

AN OLD MAN'S MUSING
A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW OF ONE'S
VICISSITUDES IN LIFE.
REV. DR. TALMAGE'S MEMORIES.

A Day of Tender Reminiscence in Nova
Scotia—His Pastorate, His Departed
Friends, His Boyhood, All Came Back
Again With Redoubled Thought Mel-
lowed Force—Value of a Glimpse Back.

Washington, May 7.—Rev. Dr. Talmage this morning preached from the text, Psalms xxxix, 8, "While I was musing the fire burned." He said:

Here is David, the psalmist, with the forefinger of his right hand against his temple and the door shut against the world, engaged in contemplation. And it would be well for us to take the same posture often while we sit down in sweet solitude to contemplate.

In a small island off the coast of Nova Scotia I once passed a Sabbath in delight. I felt lonely, for I had resolved that I would have one day of entire quietude before I entered upon autumnal work. I thought to have spent the day in laying out plans for Christian work. But instead of that it became a day of tender reminiscence. I reviewed my pastorate; I shook hands with an old departed friend, whom I shall greet again when the curtains of life are lifted. The days of my boyhood came back, and I was 10 years of age, and I was 8, and I was 5. There was but one house on the island, and yet from Sabbath daybreak, when the bird chant woke me, until the evening melted into the Bay of Fundy, from shore to shore there were ten thousand memories and the groves were a hum with voices that had long ago ceased.

Youth is apt too much to spend all its time in looking forward. Old age is apt too much to spend all its time in looking backward. People in middle and on the apex look both ways. It would be well for us, I think, however, to spend more time in reminiscence. By the constitution of our nature we spend most of the time looking forward. And the vast majority of people live not so much in the present as in the future. I find that you mean to make a reputation, you mean to establish yourself, and the advantages that you expect to achieve absorb a great deal of your time. But I see no harm in this, if it does not disqualify you for existing duties. It is a useful thing sometimes to look back and to see the dangers we have escaped and to see the sorrows we have suffered and the trials and wanderings of our earthly pilgrimage and to sum up our enjoyments. I mean, so far as God may help me, to stir up your memory of the past, so that in the review you may be encouraged and humbled and urged to pray.

There is a chapel in Florence with a fresco by Guido. It was covered up with two inches of stucco until our American and European artists went there, and after long toil removed the covering and retraced the fresco. And I am aware that the memory of the past, with many of you, is all covered up with oblations, and I now propose, so far as the Lord may help me, to take away the covering, that the old picture may shine out again. I want to bind in one sheaf all your past adventures, and I want to bind in another sheaf all your past adversities. It is a precious harvest, and I must be cautious how I swing the scythe.

Among the greatest advantages of your past life were an early home and its surroundings. The bad men of the day, for the most part, dip their heated passions out of the boiling spring of an unhappy home. We are not surprised to find that Byron's heart was a concentration of sin when he heard his mother was abandoned and that she made sport of his infirmity and often called him "the lame brat." He who has vicious parents has to fight every inch of his way if he would maintain his integrity and at last reach the home of the good in heaven. Perhaps your early home was in a city. It may have been when Pennsylvania avenue, Washington, was residential, New York was far up town. That old house in the city may have been demolished or changed into stores, and it seemed like sacrilege to you, for there was more meaning in that small house than there is in a granite mansion or a turreted cathedral. Looking back, you see it as though it were yesterday—the sitting room, where the loved one sat by the plain lamp light, the mother at the evening stand, the brothers and sisters, perhaps long ago gathered into the skies, then plotting mischief on the floor or under the table, your father with firm voice commanding a silence that lasted half a minute.

Oh, those were good days! If you had your foot hurt, your mother always had a soothing salve to heal it. If you were wronged in the street, your father was always ready to protect you. The year was one round of frolic and mirth. Your greatest trouble was an April shower, more sunshine than shower. The heart had not been ransacked by trouble, nor had sickness broken it, and no lamb had a warmer sheepfold than the home in which your childhood nestled.

