TIS THE SPRING FEVER

THAT MAKES US ALL LIKE HARTS PANTING AFTER BROOKS.

OLD LONGING FOR THE WOODS

To Those Who Must Repress the Desire Owing to Exigency of Their Situation In Life a Great Peace May Come to the Tired Soul by Contemplating the Text of Dr. Talmage's

Los Angeles, Cal., June 10.—Like a breath from the cool woods in the midst of summer heat this sermon comes with its vivid pictures of animai life and their spiritual application The text is Psalm xii, I, "As the hart panieth after the water brooks." What is the spring fever? What is that tired feeling which creeps over

chat tired feeling which creeps over one as the months of May and June draw near? What is that exhausting sensation which makes the hand slugsish at its work and the brain dull as it tries to originate a thought and the legs heavy as lead when we get up in the mornings just preceding the summer? We vehemently deny the accusation that we are inzy. We never have been lazy in our lives. We daily go to our office and begin work even a little earlier than usual. We stay there little earlier than usual. We stay there Longer than at any other time of the year. But in spite of ourselves the re-suits of our work are not only less in quantity, but far poorer in quality than at any other time of the year. We wonder what ails us, and we go to the dector to get a tonic. The doctor tells us: "You are bilious. You river is torpid." Or he says, "You are over-worked and must let up." But deep flown in our hearts we know what is the matter. We have just the old longing for the woods. In the springtime at comes to us as naturally as the buds come to the flower gardens. It is not medicine we want, but the mountain air, with the tree branch for a cover-Ming and the soft grass and the leaves

But with most of us the longings must be repressed. We may, however, give our thoughts a rest by dwelling on such a theme as I have chosen for on such a theme as I have chosen for this morning's treatment. I said to snyself, "Probably there are many with the same longing so I will choose a text what will carry our thoughts away to the woods and the waters," and as I thought this beautiful text of the psainist sprang to my mind, "As tha hart panteth after the water brooks so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Ah, yes, I said to myself, we are all like panting harts. We are like the

hunted and the thirsty deer seeking the water brooks. And, strange to say, as soon as I uttered the text in my study a wonderful peace came to my soul. I meemed to see the great, gentle eyed stag and deer and fawn watching me

the grass spring up into life. In the market place, he must himself be able at least once or twice a day to daintiy step out of the woods, lift high his head shudders. He turns his head sharply to sniff for dangers and then gently over his shoulder to listen. He wonmove down and put his delicate lips ders if there is a mistake. Then comes into the cool waters of the babbl brooks. And so certain is the deer to go to the waters to drink in the even-ing or the early morning that if a man as a lazy hunter and knows where the asimals are accustomed to drink all the has to do is to go there and hide in the bushes, and instead of having to stalk the deer he will find the deer coming up within easy rifle range.

But these water courses suggest another thought. What bountiful provision God has made for the wants of all creatures. How the forest teems with the the god for the hungry deer and water for him when he is thirsty. Thus as God gives drink and food to the deer I find that he is delive counting for our I find that he is daily providing for our hunger and staking our thirst. Would that we might all feel that as God is feeding the birds of the air and is mak ing the grass of the fields to grow and is caring for the timid deer of the forest and the prairies, so he is feeding and clothing us. "As the hart panteth eafter the water brooks for daily sustenance, so may my heart pant after thee, O God!"

But not alone for daily sustenance must the deer go to the water brooks. He must also run there for safety when the hounds and the hunters when the hounds and the hunters get after him. He must run even as the human soul must run to the divine water brooks when temptations and persecutions get on his trail. The more you study the figure of the hart being pursued by the dogs the more you can see your own life being beset they temptations and by persecutions. Unless you have other strength given to you than your own, you, like the hart must surely the

hart, must surely die.

Like the noble hind were you startad forth in life. Tall, straight, broad

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call. It was blood curdling to me, for woods—it keeps the deer from travel-I had never heard the like of it before.

that strange call again. He mutters to Suppose you do like the tea you are using. How do you know it is

