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Rebuilding and Alteration Sale.

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LONDON'S CHEAPEST STORE.

You Save Money By Trading at Whiskard's.

For many years this has been the sentiment expressed by thousands of people in the city of London and surrounding country. Among the crystallized chunks of common-sense handed down to the present generation of this city is the oft-repeated truth, "It pays to trade at WHISKARD'S." 'Tis a fact known far and wide, a statement that gains in force every day of our business life, because each day brings new evidence that we have the goods the people want. Quality right, prices right, therefore our stores are crowded.

200 dozen of Ladies' and Children's Hose, just in, SPECIAL JOB.

Girls' and Boys' Own Fast Black

Stockings that romping youngsters can abuse as they will. The stockings will stand hardship, and the color will stand soap, and the children don't stand in dread at playtime of a mishap to their hose. These are made for use and abuse. They're the sensible kind that every child wants, 10c pair; Heavy Ribbed for boys. 2 pairs for 25c.

Ladies' Cashmere Hose, 12½c pair.
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Where you will be absolutely sure to get the very latest styles in MILLINERY? Where nothing will be shown you that is at all out of date? WHISKARD'S is the store. Every Hat and Bonnet is closely criticised before we place it on sale.

Call and get one of those Ladies' Sailors that we are selling so cheap. Everyone is talking about them; 19c, 25c, 35c.

Store News Is Good News

To those with little money to spend, but is better to those with more money. We are pushing our whole stock of DRESS GOODS TOWARD THE DOOR just as fast as the power of low prices will drive them.

If you read this carefully and then come here and look for yourself you will see what we mean when we talk this way.

Priestly's Best Black Dress Goods,

59c, 75c, 95c yard, worth a good deal more.
Black Henriettas, 25c. 35c, 40c, 47c, 50c, 75c.
Beautiful Brocaded Dress Goods, 25c yard.
Black Lustres, 25c, 29c, 33c, 35c.
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Plaid Dress Goods, all wool. 32c yard.
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No other remedy possesses such perfect cleansing, healing and purifying properties as Burdock Blood Bitters. It not only cleanses internally, but it heals, when applied externally, all sores ulcers, abscesses, scrofulous sores, blotches, eruptions, etc., leaving the skin clean and pure as a babe's. Taken internally it removes all morbid effete or waste matter from the system, and thoroughly regulates all the organs of the body, restoring the stomach, liver, bowels and blood to healthy action.

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To New Fields.

More Changes in the Salvation Army Staff.

Welcome to Col. Jacobs—Many Officers Here—A Good Singer.

Col. Jacobs, Commissioner Eva Booth's chief secretary, arrived here from Toronto at 6:25 p.m. yesterday, and was given a cordial welcome on the Market Square an hour later by 100 officers and soldiers. At 8 o'clock a march was made to the Citadel, and the colonel delivered an earnest address. He announced that as a result of the two months' siege, 1,500 recruits had been enlisted on April 28. Others who took part were Adjutant McAmmond, of Windsor; Ensign Wiggins, of Stratford; Adjutant Archibald, of the Seraphitic Band, and Ensign Creighton, of Chatham. The latter sang a solo, and at the conclusion was promoted to the rank of adjutant by Col. Jacobs.

In addition to the changes in the staff already published, the following have been announced: Capt. Huntingdon, Palmerston, to Hespeler; Capt. Redburn, of the Seraphitic Band, to London; Capt. Will, Amherstburg, to Paris; Capt. King, Ridgetown, to Norwich; Capt. Clark and wife, Drayton, to Brussels; Capt. Barker, Stratford, to Wingham; Capt. Ebsary, Strathroy, to Clinton; Capt. McLeod, Paris, to Goderich; Capt. Rees, Thedford, to Bayfield; Capt. Cockrell, Clinton, to Bayfield; Capt. McIntyre, Norwich, to Blenheim; Capt. Coy, Bothwell, to Tilbury; Capt. Reddle, Tilbury, to Watford; Capt. Crawford, Chatham, to Wallaceburg; Capt. McDonald, Simcoe, to Bothwell; Capt. Payton, Blenheim, to Leamington; Capt. Peil, Leamington, to Amherstburg; Capt. Secord, Wyoming, to Forest; Capt. Hodinott, Bothwell, to special work; Capt. Jarvis, London, to Tilsonburg; Lieut. Payton, Forest, to Paris; Lieut. Paterson, Ridgetown, to Norwich; Lieut. Bonney, Walkerton, to Wingham; Lieut. Burrows, Watford, to Clinton; Lieut. Mumford, London, to Bayfield; Lieut. Heater, Norwich, to Blenheim; Lieut. Hancock, Amherstburg, to Tilbury; Lieut. Carr, Stratford, to Wallaceburg; Lieut. Ogilvie, Leamington, to Amherstburg; Lieut. Jones, Thedford, to Forest; Lieut. Blodgett, Berlin, to Sarnia.

