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...going west on the fast mail, this next afternoon. The shortest route to the west.

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J. A. McCALLUM, Agent.

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Strachan, Props.

...ed our snowflake Bread? If you will have no other.

...ll Kinds are Specialties with us.

...y a choice line of Imported and Cigars, Pipes, Tobaccos, &c.

EN & STRACHAN,

...in the Red, Township of... clay loam, good bearing, convenient to church, business, and school. Will take a small payment in advance on time to suit purchaser. For particulars, apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Aylmer, Ont.

...AT A BARGAIN—100 acres of... the south-west quarter of Sec. 10, Township of... the north-east quarter of south-west quarter of Township 15, North of the State of Michigan, adjacent to the Detroit River, good soil, well watered, and on easy access to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Aylmer, Ont.

...OR EXCHANGE—40 acres of... a good road, and within one mile of the city of Aylmer. The house is a fine one, with all modern conveniences, and on easy access to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Aylmer, Ont.

...OR EXCHANGE—That beautiful... owned by the Walker House, on the... all modern improvements, and... the finest private residence... can be had for a handsome... to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Aylmer, Ont.

...EXCHANGE—50 acres of... good farm buildings, situated in... township, being the north part... and Elm Street, in the village... a large garden—in fact, it is... the finest private residence... can be had for a handsome... to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Aylmer, Ont.

...OR EXCHANGE—50 acres of... of good farm buildings, one... being part of lot 74, in... of Malahide. This farm can... easy terms. A small payment... the balance on time... or a smaller property. For... apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Aylmer, Ont.

...EST BREAD
EST CAKES
EST BUNS

...THE BEST STOCK.
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Cakes a Specialty.

W. C. TALBOT.

system—Mutual Principle

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...Ass'n.

...FREEHOLD BUILDING

...on, October 14th, 1896.

...rized to announce that in... of all death claims in the... will be made by check... Toronto or the Montreal... thus making the Mutual... ally a home company.

W. J. McMURTRY,
Manager for Ontario.

...100 acres, being part of lot... in concession of Bertram, of... a good farm. None but first... apply. For particulars, apply to C. O. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Aylmer, Ont.

OR SALE

...parts of lots 30 and 27, in the... Township of Malahide, good... is offered, convenient... is offered cheap at 100... Apply to C. A. LEARN, Real Estate Broker, Aylmer, Ont.

"BE OF GOOD CHEER."

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on Leave Taking.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached the following text just before leaving for Europe: "And when we had taken our leave one of another, we took ship."—Acts xxi. 6.

Paul was an old sailor—not from occupation, but from frequency of travel. I think he could have taken a vessel across the Mediterranean as well as some of the ship-captains. The sailors never scoffed at him for being a "land-lubber." If Paul's advice had been taken, the crew would never have gone ashore at Melita.

The men who now go to sea with maps, and charts, and modern compass, warned by buoy and lighthouse, know nothing of the perils of ancient navigation. Horace said that the man who first ventured on the sea must have had a heart bound with oak and triple brass. People then ventured only from headland to headland, and from island to island; and not until long after spread their sails for a voyage across the sea. Before starting, the weather was watched, and the vessel having been hauled up on the shore, the mariners placed their shoulders against the stern of the ship and heaved it off—they, at the last moment leaping into it. Vessels were then chiefly ships of burden—the transit of passengers being the exception; for the world was not then migratory as in our day, when the first desire of a man in one place seems to be to get into another place.

In the spring, summer, and autumn, the Mediterranean Sea was white with the wings of ships, but at the first wintry blast they hid themselves to the nearest harbor; although now the world's commerce prospers in January as well as in June, and in mid-winter all over the wide and stormy deep, there float.

PALACES OF LIGHT.

trampling the billows under foot, and showering the sparks of terrible furnaces on the wild wind; and the Christian passenger, tipped and shawled, sits under the shelter of the smokestack, looking off upon the phosphorescent deep, on which is written in scrolls of foam and fire, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters!"

