# **CALL OF HIDDEN VOICES**

INNUMERABLE VOICES EVERY-WHERE AROUND US.

INHERITED FROM ANCESTORS

Those That Call Men to Evil Courses and Brutal Indulgence and Those That Call to Higher, Nobler and Better Living-Why Is There not "a Call of the Good" as Well as "a Call of the Bad?"

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 6.—In this sermon the preacher takes for his theme the hidden voices that call men theme the indeen voices that are to evil courses and brutish indulgence and those that call us to higher, nobler and better living. The text is Ecclesistes x, 20, "For a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and that which hath shall tell the matter.

wings shall tell the matter."
Ever since my boyhood days, when John Brown introduced me to "Rab and His Friends," animal stories have had for me a complete fascination. Seton Thompson's "Lives of the Hunted," his "Wild Animals That I Have Seton Thompson's "Lives of the Hunted," his "Wild Animals That I Have
Knowm," his "Blography of a Grizzly"
and his "Trail of a Fanhill Stag," Rudyard Kipling's "Jungle Tales," Marshall 'Saunders' "Beautiful Joe" and
Miss Anna Sewell's "Black Beauty'
offer the widest range for the imaginative writer and the greatest opportunities for pressing home moral truths.
But, though many books have been and
are being written whose haves, and being written whose heroes and heroines are covered with the shaggy manes of the wild heasts or with the glossy coats of the domestic animals by far the most interesting animal story I have ever read is Jack London's "Call of the Wild." Mr. London was a very young man when he wrote his masterpiece, yet that story has found an almost universal approbation. There are always many voices cailing us down to sin and back to ancestral evils.

This sentiment stirred my heart when

I first read the book. I was in a rail-road car when "The Call of the Wild" road car when "The Call of the Wild" was placed in my hand. Day after day we had been traveling across the western prairies. I had finished all the books in my satchel when a gentleman crossed the aisle and said: "Here is a little story; read it." I read it through in a very short time. But as I traced Jack London's mighty St. Bernard dog Jack London's mighty St. Bernard dog Jack London's highly St. Bellia despite the from being a pet of a California millionaire's home until it became a wild beast amid the snows of the far north, leading on a pack of hungry wolves, I asked myself this other question: "Why asked myself this other question. Why
is there not 'A Call of the Good' as well
as 'A Call of the Bad.' Why do we
not hear the innumerable voices which
are described by Ecclesiastes as everywhere around us calling us to cease where around us calling us to cease associating with human wolves and destructive wild beasts as well as those that are calling us to let loose our lower and viler natures?" As I sat in that car, with the Arizona deserts slip. that car, with the Arisona decreases by ping away underneath our wheels, I said to myself: "Yes, there is 'A Call of the Good.' It is even a better theme for a story than 'The Call of the Wild.' May God help me to teach the glorious that there are many. lesson that there are calling us up to his love, instead of calling us down to Christ's condemnation.

"The Call of the Good," in the first place, is spoken by the lips of our ancestors, who have been fifty years, seventy-five, a hundred — aye, perhaps 150 years dead. It comes to us from forgotten graves, unmarked by tomb-stones, or, if headstones are there, with epitaphs moss covered or eaten away by time, the destroying icono-clast. It comes to us not so much from our fathers and our mothers, but from great-great grandfathers, whose names we have never read unless we have ferreted them out in some genea-ological library when trying to prove our descent from the pilgrim fathers our descent from the pligrim fathers of the Mayflower time or when trying to prove heredl ary claim to some valuable property in England or Scotland or Germany whose late owners, who bore our family name, died childless and without last will and testament. This "ancestral call of the good comes to us in our dispositions, in our desires, as well as in our physical

makeups and our entailed landed estates/
There is absolutely no doubt in any physical qualities from our ancestors. If we could only have a family album which goes back generation after gen-

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eration, how easy it would be for some of us to tell from whence our physique and appearance came. I can see you now turning over the pages of that imaginary album and looking at the different pictures. "Yes," you say, "brother John certainly looks like my mother's mother, and my grandmother certainly looks like her father's sister, and my great-great-aunt certainly looks like her grandfather." And back, generation after generation, you go. recing the physical resemblance of rounself and the other members of your family. Even with the few fam ily pictures you have you can trace wonderful similarities between you rothers and sisters and cousins uncles and aunts and great-uncles and great-aunts and grandparents. Fur-thermore, outsiders are able to trace these likenesses as well as your own biased eyes.

