Business Cards

Drs. Sproule & Ego

YSICIANS, SURGEONS, MARKDALE ONT.
OFFICES
r Sproule Turner's Drug Stor
De Ego At his residence, late V
own's house, two doors above Herk
's hardware store.
S Sproule A Ego
M D, etc M D M C P & S O

G. CAMPBELL, B D S L D S
DENTAL SURGEON
duate of Ontario College of Dentis-
and University of Toronto. Office
r. McCullough & Young's bank,
ce hours 9 a m to 6 p m.
ill be at Walters Falls the 1st
nesday in each month. Flesherton
2nd and 4th Thursdays and Hol-
Conder the 3rd Thursday.

. OLIVER, V. S
MARKDALE
duate of Ont. Veterinary
College
ls all Diseases of Domestic A
Horses Examined Free of
Charge. Ten Years Practice.
Dentistry Surgery
OFFICE AT THE POST OFFICE

EO. B. HOLMES
Veterinary Surgeon
Markdale, Ont.
LAIMS all Diseases of the Domes-
ticated Animals. Best of Instru-
ments kept on hand. Calls prom-
ptly attended to day or night. Horses
guaranteed sure cure for unsoundness, and bought
and sold on commission.
Office for taking Affidavits
in the Court of Justice. Deputy
Clerk and Local Master and Deputy Wardens for Ontario.
Residence at the at WALTERS FALLS every
Monday. Residence Toronto street
Methodist church.

P. McCULLOUCH
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR &c
Main Street, Markdale. Money
to Loan

as, Wright & Batson
ARRISTERS SOLICITORS ETC
OFFICES
MARKDALE AND OWEN SOUND
JAS. WRIGHT, Q.C. C. A. BATSON

W. J. HATTON
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC
Main Block, Peel et Street
Owen Sound

KAY & CAMPSON
BARRISTERS, &c
Owen Sound, Merchants Bank
Block, Next Patterson House.
Dundalk, Main Street, every
Saturday.
KAY, Q.C. H. CAMPSON, LL.B
Money to Loan

ONEY TO LOAN
Estate Commercial Law Sale of
Notes Collections
Interest Charged
Reasonable
Solicitor, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c
Dundalk, Ont.

LEX. GILCHRIST,
BROCKLYN
NOTARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER
Money to Loan at Lowest Rates
Interest Moderate
Office Fraser
Residence

W. S. FOSKETT,
Division
Court Bailiff
Live Stock, &c
Sproule Flesherton

Insurance and
Mortgages,
Sales and
Valuations
Charges
Moderate
Money
to Loan
Office Next Door to Post Office

R. THEAKER,
Dealer in
Photos,
Paintings and
First Class Studio
Work
Flesherton

HAT MAN
Baker
E TAILOR
Having purchased and
refitted the premises recently occupied by Mr. Baker, feels
confident that he can please all who favor him with their
patronage. Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance. All
the latest styles in Fall and Winter Hats. See him
before purchasing elsewhere. Remember the stand,
next door to Post Office.

Baker
over R. H. Dill & Co's
Markdale

PERFECT TEA
ORNSOON TEA
TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP
TIVE PURITY.
Tea is packed under the supervision
rs, and is advertised and sold by them
e best qualities of Indian and Ceylon
reason they see that none but the
go into Monsoon packages.
"Monsoon," the perfect Tea, can be
price as inferior teas.
in sealed caddies of ½ lb., 1 lb. and
three flavours at 40c., 50c. and 60c.
rders not to keep it, tell him to write
TER & CO., 32 and 33 Front St.

by R. H. Benson Co

AN OLD MAID'S DARLING.

BY MRS. ALEX. McV. MILLER

Author of "The Senator's Bride," "Brunette and Blonde," "A Dreadful Temptation," Etc.

where the blue veins were seen wandering beneath the transparent skin.

The last time she had been out rowing her hair had floated like a banner on the breeze, and her cheek had glowed crimson as the sunny side of a peach.

Now the shorn locks and the marble pallor of her cheeks told a different story. Love and beauty had both fled from the thought, mournfully. Yet she was as lovely as ever, the blue sky was mirrored as radiantly in the blue of the sunshine still shone brightly, the breeze still whispered as tenderly to its sweethearts, the flowers. She alone was sad.

She stayed out a long while. It was sunny and warm it seemed like a summer instead of an autumn day. The seagulls sported joyously above the surface of the water, now and then a silvery fish leaped up in the sunshine, its scales shining in beautiful rainbow hues, and shedding the crystal drops of spray from its body like a shower of diamonds, and the curlews call echoed over the sea. How she had loved these things in the gay and careless girlhood that began to seem so far away in the past.

"That was Bonnibel Vere," she said to herself, "the girl that never knew a sorrow. I am Bonnibel Vere, whose life must lie forever in the shadow!"

