Talmage Deals With the Subject of "Woman's Opportunity."

You Have No Right to Interfere With Anyone's Doing Anything That Is Righteous.

St. Louis, Mo., June 17.-In his Sunday sermon, Rev. Dr. Talmage, who has reached this city on his western tour, discussed "Woman's Opportunity," his text being: "She shall be called woman"

(Gen. il., 23). God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres-man to be regnant in his own realm; woman to be dominant in hers. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them, that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other sex is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds; but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection against affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's world against a woman's world? You can come out with your stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open on my desk the swarthy, iron-typed, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau, and Elizabeth Browning, and George Eliot. You come out with your stereotyped remark about superiority to man in the item of affection; but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the Disciple, and Matthew Simpson, the bishop, and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large, that after you I thought I knew them; but their aphad rolled it into two hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of heaven, and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology can define the spheres; while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm and when a woman is in her realm, and when either of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition, or to say: "This is the line and that is the line." My theory is, that if a woman wants to vote, she ought to vote; and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house, he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with anyone's doing anything that is righteous. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach, she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in commercial spheres, she will have great influence on the exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. Heart and brain can overfly any barrier that politicians may set up, and nothing can keep woman back or keep her down

but the question of incapacity. Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the Presidential ciples she taught him, and by the habits she inculcated, made him President. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophised, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principles were put, had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right, and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship. The right of suffrage, as we men exercise seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot box and drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine or a sot-the offscouring of the street-and he drops his vote, and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter, by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throb through the eternities. My chief anxiety then, is not that woman should have other rights accorded her; but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she al-

First: She has the right to make home That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and then tarry a comparatively little while; but she all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifles it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. Your abode may be humble, but you can, by faith in God and cheerfulness of demeanor, gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled. The ladders of heaven are let down to such a home. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels as those that broke over Bethlehem. It is home. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart. all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters with which to spell out that height and depth, and length and breadth, and magnitude, and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes and trembling voice and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals -H-O-M-E! What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen

in such a realm? Oh, woman, with the lightning of your soul, strike dead at your feet all the allurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it. Oh, give to God your heart; give to God all your culture; give to God all your refinement; give yourself to him for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth. Father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand, will no more be in yours. It will be night and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you must start. Will It be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah, no! Jesus will come up in that hour and offer his hand, and he will say: "You stood by me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of his hand, and the storm will drop; and another wave of his hand and midnight shall break into midnoon; and another wave of his hand and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure-houses of heaven, with robes lustrous, bloodwashed and heaven-glinted, in which You will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timbrel of the Red Sea, and with Deborah, who led the Lord's hosts into the fight, and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord, and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels sing-

"She Shall Be Called Woman." ling in the air, and with sisters of charity, who bound up the battle wounds of God, drink to the soul's etenal rescue. One twilight, after I had been play-ing with the children for some time, I lay down on the lounge to rest. The children said, "Play more." Children always want to play more. And, half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land-not Persia, although more than Oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around, looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth and I saw the sun rise, and I said, "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said, "When do they put on workingmen's garb again, and delve in the mine, and swelter at the forge?" but neither garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said. "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" and I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towns and battlements, but not a mausoleum nor monument nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town and I said, "Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" and a voice answered, "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out, seeking to find where were the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said, "What am I, and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group; and when I saw their step, I knew it, and when I heard their voices parel was so different from anything I had ever seen, I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But, after awhile, when they clapped their hands and shouted, "Welcome! welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up to a higher home, and I said, "Are we all here?" and the voices of the innumerable generations answered, "All here," and while tears of gladness were rolling down our cheeks, and the branches of Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands, and the towers of the great city

> 'Home! home! home!" Then I felt a child's hand on my face, and it woke me. The children wanted to play more. Children always want to

> were chiming their welcome, we began

to laugh and sing and leap and shout,

TRYING TO BAG WELLINGTON.