Perhaps you were brought up in the country. You stand now to-day in memory under the old tree. You clucked it for fruit that was not quite ripe, because you couldn't wait any longer. You hear the brook rumbling along over the pebbles. You step again into the furrow where your father in his shirt sleeves shouted to the lazy oxen. You frighten the swallows from the rafters of the barn and take just one egg and silence your conscience by saying they will not miss it. You take a drink again out of the very bucket that the old well fetched up. You go for the cows at night and find them pushing their heads through the bars. Oftentimes in the dusty and busy streets you wish you were home again on that cool grass or in the rag carpeted hall of the farmhouse, through which there came the breath of new mown hay or the blossom of buckwheat.

You may have in your windows now beautiful plants and flowers brought from across the seas, but not one of them stirs in your soul so much charm and memory as the old ivy and the yellow sunflower that stood sentinel along the garden walk and the forget-me-nots playing hide and seek mid the long grass. The father who used to come in sun-burned from the field and sit down on the doorkill and wipe the sweat from his brow may have gone to his everlasting rest. The mother who used to sit at the door a little bent over, cap and spectacles on, her face mellowing with the vicissitudes of many years, may have put down her gray head on the pillow in the valley,

but forget that home you never will. Have you thanked God for it? Have you rehearsed all these blessed reminiscences? Oh, thank God for a Christian mother! Thank God for a Christian altar! Thank God for an early Christian home! Thank God for a mind another passage in the history of your life. The day came when you set up your own household. The days passed along in quiet blessedness. You train sat at the table morning and night and talked over your plans for the future. The most insignificant affair in your life became the subject of mutual consultation and advice. You were so happy together and you never could be any happier. One day a dark cloud hovered over your dwelling, and it grew darker and darker, but out of that cloud the shining messenger of God descended to incarnate an immortal spirit. Two little feet started on an eternal journey, and you were to lead them, a gem to flash in heaven's coronet, and you to polish it. Eternal ages of light and darkness watching, starting out of a newly-created creature, you rejoiced and you trembled at the responsibility that in your place. You immortal treasure was in your place. You prayed and rejoiced and wept and wondered. You were earnest in supplication that you might lead it through life into the kingdom of God. There was a tremor in your earnestness. There was a double interest about that home. There was an additional interest why you should stay there and be faithful, and when in a few months your house was filled with the music of the child's laughter you were struck through with the fact that you had a stupendous mission.

Have you kept that vow? Have you neglected any of these duties? Is your home as much to you as it used to be? Have those anticipations been gratified? God help you in your solemn reminiscence, and let his mercy fall upon your soul, if your kindness has been ill requited. God have mercy on the parent on the wrinkles of whose face is written the story of a child's sin. God have mercy on the mother who, in addition to her other pangs, has the pang of a child's iniquity. Oh, there are many, many sad sounds in this sad world, but the saddest sound that is ever heard is the breaking of a mother's heart.

I find another point in your life history. You found one day you were in the wrong road; you could not sleep at night; there was just one word that seemed to sob through your banking house or through your office or your shop or your bedroom, and that word was "eternity." You said: "I'm not ready for it." Oh, God have mercy! "The Lord heard. Peace came to your heart. In the heart of the hill and in the waterfall's dash you heard the voice of God's love; the clouds and the trees hailed you with gladness; you came into the house of God. You remember how your hand trembled as you took up the cup of the communion. You remember the old minister who consecrated it, and you remember the church officials who carried the old through the aisle; you remember the service people who at the close of the service took your hand in theirs in congratulatory sympathy, as much as to say, "Welcome home, you lost prodigal," and, though those hands be all withered away, that communion Sabbath is resurrected to-day. It is resurrected with all its prayers and songs and tears and sermons and transfiguration. Have you kept those vows? Have you been a backslider? God help you. This day kneel at the foot of mercy and start again for heaven. Start now as you started then. I rouse your soul by that reminiscence.