She turned her course homeward, and she stepped upon the shore she picked up a little blue sea-flower that grew in a crevice of the rock, and stood still a moment looking out over the blue expanse of ocean and repeating some pretty lines she had always loved:

"'Tis sweet to sit midst a merry throng
In the woods, and hear the wild-bird's song,
But sweeter far be the ceaseless dirge,
The mouse low of the mourning surge:
It frees and fauns on the shell-strewn shore,
Forever and ever, evermore.
I crave no flower from the wood or field,
No rare exotic that hot-beds yield;
Give me the weeds that wildly cling,
On the barren rocks their shelter bring;
Those are the flowers beloved by me—
They grow in the depths of the deep blue sea!"

A sudden voice and step broke on her sacred solitude. She turned quickly, and found herself face to face with the swaggering sibyl, Wild Madge.

The half-caged creature was, as usual, bare-headed, her white locks streaming in the air, her frayed and tattered finery flying fantastically about her lean, dark figure. She looked at Bonnibel with a look as fear of triumph.

"Ah, maiden," she cried, "said I not many that the bitter waters of sorrow were about to flow over you? You will not mock the old woman's predictions now."

Bonnibel stood silent, gazing in terrified silence at the croaking old raven.

"Where is the gay young lover now?" cried Wild Madge, laughing wildly. "The summer lover who went away before the summer waned? Is he false, or is he dead, maiden, that he is not here to shelter that bonny head from the storm of sorrow?"

"Peace, woman," said Bonnibel, sadly. "Why do you intrude on my grief with your unwelcome presence?"

"Why, why, why is it, my bonnie bird? Ah well; 'tis but a thankless task to tell the future to the young and heedless. But, Bonnibel Vere, you remember me, even though it be hard to claim me. I tell you your sorrow as she began. New perils encompass your future. Think not that mine is but a barren art. Those things are hidden from you to be open to the eyes of Wild Madge like a printed book."

She can read your hands; she can read the stars; she can read the very book of nature."

"You are a poor creature," said Bonnibel, turning away with a shiver of loathing horror, and pursuing her homeward way.

Wild Madge stood still on the shore for a few minutes, looking after the girl as she walked slowly away, her graceful figure walked with the slow step of weakness and sickness.

"A bonny maid," she said, aloud, "a bonny maid. Beautiful as an angel, and as good. But her only is a gift of the fairies, and seldom given for aught but misery."

CHAPTER VIII.

When Bonnibel arrived in New York the day after her reconciliation with the duke and her uncle's fine carriage was waiting for her at the depot. Mrs. Arnold, who would gladly have seen the girl off, was too much afraid of the duke's displeasure to carry her wishes into effect. She determined, however, that society should have no excuse to accuse her of failing in kindness to her husband's orphan niece. She knew what disapprobation and even a contrary course would have created, for the beautiful daughter of the famous General Vere, though she had not yet been formally introduced to society, was widely celebrated for her grace and beauty, and her debut, while she had been considered her uncle's across had been anticipated with much interest. Of course her penniless condition would make a great difference in the eyes of the fickle world of fashion, but still Mrs. Arnold knew nothing could deprive Bonnibel of the position of birth and rank. The young girl who had died in giving her birth had been one of the proud and well-born Arnolds. Her father, a gay and gallant soldier, though he had richly dowered her mother's fortune, had yet left a grander heritage than wealth or fame, that would live forever in the annals of his country, perpetuating the name of the soldier's daughter who had gallantly fallen at the head of his command while leading on one of the most gallant actions on record.

So Bonnibel found a welcome, albeit a chilling one, waiting for her in Mrs. Arnold's grand drawing-room when she arrived there cold and weary. The mother and daughter touched her fingers carelessly, and offered frigid congratulations upon her recovery. Mrs. Arnold then dismissed her to her own apartments to rest and refresh her toilet under the care of her maid.

"You need not be jealous of her youth and beauty any more, Felise," said Mrs. Arnold complacently to her eldest child. "She has changed almost to a recognition. Did you ever see such a fright?"

Felise Herbert, hovering over the bright fire that burned on the marble hearth, looked up angrily.

"Mother, you talk like a fool," she retorted. "How can you fail to see that she is more beautiful than ever? She only looked like a great wax doll before with her pink cheeks and golden curls. Now with that new expression that has come into her face she looks like a haunting picture. One could not forget such a face. And mourning is perfectly becoming to her blonde complexion, while my olive skin is rendered perfectly hideous by it. I see no reason why I should spoil my looks by wearing black for a man that was no relation of mine, and whom I cordially hated!"