Other changes in the staff and field officers will be made today.

In addition to the above officers, the following are attending the special campaign now in progress in the city: Capts. Healy, Brantford; Mathers, Galt; Bentley, Hespeler; Findlay, Watford; Howcroft, Listowel; Taylor, Walkerton; Collier, Brussels; Long, Petrolea; Brannigan, Bayfield; Smith, Seaforth; Ottaway, Essex Center; Corlett, Toronto, and Stephens, Durham; Lieuts. Blakeway, Tilbury; Burton, Wingham; Sitzer, Listowel; Liston, Seaforth; Peacock, Stratford; Green, Simcoe; Fugler, Tilsonburg; Coe, Essex Center, and Mattews, Durham.

When you are weak, tired and lifeless, you need to enrich and purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Take Kur-a-Kof for Coughs and Colds. 25c, at Anderson & Nelles' drug store. ywt

Dr. Talmage's Recent Tour

On Behalf of India's Famine Stricken People.

Lessons Drawn From the Story of Elijah Being Fed by Ravens.

Washington, May 10.—Dr. Talmage has returned home, after a most remarkably successful tour through the west, and in behalf of the famine-struck of India, speaking in the great corn centers to vast multitudes of people, and raising many carloads of breadstuffs and many thousands of dollars. His text is: I. Kings, xvii., 6, "And the ravens brought him bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening."

The ornithology of the Bible is a very interesting study. The stork, which knoweth her appointed time. The common sparrows teaching a lesson of God's providence. The ostriches of the desert, by careless incubation, illustrating the recklessness of parents who do not take enough pains with their children. The eagle symbolizes riches which take wings and fly away. The pelican, emblemizing solitude. The bat, a flake of the darkness. The night hawk, the ossifrage, the cuckoo, the lapwing, the osprey, by the command of God in Leviticus, flung out of the world's bill of fare.

What wonderful creatures of God the birds are! Some of them, this morning, like the songs of heaven let loose, bursting through the gates of heaven. Consider their feathers, which are clothing and conveyance at the same time; the nine vertebrae of the neck, the three eyelids to each eye, the third eyelid an extra curtain for graduating the light of the sun. Some of these birds scavengers, and some of them orchestra. Thank God for quail's whistle, and lark's carol, and the twitter of the wren, called by the ancients the king of birds, because when the fowls of heaven went into a contest as to who should fly the highest, and the eagle swung nearest the sun, a wren on the back of the eagle, after the eagle was exhausted, sprang up much higher and so was called by the ancients the king of birds. Consider those of them that have golden crowns and crests, showing them to be feathered imperials. And listen to the humming bird's serenade in the ear of the honeysuckle. Look at the belted kingfisher, striking like a dart from sky to water. Listen to the voice of the owl, giving the keynote to all croakers. And behold the condor among the Andes, battling with the reindeer. I do not know whether an aquarium or aviary is the best altar from which to worship God.

There is an incident in my text that baffles all the orinthological wonders of the world. The grain crop had been cut off. Famine was in the land. In a cave by the brook Cherith sat a minister of God, Elijah, waiting for something to eat. Why did he not go to the neighbors? There were no neighbors; it was a wilderness. Why did he not pick some of the berries? There were none. If there had been, they would have been dried up. Seated one morning at the mouth of his cave, the prophet sees a flock of birds approaching. Oh, if they were only partridges, or if he only had an arrow with which to bring them down! But as they come nearer, he finds that they are not comestible, but unclean, and the eating of them would be spiritual death. The strength of their beak, the length of their wings, the blackness of their color, their loud, harsh "cruck! cruck!" prove them to be ravens.