But I must not spend any more of my time in going over the advantages of your life. I just put them up in one great sheaf, and I call them up in your memory with one loud, harvest song, such as the reapers sing. Praise the Lord, ye blood bought immortals on earth! Praise the Lord, ye crowned spirits of heaven! But some of you have not always had a smooth life. Some of you are now in the shadow. Others had their troubles years ago. You are a mere wreck of what you once were. I must gather up the sorrows of your past life. But how shall I do it? You say that is impossible, as you have had so many troubles and adversities. Then I will just take two—the first trouble and the last trouble. As when you are walking along the street, and there has been music in the street, you unconsciously find yourselves keeping step to the music, so, when you started life, your very life was a musical step to the music.

The air was full of joy and life. With the bright clear air you made the boat skip. You went on, and life grew brighter, until after awhile suddenly a voice from heaven said, "Halt!" and quick as the sunshine you halted, you grew pale, you confronted your first sorrow. You had no idea that the flush on your child's cheek was an unhealthy flush. You said it cannot be anything serious. Death in slippers feet walked round about the cradle. You did not hear the tread. But after awhile the truth flashed on you. You walked the floor. Oh, if you could, with your strong, stout hand, have wrenched that child from the destroyer! You went to your room, and you said: "God, save my child! God, save my child!"

The world seemed going out in darkness. You said, "I can't bear it; I can't bear it." You felt as if you could not put the long lashes over the bright eyes, never to see them again sparkle. If you could have taken that little one in your arms and with it leaped the grave, how gladly you would have done it! If you could let your property go, your houses go, your land and your storehouse go, how gladly you would have allowed them to depart if you could only have kept that one treasure!

But one day there came up a chill blast that swept through the bedroom, and instantly all the lights went out, and there was darkness—thick, murky, impenetrable, shuddering darkness. But God did not leave you there. Mercy spoke. As you took up the bitter cup to put it to your lips God said, "Let it pass," and forthwith, as by the hand of angels, another cup was put into your hands. It was the cup of God's consolation. And as you have sometimes lifted the head of a wounded soldier and poured wine into his lips, so God puts his left arm under your head and with his right hand he pours into your lips the wine of his comfort and his consolation, and you looked at the empty cradle and looked at your broken heart, and you looked at the Lord's chastisement, and you said, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight."

Ah, it was your first trouble. How did you get over it? God comforted you. You have been a better man ever since. You have been a better woman ever since. In the jar of the closing gate of the sepulchre you heard the clanging of the opening gate of heaven, and you felt an irresistible drawing heavenward. You have been spiritually better ever since that little one put its arms around your neck and said: "God, meet me in heaven."

But I must come to your latest sorrow. What was it? Perhaps it was sickness. The child's tread on the stair or the sick of the watch on the stand disturbed you. Through the long weary days you counted the figures in the carpet or the flowers in the wall paper. Oh, the weariness of exhaustion! Oh, the burning pangs! Would God it were morning! Would God it were night, was your frequent cry. But you thanked God that you were well. Have you thanked God to-day even well. Have you thanked God to fresh to-day you can come out in the heat air; that you can in your place to hear God's name and to sing God's praise and to implore God's help and to ask God's forgiveness? Bless the Lord who healtheth all our diseases and redempteth our lives from destruction.

Perhaps your last sorrow was a financial embarrassment. I congrate late some of you on your lucrative profession or occupation, on ornate apparel, on a commodious residence—everything you put modious on seems to seem to you. But there are others of you who were like the ship on which Paul sailed where two seas met, and you are broken by the violence of the waves. By an unadvised indorsement, or by a conjunction of unforeseen events, or by fire or storm, or a senseless event, you have been flung headlong, and where you once dispensed great charities now you have hard work to win your daily bread. Have you forgotten to thank God for your days of prosperity and that through your trials some of you have made investments which will continue after the last bank of this world has exploded and the silver and gold are molten in the fires of a burning world? Have you, amid all your losses and discouragements, forgot that there was bread on your table this morning and that there shall be a shelter for your head from the storm, and there is air for your lungs and blood for your heart and light for your eye and a glad and glorious and triumphant religion for your soul?

