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you if you intend building this season to consult me before making contracts. I have an up-to-date planing mill, and can supply everything that is needed for housebuilding at the very lowest prices. The best workmen, the driest lumber and satisfaction guaranteed in every case. Enlarged premises, and new machinery just added. All orders turned out promptly.

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B. B. B. Banishes Blemishes.

There is no other remedy equal to B. B. B. for making the blood pure, rich and red, and the skin clear and smooth.

Here's proof from Bertha J. Tozer, North Esk, N.B.

"I have had pimples on my face for three years, and about two years ago I took an attack of nervousness. I got so bad I could not sleep and lost my appetite and was very weak and miserable. I was taking different kinds of medicines but seemed to be getting worse. A friend advised me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, I did so, taking in all four bottles. As a result I sleep well, have a good appetite, my face is free from pimples, my skin clear and my health is in every way perfect."

G.T.R. LOCAL TIME-TABLE

Table with columns for DEPARTURES and ARRIVALS, listing routes like Belleville Mixed, Port Hope Mixed, etc., with times.

I. B. & O. RAILWAY

Table with columns for G. F. R. SERVICE and I. B. & O. SERVICE, listing routes like Leave Lindsay, Arrive at Lindsay, etc., with times.

FREE!

This beautiful little Lady's Watch for selling... LINEN DOYLE CO. BOX 10 TORONTO

GIFT OF EVIL TONGUES

Dr. Talmage Portrays Two Kinds of Busybodies.

HOW WE CAN TALK OF OTHERS.

Some People Seem to Be Happy Only When Talking of the Faults of Others -We Should Take a Benevolent Interest in the Affairs of Our Neighbors'

Washington, Jan. 21. - In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how we should interest ourselves in the affairs of others for their benefit, but never for their damage; text, I Peter, iv., 15, "A busybody in other men's matters."

Human nature is the same in all ages. In the second century of the world's existence people had the same characteristics as people in the nineteenth century, the only difference being that they had the characteristics for a longer time. It was 500 years of goodness or 500 years of meanness instead of goodness or meanness for 40 or 50 years. Well, Simon Peter, who was a keen observer of what was going on around him, one day caught sight of a man whose characteristics were severe inspection and blatant criticism of the affairs belonging to people for whom he had no responsibility and with the hand once browned and hardened by fishing tackle drew this portrait for all subsequent ages: "A busybody in other men's matters."

That kind of person has been a trouble maker in every country since the world stood. Appointing himself to the work of exploration and detection, he goes forth mischief making. He generally begins by reporting the infelicity discovered. He is the advertising agent of infirmities and domestic inharmonies and occurrences that but for him would never have come to the public eye or ear. He feels that the secret ought to be hauled out into light and heralded. If he can get one line of it into the newspapers, that he feels to be a noble achievement to start with. But he must not let it stop. He whispers it to his neighbors, and they, in turn, whisper it to their neighbors until the whole town is a buzz and agog. You can no more catch it or put it down than you can a malaria. It is in the air and on the wing and afloat. Taken by itself it seems of little importance, but after a hundred people have handled it and each has given it an additional twist it becomes a story in size and shape marvelous.

First, notice that such a mission is most undesirable, because we all require all the time we can get to take care of our own affairs. To carry ourselves through the treacherous straits of this life demands that we all the time keep our hand on the wheel of our own craft. While, as I shall show you before I get through, we all have a mission of kindness to others we have no time to waste in doing that which is damaging to others.

There is our worldly calling which must be looked after or it will become a failure. Who succeeds in anything without concentrating all his energies upon that one thing? All those who try to do many things, go to pieces, either as to their health or their fortune. They go on until they pay 10 cents on the dollar, or pay their body into the grave. We cannot manage the affairs of others and keep our own affairs prosperous. While we are inquiring how precarious is the business of another merchant and finding out how many notes he has unpaid and how soon he will probably be wound up or make an assignment or hear the sheriff's hammer smite the counter of our own affairs are getting mixed up and endangered. While we are criticizing our neighbor for his poor crops we are neglecting the fertilization of our own fields or allowing the weeds to choke our own corn. While we are trying to extract the mote from our neighbor's eye we fall under the weight of the beam in our own eye.

