

**SOCIETIES.**

**Masonic Regular Meetings.**  
Minden, No. 23, on Monday, Mar. 11th, at 7:30 p.m.  
Ancient St. John's, No. 3, on Thursday, March 7th, at 7:30 p.m.  
Catarqui, No. 92, on Wednesday, Feb. 13th, at 7:30 p.m.

**I. O. O. F. M. U.**  
UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE GRAND LODGE OF MANSFIELD, ENGLAND, meet every other Friday in the Sons of England Room, Princess Street. Next meeting FEBRUARY 15th. W. BUSHELL, Recording Secretary.

**Sons of England.**  
LEICESTER LODGE, No. 33, of the Sons of England Benevolent Society, will meet in their new Lodge Room, corner Montreal and Princess Sts., over Strachan's Hardware Store, the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month.

**Canadian Order Foresters.**  
COURT STANLEY, No. 199, C.O.F., meets the SECOND AND LAST TUESDAY OF EACH MONTH in the "Prestige Boys' Hall, King Street. T. T. KENTON, Recording Secretary.

**FURNISHINGS.**

**DON'T FORGET  
THE BIG CLEARING SALE  
OF  
FURS**

AT THE  
**BOSTON - HAT - STORE,**  
Wellington Street.

This will be a rare opportunity to buy Robes, Coats, Caps, Mitts, Hosiery, &c., as the entire stock is to be sold without reserve.

**OVERCOATS.**

A Good Man's Overcoat Made to order for \$13.  
However, if a bad man comes along will make him one for the same price.

**TWEDDELL,**

ONE DOOR BELOW CITY HOTEL.

FOR A CHOICE LOT OF  
NECKTIES, UNDERSHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS,  
GO TO  
**RATTENBURY'S.**

**THE LARDER.**

**OPERA HOUSE  
FRUIT AND OYSTER MARKET**

All kinds of Canned and Preserved Fruits in glass and tin. Evaporated California Fruits, Prunes, Prunelles, Tunis Dates in stalk, &c. Kipperd Herrings and Ciscos.

**W. H. CARNOVSKY, 212 Princess-st.**  
TELEPHONE 21.

**THE MANITOBA**

**FLOUR, FEED AND SEED STORE,**  
NO. 12 MARKET SQUARE.

FULL SUPPLIES OF THE BEST QUALITY OF FLOUR, Mill Feed, Shorts, Bran, Oats, Buckwheat, Hay, Apples, Onions, Honey, Beans, etc. Also to arrive Manitoba Seed Wheat, Oats and Barley. Cash paid for furs.

W. F. BAKER,  
Commission Merchant

**YELLOW SIGNS. YELLOW TUBS.**

Use "Peerless Brand"

**BALTIMORE**

**FRESH RAW OYSTERS**

Selected and packed with cleanliness and care By C. H. PEARSON & Co., Baltimore, Md. They are the best. Ask your grocer for them.

**BREAD, BREAD.**

We take the lead in Quality and Variety. You can get almost any shape and style. Our Home-Made Bread is the latest. Made only at **R. H. TOYE'S,** KING STREET BAKERY.

**HOT - MILK - SHAKE,**

Just the thing for cold weather. Try it AT THE BAZAAR.

**REES BROS.**

MANUFACTURING CONFECTIONERS.

**CITY FLOUR STORE.**

CHOICE FAMILY & BAKERS' FLOUR

SEED GRAIN, PRESSED HAY, CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED.

**C. D. FRANKLIN**

MARKET SQUARE

**F. NISBET'S**

BOOKSELLER - STATIONER

**BIRTHDAY CARDS.**

A FRESH STOCK OF

**PRANG'S BIRTHDAY CARDS**

JUST RECEIVED.

**VALENTINES,**

Comic and Sentimental.

**At NISBET'S,**

CORNER BOOKSTORE.

**OUR OWN GENERATION.**

SERMON PREACHED BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE FEB. 10.

Text, Acts xiii, 36: "David, After He Had Served His Own Generation by the Will of God, Fell on Sleep."

BROOKLYN, Feb. 10.—Before an audience gathered from all parts of the earth the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., expounded passages of Scripture descriptive of stirring scenes in David's life. Led by organ and cornet the multitudes joined in singing:

Time, like an ever rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon was "Our Own Generation," and his text, Acts xiii, 36: "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

That is a text which has for a long time been running through my mind, but not until now has it been fully revealed to me. Sermons have a time to be born as well as a time to die, a cradle as well as a grave. David, cowboy and stone slinger and fighter and czar and dramatist and blank verse writer and prophet, did his best for the people of his time, and then went and laid down on the southern hill of Jerusalem in that sound slumber which nothing but an arch-angelic blast can startle. "David, after he had served his own generation by the will of God, fell on sleep."