Mrs. Arnold saw that Felise was in a passion, and she began to grow nervous accordingly. Felise, if that were possible, was a worse woman than her mother, and possessed an iron will. She was the power behind the throne before whom Mrs. Arnold trembled in fear and served in adoration.

She hastened to console the angry girl.

"I think you are mistaken, my dear," she said. "I cannot see a vestige of prettiness left. Her hair is gone, her color is faded, and she never smiles now to show the dimples that people used to call so distracting. There are few that would give her a second glance. Beauty, what is beauty without wealth? You know in our world it simply counts for nothing. She can never rival you as a belle now that it is known that she has no money, and that you will be my heiress."

The sullen countenance of Felise began to grow brightened at the latter consolatory clause.

"As to the black," pursued Mrs. Arnold, "of course you and I know that it is a mere sham; but then, Felise, it is necessary to make that much concession to the opinion of the world. How else would envy if you failed in that mark of respect to the memory of your step-father."

"There is one consolation," said Felise, brightening up. "I can lay it aside within a year."

"And then, no doubt, you will don the bridal veil as wife of the millionaire, Colonel Carlyle," Mrs. Arnold rejoined, with a look of great satisfaction.

"Perhaps so," said her daughter, clouding over again; "but you need not be so sure that he has not proposed yet."

"But he will soon," asserted the widow confidently.

"I wish he would do so, until now," said Felise, sharply. "The old dotard appeared to admire me very much, since Bonnibal Vere has returned to haunt her baby-beauty before him. His fickle fancy may turn to her. A pretty face can make a fool of an old man, I know."

"We must keep her in the background, then," said Mrs. Arnold, reassuringly. "Not that I am the least apprehensive of danger, my dear, but since your heart is so set, I will take that direction he shall not see her until all is secure, and you must help him to the point as soon as possible."

"I will do so, never fear," said Felise, "but I am down on the brink, apparently afraid to take the leap. I cannot understand your dawdling on the part of one who has already buried two wives. He cannot be afflicted with timidity."

"We must give him a hint that I shall settle fifty thousand dollars on you the day you marry," said her mother. "I have heard that he is very avaricious. It is a common vice of age and infirmity. He fears you will spend his wealth too freely."

"And so I will if I get a chance," said Felise coarsely. "I have been saved from my life by the stepfather who hates me. Let me but become Mrs. Colonel Carlyle, and I assure you I will queen it right royally."

"You would become the position very much," said the admiring mother, "and I shall be very proud of my daughter's grace and ease in spending her husband's millions."

Miss Herbert's proud lips curled in triumph. She arose and began to pace the floor restlessly, her eyes shining with pleasure at anticipation of the day which she hoped was not far-distant when she would be the rich dame whose wealth she coveted, and become a queen in society. She looked around her at the splendor and elegance of her mother's drawing-room with dissatisfaction and resolved that her own should be far more rich and costly, her attire more extravagant, and her diamonds more splendid than any. She was tired of reigning with her mother's deputy. She wanted to rule over a kingdom of her own.

Felise had no more heart than a stone. She thought only of self, and felt not the first emotion of gratitude to the mother who had schemed and planned for her daughter's life. All she desired was unbounded wealth and the power to rule in her own right.

* * * * *

"Miss Felise has caught a beau at last," said Bonnibel's maid to her as she brushing the soft locks of her mistress. She had been having a busy chat with Miss Herbert's maid since her arrival that day, and had gathered a good deal of gossip at the servants' hall.

"Indeed," asked Bonnibel, languidly, "what is his name Lucy?"

"He is Colonel Carlyle, miss; a very old man, I fancy, but worth his millions. He have buried his two wives already, I hear, and Miss Herbert is like to be a third one. I wish him joy of her. Janet knows what her temper is."

"You must not speak so, Lucy," said Bonnibel, reprovingly, to the maid whose loquacity was far ahead of her grammar. "I dare say Janet gives her cause to indulge in temper sometimes."

"Lor', Miss Bonnibel," said Lucy. "Janet is as mild as a dove; but Miss Felise, she have slapped Janet's mouth twice, besides her day in and day out. Janet says that Colonel Carlyle will catch a Tartar when he gets her."

"Be quiet, Lucy; my head aches," said Bonnibel, thinking it very improper for the girl to discuss her superior's affairs so freely; she therefore dismissed the subject and thought no more about it, little dreaming that it was one portentous of evil to herself.

Felise need not have troubled herself with the fear of Bonnibel's rivalry. The young girl was only too willing to be kept in the background. In the seclusion which Mrs. Arnold deemed it proper to observe after their dreadful and tragic bereavement they received but few visitors and Bonnibel was glad that her recent illness was considered a sufficient pretext for denying herself to even these few. Some there were—a few old friends and one or two loving schoolmates—who refused to be denied and whom Bonnibel reluctantly admitted, but these few found her so changed in appearance and broken in spirit that they went away marveling at her persistent grief for the uncle whom the world blamed very much because he had failed to provide for her as became her birth and position.