It is in those days of early navigation that I see a group of men, women, and children on the beach at Tyre. Paul is about to leave the congregation to whom he had preached, and they are come down to see him off. It is a solemn thing to part. There are so many traps that wait for a man's feet. The solid ground may break through, and the sea—how many dark mysteries it hides in its bosom! A few counsels, a hasty good-bye, a last look, and the ropes rattle, and the sails are hoisted, and the planks are hauled in, and Paul is gone. "When we had taken ship."

The Church is the dry dock where souls are to be fitted out for heaven. In making a vessel for this voyage, the first need is sound timber. The floor-timbers ought to be of solid stuff. For the want of it, vessels that looked able to run their jibs-booms into the eye of any tempest, when caught in a storm have been crushed like a wafer. The truths of God's word are what I mean by floor-timbers. Away with your lighter materials. Nothing but oak hewn in the foehn of divine truth, are staunch enough for this craft.

You must have Love for a helm, to guide and turn the craft. Neither Pride, nor Ambition, nor Avarice, will do for a rudder. Love, not only in the heart, but flashing in the eye, and tingling in the hand—Love married to work, which may look upon as so homely a bride—Love, not like brooks which foam and rattle, yet do nothing, but love, like a river, that runs up the steps of mill-wheels, and works in the harness of factory bands—Love, that will not pass by on the other side, but visits the man who fell among thieves near Jericho, not merely saying, "Poor fellow! you are dreadfully hurt," but, like the good Samaritan, pours in oil and wine, and pays his board at the tavern.

There must also be a prow, arranged to cut and override the billow. That is

CHRISTIAN PERSEVERANCE.

There are three mountain surges that sometimes dash against a soul in a minute—the world, the flesh and the devil; and that is a well-built prow that can bound over them. For lack of this, many have put back and never started again. It is the broadside wave that so often sweeps the deck and fills the hatches; but that which strikes in front is harmless. Meet troubles courageously and you surmount them. Stand on the prow, and as you wipe off the spray of the split surge, cry out with the apostle, "None of these things move me." Let all your fears stay aft. The right must con-

quers. Know that Moses, in an ark of bulrushes, can run down a war-steamer.

Have a good, strong anchor. "Which hope we have as an anchor." By this strong cable and windlass, hold on to your anchor. "If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father." Do not use the anchor wrongfully. Do not always stay in the same latitude and longitude. You will never ride up the harbour of Eternal Rest if you all the way drag your anchor. But you must have sails. Vessels are not fit for the sea until they have the flying jib, the foresail, the top-gallant, the sky-sail, the gaff-sail, and other canvasses. Faith is our canvass. Hoist it, and the winds of heaven will drive it for you ahead. Sails made out of any other canvass than Faith will slit to tatters by the first north-easter. It is strong faith never lost a battle. It is Strong faith never lost a battle. It is Strong faith never lost a battle. It is Strong faith never lost a battle.

But you are not yet equipped. You must have what seamen call the running rigging. This comprises the ship's braces, halliards, clew-lines, and such like. Without these the yards cannot be braced, the sails lifted, nor the canvass in any wise managed. We have prayer for the running rigging. Unless you understand this tacking you are not a spiritual seaman. By pulling on these ropes, you hoist the sails of faith and turn them every whit.

The prow of courage will not cut the wave, nor the sail of faith spread and flap its wing, unless you have strong prayer for a balliard.

One more arrangement, and you will be ready for the sea. You must have a compass—which is the Bible. Look at it every day, and always sail by it, as its needle points toward the Star of Bethlehem. Through fog and darkness, and storm, it works faithfully. Search the Scriptures.

"BOX THE COMPASS."

