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Japan Tea Drinkers, this is in your special interest, a tea to suit your taste, but without the evil coloring and doctoring Japan teas are subjected to.

"SALADA"

Pure uncolored Natural Leaf Ceylon Green Tea. Similar in flavor to Japan, but much more delicious in the cup—Then It's Pure. Sealed Lead Packets only. Never sold in Bulk. 30c and 40c. Ask your grocer for a packet.

HOW ABOUT Your WATER AND STEAM HEAT

or your furnace; are they going to work all right when old Boreas makes you a sudden visit? Cold weather will be here soon now, and it is well to have your heating apparatus put in order before you start your fire. We will overhaul them or put in new hot water, steam or hot air furnace and heating apparatus at a reasonable cost.

GEO. STINSON
Telephone 221, King St. East

Sensible Table Knives.

Birks' catalogue is not only a compendium of current art in jewelry, it contains much of interest to the practical housewife. For instance it tells of hand forged Sheffield steel blade Table knives and Carvers with Xylonite handles. The common-sense of these knives is that they are made to cut, an appreciable distinction between them and the average "silver" article which is often anything but a practical cutting utensil. The Xylonite handle is better than ivory because neither hot water nor the Canadian climate will cause it to crack, yet it so accurately resembles mellowed ivory that none but an expert can say it is not ivory.

These knives are good enough to be put into sterling silver company. They cost from \$1.00 to \$9.00 per dozen, according to shape, the quality being the same in all.

Birks' catalogue illustrates and fully describes these. It is mailed free on request. If you need assistance in selecting holiday gifts you find it valuable.

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Jewellers to His Excellency the Governor General.
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"Eagle" Parlor Matches, 200

"Eagle" Parlor Matches, 100

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The Finest in the World.

No Brimstone

The E. B. Eddy Co. Limited

Hull, Canada.

Stoves at Cost



That were bought at last year's prices

Geo. Stephens and Co. have a good assortment of Wood and Coal Stoves that they bought from the makers before the advance. These Stoves will be sold for the next 30 days at cost. Their prices in other lines are very much reduced and are much lower than you could buy direct from the makers in large quantities.

Geo. Stephens & Co.

ARBITER OF NATIONS.

Pillars of Smoke A Divine Symbol of Power and Mercy.

Washington, Dec. 17.—The trials through which the truth has struggled are by Dr. Talmage here set forth under a Bible symbol of great suggestiveness and power. Text, Solomon's Song, III. 6. "Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke?"

The architecture of the smoke is wondrous, whether God with his finger curves it into a cloud, or, as in the text, hoists it in a wing, or, as in the text, hoists it in a pillar. Watch it winding up from the country farmhouse in the early morning, showing that the pastoral industries have begun, or see it ascending from the chimneys of the city, telling of the homes fed, the factories turning out valuable fabrics, the printing presses preparing book and newspaper, and all the 10,000 wheels of work in motion. On a clear day this vapor spoken of in the text, with such buoyancy and spreads such a delicate veil across the sky and traces such graceful lines of circle and semicircle and waves and tosses and sinks and soars and scatters with such influence of shape and color and suggestiveness that if you have never noticed it you are like a man who has all his life lived in Paris and yet never seen the Eiffel tower, or all his life in Rome and never seen the Vatican, or all his life at Lockport and never seen Niagara. Forty-four times the Bible speaks of the smoke, and it is about time that somebody preached a sermon recognizing this strange, weird, beautiful, elastic, charming, terrible and fascinating power. Across the Bible sky floats the smoke of Sinai, the smoke of Sodom, the smoke of Ai, the smoke of the pit, the smoke of the volcanic hills when God touches them, and in my text the glorious church of God coming up out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke.

In the first place, these pillars of smoke in my text indicate the suffering the church of God has endured. What do I mean by the Church? I mean not a building, not a sect, but those who in all ages and all lands and of all beliefs love God and are trying to do right. For many centuries the heavens have been black with the smoke of martyrdom. If set aside by side, you could see the earth with the first of persecution—Rowland Taylor burned at Haddleigh, Latimer burned at Oxford, John Rogers burned at Smithfield, John Hooper burned at Gloucester, John Huss burned at Constance, Lawrence Saunders burned at Rouen, Joan of Arc burned at Rouen.

Catholicism as well as Protestantism has had its martyrs. It does seem as if when any one sect got complete domination in any land the devil of persecution and cruelty took possession of that sect. Then see the Catholics after the Huguenots. See the gentiles after the Jews in Tournai, where a great pit was dug and fire lighted at the bottom were consumed. See the Protestants in their treatment of opponents than had been the criminal courts. Persecution against the Baptists by Paedo-Baptists. Persecution of the Established church against the Methodist church. Persecution against the Presbyterians. Under Emperor Diocletian 144,000 Christians were massacred, and 700,000 more of them died from banishment and exposure.