Some time ago the president of on

of our western colleges was calling a my house. When my wife entered the arlor the visitor pointed to an oil por trait hanging upon the wall and said:
"I know that is one of your husband's
relatives; they look so much alike.
Why, your husband looks far more like Why, your husband looks far more like that man than he looks like his own father. Who is he?" "That," answered my wife, "is Mr. Talmage's greatuncle. Every one who enters this room is struck by the similarity in their looks. That is the picture of Rev. Samuel K. Talmage of Georgia, who was president of the famous Ogletherne Lutterstift and Mr. Talmage's was president of the famous Ogle-thorpe University and Mr. Talmage's grandfather's youngest brother." If I look like Samuel K. Talmage, who died before I was born, why could he not have looked like his grandfather or great-grandfather? If I inherit my physical traits from my grandfather and he in turn from his grandfather, why, in the same way, cannot I trace back my spiritual nature and those higher yearnings after the better and

higher yearnings after the better and nobler life and my holler desires—trace them back generation after generation to some remote progenitor? Why cannot I hear that far-off voice pleading with me to be good and true? Jack London's noble St. Bernard 60g heard "The Call of the Wild" pleading with him to become a wolfish king, to lead on his hungry pack to destroy the elk or the moose caught in the northern snows. My friends we took may hear or the moose caught in the northern snows. My friends we, toe may hear the strange ancestral voices within us. We know that the voices of our Christian forefathers and foremothers, per haps a hundred years dead, are now to walk with God. Voices—myriads of voices—are about us, voices celestial, voices demoniacal, ancestral

which call us up as well as evil voices which call us down!

As we place the palms of our hands as sounding boards back of our ears as sounding boards back of our ears we may hear other strange voices calling us to the higher life. At first we cannot make out what these voices are. We are in doubt whether we are listening to silence itself or to voices crying from a long distance. We are in doubt whether we hear any real sound, just as we used to be when, as boys, we would place our ears close to the rathroad track to hear the rumbling of the oncoming train. At first bling of the oncoming train. At firs we would hear a faint murmur, the we would hear a faint murmur, the hum of the rail, but the train would come nearer and the rumbling would grow louder and louder. So, when we place our ears close to the side of the cradie, we seem to hear the voices of childhood days, the parental voices of the old homestead. These in chorus are sounding "The Call of the Good." How long, how very long ago, in childhood days, those voices first sounded

Many years ago when the Massachu-setts hills were covered with forests and in the dark recesses of the woods the smoke from the Indian wigwams was seen by the pilgrim colonists three little white children were stolen away. Searching party after searching party went forth, but the lost could not be found. Many years after there came a rumor to the coast that three young maidens were living with an Indian tribe in the interior of the State. The father and mother of one of these stolen children went to this tribe, but when they arrived there they could not tell their own daughter from the other white maidens. Their daughter was stolen when a baby; now she was a grown girl. Finally the mother sat little white children were stolen away.

sounding "The Call of the Good." They are the volces of prayer, of love, of tenderness with which our mothers and our fathers gave us to God when we were very little children. Friends, cannot you hear these voices? Just put your hand to the back of your ear and in God's name listen. Yes, those voices

in God's name listen. Yes, those voices, those loving voices, those voices of parental prayer, of early childhood, uttered perhaps over our credies, are now calling us to the higher life.

But we do net have to listen to "The Call of the Good" in echoes alone. We do not have to hear this call to the better life simply in the voices of dead ancestors and in parental pleadings and the woolngs of childhood hours. We can hear it also in the good deeds of the consecrated men and women who are conspicuous everywhere around us. Ah, how many we can hear if we are only willing to open our ears and listen to them! ears and listen to them!

ears and listen to them!