Be sure to keep your colours up! You know the ships of England, Russia, France and Spain by the ensigns they carry. Sometimes it is a lion, sometimes an eagle, sometimes a star, sometimes a crown. Let it ever be known who you are, and for what port you are bound. Let "Christian" be written on the very front, with a figure of a cross, a crown, and a dove; and from the mast-head let float the streamers of Emmanuel. Then the pirate vessels of temptation will pass you unharmed as they say, "There goes a Christian bound for the port of heaven. We will not disturb her, for she has too many guns aboard." Run up your flag on this pulley: "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God and the wisdom of God unto salvation." When driven back, or labouring under great stress of weather—now changing from star-board track to larboard and then from larboard to star-board—look above the top gallants, and your heart shall beat like a war-boom as the streamers float on the wind. The sign of the cross will make you patient, and the crown will make you glad.

Are you ready for such a voyage? I have come to see you off. This glorious opportunity is about to set sail. Make up your minds. The gang-planks are lifting. The bell rings. All aboard for Heaven! This world is not your rest. The chaffinch is the silliest bird in all the earth for trying to make its nest on the rocking billow. But I suppose you have come here to give me a parting salutation, and I have some things to say in that direction. My heart is bound up in the welfare of this church. While the ocean may separate us in body, there are feelings of sympathy and affection that will not be sundered. "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning." A little more than a year ago I came here, not knowing what would befall me. By a long series of Church troubles that I have no heart to describe, this Church had gone into the dust.

THE PEOPLE HAD FLED.

Some had gone to other churches; some had back to the world; some had ascended to heaven, glad to get into a place where there were no Church fights. They fought, and died, and died.

If there is anything in all the world distressful to a minister, it is to get into a pulp where things are stereotyped and fixed, and where he must stand on the look-out for long-established prejudices, and have committed waiting on him to tell him how he must comb his hair and fold his pocket-handkerchief. Rather let me be docketed to the mines of Siberia than dwell in such a place. Shall not the man who

proclaims liberty to the captives himself be free? Rather give me an empty church to start with than a church full of precisionists. I have no great fondness for fossils. I see more to admire in one living horse than in fifty megatheria or Mastodons exhumed by geologists. Give me one man with a great heart rather than a thousand men made out of plaster of Paris.

I think all will be well. Do not be worried about me. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and if any fatality should befall me, I think I should go straight to Him. I have been most unworthy, and would be sorry to think that anyone in this house had been as inefficient a Christian as myself. But God has helped a great many through, and I hope he will help me through. It is a long account of shortcomings, but if he is going to rub any of it out, I think he will rub it all out.

Meanwhile, take care of the interests of this Church. In your last hours there will be no work that will yield you such high satisfaction as that which you do for God. Let there not be more strokes of the hammer or clicks of the trowel on that Tabernacle than supplications to God. A field opens for us such as is seldom granted to a Church. By a mighty baptism of the Holy Ghost may we be ready to enter it. And now, may the blessing of God come down upon your bodies and upon your souls, your fathers and mothers, your companions, your children, your brothers and sisters, and your friends! May you be blessed in your business and in your pleasures, in your joys and in your sorrows, in the house and by the way! And if, during our separation, an arrow from the unseen world should strike any of us, may it only hasten on to the rapture that God has prepared for those who love him! I utter not the word farewell; it is too sad, too formal a word for me to speak. But, considering that I have your hand tightly clasped in both of mine, I utter a kind, affectionate and a cheerful good-bye!

"And when we had taken our leave one of another, we took ship."

On the Farm.

GRAIN FOR COWS ON PASTURE.

The majority of dairymen do not believe in feeding grain to their cows while on pasture, as they claim it does not pay, writes Mr. W. J. Kennedy. On the home farm we have fed grain to our cows the year round for several years, and a number of our most progressive neighbors have done likewise. Many people doubted the wisdom of such practice at first, but some of them are now following our example. A year ago I met one of our most successful dairymen on his way home from the station with a large load of corn meal, and bran for his cows. I asked him if he was satisfied that it paid him to feed so much grain during the summer months. He said, "I do not think I could afford to stop feeding grain to my cows while they are on pasture." I might say that this man has not only bought and paid for bran and corn meal for his cows, but with the net returns from his cows he has purchased and paid for three fine farms for his sons. His views coincide with mine exactly, for I feel that my father has made money by feeding grain to the cows while on pasture.

