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For the District of Western Ontario, including the Chatham Exchange, will be issued early in September. Orders for new connections, changes of address, changes of names, duplicate entry of names, etc., should be placed at once to ensure their appearance.

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A VERY TENDER LOVE

DIVINE SYMPATHY FOR HUMANITY BEAUTIFULLY SYMBOLIZED.

AS MOTHER'S LOVE FOR CHILD.

So Is God's Love For the Erring Sons of Men—"As One Whom His Mother Comforteth, so Will I Comfort You," Says the Divine Father—Dr. Talmage's Sermon.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1902, by William Talmage, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Chatham, Oct. 19.—The tender affection of a mother for her child is used by Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage as a symbol of the divine love for the erring sons of men, in his sermon on the text Isaiah lxxv, 13, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

Washington, Irving has aptly been called the father of American literature, but among all the writings of the wizard of Sunnyside there is not a chapter more trenchantly powerful than that on "The Art of Bookmaking." In it the author pictures himself asleep, and dreaming in the library of the British museum. His head is pillowed upon a pile of dusty tomes. While he dreams he sees the different authors of the present day pouring over the manuscripts of the ancient libraries and making ample notes and verbatim copies of the same and, indeed, going so far as to cut entire leaves from the books of a Beaumont, a Fletcher, a Polton, and a Ben Jonson. Then the dreamer sees these modern authors pasting together the verbatim excerpts and the stolen leaves into new volumes and printing their own names upon the "title pages." These literary pirates continue until at last the cry of "Thieves! Thieves!" is raised. Then there is a great hubbub and scurrying among the modern authors because the ancient writers, whose faces and bodies are pictured within the quaint old-fashioned frames hanging upon the walls of the British museum are changed into flesh and blood, ready to snatch the new manuscripts, and to claim them as the offspring of their own brain, some of them born centuries upon centuries ago.

The obvious moral of the imaginative tale is that there is nothing new under the sun. No man, woman or child, no matter how intelligent, can ever lay claim to true originality. We are all, physically and mentally, as well as spiritually, reproductions of other lives. We are all combinations of other people's thoughts and desires and actions; even as the walls of an ancient palace are often huge mosaics of many different stones cut from many different quarries. While many have contributed to make us what we are, the largest contribution is the maternal one. How much of all that is good and pure in our nature do we owe to our mothers! How much of all the peace and comfort we have enjoyed do we owe to their wise and loving ministry! It is this fact which we all recognize, that the prophet uses to impress on us the love and kindness of God. No simile could be more effective as that in my text, "As one whom his mother comforteth."

The words of my text have for many of us a very tender and reverent application. The greatest lessons of a morning and a forgiving love have been learned by most of us from the now silent lips of our Christian mothers. Though your mother may have been dead for ten or twenty years yet, do not forget, as though it were yesterday how tenderly she cared for you when you were a little child. You remember how she nursed you through that long fit of sickness when you were about fifteen, and every time she left the room you would call: "Mother, mother! Where is mother?" And, alas, you will remember the dark day when you carried her out to gently let her body down, and the open grave when you laid her away when you covered her up under the soft quilt of spotless snow, the purest, gentlest, noblest, most forgiving and helpful of human companions was forever taken from your side. Remembering all this love and devotion we realize the force of the metaphor which Isaiah, the prophet, uses when, seeking to show how tenderly God loves and cares for his children, he says the gentle, maternal influence which has done so much to develop our physical and mental and spiritual life and says, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you."

The Divine Being shows the love of a mother in wanting to be the comforter of all the young folks who are preparing for the great struggle of life. The kind of her boys and girls during the long years of immaturity, when the world at large is sneering at them and laughing at their ambitions, as though they were the miseries of a foolish and a visionary brain. She wants to be the friend of the young men and the young women during those school days when they have no earning capacity and when they are entirely dependent upon others for financial support. The struggle of life even under the best conditions is a hard one, but that struggle does not come, as some people suppose, when the young man stands with a diploma in hand on the graduating day from school or college. It comes when away back in the "early teens." It commences with the young girl's failure who is trying for the prize in the schoolroom. It commences with the disappointments of the playground. It commences with those little youthful sorrows and trials which the boy and girl can tell to no one but mother. Yes, the mother's comfort which is given to the young folks is an all important comfort. It is such a necessary comfort that many of us, when we were