But while the world censured Mr. Arnold's neglect of her, Bonnibel never blamed her uncle by word or thought. She believed what he had told her on the memorable evening of his death. He had provided for her, she knew, and she will, perhaps, had been lost. What had become of it she could not conjecture, but she was far from imputing foul play to anyone.

The thought never entered her mind.

She was too pure and innocent herself to suspect evil in others, and the overwhelming horror of her uncle's tragic death still brooded over her spirit to the utter exclusion of all other cares save one, and that one a sore, sore trial that it needed all her energies to endure, the silence of Leslie Dane and her anxieties regarding his fate; for still the days waned and faded and no tidings came to the sick heart that waited in passionate suspense for a sign from the loved and lost one.

Strange to say, she had never learned the fatal truth, that Leslie Dane stood charged with her uncle's murder, and that justice was still on the alert to discover his whereabouts. During her severe and nearly fatal illness all approach to the subject of the murder had been prohibited by the careful physician, and on her convalescence the newspapers had been excluded from her sight and the subject tabooed in her presence. She had forgotten the solemn charge of Felise Herbert and her mother that fatal night which she had so indignantly resisted. Now she was spared the knowledge that the malignity of the two women had succeeded in fixing the crime on the innocent head of the man she loved. Had Bonnibel known that fact she would have left Mrs. Arnold's roof, although starvation and death had been the inevitable consequence. But she did not know, and so moped and pined in her chamber, fearful and utterly despairing, oblivious to the fact that she was doing what Felise most desired in thus secluding herself.

CHAPTER IX.

A blind chance at last brought about the fatal meeting between Bonnibel Vere and Colonel Carlyle which Felise and Herbert so greatly dreaded and deprecated.

As the autumn months merged into winter Bonnibel had developed a new phase of her trouble. A great and exceeding restlessness took possession of her.

She no longer moped in her chamber, thinking and thinking on the one subject that began to obscure even the memory of her Uncle Francis. She had brooded over Leslie's strange silence until her brain reeled with agony—now a strange longing for oblivion and forgetfulness took hold upon her.

"Oh! for that fabled Lethean draught which men drink and straightway all the past is forgotten!" she would murmur wildly as she paced the floor, wringing her beautiful hands and weeping. "Either Leslie has deserted me or he is dead. In either case it is wretchedness to remember him! Oh! that I could forget!"

Shrouded in her thick veil and long cloak she began to take long rambling walks every day, returning weary and fatigued, so that sleep, which for awhile had deserted her pillow, began to return, and in long and heavy slumbers she would lose for a little while the memory of the handsome artist so deeply loved in that brief and beautiful summer. These days were gone forever. Her brief spring of happiness was over. It seemed to her that the only solace that remained to her weary heart was forgetfulness.

Once, reckless desperate by her sad pense, she had written a letter to Leslie—a long and loving letter, full of tender reproaches for his silence and containing the whole story of her uncle's tragic death. She had begged him to send her just one little line to assure her that she was not forgotten, and this beautiful little letter, filled with the pure thoughts of her innocent heart, she had directed to Rome, Italy.

No answer came to that yearning cry from the aching heart of the little wife. She waited until hope became a hideous mockery. She began to think how strange it was that she, little Bonnibel Vere, who looked so much like a child, with her short hair and baby-blue eyes, was really a wife. But for the shining opal ring with its pretty inscription, "Mizpah," which Leslie had placed upon her finger that night, she would have begun to believe that it was all a fever-ed dream.

She was thinking of that one day as she walked along the crowded street, filled with eager shoppers, for Christmas was drawing near, and people were busy providing holiday gifts for their dear ones.

"Mizpah!" she repeated to herself, walking heedlessly along the wet and sleety pavement. "That means 'the Lord watch between thee and me while we are absent one from another.' Oh, Leslie, Leslie!"

Absorbed in painful thoughts she began to quicken her steps, quite forgetful of the thin sheet of ice that covered the pavement, and which required very careful walking. How it happened she could not think, but the next moment she felt one ankle twisting suddenly beneath her with a dreadful pain in it, and found herself falling to the ground. With an exclamation of terror she tried to recover her balance, but vainly. She lay extended on the ground, her hat and veil falling off, and exposing her beautiful pale face with its clustering locks of sunny hair.

People crowded around her immediately, but the first to reach her was a gentleman who was coming out of a jewelry store in front of which she had slipped and fallen.

He lifted her up tenderly, and a woman restored her hat and veil.

