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A Few Words to You About Wheels

It has been estimated that there will be 400 B CYCLES sold in Lindsay and the immediate vicinity this season. Some will be of good honest construction while others will be in the doubtful list. The Bleyeles that cannot be surpassed in Canada or the U.S. are . . .

THE "CLEVELAND" AND THE "WELLAND VALE."

They are made and guaranteed by the largest makers in Canada. Are the wheels that all Canadians should prefer in buying and Wheels that we will back share of this 400. Some good Bargains in TIRES and SUN-DRIES this year.

Hardware aron and Steel Merchants!
Blacksmiths Isupplies.

DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON ITS BRILLIANT BITTERNESS.

BITTERNESS OF

"Be Not Like Attila the Hun," Saith the Great Preacher, "But Scatter Kindness in Place of Selfishness, Brightness Instead of Darkness"-Extraordinary Character Study With Its Lessons.

Washington, March 12.-Rev. Dr. Talmage this morning preached from the text, Revelation viii, 10, 11, "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it ine. They make the cup of earthly existwere a lamp, and it fell upon the third ence, which is sometimes stale, effervesce part of the rivers and upon the fountains and bubble. They placate animosities. of waters, and the name of the star is They foster longevity. They slay follies called Wormwood." He said:

Patrick and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes and some other commentators say that the star Wormwood of my text was a type of Attila, King of the Huns. He was so physical defects for which the victims called because he was brilliant as a star, are not responsible? Are your powers of and, like wormwood, he imbittered every- mimicry used to put religion in conthing he touched. We have studied the tempt? Is it a bunch of nettlesome invec-Star of Bethlehem and the Morning Star | tive? Is it a bolt of unjust scorn? Is it of Revelation and the Star of Peace, but my subject calls us to gaze at the star Wormwood, and my theme might be called "Brilliant Bitterness."

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man Attila, the King of the Huns. The story goes that one day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields, and a herdsman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was woundearth, the point downward, as though it had dropped from the heavens, and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attile said that sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the meant that Attila should conquer and

and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan living or is doing now that he is dead? and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for There is not a city, town or neighbor-Byzantine castles, to meet his ruinous consecrated wealth. levy, put up at auction massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. When a poor, Suppose, when a man's wages are city was captured by him, the inhabitants | due, you make him wait for them because were brought out and put into three he cannot help himself. Suppose that, classes. The first class, those who could because his family is sick and he has had bear arms, must immediately enlist under extra expenses, he should politely ask you Attila or be butchered; the second class, to raise his wages for this year, and you the beautiful women, were made captives roughly tell him if he wants a better to the Huns; the third class, the aged place to go and get it. Suppose, by your men and women, were robbed of every- manner, you act as though he were noththing and let go back to the city to pay ing and you were everything. Suppose

a heavy tax. It was a common saying that the grass gant. Your first name ought to be Attila never grew where the hoof of Attila's and your last name Attila because you horse had trod. His armies reddened the are the star Wormwood, and you have waters of the Seine and the Moselle and embittered one-third if not three-thirds the Rhine with carnage and fought on of the waters that roll past your employes the Catalonian plains the fiercest battle and operatives and dependents and assosince the world stood-300,000 dead left ciates, and the long line of carriages on the field. On and on until all those which the undertaker orders for your who could not oppose him with arms lay funeral, in order to make the occasion prostrate on their faces in prayer, then a respectable, will be filled with twice as cloud of dust was seen in the distance, and a bishop cried, "It is the aid of God." and all the people took up the cry, "It is the aid of God." As the cloud of with eternity, the stay of the longest life dust was blown aside the banners of re- on earth is not more than a minute. enforcing armies marched in to help against Attila, "the Scourge of God." The most unimportant occurrences he or political fountains, or are we like used as a supernatural resource. After Moses, who when the Israelites in the three months of failure to capture the wilderness complained that the waters of city of Aquileia, when his army had Lake Marah were bitter and they could given up the siege, the flight of a stork not drink them their leader cut off the and her young from the tower of the city branch of a certain tree and threw that was taken by him as a sign that he was branch into the water, and it became to capture the city, and his army, in- sweet and slaked the thirst of the sufferspired with the same occurrence, resumed | ing host? Are we with a branch of the the siege and took the walls at a point | tree of life sweetening all the brackish from which the stork had emerged. So fountains that we can touch? brilliant was the conqueror in attire that shaded their eyes or turned their heads.

him not with tears, but with blood, cut- and sweeten them by smiles, by inspir-He was put into three coffins, the first of counsel, by prayer, by gospelized behavwas entombed.

