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call at T. A., IARD,

THEY TEACH US OMNIPOTENT STRENGTH OF THE CREATOR.

LIKEWISE THE LOVE OF GOD

Mountains Reveal God to Men For No One Man and No One Race of Men Have Lived Long Enough to Do What Was Necessary to Do For the Creation of the Hills.

ntered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by Frederick Diver, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 17.—In this sermon the preacher takes as his theme the mountains, now assuming the hues of autumn, and finds in them a lesson

of autumn, and finds in them a lesson of God's strength and providence and the love and care he has for all his children. The text is Amos iv, 13, "He that formeth the mountains."

Have you ever visited the Schroon lake of the Alps? Have you ever slept under the shadows of the snow capped Rigi, with its horizon sweep of 300 miles in circumference? Then you have visited Lake Lucerne, one of the most romantic and picturesque lakes most romantic and picturesque lakes that ever lapped the foot of a hill or mestled to sleep like a smiling babe in lap of a gigantic mountain. The old poet sings of the charms of Lake Ge-neva, another of Switzerland's scenic wonders, with its battle scarred castle

wonders, with its battle scarred castle standing sentinel over it, a castle whose walls are seamed with defying the cannonading of the elements, as well resisting the attacks of man. Hough others may sing about the cauties of Lake Geneva or Lake Windermere or Lake Samia of Finland or Lake George of New York or the "Lake of the Woods" of Minnesota, all of them beautiful lakes, I still believe that Lake Lucerne is the queen believe that Lake Lucerne is the queen of romantic lakes for many of us. There we not only saw some of the most beautiful of all scenes, but we also stood before Thorwaldsen's greatest masterpiece, "The Lion of Lucerne." Most of you know the history of that marvelous piece of statuary. When the French throne was tottering amid the upheaval of the awful revolution which has made the names of Robespierre and Marat and Barere infamous for all time, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette dare not trust their lives and those of their children to the loyalty of their own soldiers. They sent across the northern border and hired some Swiss soldiers to be their believe that Lake Lucerne is the queen hired some Swiss soldiers to be their hired some Swiss soldiers to be their bodyguard. Eight hundred of these were quartered in the Tuileries. Fatal August 10, 1792, came, and the mob broke loose and started for their royal prey. They battered down the gates and doors of the king's residence. They slew the Swiss soldiers wherever their hated uniforms were seen as mercliessly as the Sioux Indians tomahawked Custer and his little handful of followers on the Little Big Horn river. followers on the Little Big Horn river. They literally annihilated the whole band in order to get at their hated rulers. Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, to commemorate the death of these brave soldiers of the Swiss guard, chiseled into the solid rock of Lucerne the colossal form of the dying Swiss lion struck to the heart by a spear, yet in his death agony still de-fending the lilled shield of France. What a wonderful statue is that, which

what a wonderful statue is that, which thousands of tourists every year travel miles and miles to study!

But as I stood before that marvelous plece of stone under the shadow of the overtowering Rigi I said to myself this: "Yes, many Swiss solders have been struck down by foreign bullets, but more, far more, have brooded their lives away because their hearts have plned under homesickness when they have been removed from the sight of yonder hills." When Nebuchadnezzar took his bride, Amytis, to the glorious capital of Babylon, she could not get over her longing for the hills of her childhood. Babylon was built in a flat country. To satisfy her longing for the mountain scenes of her youth her loving husband erected for his queen the famous "hanging gardens." But struck down by foreign bullets, but more, far more, have brooded their lives away because their hearts have pined under homesickness when they have been removed from the sight of yonder hills." When Nebuchadnezzar took his bride, Amytis, to the glorious capital of Babylon, she could not get over her longing for the hills of her childhood. Babylon was built in a flat country. To satisfy her longing for the mountain scenes of her youth her loving husband erected for his queen the famous "hanging gardens." But what earthly king could erect for his loved ones such gigantic hills as those which cradle the youth of the Swiss peasantry? We who were born in the mountainous countries of the west or east can sympathizes with those Swiss peasants if we have been compelled to live on prairie lands and can never overcome our longing for the hor ains. As the hills, the mighty hill ave spoken of God to Amos, the heroman, they have also spoken to us living among the mountains of the western, hemisphere. I thought to-day

thousands of tourists every year travel

I would try to find God among the

BENTIS TO LAKE

mountains.