BILIOUS Biliousness, "Last summer I was troubled with Sick Headache and could not sleep at night. I tried several doctors but to no effect, and got completely discouraged. At last I saw an advertisement telling about Burdock Blood Bitters. My husband induced me to try it, and today I am using the third bottle, and can truly say it has done me a wonderful amount of good. I feel better than I have for years, and am confident I owe my restored health to B. B. B." MRS. EDWARD BECK, Riverside, N.B.

SPELLS B.B.B. is the best remedy for Biliousness, Constipation, Sick Headaches, Coated Tongue, Liver Complain, Jaundice, Scrofula, Blood Humors, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels.

Burdock Blood Bitters

JUST A BAD COLD.

A sharp stinging pain in the back—you think it doesn't amount to anything—be all-right in a few days—but it doesn't get all right—kidneys are not doing their duty, and the poisonous matter that they ought to remove is going all through the system—causing rheumatism, gout, dyspepsia, headaches, backaches—all sorts of ills.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Cure the disease by removing the cause.

W. D. Popham, Talbot St., St. Thomas, Ont., says: "I have for a long time had serious back and kidney trouble. My back was so stiff and painful that when I sat down I had to have something to assist me to get up. I have taken four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, and they have taken the stiffness and pain from my back and enabled me to straighten up without pain or difficulty."

Price 50c. a box, 3 for $1.25, all druggists. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Bonnibel tried to stand upon her feet and thank them both for their timely aid.

To her terror a sharp twinge of pain in her ankle warned her that she could not stand upon it. She uttered a cry of pain and her blue eyes filled with quick tears.

"I—I fear my ankle is sprained," she said. "I cannot stand upon it."

"Never mind," said the gentleman, melted by the tears, and the beauty of the sufferer. "Here is my carriage at the curbstone. Give me your address and I will take you home immediately."

Bonnibel was growing so faint from the pain of her sprained ankle that she could scarcely speak, but she murmured brokenly: "—th Avenue, number —," and with a slight exclamation of surprise he lifted her into the carriage and gave the order to the driver.

She leaned her head back against the satin cushions of the carriage and closed her eyes wearily!

"I beg your pardon," said her companion's voice, arousing her suddenly from the deathly faintness that was stealing over her. "but I think you must be Miss Bonnibel Vere, Mrs. Arnold's niece. Perhaps you have heard her mention me. I am Colonel Carlyle."

Bonnibel opened her eyes with a start and looked at him, instantly recalling the gossip of her maid, Lucy. So this was Colonel Carlyle, Felise Herbert's elderly lover. She gave him a quick, curious glance.

He was an old man, certainly, and apparently made no attempt to disguise the fact, for the curling locks that clustered abundantly on his head were silvered by time, as well as the long beard that flowed down upon his breast.

His features were aristocratic in contour, his mouth rather stern, his eyes still dark and piercing, though he could not have been less than seventy years old. He was dressed with taste and elegance, and his stately form was quite erect and stately.

"Yes, I have heard of you, Colonel Carlyle," Bonnibel answered, quietly, "but I cannot imagine how you could know who I am. We have never met before."

"No," he answered, with a gallant bow and smile, "we have not. I have never had the happiness of meeting you, though I have frequently visited your home. But the fame of Vere's beauty chased forth into the land, and when you passed your name I knew you could be no other."

Bonnibel bowed silently. Something in the graceful flattery of his words or tone jarred upon her. Besides, she was in such pain from her ankle that she felt it an effort to speak.

He observed the whiteness of her face and said quickly:

"Pardon me, but I fear you are suffering from your sprain."

"Somewhat," she admitted, through her white lips.

"Here it as brief as you can," he said. "In a few minutes you will be home, and can have medical attendance. Sprains are quite serious things sometimes, though I hope yours may result that way."

"I hope not," she echoed, growing paler and paler, and biting her lips to repress the moan of pain that trembled on them. She was really suffering acute pain from the twisted ankle.

He was silent a minute, studying the beautiful, pale face with admiring eyes. She looked up and met a world of deep sympathy shining on her in his keen dark eyes.

"I was very fortunate in meeting you, Colonel Carlyle," she said, gently. "Believe me I am much indebted for your timely aid."

"I am glad to have been of service to your father's daughter," said the colonel, bowing. "I knew your father intimately in the army, Miss Vere, we were friends, though the general was my junior in age and my superior in rank. I have often wondered what poor Harry's daughter was like. He was so frank, so handsome, so chivalrous, so daring."

The girl's blue eyes lit up with pleasure at his praises of the father who had died in her infancy, but whose memory she loved and revered. She put out her hand, saying promptly:

"I thank you for your praise of him Colonel Carlyle. Let my father's friend be mine also."

And the wealthy colonel gave the little hand a fervent pressure, feeling that those timely words of his had gained him a great advantage—one of which he would not be slow to avail himself.