It is true, perhaps, that for a month or so, while the grass is plentiful and succulent, the cows will give as large returns without grain feed as with it, but during the time of drought and the fly season, grain-fed cows will always hold their own much better than those not so fed. They also milk much better during the last few months of the lactation period. The quantity of grain to be used will depend to some extent on the condition of the pastures and the size of the cows. It is not generally advisable to feed more than from 4 to 8 lbs. per cow per day. The university dairy cows are fed daily from 3 to 5 lbs each of a mixture of equal parts of corn meal and gluten feed, depending on the size of the cow and the length of time she has been milking. Our large cows get more than the small ones, and we also feed our fresh cows heavier than those that have been milking several months.

DOUBLE PURPOSE COWS.

Some have said that there cannot be a general purpose breed of cattle, says a correspondent. Now, a moment's thought will convince us that to a certain extent every cow is a double purpose cow. The dairy cow to be kept in milk must produce a calf at stated intervals, and no breed has yet been developed that will produce only heifer calves or ten heifers to one bull, so she is producing some beef besides what she puts on her back. Again, the beef animal produces milk usually in excess of the needs of her young and is therefore a dairy cow. On the grass ranges it may be most profitable to select a breed of cattle that has exhibited a tendency to put on flesh rather than to produce an excess of milk. The exclusive dairyman would prefer an animal that secretes large quantities of milk rich in butter fat. The general farmer, however, who has land upon which to feed will profit most from the breeds and individuals that combine these two tendencies in the largest degree. If he does not wish to feed beef animals, calves can be fitted for the block without loss of cream and with but a short period of feeding. The large, blocky calf commands the best price from the first day of its life. If then there is a breed which while counted a beef breed, has made high records at the fair, that breed is most profitable for the farmer. We cannot change back and forth from dairy to beef, as the market changes, and so should be prepared to gain an advantage from those changes by our regular method or to make a profit in spite of fluctuations that may be discouraging to the specialist. The same reasons which make general farming preferable to special farming apply to the selection of a herd of cattle—viz. the bringing in of returns from several sources and the conserving of the fertility of the farm.

RAISING WHEY CALVES.

In raising calves on whey, avoid two extremes; do not feed it too sweet or too sour, says Mr. Geo. E. Newell. It should be moderately acid, nothing more. Insist on your cheese maker keeping a perfectly clean storage whey vat, and if he fails to clean and scald it every day, take a clean barrel to the factory for your portion of whey. I have known farmers to go, every forenoon, for immediate feeding to calves, but the young animals did not particularly thrive on it.

The majority feed it to their calves when the whey is 24 hours old. It depends on the receptacle the swill has been kept in, whether it is then in a proper state for best results. If it has been stored in a filthy whey vat or barrel, it is unfit to feed to any domestic animal. In hot weather, even after daily washing and scalding of the storage tub, care should be taken that the whey does not get too sour. Keep it in a cool, airy place.

CHICAGO HYPERBOLE.

Englishman. You have some pretty high buildings in Chicago, haven't you? Chicagoan. In London, Well, I should remark! Why, the tops of them are covered with snow the year around!

THE SUMMER GIRL.

He—I love you.
She—dreamily—It seems to me I've heard that before.

SOME DEEDS OF DARING.

BRAVE ACTIONS OF BRITISH SOLDIERS ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

They Individually Attack Overwhelming Odds—The Present South Africa War Gives a Splendid Illustration.