young, often could not go to sleep because of our weeping, until we heard her foot moving across our bedroom floor and felt her hand upon our cheek and heard her soft voice saying: "Never mind, my boy! It will come out all right. I will speak to your papa about the matter, and I know he will let us do what you want." God pity the man who never had the gentle influence of a comforting mother during the days of childhood or of young manhood! God pity the boy who never knew the holy joy of having his tears wiped away by mother's hand after he had been hurt up in the ball ground! God, as the divine mother, to-day wants to be the comforter and the comforting friend and saviour of the boys and girls and the young folks. As Christ once turned a drunken his disciples, who tried to crowd away the young people from his side, and said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and I will bless them, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," so to-day he bids the children come to him, and clamber up into his lap, and nestle little limbs against the warm, loving heart of the God who shields them from all evil, who is the friend of the boy swinging his ball, and of the girl dressing the doll, as well as the friend of the young men and women in the school and college, who are the children of God, that God loves your children, with a love more intense than that which fills your heart? If you have not made your children in the first place, if you have never sought to lead them to God, if you have not loved and holy joy which can find their hearts to him, you have been deficient in your duty, you have not really consecrated them to Christ's service. Teach them how to love God, love them, and they will learn to love, honor and trust him as they love, honor and trust you.

The Divine Being is like a mother, too, in wanting to be the comforter of all who have gone astray. When a man does wrong and persists in doing wrong, nearly all the world will turn against him. But though nearly all the human race will turn against a sinner, there is one human being, if she is alive, who will never cease to reach after the prodigal. That person, as you all know before I speak her name, is the sinner's mother. The young man whose sin not only severs, but severs many times sever, may be so worthless in the eyes of the world that all his old friends may come to think he is a monster, and his son is not worth being saved, he may be so wicked that the world may order his son out of the house and disown him, but the mother will cling and continue to cling to her boy. If she thought that thereby she could give him one more chance, she would, she would sell the clothes out of her wardrobe, if necessary, she would move out of her home and go to work, she would sell her jewelry and even to the extent of giving up her life if she could only save her boy.

Like the divine mother, God wants to be the comforter of all those who have made temporal failure of life—of those whose early ambitions have been completely shattered and wrecked as were the ships in Apia harbor, when the Samoan tornado drove them upon the rocks. He wants to be the comforter of those who have had to face a bankruptcy court, or who have had the dearest desires of their hearts annihilated. He wants to be the comforter of practically a whole human race, for temporal troubles that come, or later come, to almost everybody.

Thus all the troubled and sorely disappointed of earth should take great comfort out of the thought that there is a mother who will never cease to look at all worldly things, whether good or ill, as did the Maori chief, who, though torn in a New Zealand battle, could turn to his Duke of Devonshire when he was being shown one of the most beautiful palaces of the world and say, "This palace is not as beautiful as the mansion which my heavenly Father has builded for me." Though the redeemed Christians may be clothed in rags, yet they should feel that they are rich, because God, as a heavenly mother, has prepared for them the wedding garments with which they shall be robed in the heavenly banquet hall at the King's marriage. Though they may be poor, yet they should feel, like the invalid son going home to his earthly parent, that all the treasures of heaven shall be forever theirs.

God, like a divine mother, wants to be the comforter of his children in their last earthly sickness as well as when he is bending over them in their cradles. He wants to be the comforter of the dying invalid when he utters the agonizing moan, "I cannot stand this pain any longer," as well as the comforter of the little child who is sitting for the first time in her Sunday class. He wants to be the comforter of all those who have been disappointed in life and who when they come to die may be gladdened by seeing him, feeling like the old statesman, Henry Clay, who in his last moments looked up with a sweet smile and cried, "Mother, mother! Ah, in that hour we shall need a mother's love as much as does the schoolboy who romps into the hallway calling to the cook, 'Mary, where is mother?' And this simile is true because of all times when a mother chiefly longs to be by the side of her child it is when that child is dying.

