

## For Sale.

Good study land and good buildings, within one and one-half miles of the town of Aylmer, Ontario. This farm is offered cheap for cash or on terms. For further particulars apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

## Snowflake Bakery

Strachan, Props.

and our knowledge Bread? and you will have no other. All Kinds are Specialties. With us.

A choice line of Imported and Domestic Cigars, Pipes, Tobaccos, Etc.

## LEARN &amp; STRACHAN.

—Story and one-half frame house on lot 10, on the corner of Queen and Aylmer streets, Aylmer, Ont. A very desirable location, and a fine view of the town. For cash, or will give all the down money. For further particulars apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

—A F. A. HARGAIN—100 acres of Aylmer land, being the south-east quarter of the south-east quarter of Section one, and the north-east quarter of south-west quarter of Section one, Township 15, North, Range 1, East of 1st Meridian, in the State of Michigan, adjoining the town of Aylmer, Ontario. It is offered cheap, and on easy terms. For further particulars apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

OR EXCHANGE—50 acres of Aylmer land, being a part of lot 22, Township 15, North, Range 1, East of 1st Meridian, in the State of Michigan, adjoining the town of Aylmer, Ontario. It is offered cheap, and on easy terms. For further particulars apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

—Eighty acres of good land, in the Township of Aylmer, Ontario, being a part of lot 22, Township 15, North, Range 1, East of 1st Meridian, in the State of Michigan, adjoining the town of Aylmer, Ontario. It is offered cheap, and on easy terms. For further particulars apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

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First, it is the ministry of tears to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandelied with such an expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial journey, then you can go; but this world is good enough for me." No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house until he has a better house. To cure this inordinate wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall he do it? He cannot afford to deface his horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subvert another from the water-lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the magnolia, or to drag the robes of the morning in the mire. How then are we to be made willing to leave?

Here is where the trouble comes in. After a man has had a good deal of trouble he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that doesn't distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no little-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly; now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how this world was made, and how it looks, and who lives there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half so much as the new story. He saw a new heaven and a new earth.

The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. It was not until Job had been worn out with his calamities and carabuncles and a pest of a wife, that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth more.

Again: It is the ministry of trouble to make us feel our complete dependence upon God. King Alphonso said that if he had been present at the creation, he could have made a better world than this. What a pity he was not present! I do not know what God will do when some men die. Men think they can do anything, until God shows them that they can do nothing at all. We lay out our great plans and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assailed by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets out our great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. Can you not tell when you hear a man pray whether he has ever had any trouble? I can. The cadence, the phrasing, the inflection, it tells. Why do women pray better than men? Because they have had more trouble. Before a man has had any trouble his prayers are poetic, and he begins away up among the sun, moon and stars, and gives the Lord a great deal of astronomical information that must be highly gratifying. He then comes down gradually over beautiful table-lands of "forever and ever amen." But after

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My friends take this good cheer home with you. Those tears of bereavement that course your cheek, and of persecution and of trial, are but always to be there. The motherly hand of God will wipe them all away. What is the use, on the way to such a consummation—what is the use of fretting about anything? Of what an exaltation it ought to be in Christ's work.

See you the principles against the sky? It is the city of our God; and we are approaching it. Of let us be busy in the few days that shall remain for us. The Saxons and the Britons went out to battle. The Saxons had no weapons at all, and yet history tells us the Britons got the victory. Why? They went into battle shouting three times "hallelujah!" And at the third shout of "hallelujah" their enemies fled panic-struck, and so the Britons got the victory. And my friends, if we could only appreciate the glories that are to come, we should be so filled with enthusiasm that no power on earth or hell could stand before us, and at our first shout the opposing forces would begin to tremble, and at our second shout, they would begin to fall back, and at our third shout they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in hell that could stand before three such volleys of hallelujah. I put this balm on the recent wounds in my congregation. Death has swung a sharp keen sword through this church since we have been here. I was once a great comfort to you then. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

## EST BREAD

## EST CAKES

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## m the BEST STOCK.

## EST BAKER

## C. TALBOT'S

## Cakes a Specialty.

## ant a first-class Cigar call on us.

## W. C. TALBOT.

## System—Mutual Principle.

## ICE OF THE

## Reserve Fund

## Ass'n.

## PREMIUM BUILDINGS

Toronto, October 14th, 1890.

authorized to announce that in

at all death claims in the

Canada will be made by check

at Montreal, Toronto or the Molsons

Bank, thus making the Mutual

really a home company.

W. J. McMURTRY,

Manager for Ontario.

OR EXCHANGE—100 acres of

land, with fine buildings, and a

good orchard, convenient to

the station, etc., will sell right

off. For further particulars, apply

to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Brown

House Block, Aylmer, Ont.

—Three story brick store, in the

town of Aylmer, Ontario, on the

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OR EXCHANGE—100 acres, being

half of lot 1, in the 10th con-

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good farm buildings, house, and

other out-buildings necessary.

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## THE FALLING OF TEARS.

## Showers of Trouble Somewhere All the Time.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—Rev. vii. 17.

What is the use of tears? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well, and eternal strangers to pains and aches? What is the use of an Eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? When a family is put together why not have them all live, or if they be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live, the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths? Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil, and all our homes afflicted? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile or a success, or a congratulation; but come, now, and bring all your dictionaries, and all your philosophies, and all your religions, and help me this morning to explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is salt and lime, and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperan sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is. It is agony in solution.