It was his own generation that he had served; that is, the people living at the time he lived. And have you ever thought that our responsibilities are chiefly with the people now walking abreast of us? There are about four generations to a century now, but in olden time life was longer and there was perhaps only one generation to a century. Taking these facts into calculation, I make a rough guess and say that there have been at least one hundred and eighty generations of the human family. With reference to them we have no responsibility. We cannot teach them, we cannot correct their mistakes, we cannot soothe their sorrows, we cannot heal their wounds. Their sepulchers are deaf and dumb to anything we might say to them. The last regiment of that great army has passed out of sight. We might halloo as loud as we could, not one of them would avert his head to see what we wanted.

**SHE COULD NOT LEAVE HIM OUT.**

I admit that I am in sympathy with the child whose father had suddenly died, and who in her little evening prayer wanted to continue to pray for her father, although he had gone into heaven and no more needed her prayers, and looking up into her mother's face, said: "O, mother, I cannot leave him all out. Let me say, 'Thank God that I had a good father once, so I can keep him in my prayers.'" But the one hundred and eighty generations have passed off. Passed up. Passed down. Gone forever. Then there are generations to come after our earthly existence has ceased, perhaps a hundred and eighty generations more. We shall not see them, we shall not hear any of their voices, we will take no part in their convocations, their elections, their revolutions, their catastrophes, their triumphs. We will in no wise affect the one hundred and eighty generations gone, or the one hundred and eighty generations to come, except as from the galleries of heaven the former generations look down and rejoice at our victories, or as we may by our behavior start influences, good or bad, that shall roll on through the advancing ages. But our business is, like David, to serve our own generation, the people now living, those whose lungs now breathe and whose hearts now beat. And mark you, it is not a silent procession, but moving. It is a forced march at twenty-four miles a day, each hour being a mile. Going with that celerity, it has got to be a quick service on our part, or no service at all. We not only cannot teach the one hundred and eighty generations past and will not see the one hundred generations to come, but this generation now on the stage will soon be off and we ourselves will be off with them. The fact is that you and I will have to start very soon for our work, or it will be ironical and sarcastic for any one after our exit to say of us, as it was said of David, "after he had served his own generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep."

**THE GREATEST BATTLE FIELD.**

I have read that the battle field on which more troops met than on any other in the world's history, was the battle field of Leipsic, one hundred and sixty thousand men under Napoleon, two hundred and fifty thousand men under Schwarzenberg. No, no. The greatest and most terrific battle is now being fought all the world over. It is the struggle for food. The ground tone of the finest passage in one of the great musical masterpieces, the artist says, was suggested to him by the cry of the hungry populace of Vienna as the king rode through and they shouted, "Bread! Give us bread." And all through the great harmonies of musical academy and cathedral I hear the pathos, the ground tone, the tragedy of uncounted multitudes, who with streaming eyes and wan cheeks and broken hearts in behalf of themselves and their families are pleading for bread.

Let us take another look around to see how we may serve our generation. Let us see, as far as possible, that they have enough to wear. God looks on the human race and knows just how many inhabitants the world has. The statistics of the world's population are carefully taken in civilized lands, and every few years officers of government go through the land and count how many people there are in the United States or England, and great accuracy is reached. But when people tell us how many inhabitants there are in Asia or Africa, at best it must be a wild guess. Yet God knows the exact number of people on our planet, and he has made enough apparel for each; and if there be fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen people, then there is enough apparel for fifteen hundred million, fifteen thousand, fifteen hundred and fifteen. Not slouchy apparel, not ragged apparel, not insufficient apparel, but appropriate apparel. At least two suits for every being on the earth, a summer suit and a winter suit. A good pair of shoes for every living mortal. A good coat, a good hat or a good bonnet and a good shawl and a complete masculine or feminine outfit of apparel. A wardrobe for all nations adapted to all climates, and not a string or a button or a pin or a hook or an eye wanting. But, alas! where are the good clothes for three-fourths of the human race? The one-fourth have appropriated them. The fact is, there needs to be and will be a redistribution. Not by anarchistic violence. If outlawry had its way, it would rend and tear and diminish until instead of three-fourths of the world not properly attired, four-fourths would be in rags. I let you know how the redistribution will take place. By generosity on the part of those who have a surplus and increased industry on the part of those suffering from deficit. Not all, but the large majority of cases of poverty in this country, are a result of idleness or drunkenness, either on the part of present sufferers or their ancestors. In most cases the rum jug is the maelstrom that has swallowed down the livelihood of those who are in rags. But things will change and by generosity on the part of the crowded wardrobes, and industry and sobriety on the part of the empty wardrobes, there will be enough for all to wear. God has done his part toward the dressing of the human race. He grows a surplus of wool on the sheep's back