Perhaps your last trouble was a bereavement. That heart which in childhood was your refuge, the parental heart, and which has been a source of the quickest sympathy ever since, has suddenly become silent forever. And now sometimes, whenever in sudden annoyance and with out deliberation you say, "I will go and tell mother," the thought flashes on you, "I have no mother." The father, with love less tender, but with heart as loving, watchful of all your ways, exultant over your success without saying much, although the old people do talk it over by themselves, his trembling hand on that staff which you now keep as a family relic, his memory embalmed in grateful hearts—is taken away forever. Or there was your companion in life, sharer of your joys and sorrows, taken, leaving the heart an old ruin, where the ill winds blow over a wide wilderness of desolation, the sands of the desert driving across the place which once bloomed like the garden of God. And Abraham mourns for Sarah at the cave of Mamre. As you were moving along your path in life, suddenly, right before you, was an open grave. Only a few feet wide, and they saw it was only a few feet wide, but to you it was a cavern, down which went all your hopes and all your expectations. Lord Jesus Christ, the Comforter. He is not going to forsake you. Did the Lord take that child out of your arms? Why, he is going to shelter it better than you could. He is going to array it in a white robe and palm branch and have it all ready to greet you at your coming home. Blessed the broken heart that Jesus heals! Blessed the importunate cry that Jesus compassionates! Blessed the weeping eye from which the soft hand of Jesus wipes away the tear.

Some years ago I was sailing down the St. John River, which is the Rhine and the Hudson combined, and while I was on the deck of the steamer a gentleman pointed out to me the places of interest, and he said, "All this is interval land, and it is the richest land in all the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia." "What," said I, "do you mean by 'interval land?'" "Well," he said, "this land is submerged for a part of the year. Spring freshets come down, and all these plains are overflowed with water, and the water leaves rich deposit, and when the waters are gone the harvest springs up, and there is a richer harvest than I know of elsewhere." And I instantly thought, "It is not the heights of the church, and it is not the heights of this world that are the scene of the great floods of sorrow, have gone—the soul over which the freshets of tribulation have torn their way—that yields the greatest fruits of righteousness and the largest harvest for time and the richest harvest for eternity." Bless God that your soul is interval land!

There is one more point of absorbing reminiscence, and that is the last hour of life, when we have to look over all our past existence. What a moment that will be! I place Napoleon's dying reminiscence on St. Helena beside Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence in the harbor of St. Helena, the same island, 20 years after. Napoleon's dying reminiscence was one of delirium—"Tete d'armee"—"Head of the army." Mrs. Judson's dying reminiscence, as she came home from her missionary toil and her life of self-sacrifice for God, dying in the cabin of the ship in the harbor of St. Helena, was, "I always did love the Lord Jesus Christ." And then, the historian says, she fell into a sound sleep for an hour and woke amid the songs of angels. I place the dying reminiscence of Augustus Caesar against the dying reminiscence of the apostle Paul. The dying reminiscence of Augustus Caesar was, addressing his attendants, "Have I played my part well on the stage of life?" and they answered in the affirmative, and he said, "Why, then, don't you applaud me?" The dying reminiscence of Paul the apostle was, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing." Augustus Caesar died amid pomp and great surroundings. Paul uttered his dying reminiscence looking up through the wall of a dungeon. God grant that our dying pillow may be the closing of a useful life and the opening of a glorious eternity.

Singing From the Heart.
Singing is a heart service. It is making melody within the heart to the Lord. Some of God's most acceptable hymns are sung in silence. The heart simply hums some old tune which none save God can hear.

A FLINTON WOMAN'S CRUELTY.
INHUMAN TREATMENT OF AN ORPHAN GIRL.

The Tweed News says: The quiet little village of Flinton, North Hastings, was thrown into a state of excitement last week over some startling facts which have just come to light concerning the treatment to which a resident of that place, has been subjecting her little orphan girl, Rosie Bolls, who has been employed as her servant for the past five months. Rosie submitted to the treatment as long as she could, until finally she became so frightened that on Thursday last about midnight she made her escape from the house and the next day stated her case to Constable Hicks. She said that her mistress had made her get down on her knees and kiss the crucifix and declare that she had no improper relations with her husband during her mistress' absence, that she had taken the butcher knife and threatened to put it through her (Rosie's) heart on different occasions, and that she had called her indecent names. Rosie also stated that when she told her mistress that she did not want to stay any longer, but that she wanted to go to her aunt's, she laid her in a rage and threatened to crush her into the floor, if she dared to think of leaving. After Rosie made her escape on Thursday night, she was afraid to go back for her clothes, so the authorities sent Constable Hicks with her for protection. The clothes were given up with out any objections, but it is said by those who saw the clothes that they were not fit for mop-rags. Some of the neighbors very kindly gave the unfortunate girl some clothing. Such inhuman treatment of an innocent child seems almost impossible and hard to credit, but the source from which the News received the information is beyond question.