I enter the study of the great French
author Zola. I say: "Mr. Zola, there is
a young man, Alfred Dreyfus by name,
who has been unjustly condemned and
sent to Devil's Island. He never has sent to Devi's Island. He never his committed a crime; neither have his accusers brought forth one proof of a crime. Will you throw your influence against the ringleaders of the French army? Will you be cursed and be crucified and sent to prison for justice's sake while you stab to death the inquities that are destroying the French Government?" Emile Zola answers, "I will." I go into the college class room and say to some of the brightest students sitting there: "Young men, will you fit yourselves for service in foreign missionary fields? Will you give your lives up to God and humanity for a mere pittance of a salary and he separated from all the opportunities of wealth that you could win at the bar or in the medical profession or behind the merchant's counter?" No sooner do I speak than scores and hundreds of young men raise their hands and cry: committed a crime; neither have his young men raise their hands and cry:

"I will! If my God and my country need me, I am ready to lay down my life in their service. I will! I will Oh, the noble sacrifices for justice and honor and truth and Christ and country and home and loved ones we can see on every hand! Do not these in see on every hand! Do not these in-spire you and me to answer "The Call of the Good?" Do they not bid you say, "I will; yes, in God's name, I will live the higher sacrificial life for others?"

But, after all, I believe the greatest "Call of the Good" comes from the tes-timony of men and women who were once as wild beasts of passion, roam-ing over the mountains of sin, carrying death and terror everywhere, but who, by the grace of God, have been com-pletely changed. Their voice was once the voice of hate; now it is the voice of Their eyes were once bloodshot and their hands sharp clawed and their teeth as cruel as the crooked beak of a hawk, ready to make its fatil plunge into the heart of dove or lamb or fawn.

Now their eyes are eyes of gentle-ness; their feet are like the great paws of the noble St. Bernard dogs of St. Gothard pass which the monks send for h and which climb over the Alps to hunt for the lost and the dying travelers. These men and women, once corrupt, are now purified. Once wild beasts of passion, now gentle as lambs, they follow at the feet of the Good Shepherd, and they come to us and say, Shepherd, and they come to us and say,
"If the grace of God could change us
and save us the grace of God can spiritually change you if you will let it."
Not from the jungle of sin to the jungle of sin did they go, but from the far country of sin they came back as re-deemed sons and daughters to their father's house. Not from man to beast, but from evil monsters to God's saintship, has been their redemption, trans-formation, transmigration and spiritu-

alization.
If some of us could not feel that God saves the vilest and the lowest and the chief of sinners, we could not feel that "The Call of the Good" was for us. There is a natural law that water cannot rise higher than its source. I go down into the valley and I find the brooks leaping over the rocks. I see

stolen when a baby; now she was a grown girl. Finally the mother sat down under a tree and began to sing the old lullaby with which she used to croon her darling to sleep. No sconer did the mother begin to sing that lullaby than one of the young girls stopped in her work to listen. Then she crept tup nearer sind nearer to the singing woman, then with a bound she ran and placed her head in the white woman's lap and in the Indian dialect sobbed: "Mother! My mother! My lost and found mother!" Ah, yes, it was the voice of the cradle that called her to her mother's side. And so to-day you and I hear strange voices that are nothing but a bare, bleak Sahara desert, filled not with life, but with death. But if the spiritual waters can rush down from the mountain sides and down from the mountain sides and cleanse and purify, and turn into spir itual cases the bleak, bare, stifful desert lives of some of the men and women we have known the spiritual waters rushing down from God's heights can easily purify and cleanse and change us into spiritual cases. Yes, our bleak, bare, sinful lives—bleak and bare as the most repulsive of all Sahara deserts—can be completely changed. Truly "The Call of the Good" comes mightily and overwhelmingly to us from

mightily and overwhelmingly to us from the redeemed lives of the Davids, and the Peters, and the Magdalenes, and the Zacchaeuses we see about us on every hand.

