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Table with columns for DEPARTURES and ARRIVALS, listing various routes and times.

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GLAD EASTERTIDE.

SPRING'S APPEAL TO ALL TO HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

EFFECTIVE HOMELY SIMILE.

The Lily the Queen of Bible Flowers and Thus Appropriately the Chosen Emblem of the Resurrection Morn—The Flowers of the Spring and the Lessons They Teach Discouraged Mortals.

Washington, April 2.—Rev. Dr. Tallmage this morning preached from the text, Luke xii, 28, "If then God so clothe the grass, which is to-day in the field, and to-morrow will be cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?" He said:

The lily is the queen of Bible flowers. The rose may have disputed her throne in modern times and won it, but the rose originally had only five petals. It was under the long continued and intense gaze of the world that the rose blushed into its present beauty. In the Bible train, cassia and hyssop and frankincense and myrrh and spikenard and camphor and the rose follow the lily. Fourteen times in the Bible is the lily mentioned; only twice the rose. The rose may now have wider empire, but the lily reigned in the time of Esther, in the time of Solomon, in the time of Christ. Caesar had his throne on the hills. The lily had her throne in the valley. In the greatest sermon that was ever preached, there was only one flower, and that a lily. The Bedford dreamer, John Bunyan, entered the house of the interpreter and was shown a cluster of flowers and was told to "consider the lilies."

We may study or reject other sciences at our option—it is so with astronomy, it is so with chemistry, it is so with jurisprudence, it is so with physiology, it is so with geology—but the science of botany Christ commands us to study when he says, "Consider the lilies." Measure them from root to tip of petal. Inhale their breath. Notice the gracefulness of their poses. Hear the whisper of the white lips of the eastern and the red lips of the American lily.

Belonging to this royal family of lilies are the lily of the Nile, the Japan lily, the Lady Washington of the Sierras, the Golden Band lily, the Giant Lily of Nepal, the Turk's cap lily, the African lily from the Cape of Good Hope. All these lilies have the royal blood in their veins. But I take the lilies of my text this morning as typical of all flowers, and their voice of floral beauty seems to address us, saying: "Consider the lilies, consider the azaleas, consider the fuchsias, consider the geraniums, consider the ivies, consider the hyacinths, consider the heliotropes, consider the gladioli. With deferential and grateful and intelligent and worshipful souls, consider them. Not with insipid sentimentalism or with soporific vaporing, but for grand and practical and everyday, and, if need be, homely uses, consider them.

The flowers are the angels of the grass. They all have voices. When the clouds speak they thunder, when the whirlwinds speak they scream, when the cataracts speak they roar; but when the flowers speak they always whisper. I stand here to interpret their message. What have you to say to us, O ye angels of the grass? This morning I mean to discuss what flowers are good for. That is my subject. What are flowers good for?

I remark, in the first place, they are good for lessons of God's providential care. That was Christ's first thought. All these flowers seem to address us today, saying: "God will give you apparel and food. We have no wheel with which to spin, no loom with which to weave, no sickle with which to harvest, no well sweep with which to draw water, but God feeds us with the bread of the sunshine, and God has appeared us with more than Solomon's regality. We are prophesies of adequate wardrobe. "If God so clothed us, the grass of the field, will he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" Men and women of worldly anxieties, take this message home with you! How long has God taken care of you? Quarter of the journey of life? Half the journey of life? Three-quarters the journey of life? Can you not trust him the rest of the way? God does not promise you anything like that which the Roman Emperor had on his table at vast expense—500 nightgales' tongues—but he has promised to take care of you. He has promised you the necessities—the luxuries—bread, not cake. If God so luxuriantly clothes the grass of the field, will he not provide for you, his living and immortal children? He will.

No wonder Martin Luther always had a flower on his writing desk for inspiration! Through the cracks of the prison floor a flower grew up to cheer Piccola, Mungo Park, the great traveller and explorer, had his life saved by a flower. He sank down in the desert to die; but, seeing a flower near by, it suggested God's merciful care, and he got up with new courage and travelled on to safety. I said the flowers are the angels of the grass. I add now they are the evangelists of the sky.