Empire Day

The Dominion Educational Association has developed a scheme to cultivate the patriotic spirit in school children. The idea is to observe the school day immediately preceding the 24th of May as "Empire Day." This year it falls on Tuesday the 23rd. Hon. G. W. Ross in behalf of the Ontario Department suggests the following exercises in the school on that day:—

Part of the forenoon might be occupied with a familiar talk by the teacher on the British Empire, its extent and resources; the relation of Canada to the Empire; the unity of the Empire and its advantages; the privileges which, as British subjects, we enjoy; the extent of Canada and its resources; readings from Canadian and British authors by the teacher; interesting historical incidents in connection with our own country. The aim of the teacher in all his references to Canada and the Empire should be, to make Canadian patriotism intelligent, comprehensive and strong.

THE AFTERNOON.
The afternoon, commencing at 2:30 p.m. might be occupied with patriotic recitations, songs, readings by the pupils and speeches by trustees, clergymen and such other persons as may be available. The trustees and public generally should be invited to be present at these exercises. During the day the British flag or Canadian Ensign should be hoisted over the school building. Will you kindly inform the teachers of your inspectorial district of the action of the Department and of the purposes of "Empire Day" as herein set forth.

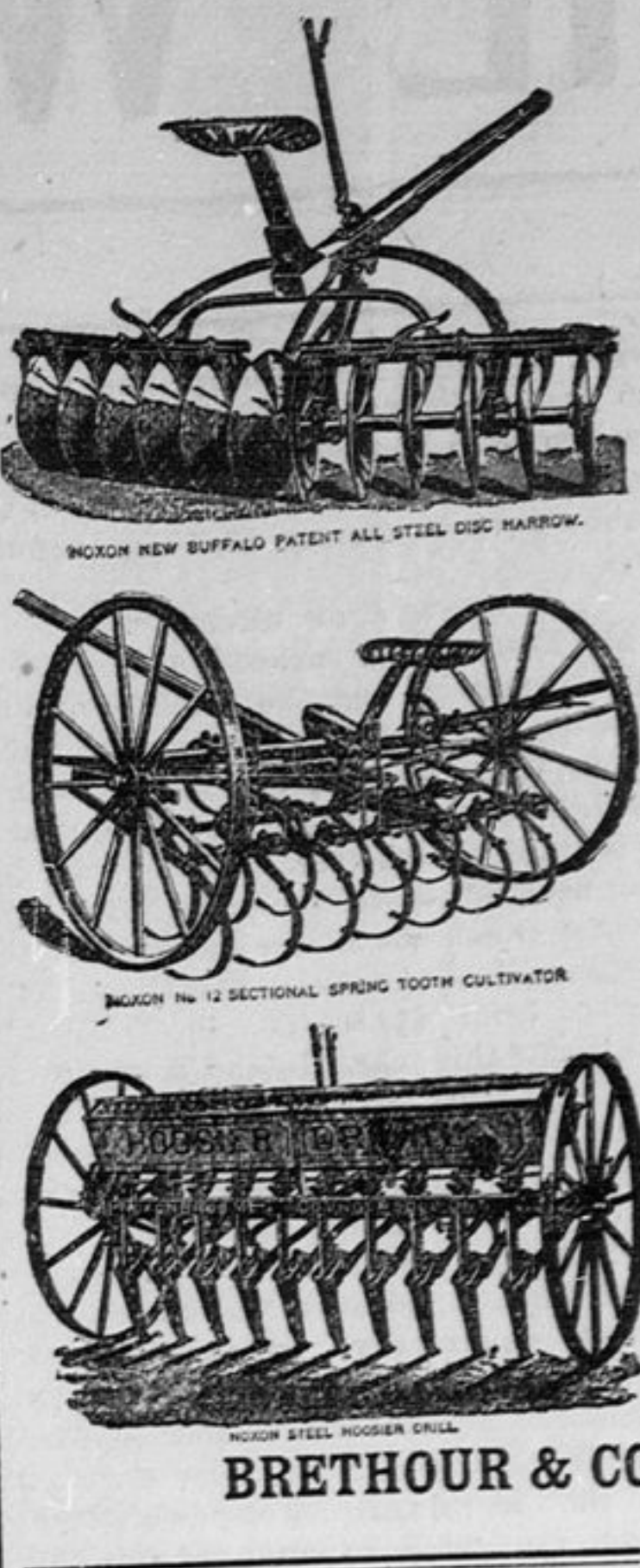
—Rev. S. C. Bethune, who recently resigned the headmastership of Trinity College School, Port Hope, has been voted \$500 a year for a period of 5 years by the authorities of the college.

