RAILWAY ME TABLES.

CORRECTED TO NOV 18, 1889.

D TRUNK—Southern Division

MAIN LINE—Going East.	ARRIVE.	DEPART
Express (A)	4:15 a.m.	4:35 a.m
.....	.....	6:00 a.m
Express (A)	11:05 a.m.	11:30 a.m
ited	.....	1:25 p.m
press	10:50 a.m.	2:20 p.m
s Express (A) (D)	4:20 p.m.	4:25 p.m
No. 23 Freight (C)	5:45 p.m.	6:50 p.m
A)	11:55 p.m.	.....
MAIN LINE—Going West.		
Express (A)	6:10 a.m.	6:30 a.m
nd Mixed	.....	6:45 a.m
nited	11:05 a.m.	.....
s Express (A)	11:20 a.m.	11:25 a.m
modation	12:30 p.m.	2:15 p.m
Express (A)	6:50 p.m.	7:10 p.m
	9:45 p.m.	.....
modation	.....	7:20 p.m
Sarnia Branch.		
Express (B)	.....	5:20 a.m
modation	.....	7:35 a.m
nited (B)	.....	11:10 a.m
modation	.....	2:30 p.m
Express (B)	.....	7:00 p.m
Sarnia Branch.		
Express (B)	4:30 a.m.	.....
Express (B)	11:25 p.m.	.....
nited (B)	1:20 p.m.	.....
modation	2:15 p.m.	.....
modation	8:45 p.m	.....
London, Huron & Bruce.		
	10:15 a.m.	8:05 a.m
	6:45 p.m.	4:25 p.m
London & Port Stanley.		
	...	6:40 a.m
modation	7:20 a.m.	9:30 a.m
	2:10 p.m.	2:50 p.m
modation	5:35 p.m.	7:00 p.m
	6:50 p.m.	.....
	11:15 p.m.	.....
. Marys and Stratford Branch.		
—Mail	11:20 a.m.	7:35 a.m
s	5:35 p.m.	2:15 p.m
s—Mixed	9:20 p.m.	6:00 p.m

Toronto Branch.

ilton—Depart—						
a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
9:15	10:45	12:25	4:10	5:40	B7:00	6:25
ronto—Arrive—						
a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.	a.m.
8:45	10:00	B11:45	4:00	6:25		12:30

ese trains for Montreal.
ese trains from Montreal.
tuns daily, Sundays included.
tuns daily, Sundays included, but makes mediate stops on Sundays.
o. 38 carries passengers between London aris.
his train connects at Toronto for all in Manitoba, the Northwest and British bia via North Bay and Winnipeg.

E LA HOOKE, City Passenger and Ticket , No. 3 Masonic Temple.

CHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

LONDON TIME.

da Southern Division—Going East.

	Leave London.	Leave St. Thomas.
al N. Y. Express (ex-Sundays)	8:40 p.m.	11:45 p.m.
Express (daily)	8:40 p.m.	3:05 a.m.
ican Express (except nday)	9:50 a.m.	11:15 a.m.
tic Express (daily)	9:50 a.m.	1:50 p.m.
except Sundays)	2:25 p.m.	3:15 p.m.
and Boston Express	2:25 p.m.	4:30 p.m.
n'd'n (except Sunday)	8:40 p.m.	7:00 a.m.

da Southern Division—Going West.

go Express (daily)	8:40 p.m.	5:00 a.m.
go L'ld Exp. (daily)	9:50 a.m.	10:33 a.m.
ican Express (except nday)	9:50 a.m.	1:25 p.m
except Sundays)	2:25 p.m.	3:10 p.m
c Express (daily)	2:25 p.m.	6:40 p.m
n'd'n (except Sunday)	8:40 p.m.	7:30 a.m

TE.—No trains to or from London on Sun-

os. R. Parker, City Ticket and Passen-gent, No. 1 Masonic Temple.

ANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Going East.

