somerset county farms of New Jersey. Experiments have proved that ten acres of ground irrigated from waters gathered in great by-industrial basins will produce as much as fifty acres from the downpour of rain, as seen in our regions. We have our freshets and our droughts, but in those lands which are to be scientifically irrigated it will be neither freshets nor droughts. As you take a pitcher and get it full of water and then set it on a table and take a drink out of it when you are thirsty and never think of drinking a pitcherful all at once, so Montana and Wyoming and Idaho will catch the rains of their rainy season and take up all the waters of their rivers in great pitchers of reservoirs and drink out of them whenever they will and refresh their land whenever they will. The work has already been vigorously begun by the United States government. Over four hundred lakes have already been officially taken possession of by the government for the great enterprise of irrigation. The rivers that have been rolling idly through these regions, doing nothing on their way to the sea, will be lassoed and corralled and yoked up until such times as the farmers need them. Under the same process the Ohio, the Mississippi and all the other rivers will be taught to behave themselves better, and great dams will be made to catch the surplus of water in times of freshet and keep them for times of drought. The irrigating process by which all the arid lands between the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans are to be fertilized is no new experiment. It has been going on successfully hundreds of years in Spain, in China, in India, in Russia, in Egypt. About eight hundred million of people of the earth to-day are kept alive by food raised on irrigated land. And here we have allowed to lie waste, given up to rattlesnake and bat and prairie dog, lands enough to support whole nations of industrious population. The work begun will be consummated. Here and there ground land may be stubborn and refuse to yield any wheat or corn from their hard fists, but if the whole fail to make impression the miner's pick will discover the reason for it and bring up from beneath those unproductive surfaces coal and iron and lead and copper and silver and gold. God speed the geologists and the surveyors, the engineers and the senatorial commissions and the capitalists and the new settlers and the husbandmen who put their brain and hand and heart to this transfiguration of the American continent!

NOT A MONOTONOUS IMMENSITY.

But while I speak of the immensity of the continent, I must remark it is not an immensity of monotone or tameness. The larger some countries are, the worse for the world. This continent is not more remarkable for its magnitude than for its wonders of construction. What a pity the United States government did not take possession of Yosemite, California, as it has of Yellowstone Park, Wyoming, and of Niagara Falls, New York! Yosemite and the adjoining California regions! Who that has seen them can think of them without having his blood tingled? Trees now standing that were old when Christ lived. These monarchs of foliage reigned before Caesar or Alexander, and the next thousand years will not shatter their scepter. They are the masts of the continent, their canvas spread on the wind while the old ship bears on its way through the ages. Their size, of which travelers often speak, does not affect me so much as their longevity. Though so old now, the branches of some of them will crackle in the last conflagration of the planet. That valley of Yosemite is eight miles long and a half mile wide and three thousand feet deep. It seems as if it had been the meaning of Omnipotence to crowd into as small a place as possible some of the most stupendous scenery of the world. Some of the cliffs you do not stop to measure by feet, for they are literally a mile high. Steep so that neither foot of man nor beast ever scaled them, they stand in everlasting defiance. If Jehovah has a throne on earth these are its white pillars. Standing down in this great chasm of the valley you look up, and yonder is Cathedral Rock, vast gloomy minster built for the silent worship of the mountains. Yonder is Sentinel Rock, 3,270 feet high, bold, solitary, standing guard among the ages, its top seldom touched until a bride one Fourth of July mounted it and planted the national standard, and the people down in the valleys looked up and saw the head of the mountain turbaned with Stars and Stripes. Yonder are the "Three Brothers," 4,000 feet high; "Cloud's Rest," North and South Dome and heights never captured save by the fiery bayonets of the thunder storm. No pause for the eye, no stopping place for the mind. Mountains hurled on mountains, Mountains in the wake of mountains, Mountains flanked by mountains. Mountains split, Mountains ground, Mountains fallen, Mountains triumphant. As though Mont Blanc and the Adirondacks and Mount Washington were here uttering themselves in one magnificent chorus of rock and precipice and waterfall. Sifting and dashing through the rocks the water comes down. The Bridal Veil falls, so thin you can see the face of the mountain behind it. Yonder is Yosemite falls, dropping 2,634 feet, sixteen times greater descent than that of Niagara. These waters dashed to death on the rocks so that the white spirit of the slain waters, ascending in robe of mist, seeks the heaven. Yonder is Nevada falls, plunging 700 feet, the water in arrows, the water in rockets, the water in pearls, the water in amethysts, the water in diamonds. That cascade flings down the rocks enough jewels to array all the earth in beauty and rushes on until it drops into a very hell of waters, the smoke of their torment ascending forever and ever.