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strange sensation to be alone out in afar, for if you do not as sure as you a strange sensation to be alone out in the woods, to feel that though you may put your hands to your lips and utter the loudest of halloes, yet the only answer which will come to you is the echo of your own voice which the cliffs throw back upon your ears. Well, I was alone in the woods. Suddenly the whole river bed below me was filled with the most awful sounds. There came floating up the wildest, weirdest, strangest of choruses. At times the with the most awful sounds. There came floating up the wildest, weirdest, strangest of choruses. At times the voices that I heard in that chorus arose like the anguished wailings of lost At times they sounded like the yelling of fiends or the gloatings of in-quisitors in the dark ages. At times they seemed to be the mocking and the derisive laughter of a lot of depraved children. They seemed to be not one roice, but millions of voices. I found out after awhile that those voices came from a pack of miserable coyotes on the track of a jackrabbit running for his life. That is the way the bayings of the hounds must sound upon the startled ear of the fleeing stag. That is the way the voices of the hounds of is the way the voices of the hounds of temptation and persecution sounded to us when Satan first let loose his hellish pack upon our trail. Temptations did not come at us as a little cur might

growl and snarl at our heel.s

came to us like a pack of starving wolves baying upon the track of a deer. Then there was only one means of safety for us, and that was the safety of flight. As with the hart panting after the water brooks so was it with

"But," you say, "the deer should not be afraid of the baying of the dogs if he can only hear it in time. Why," you say, "just go out to any of our zoological gardens and study the hoof of the deer. Never was there a hoof or a leg like it. Truly the speed of the deer is as swift as the wind. The dog's speed is as nothing compared to it." That is true, my friends, in one sense, but false in another sense. A deer is like a racing horse which has been trained to run a quarter of a mile. For that distance he can travel as fast as an express train, but try to run him two or three miles and his wind will leave him, and he will be helpless. Now, the deer is swifter than the hound in

When the deer comes to the brook or

the creek he leaps into the centre of it and runs up or down stream; then, coming to the edge of the river, he runs along a little farther; then he makes a great leap off into the woods and is gone. The dogs soon reach the edge of that river or creek, but they yelp in valn. They hunt this way and that, but the scent has vanished. Oh, my friends, have you and I tried to makes the enemies of our souls helpless by seeking the divine water brooks? We cannot longer fight those tempta-

I had never heard the like of it before.
I was then a novice at camping. We
were away off in the mountains on
the outskirts of an Indian reservation. I
was alone in camp at the time. It is

at and the dogs been turned loose than
at once the deer unless he has the guiding scent of water seems to lose his
reasoning faculties. He will run like
the wind. He will run on and on—five,
ten, fifteen or even twenty miles—but
unless he can scent the water brooks unless he can scent the water brooks from afar he will always travel in a circle and come back to the very place where the hunter first shot at him—back to the place where he will be shot at again. This circling flight of the deer is universally recognized. Some of the different state Legislatures have of the different state Legislatures have enacted game laws which make it a felony for any man to hunt the deer by the means of hounds. Why? If they did not make such a law the deer of those states would seen be exterminated. The circling flight of the deer makes it a very simple matter for a few hunters to stand in one place and shoot at the running game again and again until the deer have been entirely slaughtered. ly slaughtered.

Ah, my friends, as I thought of the poor deer traveling in a circle how quickly my mind thought of man as a human hart traveling in a circle with-out the aid of the divine water brooks! We think at times that by our own we think at times that by our own strength we can overcome our sins. Do we? Alas, we seem to travel in a circle. Is not that old taste of liquor coming back? Is not that old desire of sin continually gathering strength and assailing us harder and bitterer every time? If we have not the aid of the divine water brooks are we not continually traveling in a circle? There is only one sure way for you to escape sin, and that is to plunge into the divine water brooks. But more than that, there is only one way for you to keep free from sin in the future, and that is to recent clock matter brooks. Gloomy reflections are mot likely. is to scent God's water brooks from to some with self-imposed idleness.

not do this, and so his chief duty to-ward his young is to conceal them dur-ing their years of helplessness. Then as soon as the young are strong enough he leads them to the water brooks and he leads them to the water brooks and teaches them how they can there escape the hounds. First they conceal the young. Did you ever see the birth chamber of a little fawn? The guides tell you it is very hard to get into the royal palaces of Europe to see the private rooms where the princes and princesses of the royal houses of Eng-land and Germany and Italy and Rus-sia were born, but it is not more diffi-cult than to find the birth chambers of the fawns. When the does are about to become mothers they hide themselves far, far away from the eyes of beast or man. There, in the darkest jungles, the little ones come into the world. So carefully are the helpless fawns hidded away from the merciless eyes of the hunter that Job speaks of these secret birth chambers by asking the difficult question, "Canst thou mark where the hinds do calve?" But as soon as the young fawns are strong enough the hind leads her young to the water brooks. She seems to say: "Daughter. cannot protect there. Only the water brooks can protect there. Only the water brooks can protect thee. This is the way to escape the dogs and the wolves." Are we like the hinds, lead-ing our little ones to the water brooks? Are we saying: "Come, child, I cannot guide thee. I cannot save thee. Only God can care for thee. Come, let me lead thee to him." Oh, the helplessness of a hind or a hart caring for their

Thus, my friends, you find two sym-

the deer is swifter than the hound in the short run, but the hound has the greater staying powers. In the long race he will outrun the deer. Unless the deer's tracks are destroyed, the pursuing dogs will certainly overtake their prey and pull down his proud antiers into the dust. Now, what does the deer do to obliterate those tracks? He runs as the fugitive slave used to run when startled by the hounds baying upon his tracks—he runs until the buiging eyes almost burst from their sockets. He rths until the hemorrhage almost gushes from his gaping mouth. He runs until he reaches the water brooks, where is his only hope of safety.