Witness the sufferings of the Waldenses, of the Albigenses, of the Nestorians. Witness St. Bartholomew's massacre. Witness the Duke of Alva driving out of life 18,000 Christians and Hindustani and Torquemada and Earl of Montfort and Lord Claverhouse, who, when told that he must give account for his cruelties, said: "I have no need to account to man, and, as for God, I will take him in my own hands." A red line runs through the church history of 1,900 years, a line of blood. Not by the hundreds of thousands, but by the millions must we count those slain for Christ's sake. No wonder John Milton put the groans of the martyrs to an immortal tune, writing:

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones Lie scattered on the Alpine mount—ains cold. The smoke of martyrs' homes and martyrs' bodies if rolling up all at once would have eclipsed the noon-day sun and turned the brightest day the world ever saw into a midnight. "Who is this that cometh up out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke?" Has persecution ceased? Ask that young man who is trying to be a Christian in a store or factory, where from morning to night he is the butt of all the mean victimizations of unbelieveing employees. Ask that wife whose husband makes her fondness for the house of God and even her kneeling prayer by the bedside a derision and is no more fit for her holy companionship than a filthy cow would be a fit companion for a robin. Has persecution ceased? Ask that man who surrenders to its conventionalities and it may let you alone, but all who will live godly in Jesus Christ must suffer persecution. He is drinking, card playing, wine drinking, round dancing, Christ, and you may escape criticism and social pressure. But be an up and down, but and out follower of Christ, and worldling will wink at worldling as he speaks your name, and you will be put in many a dog kennel and snubbed by those not

many nations! Thou type of heaven! I could kiss thy very dust with ecstasy of affection.

Victor Hugo in his book entitled "Ninety-three," says: "Nothing calmer or more peaceful, more startling, than the smoke of battle, and there are evil ones. The thickness and color of a line of smoke make the whole difference between war and peace, between fratricide and hatred. The whole happiness of man or his complete misery is sometimes expressed in this thin vapor which the mind scatters at will." The great Frenchman was right, but I go further and say that like the kingdom of God advances like pillars of smoke the black volumes pouring from batteries of war and boiling from the pores of ships will vanish.

A distinguished general of our civil war told me that Abraham Lincoln proposed to avoid our civil conflict by purchase of all the slaves of the south and setting them free. He calculated that would be a reasonable price for them, and, when the sum of millions of dollars that would be required for such a purchase was announced, and the north would not have made the offer, and the south would not have accepted it if made. "But," said my military friend, "the war went on, and just the number of millions of dollars that Mr. Lincoln calculated would have been enough to make a reasonable purchase of all the slaves were spent in war, besides all the precious lives that were hurled away in the 220 battles." In other words there ought to be some other way for men to settle their controversies without butchery.

The church of God will yet become the arbiter of nations. If the world would allow it, it could to-day step in between Germany and France and settle the troubles about Alsace and Lorraine, and between England and her antagonists, and between all the other nations that are flying at each other's throats and whipping men and disband armies and harness for the plow the war horse now being hitched to ammunition wagons or saddled for cavalry charge. That time must come, or through the increased facility for shooting men and blowing up cities and wheeling hosts to instant death, so that we can kill a regiment easier than we could once kill a company and kill a brigade easier than we could once kill a regiment, the patent office of the world more busy than ever in recognizing new machinery of destruction, the human race will after awhile be fighting with one arm, and hobbling with one foot, and stumbling along with one eye, and some ingenious inventor, inspired by the archangel of war, will contrive a machine that will bore a hole to the earth's center, and some desperate nation will throw into that hole enough dynamite to blow this hulk of a planet into fragments, dropping the meteoric stones on surrounding stellar habitations.

But this shall not be, for whatever I let go I hang on to my Bible, which tells me that the blacksmith's shop shall yet come to its grandest use when the warrior and the husbandman enter it side by side, and the soldier shall throw his sword, and the farmer shall pick it up as a plowshare, and the straight spear shall be bent into a crook at each end, and then cut in two, and what was one sword shall be two pruning hooks. Down with Moloch and up with Christ! Let no more war horses out of the manger where Jesus was born. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!"

It is demonstrated, by honest men that it is not so certain that William Cullen Bryant wrote "Thanatopsis" or Longfellow wrote "Hawthorne" as that God, by the hand of prophet and apostle, by the hand of the wise men in science and law and medicine and literature and merchandize are gradually coming to believe in Christianity, and soon there will be no people who disbelieve in it except those conspicuous families of brain or men with two families, who do not like the Bible because it rebukes their swinish propensities.

The time is hastening when there will be no infidels left except libertines and harlots and murderers. Millions of Christians where once there were thousands, and thousands where once there were hundreds. What a bright evening this, the evening of the nineteenth century! And the twentieth century, which is about to dawn, will, in my opinion, bring universal victory for Christ and the church that now is marching on with step double quick, or, if you prefer the figure of the text, is being swept on in the mighty gale of blessing imposing and grand and majestic and swift like pillars of smoke.