The gigantic hills in the first place teach us the omnipotent strength of the God who created them. They seem to speak to us something like this: "O man, why wilt thou not look upon me even as thou wouldst regard the works of human hands? When thou standest before the huge pyramids of Egypt with their great blocks of stone thou dost not say they were built by a race of pygmies, about whom Homer and of pygmies, about whom Homer and Hesiod wrote. Thou dost not go in the moonlight and dream dreams upon the Acropolis overlooking old Athens and see there visions of its ancient splendor, with its Parthenon and its columns and its statuary and its marble of purest white and say there lived not glants in those days. Thou dost not walk through the corridors of the Alhambra, with its mosaic floors and its magnificent walls, and say that the ancient Moors were not master architects and master designers and master tects and master designers and master workmen. Thou canst not study the footprints of the Aztecs without seeing there the indentation of a great race. Is not a watchmaker greater than his own watch? Is not the naval conown watch? Is not the naval constructor greater than the iron and steel warship he sets afloat? Is not the creator greater than the thing he creates? Therefore, oh man, is not the creator of the mountains a mighty, an omnipotent God, because he has created me?" "Yes, yes," we answer, "the God of the hills must be an omnipotent God, for none but omnipotence could have laid their foundations and erected their heights."

Great is the omnipotent power of

erected their heights."

Great is the omnipotent power of God. No one man and no one race of men could live long enough to do what is necessary to do for the creation of the hills. We look with amazement upon the great cathedral called St.

Peter's of Rome. This cathedral was supposed to have been begun by Michael Angelo in 1534. Every gen-eration since then has had a part in its construction. But, though St. Peter's of Rome was building for 500 years, the seven hills upon which Rome was originally built have been building for a longer time than that. Away back in the past millenniums God became to collect the meterials for the meterials for the protection of the construction of the construction. back in the past millenniums God began to collect the materials for the foundation of the hills. He spoke the word and manufactured a gaseous substance—poor stuff, some people might think — out of which to build the strength of the hills, yet that was the first substance God created out of which to make the mountains. In all probability this earth in the beginning was nothing but a nebulous gas. After awhile God cooled this gas, transforming it from gaseous to liquid form. As awhile God cooled this gas, transforming it from gaseous to liquid form. As a thousand years in his sight are but as yesterday or a watch in the night, God through long ages kept up the cooling process. He cooled this liquid substance until there was a thin crust over its surface, as a floating film might form on the surface of the coffee cooling on the breakfast table. He kept on cooling the planet until wrinkles and creases began to appear, like kles and creases began to appear, like ridges on an orange skin after the juices have been squeezed out of it. Then the waters ran down into the valleys or the ocean beds and the dry land appeared. Then the strength of the hills revealed themselves in mighty mountain ranges, which rear wards mountain ranges, which ran up and down the continents, giving strength to the land as the vertebra does to the human frame.

The work went on for ages upon ages. The divine Workman's tools

ages. The divine Workman's tools were fire and storm and hall and pencil of ice and volcanic cruption. A mighty workman is God. Mighty are the elements and the times which he used as the means for his creation of the hills. We must honor the divine strength of the Creator of the hills. That strength alone was sufficient to pile up the Mat-terhorn and Mount Chimborazo and Mount Gualtahera and Mount Nevado de Sorata and Mount Everest. Om-

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anyone finding cause for complaint.

am praising the green fields and the vineyards and the orchards when I am praising the mountains. Do you not know that the beauty and fertility of the valleys are dependent upon the strength of the hills? The stork builds her nest in the fir tree, the grass grows for the eattle, the grapes hang heavy upon the vines and the harvest fields are filled with grain merely because the mountains shed their waters into the valleys." Then I say, "Amos, when thou art praising the God of the hills thou art rendering thanks unto the divine Creator, who feeds and clothes and houses us." Then the old prophet answers: "Yes, my son. The Lord of the hills is the God who is the prastical provider for the everyday wants of his children."