He was about to express his pleasure and satisfaction at her words in glowing terms, when, with a faint cry she sank back against the cushions and closed her eyes. She had succumbed to her pain in spite of herself and fainted.

Fortunately they were within a block of the house. The colonel seated himself beside her and supported her helpless head on his arm until the carriage stopped in front of Mrs. Arnold's splendid brown-stone mansion. Then he carefully lifted the fair burden in his arms and carried her across the pavement and up the steps, where he rang the bell.

The obsequious servant who opened the door to him stared in surprise and alarm at his burden, but silently threw open the drawing-room door, where Felise and her mother sat in company with a few visitors.

Both sprang up in bewilderment as Colonel Carlyle entered with a low and laid the insensible Bonnibel down upon the sofa. She looked like one dead as she lay there with her closed eyes and deathly-white face, and limp hands hanging down helplessly.

"What has happened, Colonel Carlyle?" demanded Felise, stepping forward, as he bent over Bonnibel, while her mother and the guests echoed her words: "What has happened?"

"Miss Vere slipped and fell upon the ice," he answered "and has sustained some serious injury. She has suffered much pain. Let her have medical attendance at once."

"But you," said Felise, abruptly, and almost rudely. "How came you with her?"

Colonel Carlyle looked at her in slight surprise.

"I was about crossing the pavement to enter my carriage," he explained rather coolly, "when the accident occurred."

(To be continued)

The Improved Heaven

Dr Talmage Sermonizes on the Almighty's Residence From a Novel Standpoint

The Old-Fashioned Idea of Heaven—The Illimitable Vastness of Paradise—What the Future on High will be—Heaven Beautified by Death.

All out of the usual line of sermonizing is this story of Dr Talmage concerning the next world, and it may do good to see things from a novel standpoint. The text is Revelation xxi, 1, "And I saw a new heaven."

The stereotyped heaven does not make adequate impression upon us. We need the old story told in new style in order to arouse our appreciation. I do not suppose that we are compelled to the old phraseology. King James' translators did not exhaust all the good and graphic words in the English dictionary. I suppose if we should take the idea of heaven and translate it into modern phrase we would find that its atmosphere is a combination of early June and of the Indian summer in October—a place combining the advantages of city and country, the streets standing for the one and the 12 manner of fruits for the other; a place of musical entertainments—harpers, pipers, trumpeters, doxologies; a place of wonderful architecture—behold the temples; a place where there may be the higher forms of animal life—the beasts which were on earth beaten, lash whipped and galled and unblanketed and worked to death, turned out among the white horses which the book of Revelation describes as being in heaven; a place of stupendous literature—the books open; a place of aristocratic and democratic attractiveness—the kings standing for the one, all nations for the other; all botanical, pomological, ornithological, arboreseent, worshipful beauty and grandeur.

But my idea now is to speak chiefly of the improved heaven. People sometimes talk of heaven as though it were an old city, finished centuries ago, when I have to tell you that no city on earth during the last 50 years has had such changes as heaven. It is not the same place as when Job and Dayid and Paul wrote of it. For hundreds and hundreds of years it has been going through peace revolution, and year by year and month by month, and hour by hour, and moment by moment it is changing and changing for something better. Away back there was only one residence in the universe—the residence of the Almighty. Heaven had not yet been started. Immediately was the park all around about this great residence but God's sympathetic heart after a while overflowed in other creations, and there came all through this vast country of immensity inhabited villages, which grew and enlarged until they joined each other and became one great central metropolis of the universe, streeted, gated, templed, watered, inhabited. One angel went forth with a reed, we are told, and he measured heaven on one side, and then he went forth and measured heaven on the other side, and then St John tried to take the census of that city, and he became so bewildered that he gave it up.

Improvements in Heaven

That brings me to the first thought of my theme that heaven is vastly improved in numbers. Noting little under this head about the multitude of adults who have gone into glory during the last 100 or 500 or 1,000 years. I remember there are 1,600,000,000 of people in the world, and that the vast majority of people die in infancy. How many children must have gone into heaven during the last 500 or 1,000 years? If New York should gather in one generation 1,000,000 population, if London should gather in one generation 4,000,000 population, what a vast increase. But what a mere nothing as compared with the 500,000,000, the 2,000,000,000, the "multitude that no man can number," that have gone into that city. Of course all this takes for granted that every child that dies goes straight into heaven as ever the light speed from a star, and that is one reason why heaven will always be fresh and beautiful—the multitude of children in it. Put 500,000,000 children in a country, it will be a blessed and lively country.