The records of the armies of all great Powers are filled with deeds of daring on the part of individuals, regiments, detachments or other organized bodies of soldiers, but none of them send such a thrill of admiration through the soul as do the authenticated stories in which the hero has hurled himself against an overwhelming force with an almost absolute certainty of death. A few of such have survived, and their escape is but one of the many unaccountable caprices of war.

PURE WATER FOR ANIMALS.

We feel that we cannot mention this subject too often or write too strongly, on it. The pond of stagnant water, or the sluggish brook draining from a swamp full of decaying vegetable matter, or even decomposing animals, or the more rapid stream which receives the wash of the hillsides where fertilizer is spread or the cattle are pastured, is not clean enough at its best for either man or beast, but it is often much worse than appears from the above description. It may be contaminated by disease from animals that have access to it. The hog cholera has been known to follow the course of a stream downward from the field where it first appears to infect every herd for miles below that had access to it, and through them to other herds near by. The contamination of water by horses that have the glanders is well known, and there is little doubt but that tuberculous germs may be conveyed in the same way. It is also known that fever germs are thus carried in the water supply to the human race, and it is claimed that they may be taken up by the cow and transmitted in her milk possibly without seriously affecting the health of the animal through which they pass. A deep-driven well or a pure spring, to which no animals can go, with the water conveyed by pipes to a trough which has an overflow at the top to carry off such impurities usually lighter than the water, are the best safeguards and even then the trough should be occasionally emptied and cleaned out.

EUROPE IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

Holland Comes Next to England in the Value of Her Possessions.

The Pacific ocean, westward of Hawaii and the Marquesas, is like a federation of European nations on Asiatic soil, united by the free commerce of the seas. The nations vary in size, strength and importance, as the states of Europe or of the American union. Great Britain commands the field with a landed area of nearly 3,250,000 square miles. Poor Spain's once magnificent empire is shrunk to less than fifty square miles, a smaller total than belongs to black King George of the Tongas. Holland, the country from which emanated the doughty Boers, owns over 735,000 square miles, settled with nearly eight times as many people as inhabit the larger area owned by Great Britain. Germany, the new civilization among the nations, has dominance over more than 100,000 square miles and about as many people as there are miles. France, with less than one-tenth of Germany's land, is at some of the most important points of strategy and at the point of greatest travel. Several independent states lie in the midst of this federation, as Switzerland does in Europe; several others in the unhappy suzerained position of the Transvaal in South Africa.

"If all the islands could be put into a continuous body of land they would form a most heterogeneous empire. They would include, in addition to European peoples with their various political and social systems, a tangle of aborigines, a confusion of savages and semi-civilized cultivators of soil and commonwealth; an emporium of products more diversified than a bazaar on a midway plaisance, a mystery of traditions as inexplicable as the origin of the American Indians. Profoundly forested in the Dutch East Indies, the islands become in western Australia more barren than the lava beds of eastern Oregon, and more irredeemable than the upermo. Insist on your cheese maker keeping a perfectly clean storage whey vat, and if he fails to clean and scald it every day, take a clean barrel to the factory for your portion of whey. I have known farmers to go, every forenoon, for immediate feeding to calves, but the young animals did not particularly thrive on it.

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In one of England's wars with Spain, it is said, Lord Peterborough captured the town of Barcelona, with a strong garrison, by the simple, if daring, expedient of riding up to the gates, attended by an aid-de-camp, and demanding its surrender; and this deed of coolness, almost of effrontery, was nearly rivaled by an English officer during the present campaign in the Transvaal, who had wandered away alone on the veldt and found himself face to face with a body of 18 stalwart Boers. Instead, however, of throwing up his arms or waving a white flag, he boldly went up to the leader and demanded the instant submission of him and his men.

For some obscure reason—probably through a conviction that their captor must be supported by ambushed troops, the Boers threw down their rifles; and the gallant officer had the pleasure of leading back to camp a brace of burly Boers as a reward for his courage and coolness.

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