Oh, come into the church through Christ the door, a door more glorious than that of the temple of Hercules which had two pillars, and one was gold and the other emerald. Come in to-day! The world you see is a poor world, and it will burn and pass off like pillars of smoke. Whether the final conflagration will start in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, which, in some places, have for many years been burning and eating into the heart of the earth, or whether it shall begin near the California geysers or whether from out the furnaces of Cotopaxi and Vesuvius and Stromboli it shall burst forth upon the astonished nations, I make no prophecy, but all geologists tell us that we stand on the lid of a world, the heart of which is a raging, roaring, awful flame, and some day God will let the red monsters out of their imprisonment, and the world will be a sea of fire. In 1835, and Charleston on fire in 1865, and Chicago on fire in 1872, and Boston on fire in 1878 were only like one spark from a blacksmith's forge as compared with that last universal blaze which will be seen in other worlds. But gradually the flames will lessen, and the world will become a great living coal, and that will take on ashes here, and then our ruined planet will begin to smoke, and the mountains

HEROINES OF PEACE.

When we read stories of the terrible Spanish Inquisition of the olden times, it seems as if the tortures they depicted were almost beyond the invention of the most depraved and fiendish mind; and yet here in our own enlightened land and in this Nineteenth Century of civilization, thousands of tender women—our own sisters, mothers and wives—suffering from some unnatural weakness of the delicate organism of their sex, are daily undergoing an almost equally terrible, physical anguish and martyrdom.

"It seemed as if there was an iron band around my head and it was being twisted tighter and tighter all the time," a New York lady said in trying to describe her terrible sensations. "I could not walk across my room without suffering dreadful pains," said another lady, Mrs. M. J. Jones, of 52 Madison Ave., New York. "I was troubled with female weakness. I had suffered for two years when I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I am free from pain. I do all my housework and walk where I please—thanks to Dr. Pierce's medicine."

"It is the only medicine that relieves hysterical weakness," said Mrs. S. P. Monfort, of Lebanon, Warren Co., Ohio. "In very truth it is the only medicine ever invented that delicate and ailing women can positively rely upon to give them complete and permanent relief. No other remedy was ever devised that so thoroughly rejuvenates the entire nervous system of women; healing and curing all weakened and diseased conditions of the feminine organism and restoring womanly strength and completeness. It is the only proprietary remedy ever devised for this one special purpose by an educated and eminent physician, a specialist of world-wide reputation in this particular field of practice. No woman need or ought to allow her whole nature, physical and mental, to be undermined by such ailments when by writing to Dr. Pierce she may obtain professional advice free of charge."

smoke, and the islands will smoke, and the seas will smoke, and the cities will smoke, and the five continents will be five pillars of smoke. But that will not interfere with your investments if you have taken Christ as your Saviour. Secure heaven as your eternal home, and you can look down upon a dismantled, disrupted and demolished earth without any perturbation.

When wrapped in fire the realms of ether glow. And heaven's last thunders shake the earth below. Thou, undimmed, shalt o'er the ruins smile And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile.

A FEMININE VICE.
Lack of Money is Often the Cause of Many Unhappy Marriages so says an English Woman—Women Must have a Certain Sum to Spend as They Please.

An English woman, writing of pocket money, says that the lack of it rather than want of affection or incompatibility of temper is the cause of many unhappy marriages. The woman needs to have a certain sum of money that she can spend as she pleases without question. "Half the charm and brightness of the American girl," says Lady Violet Greville, who is the writer, "is due to the fact that she has never learned to cringe to the male members of her family. She enjoys the spending of a certain amount of money from her youth up, and no questions are asked as to its disposition. He meets her husband on equal terms and not like the English wife as a dependent."

"In reality, in spite of what they may say, or even imagine themselves to feel," she goes on, "discontent is an essentially feminine vice. When a woman cringes, she is not humble, but defiant. The average woman sighs and gets hysterical; the abnormal woman emancipates herself like Lady Caroline Lamb or George Sand. Fortunately few women are abnormal, but the majority are grumblers. Read most of the divorce court reports and you will find that money, not love, is at the root of the trouble."

There is an end to all things—except one's desire for new things.

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WELLINGTON Lodge No. 48
G. R. C. A. F. & A. M., meets on the first Monday of each month in the Masonic Hall, Fifth street, at 8 p. m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.
J. R. BATTISBY, W. M.
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FRASER & BELL—Barristers, Office Merchants Bank Building, Chatham.
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Will also lend on notes and chattel mortgages.
Privileges to pay off.
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We should praise because we can praise.
A short man can learn a great deal from a fool.

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the fraud of the day.
See you get Carter's,
Ask for Carter's,
Insist and demand
Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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