The story goes that Wellington used to ride over daily, with one or two of his staff, from his headquarters at St. Jean-de-Luz, and take his stand on the top of a wooded sand hillock, called Blanc Pignon, on the left bank of the Adour, which commands a view of both banks and the town itself two miles up the stream. This had been noticed by the French, who had still command of the river and the opposite shore; and the zealous sailor aforesaid, Bourgeois by name, conceived the plan of entrapping the great English captain by lying in ambush for him, with a few men, among the undergrowth on the sand dune, which happened to be on neutral ground just outside the line of French

pickets. Gen. Thouvenot very honorably de clined to sanction this tricky proceeding, but, seeing through his glasses from the clock tower of the cathedral in Bayonne that it was actually being caried out, notwithstanding his disapproval, he sent a mounted orderly, as fast as he could gallop, down the road on the left bank of the river (the present site of the Allees Marines), past the French pickets, to warn Wellington of his danger. The message was just in time. When within a short distance of the ambush awaiting him on the narrow litle track winding up the sand dune, he turned his horse, and moved quietly off in another direction.

So says the story, which, entirely believed by the French, is placed on record by Morel, declared in a foot note to be correct, and then (1846) within the memory of living witnesses. We can entirely agree with the author in his succeeding remark: "Thus, by one of those strange chances beyond all human explanation, there fell through a design which might have materially changed the course of events."-Macmillan's Magazine.

BEYOND DOUBT.

It is said that Gen. Early's fondness for fun was as strong as his fondness for fighting. After the battle of Sharpsburg, Gen. Jackson, happening ot ride in the rear of Early's division, found the men scattered for miles along the road, some executing dance steps, some crying, others singing gay songs or

Early had tried to reduce the ranks to their usunal orderly condition, but he had not succeeded. Finally or orderly rode up and handed him a dispatch from Gen. Jackson:

"Heaquarters, Left Wing. Sir,-Gen. Jackson desires to know why he saw so many stragglers in rear of your division today.
"A. S. PENDLETON."

After reading this communication the grim old soldier got a piece of paper and wrote the following reply:

"Headquarters, Early's Division. Captain .- In answer to your note, I think it probable that the reason why Gen. Jackson saw so many of my stragglers today is that he rode in the rear of my division. Respectfully, "J. A. EARLY."

Gen. Jackson, who fully appreciated the good points of the old soldier, concluded that the investigation had proceeded far enough, and let it drop.

A LIFE SAVED .- Mr. James Bryson Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half-bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good.

In passing from darkness into light the eye is pained because the pupil is widely expanded and so much light enters as to cause pain to the optic nerve. CATARRH RELIEVED IN 10 TO 60 MINUTES. - One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. 60 cents. At W. T. Strong's and B. A.

Coughing often increases a headache tecause in the act the heart's beating is augmented, and the flow of the blood to the head is thus increased. Mina: d's Liniment is the best,

Gossip From Every Land Summarized for Busy Readers.

THE fund for the relief of the victims of the Jabez Balfour frauds in England amounts to £51,000, and has stopped at that figure, although fresh cases of distress are daily coming to notice.

THE day trip by way of Calais and Dover has been shortened by an hour, fifteen minutes of the time being saved on the passage of the Channel. The New Haven-Dieppe line has also reduced it by an hour.

EMPRESS EUGENIE, who is now in Paris, and is showing herself more than at any time since the death of the Prince Imperial, was present at the dinner given by Princess Mathilde on her 75th birthday.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE is to have a new outside coat of paint and its stone work cleaned. It is thirteen years since the palace was treated to a similar renovation by its owner, her Britannic Majesty Queen Victoria.

A FROG hung head downward in a child's mouth till it dies is still used as a remedy for thrush in Shropshire, England. One man boasts that his little son had "wore out" four frogs before he died himself of convulsions.

THE latest addition to the small parks of London is the Bethnal Green Gardens, an area of nine acres in the heart of a quarter that has been poor immemorially, if we may take the evidence of the "Blind Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green."