The Roman Empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman a scourge, but instead of being "the Scourge of God" he was the scourge of

posed him to be the star Wormwood of God. the text. As the regions he devastated

has trickled through a slight opening in wormwood! known to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty, to Children, where children avenues round with the wheels of process is and senselessly called to order, and an what dashed down the vision of charlots

swered sharply, and suppressed, until it is a wonder that under such processes they do not all turn out Nana Sahibs!

What is your influence upon the neighborhood, the town or the city of your residence? I will suppose that you are a star of wit? What kind of rays do you shoot forth? Do you use that splendid faculty to irradiate the world or to rankle it? I bless all the apostolic college of humorists. The man that makes me laugh is my benefactor. I do not thank anybody to make me cry. I can do that without any assistance. We all cry enough and have enough to cry about. God bless all skillful punsters, all reparteeists, all propounders of ingenious conundrums. all those who mirthfully surprise us with unusual juxtaposition of words. Thomas Hood and Charles Dickens and Sydney Smith had a divine mission, and so have their successors in these times. They stir into the acid beverage of life the saccharand absurdities which all the sermons of all the pulpits cannot reach. But what use are you making of your wit? Is it besmirched with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in amusement at fun at others' misfortune? Is it glee at their disappointment and defeat? Is it bitterness put drop by drop into a cup? Is it like the squeezing of Artemisia absinthium into a draft already distastefully pungent? Then you are the star Wormwood. Yours is the fun of a rattlesnake trying how well it can sting. It is the fun of a hawk trying how quick it can strike out the eye of a dove.

But I will change this and suppose ed, and went on back farther and farther you are a star of worldly prosperity. until he came to a sword fast in the Then you have large opportunity. You can encourage that artist by buying his picture. You can improve the fields, the stables, the highway, by introducing higher style of fowl and horse and cow and sheep. You can bless the world with pomological achievement in the orchard. You can advance arboriculture and arrest god Mars, and its being given to him the deathful destruction of the American forests. You can put a piece of sculpture govern the whole earth. Other mighty into the niche of that public academy, men have been delighted at being called you can endow a college, you can stock liberators, or the Merciful, or the Good, ing 1,000 bare feet from the winter frost, but Attila called himself and demanded you can build a church, you can put a that others call him "the Scourge of missionary of Christ on that foreign shore, you can help to ransom a world. At the head of 700,000 troops, mounted A rich man with his heart right-can on Cappadocian horses, he swept every- you tell me how much good a James thing, from the Adriatic to the Black Lenox or a George Peabody or a Peter Sea. He put his iron heel on Macedonia Cooper or a William E. Dodge did while mercy, which he bestowed not. The hood that has not glorious specimens of

> But suppose you grind the face of the you are selfish and overbearing and arromany dry, tearless eyes as there are persons occupying them. You will be in this world but a few minutes. As compared What are we doing with that minute? Are we embittering the domestic or social

Dear Lord, send us all out on this mishis enemies could not look at him, but sion. All around us imbittered lives-imbittered by persecution, imbittered by Slain on the evening of his marriage hypercriticism, imbittered by poverty, by his bride, Ildico, who was hired for imbittered by pain, imbittered by injusthe assassination, his followers bewailed tice, imbittered by sin. Why not go forth ting themselves with knives and lances. ing words, by benefactions, by hearty his suite. But, though a promise was iron, the second of silver and the third of ior? Let us remember that if we are gold. He was buried by night, and into wormwood to others we are wormwood his grave were poured the most valuable to ourselves, and our life will be bitter coins and precious stones, amounting to and our eternity bitterer. The gospel of the wealth of a kingdom. The grave- Jesus Christ is the only sweetening diggers and all those who assisted at the power that is sufficient. It sweetens the burial were massacred, so that it would disposition; it sweetens the manners; it never be known where so much wealth sweetens life; it sweetens mysterious providence; it sweetens afflictions; it sweetens death; it sweetens everything. have heard people asked in social com-Empire. He was right in calling himself | pany, "If you could have three wishes gratified, what would your three wishes be?" If I could have three wishes met, I tell you what they would be. First, more the commentators might well have sup- grace of God; third, more of the grace of