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK.

But the most wonderful part of this American continent is the Yellowstone park. My visit there last month made upon me an impression that will last forever. After all poetry has exhausted itself and all the Moranes and Bierstadts and the other enchanting artists have completed their canvas, there will be other revelations to make and other stories of its beauty and wrath, splendor and agony, to be recited. The Yellowstone park is a geologist's paradise. By cheapening of travel may it become the nation's playground! In some portions of it there seems to be the anarchy of the elements. Fire and water, and the vapor born of that marriage, terrific, Geyser cones or hills of crystal that have been ever five thousand years growing are discharging with aqueous paroxysm. At the expiration of every sixty-five minutes one of the geysers tossing its boiling water 15 feet in the air and then descending into swinging rainbows. Caverns of pictured walls large enough for the sepulcher of the human race. Formations of stone in shape and color of calla lily, of heliotrope, of rose, of cowslip, of sunflower, and of gladiola. Sulphur and arsenic and oxide of iron with their delicate pencils turning the hills into a Luxembourg or a Vatican picture gallery.

The so called Thanatopsis geyser, exquisite as the Bryant poem it was named after, and the so called Evangeline geyser, lovely as the Longfellow heroine it commemorates. The so called Pulpit Terrace, from its white cloven pulpit, preaching mightier sermons of God than human lips ever uttered. The so called Bethesda geyser, by the warmth of which invalids have already been cured, the angel of health continually stirring the waters; enraged craters, with heat at five hundred degrees only a little below the surface. Wide reaches of stone of intermingled colors, blue as the sky, green as the foliage, crimson as the dahlia, white as the snow, spotted as the leopard, tawny as the lion, grizzly as the bear, in circles, in angles, in stars, in coronets, in stalactites, in stalagmites. Here and there are petrified growths of the dead trees, and vegetation of other ages kept through a process of natural embalmment. In some places waters as innocent and smiling as a child making a first attempt to walk from its mother's lap, and not far off, as foaming and frenzied and ungovernable as a maniac in murderous struggle with his keepers.

THE GRAND CANYON.

But after you have wandered among the geyserite enchantment for days and begin to feel that there can be nothing more of interest to see, you suddenly come upon the peroration of all majesty and grandeur, the Grand canyon. It is here that it seems to me—and I speak it with reverence—Jehovah seems to have surpassed himself. It seems a great gulf let down into the eternities. Here, hung up and let down and spread abroad, are all the colors of land and sea and sky. Upholstering of the Lord God Almighty. Best work of the Architect of worlds. Sculpturing by the Infinite. Masonry by an omnipotent trowel. Yellow! You never saw yellow unless you saw it there. Red! You never saw red unless you saw it there. Violet! You never saw violet unless you saw it there. Triumphant banners of color. In a cathedral of basalt Sunrise and Sunset married by the setting of rainbow ring. Gothic arches, Corinthian capitals and Egyptian basilicas built before human architecture was born. Huge fortifications of granite constructed before war forged its first cannon. Gibraltars and Sebastopols that never can be taken. Alhambras where kings of strength and queens of beauty reigned long before the first earthly crown was imperiled. Thrones on which no one but the King of heaven and earth ever sat. Fount of waters at which the lesser hills are baptized while the giant cliffs stand round as sponsors. For thousands of years before that scene was unveiled to human sight, the elements were busy, and the geysers were hewing away with their hot chisel, and glaciers were pounding with their cold hammers and hurricanes were cleaving with their lightning strokes and hailstones giving the finishing touches, and after all these forces of nature had done their best, in our century the curtain dropped and the world had a new and divinely inspired revelation, the Old Testament written on papyrus, the New Testament written on parchment, and now this last Testament written on the rocks. Hanging over one of the cliffs I looked off until I could not get my breath, then retreating to a less exposed place I looked down again. Down there is a pillar of rock that in certain conditions of the atmosphere looks like a pillar of blood. Yonder are fifty feet of emerald or a vase of five hundred feet of opal. Wall of chalk resting on pedestals of beryl. Turrets of light tumbling on floors of darkness. The brown brightening into golden. Snow of crystal melting into fire of carbuncle. Flaming red cooling into russet. Cold blue warming into saffron. Dull gray kindling into sulferine. Morning twilight flushing midnight shadows. Auroras crouching among rocks.