When the eldest son of Queen Alexandra was sick unto death, the then Princess of Wales had hundreds of trained and most skillful nurses who would gladly have answered to her call. But day and night, for three long weeks, the mother of the Duke of Clarence never left his side. It was her royal hand that smoothed the sheets. It was her arm that lifted the fevered head. It was her lips that gave the last kiss, as the immortal spirit sped from the pain-racked form. Yes, the mother, the true earthly mother, wants to be the last comforter by the side of her dying child. It was in order to satisfy this maternal desire that Princess Alice, the daughter of Queen Victoria, disobeyed the orders of the physicians, and bending over the bed that was reeking with the diphtheria germs, kissed her baby girl farewell and at the same time pressed her own lips against the hot lips of death. Princess Alice laid down her life on account of her dying child. God, like the divine mother, specially loves to hover around the deathbed of his children, because he can there prove to us that "it is not all of death to die, nor all of life to live," and that death can be swallowed up in victory. He can prove it to those who have accepted his love and his sacrifice for their sins, as John Simcoe proved it to his children when he himself was dying. In the departing saint raised himself and, looking back, cried out: "Who are you?" "Sorrow!" "Who are you?" "Sighing!" Then stretching his hands upward, the dying saint cried again: "And who are you?" "Joy!" "And who are you?" "Gladness!" Then, with a serene smile, the dying Christian again cried out: "Farewell, Sorrow, Farewell, Sighing, Farewell, Mortal life. Welcome, Welcome, Gladness! Welcome, Eternal Heaven!" If an earthly mother would long to be the comforter of her dying boy, surely Jesus longs to be beside his believing and trusting children at their departure to tell them of the hope and the joy and the transcendent triumph which await their heavenly translation.

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ing child. It was in order to satisfy this maternal desire that Princess Alice, the daughter of Queen Victoria, disobeyed the orders of the physicians, and bending over the bed that was reeking with the diphtheria germs, kissed her baby girl farewell and at the same time pressed her own lips against the hot lips of death. Princess Alice laid down her life on account of her dying child. God, like the divine mother, specially loves to hover around the deathbed of his children, because he can there prove to us that "it is not all of death to die, nor all of life to live," and that death can be swallowed up in victory. He can prove it to those who have accepted his love and his sacrifice for their sins, as John Simcoe proved it to his children when he himself was dying. In the departing saint raised himself and, looking back, cried out: "Who are you?" "Sorrow!" "Who are you?" "Sighing!" Then stretching his hands upward, the dying saint cried again: "And who are you?" "Joy!" "And who are you?" "Gladness!" Then, with a serene smile, the dying Christian again cried out: "Farewell, Sorrow, Farewell, Sighing, Farewell, Mortal life. Welcome, Welcome, Gladness! Welcome, Eternal Heaven!" If an earthly mother would long to be the comforter of her dying boy, surely Jesus longs to be beside his believing and trusting children at their departure to tell them of the hope and the joy and the transcendent triumph which await their heavenly translation.

Yes, perhaps you are one of those unfortunate who never have a mother's love. Though her affections were so intense that your mother was her meat and drink, her hope by day and her prayer by night, yet hardly had you come into the world when she passed away. She really gave up her life for you. Once in a while, with a longing to find out something about the height and depth of a mother's love, you may go to some gray-haired old lady and say: "Tell me something about my mother. You know her well and were her bridesmaid when she was married." Then that gray-haired lady will go over all the past. She will tell you what a gentle, loving face your mother had. She will tell you how her eyes lighted up when you were first placed in her arms and she looked at you and said: "My baby, my baby, my little baby! God bless my baby!" Then that gray-haired lady will tell you how your mother's strength never came back again after you were born. They took her south, hoping that the sunny skies would make her strong again, but only the warm sun-



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taken regularly will keep you in good health. It clears the head, gently regulates the bowels and strengthens the digestion. It drives away constipation. Do not take substitutes. Insist on "Abbey's."