If God had given us whole weeks and months and days, with nothing to do but gauge and measure and scrutinize the affairs of others, there might be some excuse for such employment, but I do not know anyone who has such a surplus of time and energy and qualification that he can afford much of the time to sit as a coroner upon the dead failures of others. I can imagine that an astronomical crank could get so absorbed in examining the spots on the sun as to neglect clearing the spots off his own character. A very successful man was asked how he had accumulated such vast fortune. He replied, "I have accumulated about one-half of my property by attending strictly to my business and the other half by letting other people's alone."

Furthermore, we are incapacitated for the supervision of others because we cannot see all sides of the affair reprehended. People are generally not so much to blame as we suppose. It is never right to do wrong, but there may be alleviations. There may have arisen a conjunction of circumstances which would have flung any one of us. The world gives only one side of the transaction and that is always the worst side. That defaulter at the bank who loaned money he ought not to have loaned did it for the advantage of another, not for his own. That young man who purloined from his employer did so because his mother was dying for the lack of medicine. That young woman who went wrong did not get enough wages to keep her from starving to death. Most people who make moral shipwreck would do right in some exigency, but they have not the courage to say so.

Better die than do the least wrong, but moderate your anathema against the wrongdoer by the circumstances which may yet develop. Be economical of your curses when all the community is hounding some man or woman. Wait, consider, pause and hope that which is charged is a base fabrication. Do not be like a jury who shall render verdict against the

defendant without allowing him to present his side of the case.

Furthermore, we make ourselves a disgusting spectacle when we become busybodies. What a diabolical enterprise those undertake who are ever looking for the moral lapse or the downfall of others! As the human race is a most imperfect race, all such hunters find plenty of game. There have been sewing societies in churches which tore to pieces more reputations than they made garments for the poor. With their sarcasms and sly hints and depreciation of motives they punctured more good names than they had needles. With their scissors they cut characters bias, and backstitched every evil report they got hold of. Meeting of board of directors have sometimes ruined good business men by insinuations against them. The bad work may not have been done so much by words, for they would be libelous, but by a twinkle of the eye or a shrug of the shoulder or a sarcastic accentuation of a word. "Yes, he is all right when he is sober." "Have you inquired into that man's history?" "Do you know what business he was in before he entered this?" "I move that the application be laid on the table until some investigations now going on are consummated." It is easy enough to start a suspicion that will never down, but what a despicable man is the one who started it!

There is not an honest man in Washington or New York or any other city who cannot be damaged by such infernalism. In a village where I once lived a steamboat every day came to the wharf. An enemy of the steamboat company asked one day, "I wonder if that steamboat is safe?" The man who heard the question soon said to his neighbor, "There is some suspicion about the safety of that steamboat." And the next one who got hold of it said, "There is an impression abroad that that steamer." Soon all that community began to say, "That steamer is very unsafe," and as a consequence we all took the stage rather than risk our lives on the river.

While I believe enough in human depravity to be orthodox, I tell you that the most of people whom I know are doing the best they can. Faults? Oh, yes. All people except you and I have faults. But they are sorry about it, repentant on account of it and are trying to do better. About all the married people I know of are married to the one person best suited. Nearly all the parents with whom I am acquainted are doing the best they can for their children. All the clerks in stores, so far as I know, are honest, and all persons in official position, city, state or nation, are fulfilling their mission as well as they can. The most of those who have failed in business, so far as I know, have failed honestly.

All people make mistakes - say things that afterwards they are sorry for, and miss opportunity of uttering the right word and doing the right thing. But when they say their prayers at night these defects are sure to be mentioned somewhere between the name of the Lord for whose mercy they plead and the amen that closes the supplication. "That has not been my observation," says some one. Well, I am sorry for you, my brother, my sister. What an awful crowd you must have gotten into! Or, as is more probable, you are one of the characters that my text sketches. You have not been hunting for partridges and quail but for vultures. You have been microscoping the world's faults. You have been down in the marshes when you ought to have been on the uplands. I have caught you at last. You are "a busybody in other men's matters."

How is it that you can always find two opinions about any one and those two opinions exactly opposite? I will tell you the reason. It is because there are two sides to every character - the best side and the worst side. A well disposed man chiefly sees the best side; the badly disposed sees chiefly the worst side. Be ours the desire to see the best side, for it is healthier for us to do and stir admiration, which is an elevated state, while the desire to find the worst side keeps one in a spirit of disquietude and disgust and mean suspicion, and that is a pulling down of our own nature, a disfigurement of our own character. I am afraid the imperfections of others will kill us yet.