They whirr around about the prophet's head, and then they come on fluttering wing and pause on the level of his lips, and one of the ravens brings bread, and another raven brings meat, and after they have discharged their tiny cargo they wheel past, and others come, until after awhile the prophet has enough, and these black servants of the wilderness table are gone. For six months, and some say a whole year, morning and evening, a breakfast and a supper-bell sounded as these ravens rang out on the air the "cruck!" Guess where they got their food from. The old rabbins say they got it from the kitchen of King Abab. Others say that the ravens got their food from pious Obadiah, who was in the habit of feeding the persecuted. Some say that the ravens brought the food to their young in the trees, and that Elijah had only to climb up and get it. Some say that the whole story is improbable; for these were carnivorous birds, and the food they carried was the torn flesh of living beasts, and therefore ceremonially unclean; or it was carrion, and would not have been fit for the prophet. Some say that they were not ravens at all, and that the ravens translated "ravens" in my text ought to have been translate "Arabs;" so it would have read: The Arabs brought bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening. Anything but admit the Bible to be true.

Hew away at this miracle until all the miracle is gone. Go on with the depleting process, but know, my brother, that you are only robbing one man—and that is yourself—of one of the most comforting, beautiful, pathetic, and triumphant lessons in all the ages. I can tell you who these purveyors were—they were ravens. I can tell you who freighted them with provisions—God. I can tell you who launched them—God. I can tell you who taught them which way to fly—God. I can tell you who told them at what cave to swoop—God. I can tell you who introduced raven to prophet and prophet to raven—God. There is one passage I will whisper in your ear, for I would not want to utter it aloud, lest someone should drop down under its power—"If any man shall take away from the words of the prophecy of this book, God shall take his part out of the book of life and out of the holy city."

While, then, we watch the ravens feeding Elijah, let the swift dove of God's spirit sweep down the sky with divine food, and on outspread wing pause at the lip of every soul hungering for comfort.

On the banks of what rivers have been the great battles of the world? While you are looking over the map of the world to answer that, I will tell you that the great conflict of today is on the Potomac, on the Hudson, on the Mississippi, on the Thames, on the Savannah, on the Rhine, on the Nile, on the Ganges, on the Hoang-Ho. It is a battle that has been going on for 6,000 years. The troops engaged in it are 1,600,000,000, and those who have fallen by the way are vaster in number than those who march. It is a battle for bread.

Sentimentalists sit in a cushioned chair, in their pictured study, with their slippered feet on a damask ottoman, and say that this world is a great scene of avarice and greed. It does not seem so to me. If it were not for the absolute necessities of the cases, nine-tenths of the stores, factories, shops, banking-houses of the land would be closed tomorrow. Who is that man delving in the Colorado hills? or toiling in a New England factory? or going through a roll of bills in the bank? or measuring a fabrick on the counter? He is a champion sent forth in behalf of some home-circle that has to be cared for, in behalf of some Church of God that has to be supported, in behalf of some asylum of mercy that has to be sustained. Who is that woman bending over the sewing-machine, or carrying the bundle, or sweeping the room, or mending the garment, or sweltering at the washtub? This is Deborah, one of the Lord's heroines, battling against Amalekitish want, which comes down with iron chariot to crush her and bers. The great question with the vast majority of people today is not "Home Rule," but whether there shall be any home to rule; not of tariff, but whether there shall be anything to tax. The great question with the vast majority of people is, "How shall I support my family? How shall I meet my notes? How shall I pay my rent? How shall I give food, clothing and education to those who are dependent upon me? Oh, if God would help me today to assist you in the solution of that problem the happiest man in this house would be your preacher! I have gone out on a cold morning with expert sportsmen to hunt for pigeons; I have gone out on the meadows to hunt for quail; I have gone out on the marsh to hunt for reed-birds; but today I am out for ravens.

Notice, in the first place in the story of my text, that these winged caterers came to Elijah direct from God.

"I have commanded the ravens that they feed thee," we find God saying in an adjoining passage. They did not come out of some other cave. They did not just happen to alight there. God freighted them, God launched them, and God told them by what cave to swoop. That is the same God that is going to supply you. He is your Father. You would have to make an elaborate calculation before you could tell me how many pounds of food and how many yards of clothing would be necessary for you and your family; but God knows without any calculation. You have a plate at his table, and you are going to be waited on, unless you act like a naugnty child, and kick, and scramble, and pound saucily the plate and try to upset things.