A SOCIETY for the suppression of scandal has just been founded at Insterburg, in Germany. The aim of the society is to suppress the too free use of the tongues of malicious traducers, with which the town, it is alleged, is beleaguered, and more promptly to punish the offenders.

SIBERIA is becoming civilized. A German flute player named Terschak has just ended a tour of concerts in which he played at Omsk, Irkutsk, Tobolsk. Tomsk, and many other towns, and a pianist has been engaged for next year to begin a tour at Vladivostock on the Pacific and to travel through Siberia back to Europe.

ON JAN. 18 the seismometrograph at the observatory in Rome measured five complete pulsations of slow period characteristic of earthquakes at a great distance. On the same day, 49 minutes earlier, a severe earthquake was felt on the east coast of Japan, nearly 6,-000 miles away. The pulsations traveled at the rate of 1,987 miles a second.

TOBACCO being a Government monopoly in France, the Government appoints the tobacconists. In the last batch of appointments appear the names of the widow of Gen. Ferron, once Minister of War; that of a daughter of an ex-Minister of the Colonies, those of the widows of Crampel and Barral, the African explorers.

THE French cutlers established in call attention by every means in their power to the absurdity of the superstition about presents of knives "cutting friendship." They have, therefore, friendship." They have, therefore, begged the French Minister of Public Works, M. Dupuy-Dutemps, to accept a little present of two fancy knives and a pocket knife of fine workmanship.

HOW hot our clothes are has just been determined by a Dr. von Bebber, a German meteorologist. When the outside temperature is 50 degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature on the coat is 71.2 degrees, that between the coat and the waistcoat 73.6 degrees, between waistcoat and shirt 75.9 degrees, between shirt and undershirt 77.4 degrees. and between the woolen undershirt and the skin 90.9 degrees.

ABBE RAMBAUD has received the \$3,000 D'Audriffet prize for self-abnegation from the French Academy. He became blind early in life and found difficulty in getting ordained, but devoted himself and his fortune of \$60,000 a year to relieving the poor of Lyons. He established schools for the street children, and a lodging house for aged people with 500 dwellings, where they are helped with work.

SOME of the troops engaged in the Chitral campaign seem to have learned the lesson of saving their ammunition. At the taking of the Malakand Pass, the Second Brigade, which bore the brunt of the fighting, with 2,825 men fired only 19,745 rounds, an average of less than seven per man. The engagement lasted several hours, and was the first in which the Lee-Metford rifle has been used with cordite.

OPIUM-EATING, according to the Maharajah Bahadur of Durbhanga, is largely practiced in Rajputana on festive occasions as a token of welcome to guests and friends. In the Punjaub a large proportion of the adult male population take opium ln small doses as a stimulant, without much or any apparent harm. It is looked upon as a digestive and a very beneficial tonic for a man who has reached middle age.

A PARIS mother lately, on returning from a ball sooner than she was expected, found her baby and its nurse missing. The nurse was traced to the Moulin Rouge, and the baby was found asleep in a cot in a restaurant near by, with eight more aristocratic infants. The proprietor called his place "Au Rendez-vous des Bebes," and said that nurses left their charges with him every night in the year, paying a franc

and a half for each child. LONDON in 1894 had a population of 4,349,166 spread over 121 square miles, according to the recent report of the registrar-general; an average of 37,250 to the square mile and 58 to the acre. The most densely populated districts are Whitechapel, with 196 to the acre, and Shoreditch with 191. The death rate was 17.8 to 1,000, the lowest since I was reduced to such a state that I a record has been kept. The highest death rate for the year in any English

town was 23.8 in Liverpool. FIFTY years ago Sir John Franklin sailed from England with the Erebus and the Terror on his last voyage. The anniversary was observed by the Royal Geographical Society by a visit to the Franklin relics in the Greenwich Naval Museum and by a meeting attended by nearly all the survivors of the English expeditions sent in search of him, at which Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock, who brought back in 1859 the last written record of Franklin's men, made a speech.

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A GRATEFUL MOTHER

Relates How Her Daughter's Life Was Saved.