If one be cynical about the character of others and chiefly observant of defects and glad to find something wrong in character, the fact is apt to be demonstrated in his looks. However regular his features and though constructed according to the laws of Kaspar Lavater, his visage is sour. He may smile, but it is a sour smile. There is a sneer in the inflection of the nostril. There is a mean curvature to the lip. There is a bad look in the eye. The devil of sarcasm and malevolence and suspicion has taken possession of him, and you see it as plainly as though from the hair line of the forehead to the lowest point in the round of his chin it were written: "Mine! Mine! I, the demon of the pit, have soured his visage with my curse. Look at him! He chose a diet of carrion. He gloated over the misdeeds of others. It took all my infernal ingenuity to make him what he is - a busybody in other men's matters."

The slanderer almost always attempts to escape the scandal he is responsible for. When in 1741 John Wesley was preaching at Bristol and showing what reason he had to trust in the Captain of His Salvation, a hearer cried out: "Who was your captain when you hanged yourself?" I know the man who saw you when you were cut down." John Wesley asked the audience to make room and let the slanderer come to the front, but when the way was open the slanderer, instead of coming forward, fled the room. The author or distributor of slanders never wants to face his work.

On the day of Pentecost there were people endowed with what was called the "gift of tongues," and they spoke for God in many languages. But there are people in our time who

seem to have the gift of evil tongues, and there is no end to their iniquitous gabble. Every city, village and neighborhood of the earth has had driven through it these scavenger carts. When anything is said to you defamatory of the character of others imitate Joseph John Gurney of England, who, when a bad report was brought to him concerning anybody, asked: "Dost thou know any good thing to tell us concerning her? Since there is no good to relate, would it not be kinder to be silent on the evil? Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity."

But there is a worthy and Christian way of looking abroad upon others, not for the purpose of bringing them to disadvantage or advertising their weaknesses or putting in "great primer" or "paragon" type their frailties, but to offer help, sympathy and rescue. That is Christlike, and he who does so wins the approval of the high heavens. Just plause of the people who have look abroad for the people who have made great mistakes and put a big plaster of condolence on their lacerations. Such people are never sympathized with, although they need an infinity of solace. Domestic mistakes. Social mistakes. Ecclesiastical mistakes. Political mistakes. The world has for such only jocosity and gesture of deploration. There is an unoccupied field for you, my brother. No one has been there. Take your case of medicines and go there and ask them where they are hurt and apply divine medication.

Hear it: The more you go busy-ing yourself in other men's matters the better if you have design of offering relief. Search out the quarrels, that you may settle them; the fallen, that you may lift them; the pangs, that you may assuage them. Arm yourself with two bottles of divine medicine, the one a tonic and the other an anesthetic, the former to soothe and quiet, the former to stimulate, to inspire, to sublime action. That man's matters need looking after in this respect. There are 10,000 men and women who need your help and need it right away. They do not sit down and cry. They make no appeal for help, but within ten yards of where you sit in enough home there are people in enough trouble to make them shriek out with agony if they had not resolved upon suppression.

If you are rightly interested in other men's matters, go to those who are just starting in their occupations or professions and give them a boost. Those old physicians do not want your help, for they are surrounded with more patients than they can attend to, but cheer those young doctors who are counting out their first drops to patients who cannot afford to pay. Those old attorneys at the law want no help from you, for they take retainers only from the more prosperous clients, but cheer those young attorneys who have not had a brief at all lucrative. Those old merchants have their business so well established that they feel independent of banks, of all changes in tariffs, of all panics, but cheer those young merchants who are making their first mistakes in bargain and sale. That old farmer who has 200 acres in best tillage, and his barns full of harvested crops, and the grain merchant, having bought his wheat at high prices before it was reaped, needs no sympathy from you, but cheer up that young farmer whose acres are covered with a big mortgage and the drought strikes them the first year.