In the dooryard of my brother John, were parts most opulent with fountains once missionary in Amoy, China, there and streams and rivers, you see how was a tree called the emperor tree, the graphic my text is: "There fell a great two characteristics of which are that it star from heaven, burning as it were a always grows higher than its surroundlamp, and it fell upon the third part of ings, and its leaves take the form of a the rivers and upon the fountains of crown. If this emperor tree be planted waters, and the name of the star is called | beside a rosebush, it grows a little higher than the bush and spreads out above it But are any of you the star Wormwood? a crown. If it be planted by the side of Do you scold and growl from the thrones another tree, it grows a little higher paternal or maternal? Are your children than that tree and spreads above it a everlastingly pecked at? Are you always crown. Would God that this religion of crying "Hush!" to the merry voices and Christ, a more wonderful emperor tree, swift feet and to the laughter which might overshadow all your lives! Are occasionally trickles through at wrong you lowly in ambition or circumstance, times, and is suppressed by them until putting over you its crown? Are you they can hold it no longer, and all the high in talent and position, putting over barriers burst into unlimited guffaw and you its crown? Oh, for more of the cachination, as in this weather the water saccharin in our lives and less of the

the milldam, but afterward makes wider Hundred gated Thebes, for all time to and wider breach until it carries all be- be the study of antiquarian and hiercenough when one of them is dead. Then tories with which the now forgotten you would give your right hand to hear kings of Egypt shook the nations; her one shout from the silent voice or one obelisks and columns; Karnak and step from the still foot. You will not Luxor, the stupendous temples of her any of you have to wait very long before pride. Who can imagine the greatness of your house is stiller than you want it. Thebes in those days, when the hippo-Alas, that there are so many homes not drome rang with her sports and foreign

and temples and thrones? Let the mummies break their long silence and come up to shiver in the desolation and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and defaced sculpture, responding: "Thebes built not one temple to God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes was a star, but she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

Babylon, with her 250 towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls, the splendor of the earth gathered within her gates, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his bride. Amytis, who had been brought up in a mountainous country and could not endure the flat country round Babylon. These hanging gardens, built terrace above terrace, till at the height of 400 feet there were woods waving and fountains playing, the verdure, the foliage, the glory looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On the tiptop a king walking with his queen. Among the statues, snowy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands and drinking out of tankards of solid gold or looking off over rivers and lakes upon nations subdued and tributary, crying, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?"

What battering ram smote the walls? What plowshare upturned the gardens? What army shattered the brazen gates? What long, fierce blast of storm put out this light which illuminated the world? What crash of discord drove down the music that poured from palace window and garden grove and called the banqueters to their revel and the dancers to their feet? I walk upon the scene of desolation to find an answer and pick up pieces of bitumen and brick and broken pottery, the remains of Babylon. I hear the wild waves saying, "Babylon was proud, Babylon was impure, Babylon was a star, but by sin she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

that our cup of blessing turn not to pygmy forest and then traversed the wormwood and we go down. I am by nature and by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will continue to advance until the world shall reach the millennial era. Our only safety is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land and break his Sabbaths, and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a people, and we learn saving lesson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic, nor drought nor mildew, nor scourge of locust and grasshopper; if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue and beslimed the high places of authority, making free government at times a hissing and a byword in all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities, as though they were reaching after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom, are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin; the pillars of our National and State capitols will fall more disastrously than when Samson pulled down Dagon, and future historians will record upon the page bedewed with generous tears the story that the free nation of the west arose in splendor which made the world stare. It had magnificent possibilities; it forgot God; it hated justice; it hugged its crimes; it halted on its high march; it reeled under the blow of calamity; it fell, and as it was going down all the despotisms of earth from the top of bloody thrones began to shout: "Aha! So would we have it!" while struggling and oppressed peoples looked out from dungeon bars, with tears and groans and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those and the woe of these uniting in the exclamation: "Look yonder! There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"

The First Horseless Carriage.