PART—				
on	.....	.....	8:00 a.m.	5:00 p.m
lstock	5:05 a.m.	.....	8:45 a.m.	5:45 p.m
	6:07 a.m.	.....	9:48 a.m.	6:53 p.m
ph	10:55 a.m.	.....	10:55 a.m.	8:15 p.m
nto...Union tion	8:50 a.m.	.....	11:45 a.m.	9:00 p.m
rboro	11:38 a.m.	.....	7:50 p.m.	11:40 p.m
ston	4:40 p.m.	.....	.....	4:40 a.m
wa	5:45 p.m.	.....	.....	5:35 a.m
real—Windsor Street	7:55 p.m.	.....	.....	7:45 a.m
ec	6:30 a.m.	.....	.....	2:30 p.m
and, Me	9:30 a.m.	.....	.....	8:35 p.m
m	8:30 a.m.	.....	.....	8:50 p.m
fax, N.S	10:30 p.m.	.....	.....	10:30 p.m

e train leaving London at 5 p.m. makes ection for North Bay, Port Arthur, Win-g, Vancouver, B. C., Victoria, B. C., and termediate points.

Going West.

PART—				
fax, N. S	.....	.....	6:50 a.m.	6:50 a.m
on	5:05 a.m.	.....	7:00 p.m.	9:00 a.m
land	.....	.....	6:15 p.m.	8:45 a.m
ec	.....	.....	10:03 p.m.	1:30 p.m
treal	.....	.....	9:20 a.m.	8:45 p.m
wa	.....	.....	11:35 a.m.	10:45 p.m
gston	.....	.....	12:40 p.m.	11:45 p.m
rboro	7:00 a.m.	.....	5:50 p.m.	4:56 a.m
onto, arrive	9:50 a.m.	.....	8:50 p.m.	7:45 a.m
onto, depart	4:15 p.m.	.....	.....	7:30 a.m
ph	6:00 p.m.	.....	.....	9:00 a.m
	6:28 p.m.	.....	.....	10:10 a.m
	7:40 p.m.	.....	.....	11:17 a.m
odstock	8:20 p.m.	.....	.....	12:00 a.m
on, arrive				

Owen Sound Branch—Going North.

PART.			
onto	7:40 a.m.		4:45 p.m
RRIVE.	1:15 a.m.		10:00 p.m
n Sound			

Owen Sound Branch—Going South.

PART.			
n Sound	5:50 a.m.		3:35 p.m
RRIVE.	10:55 a.m.		8:30 p.m
onto			

hos. R. Parker, City Ticket and Passen-Agent, No. 1 Masonic Temple.

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"MACHPELAH."

Dr. Talmage's Discourse Deals with Easter Thoughts.

What Resurrection Day Will Do for the Cemeteries—The Skyward Procession.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 6.—The subject of Dr. Talmage's sermon to-day was "Machpelah, or Easter Thoughts." It was based on the words in Genesis, xxiii, 17 and 18: "And the field of Ephron, which was in Machpelah, which was before Mamre, the field and the cave which was therein, and all the trees that were in the field, that were in all the borders round about, were made sure unto Abraham."

Here, said the preacher, is the first cemetery ever laid out. Machpelah was its name. It was an arborescent beauty, where the wound of death was bandaged with foliage. Abraham, a rich man, not being able to bribe the King of Terrors, proposes here, as far as possible, to cover up his ravages. He had no doubt previously noticed this region, and now that Sarah, his wife, had died—that remarkable person who at 90 years of age had born to her the son Isaac, and who now, after she had reached 127 years, had expired—Abraham is negotiating for a family plot for her last slumber. Ephron owned this real estate, and after, in mock sympathy for Abraham, refusing to take anything for it, now sticks on a big price—400 shekels of silver. This cemetery lot is paid for, and the transfer made, in the presence of witnesses in a public place, for there were no deeds and no halls of record in those early times. Then in a cavern of limestone rock Abraham put Sarah, and, a few years after, himself followed, and then Isaac and Rebekah, and Leah. Embowered, picturesque, and memorable Machpelah! That dedicated by Abraham has been the mother of innumerable mortuary observances. The necropolis of every civilized land has vied with its metropolis. The most beautiful hills of Europe outside the great cities are covered with obelisk and funeral vase and arched gateways and columns and parterres in honor of the inhumated. The Appian Way of Rome was bordered by sepulchral commemorations. For this purpose Pisa has its arcades of marble sculptured into exquisite bas-reliefs and the features of dear faces that have vanished. Genoa has its terraces cut into tombs; and Constantinople covers with cypress the silent habitations; and Paris has its Pere-la-Chaise, on whose heights rest Balzac and David and Marshal Ney and Cuvier and La Place and Moliere, and a mighty group of warriors and poets and painters and musicians. In all foreign nations utmost genius on all sides is expended in the work of interment, mummification and incineration.