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shine of that eternal city to which she went ever seeking her cure. As the old lady tells you look at your mother's picture again and again and try to imagine her love for you. But, young man, you cannot do that any more than a blind bat, or a ground mole, can fully appreciate the colors of a butterfly's wings or the reflection of a dewdrop. So in order to symbolize God's love to you, a sinful man, who never knew what it was to have a mother's love, I would tell you that it is a greater love than the combined loves of a father, a wife, children, brothers and sisters and friends. It is a love so deep that no line can fathom it, so high that no bird's wing can convey it, so wide that no mathematician can circumscribe it. And all this love of our earthly mother is only an infinitesimal part of the love which to-day God like a divine mother, is ready to pour out of his forgiving heart for you. Can you not grasp even a little of the infinite sweep of my text, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." I started to tell you that I was the assistant of the Rev. Ival Young Graham, D. D., of Philadelphia. When Dr. Graham, as a young man, was being ordained for the Christian ministry, Rev. Dr. Ival Young, one of the most eminent ministers of western Pennsylvania in his day, was preaching the ordination sermon. There he told this story for the first time. "Many years ago," said he, "a beautiful young woman of the congregation I was at the time serving lay dying. When I made my last call upon her, she bade every one else leave the room. Then she lifted her little baby boy up and placed him in my arms as she said: 'Dr. Young, I am going to die. I want you to kneel and offer a consecration prayer. I want you to consecrate this boy to the ministry of the Lord Jesus and to the service of my Master. I am giving up my life for my baby. Now, sir, I want to give my baby to the service of my Christ. This is a dying mother's wish. I do not want to tell of this consecration until the day my little baby has grown into a strong man and is being ordained to the Christian ministry.' I am here to-night," said Dr. Young, "to fulfill my pledge. That baby who was consecrated to the Divine Master's service is the young man we are ordaining to-night. Ival Young Graham is that boy. May his mother in heaven, who gave her life for her child, be witness of this holy scene."

Sinful man sitting before me to-day, are you the son of a Christian mother? Whether she is alive now or dead, her love for you was or is just as great as Loyd Young Graham's mother was for him. Are you, to-day letting her prayers find a fulfillment in your life? Are you to-day letting the love of God manifested in the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ and a response in your life? Will you, here and now, realizing that your mother's love was a symbol of God's love for you, surrender your life to the service of him who, like a divine mother, oh, sinful man—God longs for your repentance more than you can ever long to be cleansed through the blood of Christ and to be forgiven for your past sins. It is to the mother who will cling to you long after even an earthly mother's affections shall have ceased and when they have forever faded away.

KITCHEN HELPS.

Kettles should never be allowed to boil dry and then be filled with cold water, thus cracking the enamel. To remove fruit stains from knives cut a raw potato in two parts and run each knife repeatedly between the pieces. When washing greasy dishes, if a little soda is placed in the water it will assist materially in cleaning the china-ware. To clean japanned trays rub with a cloth on which a few drops of oil have been sprinkled and then polish with a soft, clean piece of flannel. To prevent your steel knives from rusting dip them after washing into a solution of thin paste of baking soda and water, then wipe clean and dry. Crock glass should have the greatest care in handling. A wooden tub should be used for washing, and the water in which it is cleaned should never be too warm for the hands. When polishing knives, it is a good plan to preface the work by holding the board to the fire for a few minutes, for knives will polish better and quicker on a warm than on a cold board.

Clothes Make the Woman.

The woman who does not care for clothes, whose heart does not beat the quicker or eyes sparkle at the sight of the daintiness, the prettiness, of fine linen, the deep softness of sables, the thousand and one trifles that go to make up the blissful sensation of being right "all through" so dear to the feminine heart, must have something radically wrong with her and can never be an ornament to her own sex or a torment and delight to the other.

The slovenly woman who trusts to the power of her intellect and warmth of her heart to make her attractive to the pleasure of the passerby has directly increased the store of beauty in the world and made somebody better and happier for that passing glance—Pittsburg Dispatch.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children. Dr. G. C. Osmond, Lowell, Mass.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me. H. A. Archer, M. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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