If you ask me the question, "What are flowers good for?" I respond, they are good for the bridal day. The bride must have them on her brow, and she must have them in her hand. The marriage altar must be covered with them. A wedding without flowers would be as inappropriate as a wedding without music. At such a time they are for congratulation and prophecies of good. So much of the pathway of life is covered up with thorns, we ought to cover the beginning with orange blossoms.

Flowers are appropriate on such occasions, for in ninety-nine out of a hundred cases it is the very best thing that could have happened. The world may criticize and pronounce it an impudience and may lift its eyebrows in surprise and think it might suggest something better, but the God who sees the 20, 40, 50 years of wedded life before they have begun arranges for the best. So that flowers in almost all cases are appropriate for the marriage day. The divergences of disposition will become correspondences, recklessness will become prudence, frivolity will be turned into practicality.

will be exposed the half blown bud, and the memories of the past will rush upon her, and a tear will drop upon the flower, and suddenly it is transfigured, and there is a stir in the dust of the author, and it begins to tremble in the procession up the church aisle, and the dead music of a half century ago comes throbbing through the air, and vanished faces reappear and right hands are joined, and a manly voice promises, "I will, for better or for worse," and the wedding march thunders a salvo of joy at the departing crowd, but a sigh on that anniversary day scatters the scene. Under the deep fetched breath the altar, the flowers, the congratulating groups are scattered, and there is nothing left but a trembling hand holding a faded rosebud, which is put into the paper and then into the box, and the box carefully placed in the bureau, and with a sharp, sudden click of the lock the scene is over.

Ah, my friends, let not the prophecies of the flowers on your wedding day be false prophecies. Be blind to each other's faults. Make the most of each other's excellences. Remember the vows, the ring on the third finger of the left hand, and the benediction of the calla lilies.

If you ask me the question, "What are flowers good for?" I answer, they are good to honor and comfort the orbesque. The worst gash ever made into the side of our poor earth is the gash of the grave. It is so deep, it is so cruel, it is so incurable, that it needs something to cover it up. Flowers for the casket, flowers for the hearse, flowers for the cemetery. What a contrast between a grave in a country churchyard, with the fence broken down and the tombstone askant and the neighboring cattle browsing amid the mullein stalks and the Canada thistles, and a June morning in Greenwood, the wave of rosette bloom rolling to the top of the mounds and then breaking into foaming crests of white flowers all around the pillows of dust. It is the difference between sleeping under rags and sleeping under an embroidered blanket. We want old mortality with his feet to go through all the graveyards in Christendom, and while he carries a chisel in one hand we want old mortality to have some flower seed in the palm of the other hand.

"Oh," you say, "the dead don't know; it makes no difference to them." I think you are mistaken. There are not so many steamers and trains coming to any living city as there are convoys coming from heaven to earth, and if there be instantaneous and constant communication between this world and the better world, do you not suppose your departed friends know what you do with their bodies? Why has God planted goldenrod and wild flowers in the forest and on the prairie, where no human eye ever sees them? He planted them there for invisible intelligences to look at and admire, and when the invisible intelligences come to look at the wild flowers of the woods and the table lands, will they not make excursion and see the flowers which you have planted in affectionate remembrance of them?

When I am dead, I would like to have a handful of violets—any one could pluck them out of the grass, or some one could lift from the edge of the pond a water lily—nothing rarely expensive, no insane display, as sometimes at funeral rites, where the display takes the bread from the children's mouths and the clothes from their backs, but something from the great democracy of flowers. Rather than imperial catafalque of Russian Czar, I ask some one whom I may have helped by gospel sermon or Christian deed, to bring a sprig of arbutus or a handful of Chickasaws.

It was left for modern times to spell respect for the departed and comfort for the living in letters of floral gospel. Pillow of flowers, meaning rest for the pilgrim who has got to the end of his journey. Anchor of flowers, suggesting the Christian hope which we have as an anchor of the soul, sure and steadfast. Cross of flowers, suggesting the tree on which our sins were slain. If I had my way, I would cover up all the dreamless sleepers, whether in golden handled casket or pine box, whether a king's mausoleum or potter's field, with radiant or aromatic arborescence. The Bible says, "In the midst of the garden there was a sardine tree, and that great sardine might be in the midst of a garden."