"The Call of the Good," in its highest development means "The Call to Come to Christ." I am not now extending this invitation to the saints, but to the sinners; not to the angels living in the white mansions of the new Jerusalem or singing in the celestial choir lofts, but to the wild beasts of the human race—to those who have wandered farther and farther away until they think that even Christ himself has ceased to love them or to care for them. I offer it not so much in the homes of purity as upon the wild mountain sides of sin, in the thickets of evil and in the cold blizzards of despair. Remember, Christ comes to us not so much as a judge, but as a Saviour, a rescuer, a redeemer. Will you listen to the "Divine Call of the Good?" Will you be purged with hyssop until you are clean. Will you be washed in the atoning blood until your garments become whiter than the driven snow?

Christ would save even the lowest and the vilest. He would save Paul, the thief of sinners, even as he would save the gentle John. He would do for us in a spiritual way what that Indian mother in a physical sense tried to do every hand.
"The Call of the Good," in its high-



for her little daughter many years ago upon one of the ice floes of Lake Huron. This mother was an Indian squaw of Manitoulin Island, of the Ojibway tribe. She was standing upon the ice near to the shore one evening. Suddenly the ice upon which she stood parted, and the block blew out into the lake. Next morning the lidians found her frozen body, with her dead baby by her side. But before the mother died this Indian squaw took off her own clothes and wrapped them off her own clothes and wrapped then about her baby. Then with her naked body she lay down upon the ice to shield her child from the fierce winds and cuddled the little one close under

and cuddled the little one close under her naked breast. So the divine Christ has come to us. He has laid down his life as a sacrifice for us. He has placed his body between us and the evil results of our sins, and today upon the cross he says: "Oh, sinner, come to me; live in me. I have died that you might live forever in God and with God!"

Men and women who, as wild beasts of passion, are roaming over the hill-sides of sin, will you not heed this divine invitation? Will you let the blood of an atoning Saviour be shed in vain? From being a sinful, human beast and spiritual outcast will you not heed things! Into one of Christ's glorified spirits of earth and heaven, which fled spirits of earth and heaven, which ned spirits of earth and heaven, which shall live under the divine benediction and dwell with your redeemed ones forever and ever? "The Call of the Good" is here. Listen. Do you hear it? Will you answer its summons

### AILING WOMEN

GAIN HEALTH AND STRENGTH THROUGH DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

Bloodlessness is the surest starting

point of consumption. When your blood is thin and weak and watery your whole health declines. Your face grows pale, your lips and guma white, your appetite fails, and your heart jumps and flutters at the least excitement. You have frequent attacks of headache and dizziness, and sometimes fainting spells. You are always weak and wretched and lose always weak and wretched and lose heart in everything. These are the sign posts of consumption, and you may easily slip into a hopeless decline if you do not build up you blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They actually make new, strong, rich, red blood, which brings back your row checks your hearty appears to the strong that the strong result row checks your hearty appears. your rosy cheeks, your hearty appetite, your strength, energy and g mergal good health. Here is strong proof from Mrs. Samuel Behie, wife of a well known merchant and contractor at Sheet Harbor, N. S. Mrs. Behis says: "Some years ago I became so run down and distressingly weak that life seemed not worth living. I had a bad cough, was tired out at the least exertion and was unable to do even light housework. I had the best of medical aid and medicines, but did not get any benefit and grew so seriously ill that I was at last confined to bed, and my friends thought I was in a decline. My fough grew worse and I dispaired of getting better. My husband thisp brought me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to my joy they soon began to the creeks and the rivers, with their getting better. My husband then brought me Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with the great serpentine colls, bending and winding through the meadow lands. I winding through the meadow lands. I help me. Gradually my strength rewheel and, like circus rider from the top of Bushkill or Minnehaha falls, leaving themselves their hoose of gold. grew better until I was again a well woman. I have since had perfect health and when I compare my condition now with the state when I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, no one need wonder that I am enthusiastic in praising this

Cases of this kind can only be Cases of this kind can only be cured by filling the vens with new, rich blood, and every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, health-restoring blood, which goes right to the root of the disease. That is why these pills cure every-day ailments, like anaemia, heart troubles, indigestion nervousness, headaches and backaches, neuralgia, kidney troubles, rheumatism, erysipelas, and the special ailments of womanhood and girlhood. All these troubles are rooted in the blood, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that actually make new blood. Common medicine cannot do this, so you mon medicine cannot do this, so you should fasist upon getting the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the wrapper around overybox. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six by mail at 50 boxes for \$2.50.