But add to this, if you will, the great multitude of adults who have gone into glory, and how the census of heaven will run up. Many years ago a clergyman stood in a New England pulpit and said that he believed that the vast majority of the race would finally be destroyed, and that not more than one person out of 2,000 persons would be finally saved. There happened to be about 2,000 people in the village where he preached. Next Sabbath two persons were heard discussing the subject and wondering which one of the 2,000 people in the village would finally reach heaven, and one thought it would be the minister, and the other thought it would be the old deacon. Now, I have not much admiration for a lifeboat which will go out to a sinking ship with 2,000 passengers and get one off in safety and let 1,999 go to the bottom. Why, heaven must have been a village when Abel, the first soul from earth, entered it as compared with the present population of that great city!

Even Heaven Must Change

Again, I remark that heaven has vastly improved in knowledge. Give a man 40 or 50 years to study one science or all sciences, with all the advantages of laboratories and observatories and philosophic apparatus, he will be a marvel of information. Now, into what intelligence must heaven mount, angelhood and sainthood, not after studying for 40 or 50 years, but for thousands of years—studying God and the soul of immortality and the universe! How the intelligence of that world must sweep on and on, with eyesight farther reaching than telescope, with power of calculation mightier than all human mathematics, with powers of analysis surpassing all chemical laboratory, with speed swifter than telegraph! What must heaven learn will all these advantages in a month, in a year, in a century, in a millennium? The difference between the highest university on earth and the smallest class in a primary school cannot be a greater difference than heaven as it now is and heaven as it once was. Do you not suppose that when Dr James Simpson went up from the hospitals of Edinburgh into heaven he knew more than ever the science of health, and that Joseph Henry, graduating from the Smithsonian Institution into heaven, awoke into higher realms of philosophy, and that Sir William Hamilton, lifted to loftier sphere, understood better the construction of the human intellect, and that John Milton took up higher poetry in the actual presence of things that on earth he had tried to describe? When the first saints entered heaven, they must have studied only the A B C of the full literature of wisdom with which they are now acquainted.

Again, heaven is vastly improved in its society. During your memory how many exquisite spirits have gone into it? If you should try to make a list of all the genial, loving, gracious, blessed souls that you have know, it would be a very long list—souls that have gone into glory. Now, do you not suppose they have enriched the society? Have they not improved heaven? You tell of what heaven did for them, have they done nothing for heaven? Take all the gracious souls that have gone out of you acquaintanceship and add to them all the gracious and beautiful souls that for 500 or 1,000 years have gone out of all the cities and all the villages and all the countries of this earth into glory, and how the society of heaven must have been improved. Suppose Paul the Apostle were introduced into your social circle on earth; but heaven has added all the appostles. Suppose Hannah Moore and Charlotte Elizabeth were introduced into your social circle on earth; but heaven has added all the blessed and all the gracious and the holy women of the past ages. Suppose that Robert McCheyne and John Summerfield should be added to your earthly circle; but heaved has gathered up all the faithful and earnest ministry of the past. There is not a town, or a city, or a village that has so improved in society in the last 100 years as heaven has improved.

A Change of Degree Only

But you say, "Hasn't heaven always been perfect?" Oh, yes, but not in the sense that it cannot be augmented. It has been rolling on in grandeur. Christ has been there, and he never changes—the same yesterday, to-day and forever, glorious then, glorious now and glorious forever. But I speak now of attractions outside of this, and I have to tell you that no place on earth has improved in society as heaven has within the last 50 years, for the most of you within 70 years, within 20 years, within 5 years, within 1 year, in other words, by the accessions from your own household. If heaven were placed in groups an apostolic group, a patriarchal group, a prophetic group, group of martyrs, group of angels and then a group of your own glorified kindred—which group would you choose? You might look around and make comparisons, but it would not take you long to choose. You would say: "Give me back those whom I loved on earth; let me enter into their society—my parents, my children, my brothers, my sisters. We lived together on earth; let us live together in heaven." Oh, is it not a blessed thought that heaven has been improved by its society, this colonization from earth to heaven?

Again, I remark that heaven has greatly improved in the good cheer of announced victories. Where heaven rejoiced over one soul it now rejoices over 100 or 1,000. In the olden times, when the events of human life were scattered over four or five centuries of longevity and the world moved slowly, there were not so many stirring events to be reported in heaven, but now, I suppose, all the great events of earth are reported in heaven. If there is any truth plainly taught in this Bible, it is that heaven is wrapped up in sympathy with human history, and we look at those inventions of the day at telegraphy, at swift communication by steam, at all those modern improvements which seem to give one almost omnipresence and we see only the secular relation, but spirits before the throne look out and see the vast and the eternal relation. While nations rise and fall, while the earth is shaking with revolution, do you not suppose there is arousing intelligence going up to the throne of God, and that the question is often asked before the throne, "What is the news from that world that world that rebelled, but is coming back to its allegiance?" If ministering spirits, according to the Bible, are sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of heaven, when they come down to us to bless us do they not take the news back? To the ships of light that come out of the celestial harbor into the earthly harbor, laden with cargoes of blessing, do they not go freighted? Ministering spirits not only, but our loved ones leaving us, take up the tidings. Suppose you were in a far city and had been there a good while, and you heard that some one had arrived from your native place—some one who had recently seen your family and friends—you would rush up to that man, and you would ask all about the old folks at home. And do you not suppose when your child went up to God, your glorified kindred in heaven gathered around and asked about you to ascertain as to whether you were getting along well in the struggle of life, to find out whether you were in any especial peril, that with swift and mighty wing they might come down to intercept your perils? Oh, yes! Heaven is a greater place for news than it used to be—news sounded through the streets, news ringing from the towers, news heralded from the palace gate. Glad news! Victorious news!