If you asked me the question, "What are flowers good for?" I answer, "For religious symbolism." Have you ever studied Scriptural flora? The Bible is an arboretum, it is a divine conservatory, it is a herbarium of exquisite beauty. If you want to illustrate the brevity of the highest human life, you will quote from Job, "Man cometh forth as a flower and is cut down." Or you will quote from the psalmist, "As the flower of the field, so he perisheth; the wind passeth over it, and it is gone." Or you will quote from Isaiah, "All flesh is grass, and the goodness thereof is as the flower of the field." Or you will quote from James the apostle, "As the flower of the grass, so shall he passeth away." What great Bible symbolism! All the cut flowers will soon be dead, whatever care you take of them. Though morning and night you baptize them in the name of the shower, the ordinance. They will not be them a saving ordinance. They have been fatally wounded with the knife that cuts them; they are bleeding their life away; they are dying now. The fragrance in the air is their departing and ascending spirits. Oh, yes! Flowers are almost human. Botanists tell us that flowers breathe, they take nourishment, they eat, they drink. They are sensitive. They have their likes and dislikes. They sleep, they wake. They live in families. They have their ancestors and their descendants, their birth, their burial, their cradle, their grave. The zephyr rocks the one, and the storm digs the trench for the other. The cowslip must leave its gold, the lily must leave its silver, the rose must leave its diamond necklace of morning dew. Dust to dust. So we come up, we prosper, we spread abroad, we die, as the flower—as the flower!

Change and decay in all around I see; O thou who changeest not, abide with me! Flowers also afford mighty symbolism of Christ, who compares himself to the ancient queen, the lily, and the modern queen, the rose, when he said, "I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valley." Redolent like the one, the humble like the other. Like both, appropriate for the sad who want sympathizers and for the rejoicing who want banqueters. Hovering over the marriage ceremony like a wedding bell or folded like a chaperon the pulseless heart of the dead. O Christ, let the perfume of thy name be wafted all around the earth—lily and rose, lily and rose—until the wilderness crimson into green and the earth turn into one great bed of immortal beauty laid against the warm heart of God. Snatch down from the world's banners eagle and lion and put on lily and rose, lily and rose.

APPLES AS MEDICINE.

Their Albumen, Gum and Acid Are of Use to Our Physiology.

Chemically, the apple is composed of vegetable fibre, albumen, sugar, gum, chlorophyll, malic acid, gallic acid, lime and much water. Furthermore, the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. This phosphorus, says The Family Doctor, is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter, leithicin, of the brain and spinal cord. It is perhaps for the same reason, rudely understood, that old Scandinavian traditions represent the apple as the food of the gods, who, when they felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm, resorted to this fruit for renewing their powers of mind and body. Also, the acids of the apple are of great use for men of sedentary habits, whose livers are sluggish in action, those acids serving to eliminate from the body noxious matters, which if retained would make the brain heavy and dull, or bring about jaundice or skin eruptions or other allied troubles. Some such experience must have led to our custom of taking apple sauce with roast pork, rich goose and like dishes. The malic acid of ripe apples, either raw or cooked, will neutralize any excess of chalky matter engendered by salting too much meat. It is also a fact that such fresh fruit as the apple, the pear and the plum, when taken ripe, and without sugar, diminish acidity in the stomach, rather than provoke it. Their vegetable salts and juices are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to counteract acidity. A ripe, raw apple is one of the easiest vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of its digestion being completed in 85 minutes. Gerard found that the "pulp of roasted apples mixed in a quart of fair water, and labored together until it comes to be as apples and also—which we call lambeswool—never falleth in certain diseases of the rains, which myself hath often proved, and gained thereby both crowns and credit. The paring of an apple, cut somewhat thick, and the inside whereof is laid to hot, burning or running eyes at bed, when the party goes to bed, and is tied or bound to the same, doth help the trouble very speedily; and contrary to expectation—an excellent secret."—Key-stones.

However labyrinthine the mausoleum, however costly the sarcophagus, however architecturally grand the necropolis, however beautifully parterred the family grounds, we want them all broken up by the Lord of the resurrection. The forms that we laid away with our broken hearts must rise again. Father and mother, they must come out. Our darling children, they must come out. The eyes that with trembling fingers were closed must open in the luster of resurrection morn. The arms that we folded in death must join ours in embrace of reunion. The beloved voice that was hushed must be returned. The beloved form must come up without its infirmities, without its fatigues. It must come up. Oh, how long it seems for some of you! Waiting, waiting for the resurrection! How long, how long! I make for your broken hearts to-day a cool, soft bandage of lilies. I comfort you this day with the thought of resurrection.

When Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral in London, the heart of all England was stirred. The procession passed on amid the sobbing of a nation. There were 30 trumpeters stationed at the door of the cathedral, with instruments of music in hand, waiting for the signal, and, when the illustrious dead arrived at the gates of St. Paul's Cathedral, these 30 trumpeters gave one united blast, and then all was silent. Yet the trumpets did not wake the dead. He slept right on. But I have to tell you, what 30 trumpeters could do for one man, one trumpeter will do for all nations. The ages have rolled on, and the clock of the world's destiny strikes 9, 10, 11, 12, and time shall be no longer!

Behold the archangel hovering! He takes the trumpet, points it this way, puts its lips to his lips and then blows one long, loud, terrific, thunderous, reverberating and resurrectionary blast! Look, look! They rise! The dead—the dead! Some coming forth from the family vault, some from the city cemetery, some from the country graveyard. Here a spirit is joined to another body, and millions of departed spirits are assorting the bodies, and all reclothing themselves in forms radiant for ascension.

The earth begins to burn—the bonfire of a great victory. All ready now for the procession of reconstructed humanity! Upward and away! Christ leads, and all the Christian dead follow, battalion after battalion, nation after nation. Up, up! On, on! Forward, ye ranks of God Almighty! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates and let the conquerors come in! Resurrection! Resurrection!

Brought the Mule Back.

U. S. Senator Morgan was the witness of an interesting incident during his visit to Honolulu. One day a cargo of mules was being carried on a barge to a steamer lying off shore, when one of the mules jumped overboard. When he landed on the beach he took a survey, and saw his fellow-mules still on the barge, and started to join them. After he had swam some distance, a great wave came along and turned him over. When he righted himself he was wild with rage, and blindly headed off for mid-ocean. The captain of the barge gave a command to the mule, and, reaching the animal, climbed upon his back, and by clever tactics rode the mule direct to the steamer.

Inventor Edison's Brightest Story.

One of the best examples of the great Inventor Edison's wit is recorded in an anecdotal biography of the great inventor. A gentleman representing the building committee of a city church called to see Mr. Edison. The committee had been unable to decide whether to equip the church with lightning rods or not, and had sent to secure Mr. Edison's opinion on the matter.

Printing in the Dark.

Sulphate of quinine has some very curious properties, one of them being its power to impress an image of itself on a sheet of sensitive paper in the dark. If a design be drawn on a sheet of paper with sulphate of quinine, exposed for a few minutes to the sun, then placed on a sheet of sensitive paper, put in a book, and left for a few hours, a perfect image of the drawing will be found impressed on the sheet of paper. Writing may be copied in sensitive paper in this way, but it must be reversed, or the writing will be reversed on the sensitive paper.

Newfoundland Caribou.

The caribou, or reindeer, of Newfoundland roams over an area of some 25,000 miles of unbroken wilderness. They are magnificent creatures, some of the larger stags weighing from 500 to 600 pounds. As might be expected, venison is pretty plentiful in St. John's market and has been sold for as little as five cents a pound.

Knew What Troubled Him.

A very little boy had, during his papa's severe illness, heard a great deal said about nervous prostration. Feeling ill one day, he threw himself upon the sofa, exclaiming: "Oh, dear, I'm afraid I'm going to have nervous prostration!"

Certainly Looks That Way.

Little Johnny thinks that school teachers are awfully social creatures. Miss Dash, he says, never stays after school without having one or two of the boys to keep her company.

AWFULNESS OF PRISON LIFE.

The Realization That the Brand of "Convict" Never Can Be Removed.