But though the God of the hills feeds and clothes us in the valleys, as he feeds the birds of the air and the lillies of the field, how few of us ever stop to think of his kindness and goodness and care. Indeed we have been accustomed to be fed and clothed by him so long that few of us ever stop to give him thanks. We think the blessings have come from the soil and are the works of our hands and not from his hills. We do not recognize the fact that the divine Father does anything for us. We do not believe that the God of the hills has any part in our harvests. We say, "Our hands planted the corn." We think God has nothing to do with our clothes because our sheep grew the wool. We assert that God has nothing to do with our homes, because our timber is turned into the boards which are nailed into that God has nothing to do with our homes, because our timber is turned into the boards which are nailed into the walls. "Oh, no," says Amos, "that is not true; the God of the hills waters the fields. He gives drink and food to the flocks. He nourishes the trees into mighty forests. It is God, and God alone, who provides all." Ought we not to give thanks to the God of the hills, who clothes us and feeds us to-day?

Shall we stop here? Was the eastern herdsman only symbolizing the

shall we stop here? Was the eastern herdsman only symbolizing the
strength of God, and the care taking
providence of God in the strength and
the power of the hills? Was he not
making allusion to the gold and the
silver burled in the depths of the mountains, and to the diamonds hidden in their subterranean vaults, and to their many precious stones, some of which St. John in Apocalypse saw in the walls of the New Jerusalem? Was he not using these stones as the symbol of the joy, and the peace, and the hap-piness of this world which comes from God to those who are living in close communion with God? I think he was. Furthermore, I believe Amos, the herdsman, not only found these symherdsman, not only found these symbols of earthly happiness coming from God by following the miners with their little lights into the ground, but also by following the call of the bird, singing to him on the top of some mountain ravine or in some hidden glen. Methinks I can follow this sainted herdsman as he some autumn day hiea away to the hills. We will call it an autumn day, for that is the time when every tree becomes a flaming torch.

every tree becomes a flaming torch Amos is longing to go off for awhile and be alone with God. He turns over his sheep to the care of one of the under sheeherds. He takes his staff and climbs up the mountain side. Higher and higher he goes until his parched lips call, "Drink, drink; give me drink." He reaches up and pulls off a leaf from an overhanging branch. He twists it into a more beautiful chalice than was ever handed forth by the Egyptian cup bearers at Pharaoh's court. Then he stoops down and lifts up the water out of the gushing spring. Amos is longing to go off for awhile up the water out of the gushing spring.

The rocks seem to close in about him, He seems to be in a temple, and the waters at his feet seem to be "holy waters." Holy because they have been touched by the finger of God. Then he stretches his tired limbs upon a couch of moss. Then the same bird that called him from his herd now brings to him his companions, and they begin to sing. A gentle eyed deer pokes forth her head from the thicket, and seems to say: "Who art thou—a. and seems to say: "Who art thou—a friend or an enemy? Dare I trust my little fawn in thy sight while I quench my thirst?" Then the leaves begin to sway and sigh. That peace of the sway and sign. That peace of the woods comes over the happy prophet, as he says: "Yes, God has made the mountains. God has made the gold. God has made the silver and the precious stones burled here. He has

as he says: "Yes, God has made the mountains, God has made the sold. God has made the sold. God has made the sold. God has made the woods of the mountains, the trees and the moss, the birds and the flowers and the brightly colored leaves. He has made the brooks to sing as well as his feathered songsters. Truly God is the God of peace, the God of joy, the God of happiness. If man is unhappy, then it is because as a sinner he is out of touch with God." Do you feel that in the symbols of the gold, the silver, the precious stones and the moist, fragrant leaves of the woods Amos is speaking to-day?