Anaemia and General Debility Had Brought Her to the Verge of the Grave-Physicians Held Out No Hope of Recovery-Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Again Prove a Life-Saver.

(From the Ottawa Free Press.) A personal paragraph in the Free Press some time ago, simply stating that Miss Sophie Belanger, 428 Cooper street, Ottawa, had recovered from a serious illness caused by anaemia and debility, has apparently general awakehed more than usual interest and pleasure among her relatives and acquaintances. So much so, indeed, that a reporter of the paper found it extremely interesting to visit the family and enjoy a chat with Mrs. Belanger on the recovery of her daughter after she had for two years been considered irrecoverably a victim of this terribly enervating and dangerous disease. Mrs. Belanger is a very intelligent French-Canadian, wife of Mr. Joseph Belanger, whose wallpaper and paint and glass establishment is at 146 Bank street. Miss Sophie Belanger, the whilom invalid, vascillating between death and



"She lay on a couch like one dying." vears. She is a student under the nuns in St. Jean Baptiste school, on Primrose Hill. Over two years ago she fell sick and rapidly wasted away. The nature of her disease appeared to be a profound mystery to the physicians as they were called in one after the other. Despair seized the family, as they looked upon the once beautiful, spirited girl, laying day in and day out, weeks and months on her couch, simply slowly vanishing, and they powerless even to raise a smile to her wan lips. Each succeeding medical man gravely told the parents to prepare for the worst. However, Mrs. Belanger is not one of those women who give up in despair while there is still hope, as her own words will denote.

"It was a terrible time," she said.

'We had been told again and again

that nothing could be done to save Sophie, and had almost been forced by appearances to believe it. I have now o say that but for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she would have been in her grave instead of attending school every day, the liveliest of the lively. It began like this: The poor girl was coming to me three or four times a day exclaim-"Oh, ma, I have such a terrible eadache. I cannot stand the pain of This went on for a long time, weeks, in fact, until we began to look at it in a very serious light We had almost every French doctor in the city the town of Langres are determined to called in, but with no result. Sophie small and yellow, while her lips were as white as your collar. She was listless and apathetic, and so weak she could not raise her hand to her head. A leading doctor forced her to take a certain kind of powders, which seemed to be taking the flesh from her bones. Her skin became hot and parched, her eyes sank into her head, and she lay on that couch as one dead, taking no interest whatever in things going on around her. Then it was we became confirmed to the popular belief that she going to die. It was agonizing to look at her out we became partially resigned to the fate that appeared to be overtaking us. She was watched day and night, but we could detect no change unless for the worse. All hope had gone. I had read of cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and about this time I noticed a description published in the Free Press somewhat similar to Sophie's case. Something seemed to urge me to give them a trial, and now I thank God I did. I sent for some, and began giving them to her, one at a time. Be fore long we saw an improvement, and gradually increased the dose from one to two, and then to three, at regular intervals. It was incredible to note the change. Her color came back, a different look in her eyes, her general health and appearance gave us all new interest in her. Before the fourth box was gone, Sophie was able to be up and around again, and a further use of them fully restored her health, or rather snatched her from the brink of the grave. To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is due all the credit, for we had stopped doctors' medicines and simply gave her these, following the directions around the box. My daughter's life was saved by Pink Pills, and no one knows better than her mother. I wish to tell everyone of the cure, as it is almost impossible to believe that the poor thing that lay there, and the happy, rosy. cheeked girl who goes regularly to her classes are one and the same person in such a marvelously short space of time, and you may be sure I am advising ailing neighbors to use this won-

derful medicine." Just as the reporter was leaving, Miss Belanger returned from school. She was the picture of grace, health and beauty, her lithe physique denoting health in every movement, while her face showed the warm, ruddy glow of health. She corroborated all her mother had said, besides adding some new testimony. Happiness now abideth in that home, where misery held sway too long, and Mrs. Belanger rests he faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which will do for other weak and ailing girls what they did for her daughter.

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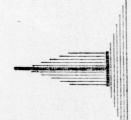
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