A HALL FOR THE LAST JUDGMENT.

Yonder is an eagle's nest on a shaft of basalt. Through an eyeglass we see among it the young eagles, but the stoutest arm of our group cannot hurl a stone near enough to disturb the feathered domesticity. Yonder are heights that would be chilled with horror but for the warm robe of forest foliage with which they are enwrapped. Altars of worship at which nations might kneel. Domes of chalcedony on temples of porphyry. See all this carnage of color up and down the cliffs; it must have been the battle field of the war of the elements. Here are all the colors of the wall of heaven, neither the sapphire, nor the topaz, nor the jacinth, nor the amethyst, nor the jasper, nor the twelve gates of twelve pearls wanting. If spirits bound from earth to heaven could pass up by way of this canyon, the dash of heavenly beauty would not be so overpowering. It would only be from glory to glory. Ascent through such earthly scenery in which the crystal is so bright and the red so flaming would be fit preparation for the "sea of glass mingled with fire." Standing there in the Grand canyon of the Yellowstone park on the morning of Aug. 9, for the most part we held our peace, but after a while it flashed upon me with such power I could not help but say to my comrade: "What a Hall this would be for the last Judgment!" See that mighty cascade with the rainbows at the foot of it. Those waters congealed and transfixed with the agitations of that day, what a place they would make for the shining feet of a Judge of quick and dead. And those rainbows look now like the crowns to be cast at his feet. At the bottom of this great canyon is a floor on which the nations of earth might stand and all up and down these galleries of rock the nations of heaven might sit. And what reverberation of archangels' trumpet there would be through all these gorges and from all those caverns and over all these heights. Why should not the greatest of all the days the world shall ever see close amid the grandest scenery that Omnipotence ever built?

THE MEDITERRANEAN OF AMERICA.

Oh! the sweep of the American continent. Sailing on Puget sound, its shores so bold that for fifteen hundred miles a ship's prow would touch the shore before its keel touched the bottom, I said: "This is the Mediterranean of America." Visiting Portland, and Tacoma, and Seattle, and Victoria, and Fort Townsend, and Vancouvers and other cities of the northwest region I thought to myself: These are the Bostons, New Yorks, Charlestons and Savannahs of the Pacific coast. But after all this summer's journeying, and my other journeys westward in other summers, I found that I had seen only a part of the American continent, for Alaska is as far west of San Francisco as the coast of Maine is east of it, so that the central city of the American continent is San Francisco.

I have said these things about the magnitude of the continent and given you a few specimens of some of its wonders and let you know the comprehensiveness of the text when it says that Christ is going to have dominion from sea to sea; that is, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Beside that, the salvation of this continent means the salvation of Asia, for we are only thirty-six miles from Asia at the northwest. Only Behring straits separate us from Asia, and these will be spanned by a great bridge before another century closes, and probably long before that. The thirty-six miles of water between these two continents are not all deep sea but have [illegible] piers for bridges, and for the most of the way the water is only about twenty fathoms deep. That America-Asiatic bridge which will yet span those straits will make America, Asia, Europe and Africa one continent. So you see America evangelized, Asia will be evangelized. Europe taking Asia from one side and America taking it from the other side. Our great-grandchildren will cross that bridge. America and Asia and Europe all one, what subtraction from the pangs of sea sickness, and the prophecies in Revelation will be fulfilled. There shall be no more sea. But do I mean literally that this American continent is going to be all gospelized? I do. Christopher Columbus when he went ashore from the Santa Maria, and his second brother Alonzo when he went ashore from the Pinta, and his third brother Vincent when he went ashore from the Nina, took possession of this country in the name of the Father and the Son and the Holy Ghost. Satan has no more right to this country than I have to your pocket book. To hear him talk on the roof of the Temple, where he proposed to give Christ the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them, you might suppose that Satan was a great capitalist or that he was loaded up with real estate, when the old miscreant never owned an acre or an inch of ground on this planet. For that reason I protest against something I heard and saw this summer in Montana and Oregon and Wyoming and Idaho and Colorado and California. They have given devilistic names to many places in the west and northwest. As soon as you get in Yellowstone park or California you have places pointed out to you cursed with such names as "The Devil's Slide," "The Devil's Kitchen," "The Devil's Thumb," "The Devil's Pulpit," "The Devil's Mushpot," "The Devil's Teakettle," "The Devil's Sawmill," "The Devil's Machine Shop," "The Devil's Gate," and so on. Now it is very much needed that geological surveyor or congressional committee or group of distinguished tourists go through Montana and Wyoming and California and Colorado and give other names to these places. All these regions belong to the Lord and to a Christian nation, and away with such Plutonic nomenclature.