The God of peace of the mountains is also the God of forgiveness and pardon. We see the strong limbed hunter start forth for the chase. There is health and vigor in every swing. Or we see the Alpine climber go forth not to conquer beast, but glacler and cliff and to win exhilaration from unscaled heights. The prime of manhood is there. The bravery that flinches not when its eye looks into the open jaws of death is there also. Or I see the angler wading up and down the trout streams. But, as I see the sportsman and the man of health hunting or fishing or climbing in the mountains, I also see the poor invalid crawling there or being carried there or lying back listlessly in an armchair. His eyes have an unnatural luster; his cheeks are flushed; he coughs much; he has the awful pain in his chest. Then I see him under the powerful tonic of the cough grows less and less and finally dies away. The tottering gait is changed for the healthful stride. The invalid who was carried to the woods goes forth well and physically renovated. Oh, why cannot the God of health? Cannot he, will not he cure that old chronic disease of sin which has been cursing us for many years? Cannot, will not he do this, if we only climb up to him on the Mount of Transfiguration and throw ourselves at his feet as we cry. "Jesus, my Saviour, my Lord?"

But I must not stop here, even if I would. The love of God is found in the strength of the hills, but God'

war and carried it twenty miles inland, and there left it stranded. Java is to-day over 200 miles from India. There are many reasons to believe that this

are many reasons to believe that this island was once connected with the mainland. The inhabitants of India and Java have the same customs They speak almost the same language. They worship the same gods. In their forests they hunt the same kinds of wild beasts as are found in India. Yet all of that connecting belt of 200 miles of land with its mountains has entirely disappeared. As the God of the hills is some day going to destroy his mountains, some day He is going to destroy our rejected opportunities destroy our rejected opportunities for salvation. Thus, my friends, as we look off unto the hills, as did the psalmist, from whence cometh our strength, do you not find in the future destruction of these hills the foreshadowed rejection of souls that have re-

dowed rejection of souls that have refused year after year to come and bow at the foot of the cross which was once planted upon the top of a small mountain called Calvary?

How many people are hugging to their hearts the false hope that the mountains of God's pardon will remain firm for them to climb, even from the weakness and helplessness of a deathbed! Do not procrastinate. I have read of travelers lost on the desert. Without a drop of water, with swollen lips and thick tongues, they staggered on until they dropped. Suddenly off in the distance they saw a beautiful mountain. There the streams were flowing and the rustling leaves were flowing and the rustling leaves and the singing brooks were calling them to come and drink and live. The dying men were aroused. They rushed on toward this beautiful mountain until, in a moment, it disappeared. It was nothing but a mountain of optical was nothing but a mountain or optical illusions, a mountain of mists, a moun-tain of false hopes, a mountain which was a mirage. So will it be with those who are forever putting off their opportunities for salvation. May Ged lead us, one and all, not to follow the delusive hope that in some future time we can seek pardon. He promises to pardon not to-morrow, but to-day. Come into the mountains of Salvation. Come into the mountains of His forgiveness, of His strength, of His love. Come and stand upon the mountain of Calvary, with all its pardon, with all its atonement. There you shall find peace and joy. This Calvary is a mountain which is not a mirage. It shall never fade away.

shall never fade away.

A Great Racer, Maybe. An automobilist wearing a pair of goggles having two separate lenses for each eye attracted attention on a for each eye attracted attention on a road house porch, and one man had the courage to ask for an explanation. It was as follows: "Why, you see, when one is driving the way I drive the sand and very small stones are thrown up with great force. If one sails for my eye it may break the first lens, but then is deflected, and the inner lens saves my eyes." The listeners wondered what famous racing man he was and followed him gapingly when he walked to the hotel shed and there cranked up his engine and started away in a seven horsepower runabout.

IT IS EASIER TO DO IT NOW

Cure Your Indigestion With Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets And You Will Never Suffer as Jackson Johnson Did.

When you feel that slight discomfort after eating, that gas rising on the stomach or a little pain in the chest, did you ever stop to think that you were in the early stages of that you were in the early stages of Indigestion and what the consequences might be if you did not take care of your stomach?

If you didn't just listen for a moment to the story of Jackson Johnson, of Norham, Ont. It may make you think:

"I suffered from Dyspepsia for a large sum.