God has a vast family, and everything is methodized, and you are going to be served if you will only wait your turn. God has already ordered all the suits of clothes you will ever need, down to the last suit in which you will be laid out. God has already ordered all the food you will ever eat, down to the last crumb that will be put in your mouth in the dying sacrament. It may not be just the kind of food or apparel we would prefer. The sensible parent depends on his own judgment as to what ought to be the apparel and the food of the minor in the family. The child would say, "Give me sugars and confections." "Oh, no," says the parent, "you must have something plainer first." The child would say, "Oh, give me those great blotches of color in the garment." "No," says the parent, "that wouldn't be suitable."

Now, God is our Father, and we are minors, and he is going to clothe us and feed us, although we may not always yield to our infantile wish for the sweets and glitter. These ravens of the text did not bring pomegranates from the glittering platter of King Ahab. They brought bread and meat. Oh, be strong, my hearer; God is going to supply you! It is never "hard times" with him. His ships never break on the rocks. His banks never fail. If it were necessary he would swing out from the heavens a flock of ravens reaching from his gate to yours, until the food would be flung down the sky from beak to beak, and from talon to talon.

Notice again the story of the text, that the ravens did not allow Elijah to hoard up a surplus. They did not bring enough on Monday to last all the week. They did not bring enough one morning to last until the next morning. They came twice a day, and brought just enough for one time. You know just as well as I that the great fret of the world is that we want a surplus; we want the ravens to bring enough for 50 years. You have more confidence in the Washington banks or Bank of England than you have in the Roval Bank of Heaven. You say: "All that is very poetic, you may have the black ravens; give me the gold eagles." We had better be content with just enough. If in the morning your family eat up all the food there is in the house, do not sit down and cry, and say, "I don't know where the next meal is to come from." About 5, or 6, or 7 o'clock in the morning, just look up, and you will see two black spots on the sky, and you will hear the flapping of wings, and instead of Edgar A. Poe's insane raven alighting on the chamber door, "only this and nothing more," you will find Elijah's two ravens, or two ravens of the Lord, the one bringing bread and the other bringing meat—plumed butcher and baker.

God is infinite in resource. When the city of Rochelle was besieged, and the inhabitants were dying with the famine, the tides washed up on the beach as never before, and as never since, enough shell-fish to feed the whole city. God is good. There is no mistake about that. History tells us that in 1555, in England, there was a great drought. The crops failed; but in Essex, on the rocks, in a place where they had neither sown nor cultured, a great crop of peas grew until they filled a hundred measures; and there were blossoming vines enough, promising as much more.

But why go so far? I can give you a family incident. Some generations back there was a great drought in Connecticut, New England. The water disappeared from the hills, and the farmers living on the hills drove their cattle down toward the valleys, and had them supplied at the wells and fountains of the neighbors. But these, after a while, began to fail, and the neighbors said to Mr. Birdseye, of whom I shall speak, "You must not send your herds and flocks down here any more, our wells are giving out." Mr. Birdseye, the old Christian man, gathered his family at the altar, and with his family he gathered the slaves of the household—for bondage was then in vogue in Connecticut—and on their knees before God they cried for water; and the family story is that there was weeping and great sobbing at that altar that the family might not perish for lack of water, and that the herds and flocks might not perish.

The family rose from the altar. Mr. Birdseye, the old man, took his staff and walked out over the hills, and in a place where he had been scores of times, without noticing anything particular, he saw the ground was very dark, and he took his staff and turned up the ground, and water started; and he beckoned to his servants, and they came and brought pails and buckets until all the family and all the flocks and the herds were cared for; and then they made troughs reaching from that place down to the house and barn, and the water flowed, and it is a living fountain today.

Now, I call that old grandfather, Elijah, and I call that brook that began to roll then, and is rolling still, the brook Cherith; and the lesson to me and to all who hear it is, when you are in great stress of circumstances, pray and dig, dig and pray, and pray and dig. How does that passage go? "The mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but thy loving kindness shall not fail." If your merchandise, if your mechanism, if your husbandry, fail look out for ravens. If you have, in your despondency, put God on trial and condemned him as guilty of cruelty, I move today for a new trial. If the biography of your life is ever written, I will tell you what the first chapter and the middle chapter and the last chapter will be about, if it is written accurately. The first chapter about mercy, the middle chapter about mercy, the last chapter about mercy. The mercy that hovered over your cradel. The mercy that will hover over your grave. The mercy that will cover all between.