—Isaac Bell, one of the earliest settlers of Spence township, Parry Sound district died on April 20th, aged 99 years. He was a native of Fermanagh, Ireland, and came to this country in 1844. He was a resident of Spence township for the past 25 years, and an active Orangeman since he was 15 years of age. He was married 54 years, and his widow and six sons survive him.

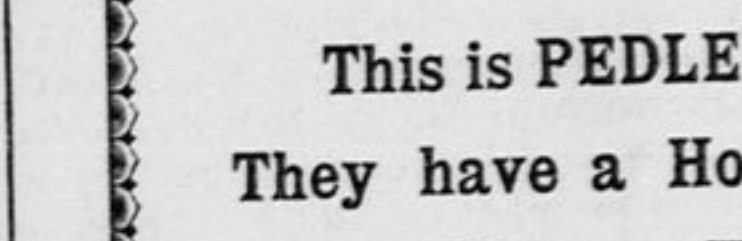
Permanent Cure of Salt Rheum.

The permanent cure after permanent cure that is being published week by week has placed Burdock Blood Bitters far above all other remedies in the estimation of the sick and suffering. Even the severest and most chronic diseases that other remedies fail to relieve yield to the blood purifying, blood enriching properties of B. B. B. Salt Rheum or Eczema—that most stubborn of skin diseases, which causes such torture and is so difficult to cure with ordinary remedies—cannot withstand B. B. B.'s healing, soothing power. The case of Mrs. J. S. Sanderson, Emerson, Man., shows how effective B. B. B. is in curing Salt Rheum at its worst, and curing it to stay cured. This is what she wrote:

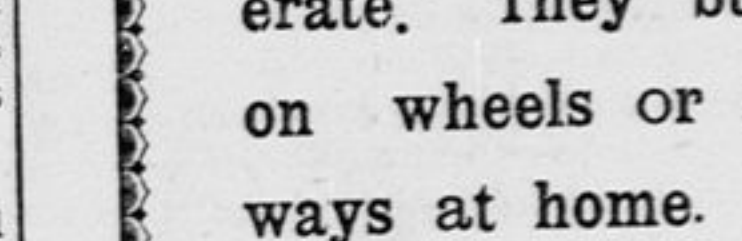
"Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a bad attack of Salt Rheum three years ago. It was so severe that my finger nails came off. I can truly say that I know of no more valuable medicine in the world than B. B. B. It cured me completely and permanently, as I have never had a touch of Salt Rheum since."



THE BUFFALO ALL STEEL DISC HARROW.
THIS IS THE ONLY DISC HARROW MADE IN CANADA, HAVING INDEPENDENT ADJUSTABLE SPRINGS, WHICH ARE SURE TO PRESSURE TO BE THROWN UP AT EITHER END OF THE GANGS, BY THE FOOT OF THE OPERATOR. THIS MEANS A PERFECTLY FLEXIBLE ACTION IN ALL KINDS OF GROUND CAN BE WORKED TO ADVANTAGE. EXAMINE THIS MACHINE CAREFULLY AND COMPARE IT WITH OTHERS.