Our own country consents to be second to none in respect to the lifeless body. Every town and neighborhood of any intelligence or virture has, not many miles away, its sacred enclosure, where affection has engaged sculptor's chisel and florist's spade and artificer in metals. Our own city has shown its religion as well as its art, in the manner in which it holds the memory of those who have passed forever away, by its Cypress Hills and its Evergreens and its Calvary and Holy Cross and Friends' cemeteries. All the world knows of our Greenwood, with now about 250,000 inhabitants sleeping among hills that overlook the sea, and by lakes embosomed in an Eden of flowers, our American Westminster Abbey, an Acropolis of mortuary architecture.

A PANTHEON OF MIGHTY ONES ASCENDED

elegies in stone, Iliads in marble, whole generations in peace, waiting for other generations to join them. No dormitory of breathless sleepers in all the world has so many mighty dead. Among preachers of the Gospel, Bethune and Thomas De Witt, and Bishop James and Tyng, and Abeel, the missionary, and Beecher and Buddington and McClintock and Inskip and Bangs and Chapin and Noah Schneck and Samuel Hanson Cox. Among musicians, the renowned Gottschalk and the holy Thomas Hastings. Among philanthropists, Cooper and Isaac T. Hooper, and Lucretia Mott and Isabella Graham, and Henry Bergh, the apostle of mercy to the brute creation. Among the literati, the Careys, Alice and Phœbe, James K. Paulding, and John G. Saxe. Among journalists, Bennett and Raymond and Greeley. Among scientists, Ormsby Mitchell, warrior as well as astronomer, and lovingly called by his soldiers, "Old Stars"; the Drapers, splendid men, as I know—one of them my teacher, the other my class mate. Among inventors, Elias Howe, who, through the sewing machine, did more to alleviate the toils of womanhood than any man that ever lived, and Professor Morse, who gave us magnetic telegraphy, the former doing his work with the needle, the latter with the thunderbolt. Among physicians and surgeons, Joseph C. Hutchinson and Marion Sims, and Dr. Valentine Mott, with the following epitaph which he ordered cut in honor of the Christian religion: "My implicit faith and hope is in a merciful Redeemer, who is the resurrection and the life. Amen and amen." This is our American Machpelah, as sacred to us as the Machpelah in Canaan, of which Jacob uttered that pastoral poem in one verse: "There they buried Abraham, and Sarah, his wife; there they buried Isaac, and Rebekah his wife; and there I buried Leah."

A NOVEL QUESTION.

At this Easter service I ask and answer what may seem a novel question, but it will be found, before I get through, a practical and useful and tremendous question: What will Resurrection Day do for the cemeteries? First, I remark, it will be their supernal beautification. At certain seasons it is customary in all lands to strew flowers over the mounds of the departed. It may have been suggested by the fact that Christ's tomb was in a garden. And when I say garden, I do not mean a garden of these latitudes. All the flowers we see to-day had to be petted and coaxed, put under shelter, or they would not have bloomed at all. But at this season, and through the most of the year, the Holy Land is all ablush with floral opulence. You will find all the royal family of flowers there—the daisy and hyacinth, crocus and anemone, tulip and water-lily, geranium and ranunculus, mignonette and sweet marjoram. In the college at Beyrout you may see Dr. Post's collection of about 1,800 kinds of Holy Land flowers; while among trees are the oak of frozen climes, and the tamarisk of the tropics, walnut and willow, ivy and hawthorn, ash and elder, pine and sycamore. If such floral and botanical beauties are the wild growths of the fields, think of what a garden Jesus Christ slept, after. And in such a garden Jesus Christ slept, after, on the soldier's spear, his last drop of blood had coagulated. And then, see how appropriate that all our cemeteries should be floralized and tree-shaded.

THE REAPPEARANCE OF THE DEPARTED.