If further proof were needed of the dictum that "there is no new thing under the sun," it has been supplied by an article in The Revue Scientifique, which traces the invention of the autocar to the ingenious mechanician, Vaucanson, just 150 years ago. In a memorandum recent ly brought to light it is recorded that Vaucanson was honored in 1748 by a open and straightforward, and had no visit from Louis XV. for the purpose of difficulty with them. At one place he put inspecting a marvelous carriage that ran without the aid of a horse or any visible means of propulsion. Two persons took their seats in the vehicle, which seems to have been as gorgeous as a sheriff's carriage, and were driven round the courtyard to the satisfaction of His Majesty and the Duc de Mortemart, M. de Lauzun, M. d'Avezac and other members of secured of royal patronage, the Academy of Sciences declared that such a conveyance could not be tolerated in the streets, and the scheme was nipped in the bud. The motive power was supplied by a hugh clock spring, so that only a short journey was possible, but the gear seems to have closely resembled that of the horseless carriage of to-day.-London

Use for Liquefied Air.

for liquefied air, the possibilities of distract the eye from its outline or the which have been matters of discussion beautiful curves that mark its melting among scientific men for some time. into the full bosom of the ship. It hangs covery was made recently by which it is cleanly as a tempered knife, slices into now practicable to use liquefied air in the hollow of the swell, down and down underground work, such as mining, driv- till the surprised sea spits off in foam ing tunnels and sinking shafts. It is said about the hawser holes. As the ship rolls that under proper conditions the libera- in her descent you can watch curve after tion of air from the liquid can be effec- new curve revealed, humoring and coaxtive in generating power with which to ing the water. When she recovers her run drills under ground, pumps, hoists, step the long sucking hollow of her own in the deepest mines. The liquid air can to make you wish to see more. In harbor also be used in freezing soft ground, the still water line, hard as the collar of making tunnel cutting less hazardous a tailor-made jacket, hides that vision; and tedious.

To Electrocute a Safety Vault.

& Trust Company. The walls are con- for the work in hand, and in every line a thickness of one and one-quarter inches. shows, to these eyes at least, a miracle and a wire for each run in through a as a water-worn pebble, curved and vent hole. The wire will be attached to moulded as the sea loves to have them. liberal treatment and the above grand fore it with irresistible freshet? Do not glyphist; her stupendous ruins spread with a heavy handle. They will pass the treble-turreted ships of some other navies share of this 400 for it with irresistable freshet? Do not gryphist, but steel walls burning them be too much offended at the noise your over 27 miles; her sculptures presenting them be too much offended at the noise your over the steel walls, burning them bammer and batter into an element they children now make. It will be still in figures of warrior and chariot the vic- carbon over the steel walls, burning them hammer and batter into an element they

Time to Prune Roses and Lilacs. Prune roses in spring after the buds have begun to swell. Then you will be able to see where the strongest branches are going to be and can prune intelligently. Transplant in May. Brone lilaus

I LOVE HER SO.

When I sit down at home to rest, Just after tea, My little girl grabs hold my vest, And climbs on me ; And if she wants to comb my hair,

I can't say no; I let her pull and rake and tear-I love her so.

Sometimes when I attempt to write, Or try to read, To half a hundred questions, quite, I must give heed,

And almost wish, when part I've heard, To bed she'd go, But still I have to say the word-I love her so.

Then, when at last she's gone to sleep, The precious thing, And angels o'er her vigils keep, With folded wing,

I long to have her silence break, And hardly know How I can wait till she shall wake-I love her so.

QUEER AFRICAN DWARFS.

Return of an English Traveller Who Visited the Central Pigmies and Cannibals in Peace.

Probably there has been no such interest circling around African travelless and geographers since the time of Henry M. Stanley's expedition as has been caused by the arrival from Central Africa the other week of Albert Bushnill Lloyd, a young and hitherto unknown Englishman, after a journey of three months from the heart of Africa to London, travelling over Stanley's route down the Congo to the west coast.