HOW TO SPREAD THE GOSPEL.

But how is this continent to be gospelized? The pulpit and a Christian printing press harnessed together will be the mightiest team for the first plow. Not by the power of cold, formalistic theology, not by ecclesiastical technicalities. I am sick of them and the world is sick of them. But it will be done by the warm hearted, sympathetic presentation of the fact that Christ is ready to pardon all our sins and heal all our wounds and save us both for this world and the next. Let your religion of glaciers crack off and fall into the Gulf Stream and get melted. Take all your creeds of all denominations and drop out of them all human phraseology and put in only scriptural phraseology and you will see how quick the people will jump after them. On the Columbia river, a few days ago, we saw the salmon jump clear out of the water in different places. I suppose for the purpose of getting the insects. And if when we want to fish for men we could only have the right kind of bait they will spring out above the flood of their sins and sorrows to reach it. The Young Men's Christian associations of America will also do part of the work. All over the continent I saw this summer their new buildings rising. In Vancouver's I asked: "What are you going to put on that eighth place?" The answer was: "A Young Men's Christian association building." At Lincoln, Neb., I asked: "What are they making those excavations for?" Answer: "For our Young Men's Christian association building." At Des Moines, Ia., I saw a noble structure rising and I asked for what purpose it was being built, and they told me for the Young Men's Christian association. These institutions are going to take the young men of this nation for God. These institutions seem in better favor with God and man than ever before. Business men and capitalists are awaking to the fact that they can do nothing better in the way of living beneficence or in last will and testament than to do what Mr. Marquand did for Brooklyn when he made our Young Men's Christian palace possible. These institutions will get our young men all over the land into a stampede for heaven. Thus we will all in some way help on the work, you with your ten talents, I with five, somebody else with three. It is estimated that to irrigate the arid and desert lands of America as they ought to be irrigated, it will cost about one hundred million dollars to gather the waters into reservoirs. As much contribution and effort as that would irrigate with Gospel influences all the waste places of this continent. Let us by prayer and contribution and right living all help to fill the reservoirs. You will carry a bucket and you a cup, and even a thimbleful would help. And after a while God will send the floods of mercy so gathered, pouring down over all the land, and some of us on earth and some of us in heaven will sing with Isaiah: "In the wilderness waters have broken out and streams in the desert," and with David: "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the sight of God." Oh, fill up the reservoirs! America for God!

Small Boys and Big Money.

A Melbourne (Australia) letter of July 21 says: "A good deal of excitement arose at Williamstown this morning in consequence of the recovery of nearly £4,000, a portion of the money stolen from the royal mail steamer Iberia, under the platform of the pier railway station. The discovery was made by two boys named George Gordon and James Sweetenham, aged 14 and 15 years respectively. As the boys were walking past the platform they saw a mouse come out of a hole and dart under the northern end of the platform. Thinking to have some sport, the boys went on all fours under the floor. Gordon inserted a stick and commenced to work it about. The action produced a clinking sound, which was so unexpected that the lads scratched away the earth and suddenly discovered a mass of sovereigns.

After filling their pockets they covered up the place and went home. Gordon found that he had 113 sovereigns and his companion 164. The father of Gordon Monday took both boys, with the sovereigns, to the police station. The police proceeded to the spot and found 269 sovereigns, including those found by the boys, the whole sum having been in a bag. Subsequently the police, by digging with a garden fork, found three other bags in different places, only a couple of inches under the sand. The grand total of sovereigns recovered is 3,742. The bags in which the money was found are supposed to have been stolen from the royal mail steamer Iberia some time ago. They had evidently been opened and some sovereigns had been taken out of each before they were "planted."

Four of the five bags lost have now been found.

Mr. Clovis Hugues and the Shah.