THE NO. 12 CULTIVATOR.
IS A MARVEL OF SUCCESS. THE ONLY CULTIVATOR MADE THAT BOTH LINES OF TEETH WILL CUT AND WORK IN THE GROUND. EXAMINE IT AND YOU WILL SEE THE ONLY CULTIVATOR WITH A MOVABLE TOOTH BAR. THE ANGLE OF THE TEETH CAN BE REGULATED TO SUIT ANY CONDITION OF THE SOIL. PRESSURE CAN BE REGULATED DIFFERENTLY ON EVERY SECTION REQUIRING IT. TEETH ARE CARRIED BETWEEN THE WHEELS, INSTEAD OF BEING BEHIND, AS IN OTHER MACHINES. THIS LIGHTER DRAFT. THIS MACHINE IS FURNISHED WITH STEEL AND GRASS SEED BOX WHEN REQUIRED. IT HAS SPECIAL DIAMOND STEEL POINTS FOR THE TEETH; ALSO SPECIAL THISTLE-CUTTING POINTS CAN BE FURNISHED. EXAMINE IT AND YOU WILL BUY NO OTHER.



THE BEST DRILL MADE.
The Hoosier Needs No Introduction. Over 40,000 Drills and Seeders of our make are in use in Canada. The only drill with a lever for instant, and perfect regulation of the hoe in all kinds of soil, while team is in use. Sows absolutely correct to scale; saves seed, and kernel is deposited at a proper depth to grow. Chase only the best; and you will be satisfied. We also manufacture Binders, Reapers, Rakes, Cultivators and Pulpers, as good as any made. Send for illustrated catalogue.

NOXON BROS. M'FC CO., (Lindsey)
Ingersoll, Ont., Canada.

BRETHOUR & CONQUERGOD, Agents, Lindsay.

This is PEDLER & EMMERSON'S Card

They have a Horseshoeing and General Repair Shop on William-st. North. They do good work and their charges are moderate. They build anything that runs on wheels or runners to order. Always at home.

APRIL SHOWERS and WET FEET....

Usually go together

Buy your BOOTS and SHOES
...from....

W. L. WHITE

and go Dry Shod.

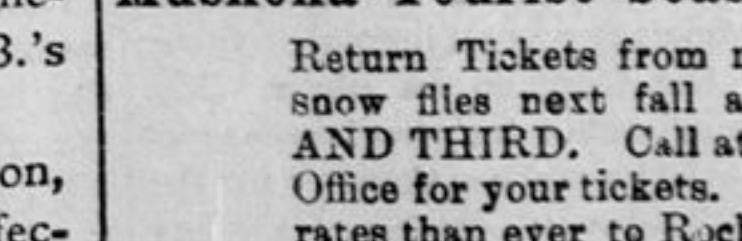
Competition

Is strong, and I am not taking second place. I don't have to. My stock is better, and my prices, too, than any other place in town.

W. L. WHITE, Lindsays' Shoe Store

L. O. & B. OF Q. STEAMPAT CO., (Limited)

Cobourg, Port Hope and Rochester, N.Y.



STEAMER "NORTH KING"

TAKING EFFECT 1st OF MAY
SOUTH BOUND
Leave Port Hope..... 2:30 p.m.
" Cobourg..... 1:25 "
Arrive Charlotte..... 7:15 "
" Rochester (N.Y.C.)..... 7:45 "

NORTH BOUND
Leave Rochester (N.Y.C.)..... 8:20 a.m.
" Charlotte..... 8:50 "
Arrive Cobourg..... 1:20 p.m.
" Port Hope..... 2:05 "

Right reserved to change time without notice
GEO. WILDER, Agent, Lindsay
H. H. GILDERSLEEVE,
Manager Kingston.

Muskoka Tourist Season

Return Tickets from now until snow flies next fall at FARE AND THIRD. Call at Express Office for your tickets. Cheaper rates than ever to Rochester via North King.

GEO. WILDER, Express Office, Lindsay, Ont.

MONEY TO LOAN

I have made arrangements for placing an unlimited quantity of Loans on Farm Property at Five and six per Cent. Interest. All Loans will be run through with the least possible delay and expenses.