"Well, then," you say, "how can you make out that the Resurrection Day will beautify the cemeteries? Will it not leave them a plowed-up ground? On that day there will be an earthquake, and will not this split the polished Aberdeen granite, as well as the plain slab that can afford but the two words, 'Our Mary,' or 'Our Charley?'" Well I will tell you how Resurrection Day will beautify all the cemeteries. It will be by bringing up the faces that were to us once, and in our memories are to us now, more beautiful than any calla lily, and the forms that are to us more graceful than any willow by the waters. Can you think of anything more beautiful than the reappearance of those from whom we have been parted? I do not care which way the tree falls in the blast of the judgment hurricane, or if the plow-share that day shall turn under the last rose leaf and the last china-aster, if out of the broken sod shall come the bodies of our loved ones not damaged, but irradiated. The idea of the resurrection gets easier to understand as I hear the phonograph unroll some voice that talked into it or sung into it a year ago, just before our friend's decease. You turn the wire, and then come forth the very tones, the very accentuation, the very cough, the very song, of the person that breathed into it once, but is now departed. If a man can do that cannot Almighty God, without half trying, return the voice of your departed? And if he can return the voice why not the lips and the tongue and the throat that fashioned the voice? And if the lips and the tongue and the throat, why not the brain that suggested the words? And if the brain, why not the nerves, of which the brain is the headquarters? And if he can return the nerves, why not the muscles, which are less ingenious? And if the muscles, why not the bones, that are less wonderful? And if the voice and the brain and the muscles and the bones, why not the entire body? If man can do the phonograph, God can do the resurrection.

WILL IT BE THE SAME BODY

that in the last day shall be reanimated? Yes, but infinitely improved. Our bodies change every seven years, and yet, in one sense it is the same body. On my wrist and the second finger of my right hand there is a scar. I made that at 12 years of age, when disgusted at the presence of two warts, I took a red-hot iron and burned them off, and burned them out. Since then my body has changed at least a half-dozen times, but those scars prove it is the same body. And we never lose our identity. If God can and does sometimes rebuild a man five, six, ten times, in this world, is it mysterious that he can rebuild him once more, and that in the resurrection? If he can do it ten time, I think he can do it eleven times. Then look at the 17-year locusts. For seventeen years gone, at the end of seventeen years they appear, and by rubbing the hind leg against the wing make that rattle at which all the husbandmen and vine-dressers tremble as the insectile host takes up the march of devastation. Resurrection every seventeen years

PERFECT IN THE RESURRECTION

Another consideration makes the idea of resurrection easier. God made Adam. He was not fashioned after any model. There had never been a human organism, and so there was nothing to copy. At the first attempt God made a perfect man. He made him out of the dust of the earth. If out of ordinary dust of the earth and without a model God could make a perfect man, surely out of the extraordinary dust of the immortal body, and with millions of models, God can make each one of us a perfect being in the resurrection. Surely the last undertaking would not be greater than the first. See the gospel algebra; ordinary dust minus a model equals a perfect man; extraordinary dust and plus a model equals a resurrection body. Mysteries about it! Oh, yes; that is one reason why I believe it. It would not be much of a God who could do things only as far as I can understand. Mysteries! Oh, yes; but no more about the resurrection of your body than about its present existence. I will explain to you the last mystery of the resurrection, and make it as plain to you as that two and two make four, if you will tell me how your mind, which is entirely independent on your body, can act upon your body so that at your will your eyes open, and your foot walks, or your hand is extended. So I find nothing in the Bible statement concerning the resurrection that staggers me for a moment. All doubts clear from my mind, I say that the cemeteries, however beautiful now, will be more beautiful when the bodies of our loved ones come up. They will come in improved condition. They will come up rested. The most of them lay down at the last very tired. How often have you heard them say: "I am so tired." The fact is

IT IS A TIRED WORLD.

If I should go through this audience, and go round the world, I could not find a person in any style of life ignorant of the sensation of fatigue. I do not believe there are 50 persons in this audience who are not tired. Your head is tired, or your back is tired, or your foot is tired, or your brain is tired, or your nerves are tired. Long journeying, or business application, or bereavement, or sickness have put on you heavy weights. So the vast majority of those who went out of this world went out fatigued. About the poorest place to rest is this world. Its atmosphere, its surroundings, and even its hilarities are exhausting. So God stops our earthly life, and mercifully closes the eyes, quiets the feet, and fold the hands, and more especially gives quiescence to the lungs and heart, that have not had ten minutes' rest from the first repiration and the first beat. If a drummer-boy were compelled in the army to beat his drum for 24 hours without stopping, his officer would be court-martialed for cruelty. If the drummer-boy should be commanded to beat his drum for a week without ceasing, day and night, he would die in attempting it. But under your vestment is a poor heart that began its drum-beat for the march of life 30 or 40 or 60 or 80 years ago, and it had no furlough by day or night, and, whether in conscious or comatose state, it went right on, for if it had stopped seven seconds your life would have closed. And your heart will keep going until some time after your spirit has flown, for the auscultator says that after the last expiration of lung and the last throb of pulse, and after the spirit is released, the heart keeps on beating for a time. What a mercy, then, it is that the grave is the place where that wondrous machinery of ventricle and artery can halt! Under the healthful chemistry of the soil all the wear and tear of nerve and muscle and bone will be subtracted and that bath of good, fresh soil will,