To Tunnel Mont Blanc?

To Tunnel Mont Blanc?

M. Gauthier's scheme is to open a yet quicker means of communication, first of all, with Switzerland. This would be provided by tunneling the Faucille pass, an engineering work estimated to cost \$23,000,000 and to take five years. The second and more sensational part of the scheme is the proposed continuation of the line from Geneva, via Chamonix, through the Mont Blanc to Aosta, thus connecting with all the Italian system. The magnitude of such an enterprise as tunneling Mont Blanc rather takes one's breath away, but the project is said to have been already well thought out and elaborated in detail. It would certainly be a gigantic scheme for tainty be a gigantic scheme for France, as it would probably divert half the traffic of the St. Gothard and Simplon routes to French railways.-Paris Letter to London Telegraph

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper tard for the centre.

#### PRACTICAL MODES.

SOME NOVEL TOUCHES THAT POINT TO FUTURE STYLES.

Smart Little French Coat-Pretty Muslin Skirt For Afternoon Wear. The Very Chic Taffeta Gown - A

The smart little coatee illustrated is of Parks origin and will be appreclated by every woman who likes to include good looks in garments of a practical nature. The back is quite tight fitting and held to the figure by a folded corselet, which is passed beneath the spade fronts, a pretty tab falling at the side below, while a rather full habit basque finishes the back. The elbow sleeves are finished with falling lace frills, the same lace being fashioned into flat revers in front, silk covered buttons being repeatedly utilized as trimming. ple and useful also is the spotted muslin skirt sketched. This is



A PARIS COATEE.

up on a batiste foundation trimmed with black chantilly lace insertion and tucks and is designed to be completed as a costume with a bodice in the same materials. The fabric used may be all white, white with black spots, black with white spots or white with color.

A thing of decided chic in the midst of omnipresent elaboration and fussy details is the plainly made black taffeta gown. A wonderfully smart example of it has the bodice cut into a small severe V at the top, back and front, and filled in with a chemisette formed of row upon row of ivory bebe valen ciennes. A rather unusual severity also characterizes the sleeves, which are of course elbow length and finished with tight little lace frills. The whole effect distinctive and peculiarly pleasing. Another black taffeta boasts the original feature of white chiffon sleeves arranged in two large double puffs caught with loose straps of the taffeta that recall the slashing effects of the Charles II. period. These sleeves impart a very novel touch and point to a trend predicted by some of the gown builders as a probable development in the autumn-that is, sleeves different in kind from the corsage.

Just as fashion had called a halt upon the blouse and seemed upon the point of drifting away from the separate waist into the bodice proper came a shower of lovely summer waist fabrics that saved the situation. And now nothing more lovely can be imag-



SKIRT OF SPOTTED MUSLIN.

ined for afternoon use than blouses of inest French lawn with yoke of em-broidery and valenciennes frills. Drawn up drapery gives a novel touch in the center front, and fichu ends are carried down and caught to the silk belt with fancy buckles. Folded sashes formed of silks in three different colors look well and give individuality to such waists. AMY VARNUM.

Old Mahogany Revived. The oldest and most defaced piece of mahogany furniture can be made to look not only as well but even bet-ter than some of the new furniture of the present, inasmuch as the wood is improved by age. Every touch of the old polish must be removed by rub-bing with a cloth wrung out of water and then dipped in pumice dust, which must be rubbed into all the beadings, bevelings and carvings until all the old polish is removed. Then wash off every grain of the pumice dust and when dry apply two coats of fine coach

Summer Flower Luncheons.
The summer hostess may now enter ain her guests with flower luncheons served under trees on small tables, served under trees on small tables, linked together with a chain of the selected flower. The daisy presents very artistic possibilities, lending itself readily to every form of table ornamentation. Even the ice cream can be easily served in daisy form, using pistache for the leaves, some white ice for the petals and yellow frozen custored for the centre.