The Future Heaven

But the vivacity and sprightliness of heaven will be beyond all conception when the final victories come in, when the church shall be triumphant everywhere. Oh, what a day in heaven it will be when the last throne of earthly oppression has fallen, when the last chain of serfdom is broken, when the last wound of earthly pain is healed, when the last sinner is pardoned, when the last nation is redeemed! What a time there will be in heaven! You and I will be in the procession, you and I will thrum a string in that great orchestra. That will be the greatest day in heaven since the day when the first block of jasper was put down for the foundation and the first hinged pearl swung. If there is a difference between heaven now and heaven as it was, oh, the difference between heaven as it shall be and heaven as it is now! Not a splendor stuck fast, but rolling on and rolling and rolling up and rolling up, forever, forever.

Now, I say those things about the changes in heaven, about the new improvements in heaven, for three great reasons. First, because I find that some of you are impatient to be gone. You are tired of this world, and you want to get into that good land about which you have been thinking, praying and talking so many years. Now, be patient. I could see why you would want to go to an art gallery if some of the best pictures were to be taken away this week or next week, but if some one tells you that there are other beautiful pictures to come—other Kensetts, Raphaels and Rembrandts, other masterpieces to be added to the gallery—you would say: "I can afford to wait. The place is improving all the time." Now, I want you to apply the same principle in this matter of reaching heaven and leaving this world. Not one glory is to be subtracted, but many glories added. Not one angel will be gone, not one harp, not one of your glorified friends gone. By the long practicing the harps will be better, the procession will be longer, the rainbow brighter, the procession grander.

Another reason why I speak in regard to the changes in heaven and the new improvements in heaven is because I think it will be a consolation to busy and discouraged good people. I see very well that you have not much taste for a heaven that was all done and finished centuries ago. After you have been active in Christ's service it would be a shock to step from so radically and forever, but here is a progressive heaven, an ever accumulative heaven, vast enterprises before the throne of God, ever developing power, ever increasing grandeur. You will not have to come and sit down on the banks of the river of life for everlasting inactivity. Oh, busy men, I tell you of a heaven where there is something to do. That is the meaning of the passage, "They rest not day nor night." They are resting.

The Old Testament speaks of heaven as a city, the New Testament speaks of heaven as a country. I speak of heaven as a city, and I speak of heaven as a country. Some of you are tired of the city, and you want to get into the country. I speak of heaven as both a city and a country. You will have your choice. Some of you are tired of the city, and you want to get into the country. I speak of heaven as both a city and a country. You will have your choice. Some of you are tired of the city, and you want to get into the country. I speak of heaven as both a city and a country. You will have your choice.

DR WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

HEALS THE LUNGS

THE CURE FOR COUGHS COLDS

J. W. SPROULE
MARKDALE
Furniture, Stoves, Undertaking and Undertaker

Robbed The Grave

A startling incident, of which Dr. Oliver of Dundalphia was the subject is recorded by him as follows: I was in a most shocking condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain constantly in back and sides, no appetite, indescribably weak and dizzy, in fact everything was against me. Friends advised trying Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, and to my great joy and surprise the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued the treatment for weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and feel that I should tell everybody. Dr. Chase should be in the grave of whoever invented the name "patent medicine." Dr. Chase should be in every home. Every bottle, every box, every dose cures. Price 50 cents a box. At all Dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

FOR STYLISH

Hair Cutting, Shaving, Shampooing, Singeing, Etc., go to

J. A. CROWSTON

Special attention to Ladies' and Children's hair cutting. A call solicited. Agent Rolston Steam Laundry. Shop on Main street.

A Guaranteed Catarrh Cure.

Japanese Catarrh Cure—use six boxes—buy them at one time—apply exactly according to directions—and if you are not cured see your druggist: he will arrange to pay you your money back. There's a positive guarantee with every box that Japanese Catarrh Cure will cure. No cure, you get your money back. Guarantee in every package. 50 cents at all druggists. 115

Stray Animals

Stray animals should be promptly advertised. The Standard is a popular and effectual medium for advertising and rates very moderate.