A rather amusing incident occurred during the brief visit which the shah paid previously to his departure to the "Acrostatic Inclosure," in the Avenue Kleber. As the balloon was being sent up somebody recited a poetical composition by M. Clovis Hugues, the deputy for Marseilles. The shah, as usual, paid considerable attention to the verses, and after the elocutionist had concluded, the author of the strophes was introduced to the monarch, when it was explained to the potentate that M. Hugues was not only an accomplished "Parnassian attuner," but also a member of parliament, regarded as a poetry from politics, regarded at M. Hugues for a few moments with amazement, and then, describing a semicircle with his right hand, exclaimed, "What! a poet and a politician combined!" Then the shah fell into a brief reverie, and M. Hugues ventured to remark that he congratulated the king on his having adapted himself so admirably to the republican regime during his stay in France.

"That," concluded the republican bard, bowing lowly to the shah, "is of good omen, sire, for us and for your own country." This is the story as told by certain republicans, but they have forgotten to mention that Nasr-ed-Din asked M. Hugues if he were not one of those politicians who wanted to do away with kings, and that the deputy, somewhat disconcerted, replied: "Not precisely; but the sovereign people ought to be allowed to choose their own rulers." On hearing this the shah turned quickly away from the democratic bard and began to look skyward at the balloon again. He soon afterward left.—London Telegraph.

It is a trial to the housewife to see her fruit pies come from the oven with her carefully prepared puff paste made heavy by the juice of the fruit soaking the under crust. It is said that if the crust be washed with a beaten egg before putting in the fruit this will be prevented.

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" Peterboro....	5.52 p.m.	5.11 a.m.	8.32 a.m.
Pass Pontypool.....	6.36 p.m.		7.45 a.m.
Reach N. Toronto....	8.20 p.m.	7.38 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....	3.30 a.m.	3.45 p.m.	5.00 p.m.
" N. Toronto ..	9.05 a.m.	9.18 p.m.	5.31 p.m.
Pass Pontypool ..	10.45 a.m.		7.00 p.m.
" Peterboro ..	11.31 a.m.	11.41 p.m.	7.55 p.m.
Arr. Carleton Jc...	4.37 p.m.	4.35 a.m.	12.41 a.m.
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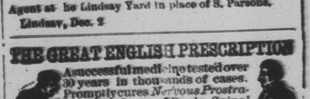

A successful medicine tested over 30 years in thousands of cases. Promptly cures *Nervous Prostration, Weakness of Brain, Spinal Cord, and Generative Organs* of either sex. *Emissions* and all ills after caused by indiscretion or over-exertion. Six packages is *guaranteed* to effect a cure when all other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

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.

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Prescription of a physician who has had a life long experience in treating female diseases. It 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 price for sealed particulars. Sold by all druggists, $1 per box. Address THE EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., DETROIT, MICH.

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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.

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Secretary-Treasurer—J. L. KERR.
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Agents wanted in unrepresented districts.
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Gun Shot 6 c. lb.	Gun Caps 7c. per box.	
FF Powder 30c. lb.	Cartridge, Winchester, 38, C.F., 75c. a box	
Dead Shot Powder 35c. lb.	" " 44, C.F., 75c. a box	
Trap Powder 35c. lb.	" " 40-60 60c a box	
Rifle Powder 40c. lb.	" " 45-75 70c. a box	
Winchester Rifles $16.00.	" 22 R.F., 13c. a box	
Marlin Improved Rifles,	" 32 R.F., 25c. a box	
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ALL CARTRIDGES GUARANTEED.

Batten Doors $1.00 each. Panel Doors $1.60 each.
Sash and Glass at Cost Price.
Horse Shoes $3 25 per keg. Horse Nails $2.25 per box.
Blacksmith's Coal, Stove Coal. Hard Wood, Drain Tile kiln prices; all delivered in town All other goods cheap in proportion. I mean to clear my large stock out in short time. Good discount to trade.

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AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN, OR ADULTS.

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Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.

Rotary Office Desk, No. 51,

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Have a large assortment of General Patterns for the above description of works.

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Income.....	4,842,632 03
Surplus, (Canadian Standard).....	7,319,000 00
Policies in force.....	97,372,334 44
New business for 1887.....	14,380,449 00

Endowments Paid to Living Policy Holders

Canada for the years 1882-3-4-5-6 in cash.

By the Ætna..... $424,640
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Lindsay

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Lumber of every description dry, dressed and matched, ready for use.
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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. REITH'S store will be promptly attended to.

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