"I suffered from Dyspepsia for a long time and spent a large sum with doctors, Finally I was taken with Diarrhoea which became chronic and continued about nine months. I continually grew weaker till I was confined to my bed.

"Then a person who was using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets persuaded me to try them. I began at once to improve and am now completely cured."

It is easier to cure your Indigestion now, than if you wait and suffer as Mr. Johnson did. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets will do it.

Costly Landslide.

Goderich, Sept. 22.—Following close upon the landslide of Monday, which destroyed much of the C. P. R. construction track, an enormous emba struction track, an enormous embank ment of clay, gravel and sand broke from the north bank of the Maitland River early yesterday morning, carry-ing with it the large 65-ion shovel op-arated by Contractors Pigott & Co.

CROUP IS DEADLY!

CROUP IS DEADLY!

It must be stopped quickly. Nothing so sure as Nerviline. Give it internally, and rub it on chest and throat — croup soon vanishes. No doctor can write a more efficient prescription than Polson's Nerviline; which reaches the trouble and cures quickly. The marvellous power of Nerviline will surprise you; it's the best household remedy for coughs, colds, sore chest, croup, and internal pain of every kind. Large bottles have been sold by all dealers for nearly fifty years at 25c.

The real church is what is left after the services are over

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects.

unto many in that day I will say, I know you not." The future destruction of the hills symbolizes it. In Java, a few years ago, the great Krakatoa volcano, after erupting for a few days, suddenly exploded. The island of Java was literally split in twain. Sixty thousand corpses floated upon the surface of the sea. A great tidal wave forty feet high arose and swept on and lifted a German man-of-war and carried it twenty miles inland.

Ceylon Tea with those of any other brand, as imitations agound.

Sold only in sealed lead packets. 25c, 30c, 40c. 50c, 60c. per lb. By all Grocers. Highest Award St. Louis, 1904. Black, Mixed, or Green Tea,

Ate Poisonous Toadstools.

Toronto Junction, Sept. 22.—Andrew Goulding, of McMurray avenue, who, with his wife, seven children, and his four-year-old nephew, Freddie Goulding, ate toadstools in mistake for mush ing, ate toacstools in mistake for musing-rooms a few days ago, was worse last night, and fears are entertained for his recovery. The funeral of little Fred-die Goulding, who died early Wednes-day morning from the effects of the poisonous toadstools, took place yes-

KEEP THE BOWELS REGULAR.

KEEP THE BOWELS REGULAR,
If your bowels didn't move for a
week you would be prostrated. If
more than one day goes by you become languid, blood gets bad, breath
horribly offensive, you feel sick all
over. To remedy this take Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which regulate the bowels and cure constipation. Taken at'
night you are well by morning. They
purify and cleanse the system, prevent headache, biliousness and sick
stomach. Prompt and certain are stomach. Prompt and certain are Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Putternut, 25c. per box or five for \$1.00 at all dealers.

This Practice Should Be Stopped Belleville, Sept. 22.—The practice of distributing samples of patent medi-cines around to houses nearly caused cines around to houses hearly caused a fatality here yesterday. Some boys were distributing sugar-coated pills and a little girl got hold of a package and ate them. She became violently ill and only the prompt services of a doctor, it is thought, saved her life. An emetic was at once administered.

NOT SLEEPING WELL.

Without sleep there can be no bod-ily or mental vigor, consequently sleeplessness is a dangerous condi-tion. Nothing so surely restores sleep as Ferrozone; it's harmless sleep as Ferrozone; it's harmless—just a nourishing, strengthening tonic. Ferrozone vitalizes every part of the body, makes the nerves hardy, completely rebuilds the system The cause of sleeplessness is removed—health is restored—you can work, eat, sleep,—feel like new after using Ferrozone. Don't put off—Ferrozone costs 50c. per box at all dealers; get it to-day.

There is always a brilliant light to illumine the road to ruin.

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Also 88 acres, more or less, owned by Anthony Daniel, Dover Township.

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