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THE SOWER AND HIS SEED.

He planted an oak in his father's park And a thought in the minds of men And he bade farewell to his native

shore, ... Which he never will see again Oh, merrily stream the tourist throng
To the glow of the southern sky;
A vision of pleasure beckons them on,
But he went there to die.

The oak will grow, and its boughs will

spread,
And many rejoice in its shade,
But none will visit the distant grave
Where a stranger youth is taid.
And the thought will live when the oak has died

oak has died
And quicken the minds of men,
But the name of the thinker has van
ished away
And will never be heard again.

RADIANT WOMANHOOD.

The glory and satisfaction of beau The glory and satisfaction of beau-tiful womanhood can be known only; to those possessing the unlimited ad-vantages of health. No weak woman can be happy or enjoy half the pleas-ures of lit. Palid cheeks, sunken eyes, exhausted nerves, all telt of a terrible struggle to keep up. What the weak woman needs is Ferrozone; the weak woman needs is reprozone; it renews, restores and vitalizes instantly—it's a "woman's remedy,"—that's why.

Ferrozone makes women strong, plump and healthful because it con-

tains lots of nutriment, the kind that forms muscle, sinews, bone and nerve. Vitalizing blood courses through the body, making delightful color, happy spirits, true womanly strength. Fifty cents buys a box of Ferrozone in any drug store.

The Word "Gent." At one time the word "gent" was a reputable term for general use. A respectable writer in 1564 tells of "a Saturdays supper to divers gentlemen of the Gray's inne for the great amitie between them and the Middle Temple gents." The diarist Evelyn speaks of the "noise and tumult occasioned by three or four wild gents in drink. Soon after Queen Victoria's accession "gents" became vulgar. Thackeray speaks of it in 1842 as an "affectionate diminutive at present much in use among commercial persons."

DEAD SICK OF ASTHMA?

You couldn't be otherwise with such a distressing malady. Well, for such a distressing mataly. We have none dollar spent on "Catarrhozone" you can be thoroughly cured. Foolish to delay, because asthma steadily grows worse. Get Catarrhozone today and cure yourself; it's pleasant to use, very simple, and guaranteed. Prescribed by thousands of doctors Prescribed by thousands of doctors and used by people of zine nations—Certainly Catarrhozone must be good; it hasn't failed yet, no matter, how chronic the case.

The Great Salt Lake Bridge. stretches across Great Salt like. It was constructed at an enormous cost to save time and money. Before the bridge was built the railroad skirted the north end of the lake. Now it cuts off forty-three miles of road and runs directly from Ogden to Lucin. The cost of this remarkable bridge was \$5,000,000. The piles were brought from the Oregon and Texas forests. By placing all the piles together they would measure nearly 600,000 feet. There are more than eleven miles of permanent trestling, nearly the entire length being under water, which is from thirty to thirty-four feet deep.

VALUABLE ADVICE TO MOTHERS

If your child comes in from play coughing or showing evidences of la grippe, sore throat, or sickness of any kind, get out your bottle of Nexviline. Rub the chest and neck with Nerviline, and give internal doses of ten drops of Nerviline in sweetened water every two hours. This will prevent any serious trouble. No linging the property of the proper great family remedy in Canada for the past fifty years. Try a 25c. bot-tle of Nerviline.

Men call their own carelessness and inactivity fate.

Some men never seem to know their own minds until the day after.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for \$30. Cured him with \$1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him in four months for \$85.00. Profit on Liniment, \$54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE,

Gotal Kroner

MOISE DEROSCE,
flotel Keeper.
St. Phillippe, Que., Nov. 1, 1901.

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ham time.

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