Here me this, this morning, while I discourse to you of the ministry of tears, and of the ending of that ministry, when God shall wipe them all away.

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## CAMPED ON FERRIS WHEEL.

## Two Tramp Families Found in a Queer

## Hiding Place.

Undetected for two months, two tramp families, comprising eleven persons, have been living comfortably in two of the swinging cars of the great Ferris wheel, says a despatch from Paris, France. They first entered the cars one bleak night when wandering homeless in the streets. One of their number scaled the surrounding fence, in search of shelter and came upon the deserted cars. These were found to be so comfortable that they remained and spent their nights on the cushions of the cars. They were discovered by the police, and the two engineers who were inspecting the machinery made the great wheel describe a half turn, and the camping families, not daring to make a sign, found themselves in mid-air. Since that night only one man, a former sailor, has been able to reach the ground. Climbing down nightly from the giddy height by means of the girders and guy ropes, he would make for food to keep the two tribes alive. He would steal enough charcoal from the river barges to make smokeless fires and prevent the people from freezing at night, though the least snow would make the glazed cars like hot-houses. The provisions were hoisted up with a rope.

Their curious existence lasted for two months undetected, and on February 22 a baby girl was born up there. In this situation the police, a healthy little angel the Commissary of Police released the whole party. The wheel company not only refused to press the charge of trespassing, but offered the mother and infant a salary of \$60 a month to exhibit themselves throughout the coming season in the car in which the child was born.

## A Business Interview.

I.

Agnes Beaumont was sitting alone in the boudoir of her charming little flat. In her hand was an open letter, which she was reading for the fifth or sixth time.

The letter was upon business paper, and at the top bore the name of a firm of solicitors. It ran: "Dear Mrs. Beaumont,—A man whom I know, just up from the country, wants a little advice which my firm is unable to supply. The required advice is quite unprofessional, and could, it seems to me, be best furnished by a woman thoroughly conversant with the ways of the world.

"May I venture to intrude upon you for a few minutes this afternoon, at about five o'clock in the hope that you will lend a kindly ear, and give me the necessary counsel?"

"The visit being a business one, shall not detain you long.—Very sincerely yours,

Maurice Carleton.

An answer to this epistle inviting the writer to present himself at the hour named, had been written, and despatched by the waiting messenger.

Mrs. Beaumont possessed three qualifications that rendered her especially attractive in the eyes of men. Item: She was young—four-and-twenty last birthday, true bill. Item: She was a widow. Item: She was exceedingly pretty.

No, "pretty," does not adequately describe Mrs. Beaumont. She was better than that. There was a certain "go" about her not easy to express, and it would have been difficult to find a serious flaw in form or feature.

The little French timepiece on the mantel had just mentioned that it was five o'clock, and almost as the last stroke died away the door was thrown open, and Mrs. Beaumont rose to greet her visitor.

"Punctual, as usual," she exclaimed.

"Yes; punctuality is the base of my existence," replied Carleton.

He was a tall man, possibly five or six years her senior, not in the least handsome, but with a keen, strong face, wherein lay plenty of quiet determination and latent energy. His movements and way of holding himself, suggested firm, pained muscles. One would have fancied to look at him, that he could do neat things over parallel bars and from pendant rings.

"So you have not quite given up my acquaintance, after all?" said the lady. "I am glad to see you."

She seated herself again on the sofa, indicating a chair for Carleton.

"Thanks," said he. "I am glad to be here once more."

"What have you been doing with yourself all these months?"

"Slaving."

The feminine eyebrows went up in a manner that might mean surprise, or unbelief, or both.

"Fact, I assure you. Gone to work with a will at last, trying to annex enough shakels to keep myself in shoes and other delicacies."

A smart paragonism brought in the lady, arranging a small table quickly and quietly beside her mistress.

"Didn't you see by the letter-paper that I have hung out my sign?" he asked, when the maid had left the room.

"I did see your name on the paper, but the idea of associating it with work—real work—never entered my mind."

Carleton laughed pleasantly.

"One jump or two?" asked the hostess, holding a second piece of sugar in the tongs, balanced over a cup.

"Two please."

"Milk or cream?"

"Both, please. The motto of our house is, 'Take all you can get; and, if you don't see what you want, ask for it.'"

Having handed the tea, Mrs. Beaumont settled herself comfortably among the cushions.

"So you have come to consult me about this man from the country, and it is to him, apparently that I am indebted for the pleasure of seeing you at all?"

"No; I should have come anyway."

The lady waved that remark aside, as though it were not worthy of consideration.

"Upon what subject does your country friend require enlightenment?"

Again Carleton laughed, that low, easy-going laugh of his. Somehow people always felt better for hearing Carleton laugh.

"My country friend is in the Dickens of a mental muddle just at present. Fact is, he is in love."

"The tale is most interesting. Love on the first page! Pray continue!"

II.

"Well, then, the facts are these: as nearly as I can make them out. My pastoral acquaintance is in love—madly in love. The girl is rich, where-own way. That's nice, said he, presently. My first sweetheart was named Imogen, and she will take it as a compliment. We will call her Mary, after my mother, was the stern reply.

A ballot is to be taken at Limoges in order to avoid a bakers' strike. The journeymen bakers are anxious to abolish night work, but the masters fear to accede to the request as it will mean that no more fresh rolls can be served for breakfast.

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