Go forth to be a busybody in other men's matters, so far as you can help them out, and help them on. The world is full of instances of those who spend their life in such alleviations, but there is one instance that overtops and eclipses all others. He had lived in a palace. Radiant ones waited upon him. He was charioted along streets yellow with gold, and stopped at gates glistening with pearls, and hosannas by immortals coroneted and in snowy white. Centuries gave him not a pain. The sun that rose on him never set. His dominions could not be enlarged, for they had no boundaries, and uncontested was his reign. Upon all that luster and renown and environment of splendors he turned his back and put down his crown at the foot of his throne, and on a bleak December night trod his way down to a stone house in Bethlehem of our world. Wrapped in what plain shawl, and pursued with what enemies on swift camels, and howled at with what brigands, and thrust with what sharp lances, and hidden in what sepulchral crypt, until the subsequent centuries have tried in vain to tell the story by sculptured cross, and painted canvas, and resounding doxologies, and domed cathedral, and redeemed nations.

He could not see a woman doubled up with rheumatism but he touched her, and inflamed muscles relaxed, and she stood straight up. He could not meet a funeral of a young man but he broke up the procession and gave him back to his widowed mother. With spittle on the tip of his finger he turned the midnight of total blindness into the midnoon of perfect sight.

He scolded only twice that I remember, once at the hypocrites with elongated visage and the other time when a sinful crowd had arraigned an unfortunate woman, and the Lord, with the most superb sarcasm that was ever uttered, gave permission to any one who felt himself entirely commendable to hurl the first missile. All for others. His birth for others. His ministry for others. His death for others. His ascension for others. His entronement for others. And now my words are to the invisible multitudes I reach week by week, but yet will never see in this world, but whom I expect to meet at the bar of God and hope to see in the blessed heaven. The last word that Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, said to me at Plainfield, N.J., and he repeated the message for me to others, was, "Never be tempted under any circumstances to give up your weekly publication of sermons throughout the world." That solemn charge I will heed as long as I have strength to give them and the newspaper types desire to take them.

Treasurer's Sale of Land

—IN THE..... COUNTY OF VICTORIA,

For Arrears of Taxes, to be held in the Court House, LINDSAY, ONT.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 20TH, 1900 At 11 o'clock A.M.

Table for TOWNSHIP OF BEXLEY, listing Part of Lot, or Street, Lot, Con., Acres, Arrears, Costs of advertising & Commission, Total.

Table for VILLAGE OF BOBCAGEON, listing W of Bobcageon street, S of North street, known also as W of Main street, W of John street 12.

Table for TOWNSHIP OF GARDEN, listing West half 3, East half 7, 18.

Table for TOWNSHIP OF DALTON, listing South half 4, North half 1.

Table for TOWNSHIP OF DIGBY, listing North half 15.

Table for TOWNSHIP OF ELDON, listing King-st. south 32.

Table for TOWNSHIP OF LAXTON, listing West Half 11, West half 5, East half 9, 7.

Table for VILLAGE OF NORLAND IN LAXTON, listing S of King-st 6, S of King-st. 7.

Table for TOWNSHIP OF OPS, listing N 30 acres of S E 1/4 24, S W pt. of N E 1/4 being pt. no. heretofore sold for taxes.

Table for TOWNSHIP OF SOMERVILLE, listing North half 9, North half 1, Block A, part 13, Block B, part 13, 17, 7.

Table for VILLAGE OF COBOCONK IN SOMERVILLE, listing E of Elizabeth-st. 6, S W Corner, being parcel next to lot 8 W of Elizabeth-st., assessed to Alex'r McGregor in 1897.

Table for VILLAGE OF KINMOUNT IN SOMERVILLE, listing S of Fenelon-st. 7, S of Paul-st. 1, E of Queen-st. 3, E of Queen-st. 4.

Table for TOWNSHIP OF VERULAM, listing West half 31.

Treasurer's Sale of Land

...FOR TAXES IN THE..... TOWN OF LINDSAY

TOWN OF LINDSAY. Whereas by virtue of a Warrant issued by the Mayor of Lindsay, in the County of Victoria, and authenticated by the corporate seal of the said Town, bearing date the 9th day of November, 1899, and to me directing me to levy upon the following lots or parcels of land, for the arrears of taxes due thereon and costs. I hereby give notice that unless the said taxes are sooner paid, I shall, on Tuesday, the 20th day of February, 1900, at the Twelve o'clock, noon, at the Court House in the Town of Lindsay, proceed to Public Auction the said lands, or as much thereof as may be sufficient to pay the arrears of taxes and all lawful costs incurred.

All the undermentioned lots are Patented.

Table for TOWN OF LINDSAY, listing Street, Lot, Part, Acres, Arrears, Cost of Advertising & Commission.