"The first aspect of prison life that strikes one who enters within the doors is its cutoffness from the world outside," writes Mrs. Ballington Booth in The Ladies' Home Journal. "The man who has friends who still care for him may receive a stated number of visits a year, when for a few minutes he talks with wife or mother or friend in the guard-room, and he is allowed to write one letter a month and to receive letters twice a week. To him there is, therefore, still this little bridge between his cell and the world from which he has been banished. To many, however, there does not exist this link—no friends have they to call on them, and the deliverer of letters passes their cells every week for years without topping to hand a message through the bar to them. Stern discipline, loneliness, long hours of work, a narrow little cell with just room enough for a stool and a bed, with a thick barred door through which the light falls flanked with shadows as a constant reminder of confinement—these, in part, make up prison life. The felon of wealth and the poor prisoner from the slums may march next each other in the lockstep and occupy adjacent cells on the gallery, for to all intents and purposes they are alike now. The stripped dress, close-cropped hair, the utter absence of all comforts have a leveling influence. "The awfulness of a prison life lies in the memories of the past; the dismal contrast between home and prison cell; the longing for loved ones whose hearts are aching away out of reach; the knowledge that the wretched companionship of misery must be theirs, in the weary round of prison toil from morning till night, for the long years ahead, which seem interminable. Above and beyond all this, prisoners have the bitter realization of the brand that has fallen upon them never to be removed—convicts—that they are degraded before the public, and will be looked upon forever as accursed."

Beau Nash as a Gambler.

When the late Earl of T-d was a youth he was passionately fond of play, and never better pleased than with having Mr. Nash for his antagonist. Nash saw with concern his lordship's folly, and undertook to cure him, though by a very disagreeable remedy. Conscious of his own superior skill he determined to engage him in single play for a very considerable sum. His lordship in proportion as he lost his game, lost his temper too; and as he approached the gulf, seemed still more eager for ruin.

He lost his estate; some writings were put into the winner's possession; his very equipage deposited as a last stake, and he lost that also. But when our generous gambler had found his lordship sufficiently punished for his temerity he returned all, only stipulating that he should be paid \$5,000 whenever he should think proper to make the demand. However, he never made any such demand during his lordship's lifetime; but some time after his decease, Mr. Nash's affairs being in the wane, he demanded the money of his lordship's heirs, who honorably paid it without any hesitation.—History of Gambling in England.

The Spider's Appetite.

The spider has a tremendous appetite, and his gourmandizing defies all human competition. A scientist who carefully noted a spider's consumption of food in 24 hours concluded that if the spider were built proportionately to the human scale he would eat at daybreak (approximately) a small alligator; at 7 a.m. a lamb; by 9 a.m. a young camelopard; by 1 o'clock, a sheep, and would finish up with a large pie, in which there were 120 birds. Yet, in spite of his enormous appetite a spider has wonderful power of refraining from food, and one has been known to live for two months when absolutely deprived of food. A beetle lived in a similar state of unrefreshment for three years.

For Hiccoughs.

For a severe case of the hiccoughs four to six drops of nitrate of amyl on a handkerchief inhaled at intervals is probably the best remedy in the world. For mild cases of hiccough a few mustard seeds may be soaked in water, and the mustard water should be sipped every ten minutes until a person is relieved.

MARCH, ONWARD MARCH

January and February can be like a dream and now March approaches with a still larger stock of.....

Hardware and Tinware

At the JUBILEE HARDWARE EXHIBITION. Here are a few of the articles which must go at ROCK BOTTOM PRICES for the month of March.

- Milk Cans, Creamer Cans, Churns (all sizes), Wash Tubs, Wringers, Wash Boards, Sap Buckets and Spiles, Sap Kettles, etc.

Glass in all sizes and at lowest prices is what expands our trade.

W. BINGHAM 57 Kent Street.

High Grade Bicycles at \$10

might interest some people, but they're not in our line. For the 25 years we have been before the public as Grocers and Crochets goods at the lowest living prices, thereby retaining the confidence we have enjoyed.

Crockery Department!

DINNER SETS—with Cups and Saucers. This is a decided boon to buyers in this line. We are expecting a consignment of these goods every day. Besides having pure China Cups and Saucers, the complete set has that clear attractive finish, so seldom found on meeting priced goods. See this line. Consider it a pleasure to show goods.

Groceries!

Special value in FINE PRUNES. Special value in TABLETS PURE CLOVER HONEY.

Advertisement for R. Bryans, featuring a bicycle and text: "WHAT IS SAID CRESCENT... The Chainless Crescent... High Grade Bicycles at \$10... J. RIGGS'S... Catarrh, Asthma... Helm & Dick... MONEY TO L... SPRATT & KILLEN... Established 4 Century"