Again, this story of the text impresses me that relief came to this prophet with the most unexpected and with seemingly impossible conveyance. If it had been a robin-redbreast, or a musical meadow lark, or a meek turtle dove, or a sublime albatross that had brought the food to Elijah, it would not have been so surprising. But no. it was a bird, fierce, and inauspicate that we have fashioned one of our most forceful and repulsive words out of it—ravenous. That bird has a passion of picking out the eyes of men and of animals. It loves to maul the sick and the dying. It swallows with vulturous guzzle everything it can put its beak on; and yet all the food Elijah gets for six months or a year is from ravens. So your supply is going to come from an unexpected source.

You think some great hearted, generous man will come along and give you his name on the back of your note, or he will go security for you in some great enterprise. No, he will not. God will open the heart of some Shylock toward you. Your relief will come from the most unexpected quarter. The providence which seemed ominous will be to you more than that which seemed auspicious. It will not be a chaffinch with breast and wing dashed with white and brown and chestnut; it will be a black raven.

Here is where we all make our mistake; and that is in regard to the color of God's providence. A white providence comes to us, and we say, "Oh, it is mercy." Then a black providence comes toward us, and we say, "Oh that is disaster!" The white providence comes to you, and you have great business success, and you have a hundred thousand dollars, and you get proud, and you get independent of God, and you begin to feel that the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread," is inappropriate for you, for you have made provision for a hundred years. Then a black providence comes, and it sweeps everything away, and you begin to feel your dependence, and begin to be humble before God, and you cry out for treasures in heaven. The black providence brought you salvation. The white providence brought you ruin. That which seemed to be harsh and fierce, and dissonant, was your greatest mercy. It was a raven. There was a child born in your house. All your friends congratulate you. The other children of the family stood amazed towards the newcomer, and asked a great many questions, genealogical and chronological. You said—and you said truthfully—that a white angel flew through the room and left the little one there. That little one stood with its two feet in the very sanctuary of your affections, and with its two hands it took hold of the altar of your soul. But one day there came one of the three scourges of children—scarlet fever, or croup, or diphtheria—and all your bright scene vanished. The chattering, the strange questions, the pulling at the dresses as you crossed the floor—all ceased.

As the great Friend of children stooped down and leaned toward that cradle and took the little one in his arms and walked away with it into forever and eternal summer, your eye began to follow him, and you followed the treasure he carried, and you have been following them ever since; and instead of thinking of heaven only once a week, as formerly, you are thinking of it all the time, and you are more pure and tender-hearted than you used to be, and you are patiently waiting for the daybreak. It is not self-righteousness in you to acknowledge that you are a better man than you used to be—you are a better woman than you used to be. What was it that brought you the sanctifying blessing? Oh, it was the dark shadow on the nursery; it was the dark shadow on the short grave; it was the dark shadow on your broken heart; it was the brooding of a great black trouble; it was a raven—it was a raven! Dear Lord, teach this people that white providences do not always mean advancement, and that black providences do not always mean retrogression.

Children of God, get up out of your despondency. The Lord never had so many ravens as he has today. Fling your fret and worry to the winds. Sometimes under the vexations of life you feel like my little girl of four years, who said, under some childish vexation: "Oh, I wish I could go to heaven and see God and pick flowers!" He will let you go when the right time comes to pick flowers. Until then, whatever you want, pray for it. I suppose Elijah prayed pretty much all the time. Tremendous work behind him. Tremendous work before him. God has no spare ravens for idlers or for people who are prayerless. I put it in the boldest shape possible, and I am willing to risk my eternity on it; ask God in the right way for what you want, and you shall have it if it is best for you.

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Your sample of Mellin's Food received, and I thank you for it. It has already done my baby good. Our little girl is 7 months old and has always been a very cross child. She never seemed to be satisfied with her nurse; it did not nourish her and she grew poor on it, but I had such a quantity of milk I did not want to wean her, so I have taken Mellin's Food myself and such a change! She is gaining all the time and sleeps more and is better every way. I shall continue using Mellin's Food as long as it agrees with her.

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