WASH OFF THE LAST ACHE,

and then some of the same style of dust out of which the body of Adam was constructed may be infused into the resurrection body. How can the bodies of the human race, which have had no replenishment from the dust since the time of Adam in paradise, get any recuperation from the storehouse from which he was constructed without our going back into the dust? That original, life-giving material having been added to the body as it once was, and all the defects left behind, what a body will be the resurrection body! The dust of the earth being the original material for the fashioning of the first human being, we have to go back to the same place to get a perfect body. Factories are apt to be rough places, and those who toil in them have their garments grimy and their hands smutched. But who cares for that, when they turn out for us beautiful musical instruments or exquisite upholstery! What though the grave is a rough place, it is a resurrection-body manufactory, and from it shall come the radiant and resplendent forms of our friends on the brightest morning the world ever saw. You put into a factory cotton, and it comes out apparel. You put into a factory lumber and lead, and it comes out pianos and organs. And so into the factory of the grave you put in pneumonias and consumptions, and they come out health. You put in groans, and they come out hallelujahs. For us, on the final day the most attractive places will not be the parks or the gardens or the palaces, but the cemeteries. We are not told in what season that day will come. If it should be winter, those who come up will be more lustrous than the snow that covered them. If in the autumn those who come up will be more gorgeous than the woods after the frost have penciled them. If in the spring, the bloom on which they tread will be dull compared with the rubicund of their cheeks. Oh

THE PERFECT RESURRECTION BODY!

Almost every one has some defective spot in his physical constitution—a dull ear, or a dim eye, or a rheumatic foot, or a neuralgic brow, or a twisted muscle, or a weak side, or an inflamed tonsil, or some point at which the cold wind or a season of overwork assaults him. But the resurrection body shall be without one weak spot, and all that the doctors and nurses and apothecaries of earth will thereafter have to do will be to rest without interruption after the broken nights of their earthly existence. Not only will that day be the beautification of well-kept cemeteries, but some of the graveyards that have been neglected, and been the pasture-ground for cattle and the rooting-places for swine, will for the first time have attractiveness given them. It was a shame that in that place ungrateful generations planted no trees and twisted no garland, and sculptured no marble for their Christian ancestry; but on the day of which I speak the resurrected shall make the place of their feet glorious. From under the shadow of the church, where they slumbered among nettles and mullein stalks and thistles, and slabs asland, they shall rise with a glory that shall flash the windows of the village church, and by the bell-tower that used to call them to worship, and above the old spire beside which their prayers formerly ascended. What triumphal procession never did for a street, what an oratorio never did for an academy, what an orator never did for a brilliant auditory, what obelisk never did for a king, resurrection morn will do for all the cemeteries. This Easter tells us that in Christ's resurrection our resurrection, if we are his, and

THE RESURRECTION OF ALL THE PIOUS DEAD IS ASSURED.

for he was the "first fruits of them that slept." Renan says he did not rise, but 500 witnesses, 60 of them Christ's enemies, say

HE DID RISE.

for they saw him after he had risen. If he did not rise, how did 60 armed soldiers let him get away? Surely 60 living soldiers ought to be able to keep one dead man! Blessed be God! He did get away. After his resurrection Mary Magdalene saw him. Cleopas saw him. Ten disciples in an upper room at Jesusalem saw him. On the mountain the eleven saw him. Five hundred at once saw him. Prof. Ernest Renan, who did not see him, will excuse us for taking the testimony of the 580 who did see him. Yes, yes; he got away. And that makes me sure that our departed loved ones and we ourselves shall get away. Freed himself from the shackles of clod, he is not going to leave us and ours in the lurch.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

There will be no door-knob on the inside of our family sepulchre, for we cannot come out of ourselves; but there is a door-knob on the outside, and that Jesus shall lay hold of, and opening, will say: "Good morning! You have slept long enough! Arise! Arise! And then what flutter of wings, and what flashing of rekindled eyes, and what gladsome rushing across the family lot, with cries of "Father, is that you?" "Mother, is that you?" "My darling, is that you?" "How you all have changed! The cough gone, the croup gone, the consumption gone, the paralysis gone, the weariness gone. Come, let us ascend together! The older ones first, the younger ones next! Quick now, get into line!"