all the reformers, and all the Christians need to set themselves in battle array. How can we serve our generation with enough to eat? By sitting down in embroidered slippers and lounging back in an arm chair, our mouth puckered up around a Havana of the best brand, and through clouds of luxuriant smoke reading about political economy and the philosophy of strikes? No! no! By finding out who in Brooklyn has been living on gristle and sending them a tenderloin beef-steak. Seek out some family who through sickness or conjunction of misfortunes have not enough to eat, and do for them what Christ did for the hungry multitudes of Asia Minor, multiplying the loaves and the fishes. Let us quit the surfeiting of ourselves until we cannot choke down another crumb of cake and begin the supply of others' necessities.

We often see on a small scale a recklessness about the welfare of others, which a great warrior expressed on a large scale, when his officers were dissuading him from a certain campaign, saying "it would cost two hundred thousand lives," replying with a diabolism that can never be forgotten, "What are two hundred thousand lives to me?"

So far from helping appease the world's hunger, there are those whom Isaiah describes as grinding the faces of the poor. You have seen a farmer or a mechanic put a scythe or an ax on a grindstone, while some one was turning it round and round, and the man holding the ax bore on it harder and harder while the water dropped from the grindstone, and the edge of the ax, from being round and dull, got keener and keener, and the mechanic lifted the ax glistening and sharp, and with edge so keen he must cautiously run his finger along, lest while examining the implement he cut his hand to the bone. So I have seen men who were put against the grindstone of hardship, and while one turned the crank another would press the unfortunate harder down and harder down until he was ground away thinner and thinner, his comforts thinner, his prospects thinner and his face thinner. And Isaiah shrieks out: "What mean ye that ye grind the faces of the poor?" It is an awful thing to be hungry. It is an easy thing for us to be in good humor with all the world when we have no lack. But let hunger take full possession of us and we would all turn into barbarians and cannibals and fiends. I am glad to know that the time is coming, God hasten it, when every family in the round world will sit down at a full table and it will be only a question between lamb and venison, or between partridge and quail on toast, and out of spoons made out of Nevada silver or California gold the pastries will drop on tongues thrilling with thankfulness because they have full enough. I have no idea God is going to let the human race stay in its present predicament. If the world winds up as it now is, it will be an awful failure of a world. The barren places will be irrigated. The pomologists, helped of God, will urge on the fruits. The botanists, inspired of the Lord, will help on the gardens. The raisers of stock will send enough animals fit for human food to the markets, and the last earthquake that rends the world will upset a banqueting table at which are seated the entire human race. Meanwhile, suppose that some of the energy we are expending in useless and unavailing talk about the bread question should be expended in merciful alleviations.

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(Continued on page three.)

**The Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co.**



PRESIDENT,  
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**JOHNSTON & CO.  
RETIRING FROM BUSINESS  
SALE IS BOOMING.**

GREAT ATTRACTIONS FOR WEEK

\$45,000 Worth of Fine DRESS GOODS, SILKS, SATEENS, etc.

\$8,000 WORTH OF NEW PRINTS,

ALL AT ACTUAL WHOLESALE PRICES.

Store to be let April 1st.

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Are Offering Some Rare Bargains in

**WHITE COTTONS,**

Lonsdale Cambrics, Embroideries, Sheetings, Table Linens and Towels. Also a Special Bargain in White Quilts at lower prices than ever offered here. Ask to be shown these goods when shopping at

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**NEW WHITE LAWNS,  
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**NEW GOODS.**

Dress Goods, Double and Single Width, Silks and Satins, 24 Inch Plush, all colors, Hamburg Embroideries, Prints, Sateens, and Tweeds

We have just received a part of our spring order and invite inspection. ALL WINTER GOODS REDUCED at

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**FANCY FURNITURE.**

- Fancy Walnut Cabinets, Bevel Plate Mirror, \$25 to \$40.
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- Gentlemen's Fancy Rattan Arm Chairs, \$5.50 to \$12.
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Do not fail to examine the stock before purchasing elsewhere.

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**LOOK AT THIS BILL OF FARE THIS WEEK**

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ALL MUST BE CLEARED OUT TO MAKE ROOM FOR SPRING GOODS.

- HEAVY MELTON DRESS GOODS, 5c. per yard or 20 yards for \$1.
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- ALL OUR LADIES' FINE FELT HATS reduced to 25c each.
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At Wholesale Prices Until the 1st March at

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