The journey was in one respect more remarkable than Stanley's, inasmuch as Mr. Lloyd travelled quite alone so far as Europeans were concerned, and was only accompanied by two native servants and I pray that our nation may not copy a small number of carriers. Moreover, the crimes of nations that have perished; although he marched three weeks in the whole length of the Aruwimi River, the banks of which are lined with warlile cannibals, he never once fired a shot in self-defense. On the contrary, he was on cordial terms with both pygmies and can-

Mr. Lloyd's journey along the almost untrodden path from Uganda was most hazardous. His own friends tried to dissuade him, but he persisted, and on his arrival at the Congo the Belgians could scarcely believe that he had made the

On entering the great primeval forest Mr. Lloyd went west for five days without the sight of a pygmy. Suddenly he became aware of their presence by mysterious movements among the trees, which he first attributed to the monkeys. Finally he came to a clearing and stopped at an Arab village, where he met a great number of pygmies.

"They told me," said Mr. Lloyd, that. unknown to me, they had been watching me for five days, peering through the growth of forest. They appeared very much frightened, and even when speak ing covered their faces. I asked a chief to allow me to photograph the dwarfs, and he brought a dozen together. I was able to secure a snapshot, but did not succeed in the time exposure, as the pygmie would not stand still. "Ltried to measure them and found

not one over four feet in height. All were fully developed, the women somewhat slighter than the men. I was amazed at their sturdiness. The men have long beards, reaching half way down the chest. They are very timid and will not look a stranger in the face, their beadlike eyes constantly shifting. They are, it struck me, fairly intelligent. I had a long talk with a chief, who conversed intelligently about their customs in the forest and the number of the tribesmen.

"Both men and women, except for a tiny strip of bark, were quite nude. The men were armed with poisoned arrows. The chief told me the tribes were noma dic and never slept two nights in the same place. They just huddle together in hastily thrown up huts. Memories of a white traveller-Mr. Stanley, of coursewho crossed the forest years ago, still linger among them."

Mr. Lloyd then proceeded through the cannibal countries to the coast. He found the cannibals warlike and fierce, but together a bicycle he had with him and rode around their village. A remarkable scene followed, thousands of cannibalsmen, women and children-turning out, dancing and yelling at what they described as "a European riding a snake."

"A FLEET IN BEING."

Rudyard Kipling's Eulogy of the Beauty of Steam.

Do not believe what people tell you of the ugliness of steam, nor join those who lament the old sailing days. There is one beauty of the sun and another of the moon, and we must be thankful for both A modern man-of-war photographed in severe profile is not engaging, but you should see her with the life hot in her, head-on across a heavy swell. The ram bow draws upward and outward in a stately sweep. There is no ruck of figure-It is reported that a use has been found | head, bow timbers or bowsprit fitting to etc., while cool air can also be supplied wave discloses just enough of her shape but when she dances the big sea dance she is as different from her Portsmouth shilling photograph as is a matron in a An experiment of scientific interest is macintosh from the same lady at a ball. to be tried in getting rid of the safety | Swaying a little in her gait, drunk with vault of the old Cincinnati (O.) Deposit | sheer delight of movement, perfectly apt structed of layers of hard spring steel to of her rejoicing that she is doing it, she Two operators will be placed in the vault of grace and beauty. Her sides are smooth do not understand, she, coan, cool and sweet, uses it to her own advantage. The new navy offers to the sea precisely as much to take hold of as the trim, level-

> Tons of Soot. One thousand rons of soot settle month

headed woman with generations of in-

herited experience offers to society.

..THE .. ASCOT TIE IS THE HOTTEST COING

NEWEST STAND-UP COLLAR

--AT--

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of Stocktaking, which commences in about a month or six weeks, we purpose giving our customers such Bargains as we never attempted before, We will not quote any articles or prices, but just say that all goods are at Bargain prices We carry one of the largest stocks in the courty and co the Finest Enera mg and Repairing. We wish to that k our many friends and public generally for their liberal patronage during the year 1898, and solicit a continuance of the same.

THE JEWELER.

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for sale at all times The above are all good stock and well worthy the immediate attention of those requiring such.

Also Chester White and Berkshire Boar for Service MCEACHERN BROS., Argyle P.O.