THE SKYWARD PROCESSION

has already started! Steer now by that embankment of cloud for the nearest gate!" And as we ascend, on one side the earth gets smaller, until it is no larger than a mountain, and smaller until it is no larger than a palace, and smaller until it is no larger than a ship, and smaller until no larger than a wheel, and smaller until no larger than a speck. Farewell, dissolving earth! But on the other side, as we rise, heaven at first appears no larger than your hand. And nearer it looks like a chariot, and nearer it looks like a throne, and nearer it looks like a star, and nearer it looks like a sun, and nearer it looks like a universe. Hail, sceptres that shall always wave! Hail, anthems that shall always roll! Hail, companionship never again to be broken, and friendships never again to part! That is what Resurrection Day will do for all the cemeteries and graveyards from the Machpelah that was opened by Father Abraham in Hebron to the Machpelah yesterday consecrated. And that makes Lady Huntington's immortal rhythm most apposite:

When thou, my righteous judge shall come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

Among thy saints let me be found,
Whene'er th' archangel's trump shall sound,
To see thy smiling face;
Then loudest of the throng I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding arches ring
With shouts of sovereign grace.

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately-flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—[Civil Service Gazette. Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by grocers, labeled—"JAMES EPPS & CO., Homœopathic Chemists, London, Eng.

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Is a matter of small importance compared with other applications of electricity. By this agency Polson's Nerviline is made to penetrate to the most remote nerve—every bone, muscle and ligament is made to feel its beneficient power. Nerviline, pleasant to take, even by the youngest child, yet so powerfully far reaching in its work, that the most agonizing internal pain yields as if by magic. Neglect no longer to try Nerviline. Buy to-day a 10-cent trial bottle and be relieved from all pain. Sold by druggists and country dealers everywhere.

Brevity in Speech.

If there be anything in the idea that short speeches are the most impressive, the following and direct testimony respecting Humphrey's Family Specifics are to the point and convincing: Cresco, Ia., Plain Dealer: Humphrey's Specifics are almost as staple in the family of the editor as meat or flour. Nothing can excel their Nos. 1 and 7 for coughs, colds and sore throats. Burlington, Ia., Saturday Evening Post: We are never without Humphrey's Specifics. Why? Their No. 16 for dyspepsia and bilious stomach, and No. 16 for malaria, have saved us hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. Schenectady, N. Y., Gazette: We desire every member of our family to use these Specifics. They are safe, sure and economical. Hampton, Va., Home Bulletin: Thousands of our leading families are using No. 16 for malaria and No. 10 for dyspepsia. Shasta, Cal., Courier: We doctor all our friends along the coast with these Specifics, and find Nos. 27 and 30 infallible remedies for kidney diseases. Knowing the above to be almost identical with the opinions of personal friends we cheerfully present them to our readers, upon the principle if you know a good thing tell it and let your friends have the benefit.—[Chicago, Ill., Western Broker. bd&w

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Rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, etc., can be cured by taking Kern's Rheumatic Cure. Price $1 at all druggists'.

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London to Washington and Return via Grand Trunk, New York Central and Northern Central Railway Lines.

The special excursion to Washington announced by the Northern Central Railway for Tuesday, April 8, presents doubtless the best opportunity ever offered to London's citizens of paying a pleasant visit to the national capital of the United States. The rate of $16 20 from London for the round trip, going and returning direct, or $3 additional to return via New York and the N. Y. C. and H. R. R. R., is very low, and the return limit of ten days makes the trip peculiarly desirable. Pullman sleepers will run through from Suspension Bridge. Train leaving London at 11:30 a.m. will arrive in Washington at 9 o'clock the next morning. For full information and a description book of Washington address E. DE LA HOOKE, city passenger agent G. T. R., London. 92k

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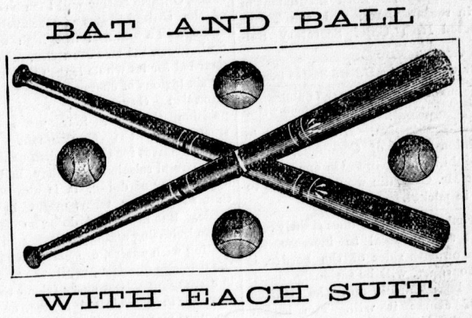

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