GEO. TAYLOR,
Clerk of Verulam Police Court

The Buffalo all Steel Disc Harrow
This is the only Disc Harrow made in Canada, having independent adjustable springs, which are sure to pressure to be thrown up at either end of the gangs, by the foot of the operator. This means a perfectly flexible action in all kinds of ground can be worked to advantage. Examine this machine carefully and compare it with others.

THE NO. 12 CULTIVATOR
IS A MARVEL OF SUCCESS. THE ONLY CULTIVATOR MADE THAT BOTH LINES OF TEETH WILL CUT AND WORK IN THE GROUND. EXAMINE IT AND YOU WILL SEE THE ONLY CULTIVATOR WITH A MOVABLE TOOTH BAR. THE ANGLE OF THE TEETH CAN BE REGULATED TO SUIT ANY CONDITION OF THE SOIL. PRESSURE CAN BE REGULATED DIFFERENTLY ON EVERY SECTION REQUIRING IT. TEETH ARE CARRIED BETWEEN THE WHEELS, INSTEAD OF BEING BEHIND, AS IN OTHER MACHINES. THIS LIGHTER DRAFT. THIS MACHINE IS FURNISHED WITH STEEL AND GRASS SEED BOX WHEN REQUIRED. IT HAS SPECIAL DIAMOND STEEL POINTS FOR THE TEETH; ALSO SPECIAL THISTLE-CUTTING POINTS CAN BE FURNISHED. EXAMINE IT AND YOU WILL BUY NO OTHER.

THE BEST DRILL MADE
The Hoosier Needs No Introduction. Over 40,000 Drills and Seeders of our make are in use in Canada. The only drill with a lever for instant, and perfect regulation of the hoe in all kinds of soil, while team is in use. Sows absolutely correct to scale; saves seed, and kernel is deposited at a proper depth to grow. Chase only the best; and you will be satisfied. We also manufacture Binders, Reapers, Rakes, Cultivators and Pulpers, as good as any made. Send for illustrated catalogue.

NOXON BROS. M'FC CO., (Lindsey)
Ingersoll, Ont., Canada.
BRETHOUR & CONQUERGOD, Agents, Lindsay.

This is PEDLER & EMMERSON'S Card
They have a Horseshoeing and General Repair Shop on William-st. North. They do good work and their charges are moderate. They build anything that runs on wheels or runners to order. Always at home.

APRIL SHOWERS and WET FEET....
Usually go together
Buy your BOOTS and SHOES
...from....
W. L. WHITE
and go Dry Shod.

Competition
Is strong, and I am not taking second place. I don't have to. My stock is better, and my prices, too, than any other place in town.

W. L. WHITE, Lindsays' Shoe Store
L. O. & B. OF Q. STEAMPAT CO., (Limited)
Cobourg, Port Hope and Rochester, N.Y.

STEAMER "NORTH KING"
TAKING EFFECT 1st OF MAY
SOUTH BOUND
Leave Port Hope..... 2:30 p.m.
" Cobourg..... 1:25 "
Arrive Charlotte..... 7:15 "
" Rochester (N.Y.C.)..... 7:45 "

NORTH BOUND
Leave Rochester (N.Y.C.)..... 8:20 a.m.
" Charlotte..... 8:50 "
Arrive Cobourg..... 1:20 p.m.
" Port Hope..... 2:05 "

Right reserved to change time without notice
GEO. WILDER, Agent, Lindsay
H. H. GILDERSLEEVE,
Manager Kingston.

SPRING
FOR THE CARRIAGE
FOR THE FURNITURE
FOR THE HOUSEHOLD
FOR THE GARAGE
FOR THE WORKSHOP
FOR THE FARM
FOR THE CITY
FOR THE COUNTRY
FOR THE SEASHORE
FOR THE MOUNTAINS
FOR THE VALLEYS
FOR THE PLAINS
FOR THE HILLS
FOR THE MOUNTAINS
FOR THE VALLEYS
FOR THE PLAINS
FOR THE HILLS
FOR THE MOUNTAINS
FOR THE VALLEYS
FOR THE PLAINS
FOR THE HILLS