When the deer comes to the brook or out hunting. He heard the yeiping of his own dogs. Though Actaeon turn-ed and ran for his life, those dogs over-took him and tore him limb from limb. Oh, my friends, are we, like Actaeon straying into forbidden paths, pursuing straying into forbidden paths, pursuing vain pleasures? Is it possible that we, like Actaeon, are being hunted by trials and temptations? Then in our danger let us fly to the refuge God has provided. Shall we be like the psalmist of old and say, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!"

Look After the Hustler. The pig is a hustler every day. Be slow to condemn an old sow that does good work.

A MILLION DOLLAR FIRE.

Baltimore Again Hard Hit by the Fire Burned or Drowned.

Baltimore, June 14.—The greatest fire since the conflagration of 1904, involving a property loss of about \$1,000,000 and the sacrifice of two lives, occurred

here early yesterday.

For a time the entire harbor front was threatened on the north side, and flames being with difficulty kept within the confines of the wharf of the Merchants' and Miners' Transportation and on the south side a stubborn battle was fought to prevent the fire from spreading from the steamship Essex and six barges, which were burned. The fire started at 1.30 o'clock, but

The fire started at 1.30 octoor, but at 5 o'clock was out. The Essex was then but a shell. Two of her crew are missing, and it is believed that they were burned to death or jumped overboard and were drowned.

Packing House Damaged.
On the south side of the harbor the

On the south side of the harbor the packing house of Moore & Brady Co-was damaged, the steamer Minnie Wheeler of the Baltimore, Chesapeake and Atlantic Steamboat Co, and a cot-ton shed of the Merchants' and Miners' Transportation Co, were partially destroyed. They caught fire from the barges and the Essex when they floated across the harbor after being cut loose from their moorings.

The steamer Essex was half unloaded. She was lying alongside of the worth and of the south and the south

ed. She was lying alongside of the south end of the wharf, and before word could be passed she caught fire and was towed out into the harbor, burning fiercely.

Six Barges Burn.

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Suicides at Brother's Home.

Woodstock, June 15.-With a sho gun, Samuel Cowan Wednesday night gun, Samuel Cowan weanesday night committed suicide at the home of his brother, John Cowan, near Bright. He had been in a melancholy and despondent state for some time. About 10.30 he told his brother he was going upstairs to take a bath. He went to his room and shortly afterwards the sound of a shotgun was heard. He shot him-self in the head. Deceased lived in Montana, where he leaves a widow and family. He had been visiting his brother in Bright since June 1.

FIVE YEARS' DYSPEPSIA CURED "No one knows what I suffered from stomach trouble and dyspepsia," writes Mr. A. B. Agnew, of Bridgewater. "For the last five years I have been unable to digest and assimilate food. I had no color, my strength ran down and I felt miserable and nervous all the time. I always had a heavy feeling after meals and was much troubled with a Thus, my friends, you find two symbols in these words of my text. In the first you find the poor hunted sinner seeking the spiritual water brooks and there finding safety; in the second we can find the sinner, hounded and persecuted by sin, refusing to seek the divine water brooks and consequently being destroyed.

There is a heaviful legend that many

T. & N. O. Railway Profits.

Toronto, June 15 .- The receipts of Toronto, June 15.—The receipts of the T. & N. O. Railway continue to in-crease, the returns for April, as re-ceived by the Provincial Treasurer, be-ing immensely gratifying. The gross receipts were \$48,403.62, and the operating expenses \$24,786.19, a net profit ating expenses \$24,700.19, a net proni of \$23,617.43, compared with \$7,360 for April a year ago. For the four months, ending April, the net profits were \$61,-981.84. Last week about 11,000 pas-sengers were carried.

ARE GOOD LOOKS VALUABLE? If nature had her way every com-plexion would be clear and delightful. But many allow their blood to become weak—hence pimples, sallow skin, dark circles under the eyes. To have a bautiful complexion use Ferrozone regularly. It brings a rich, ruddy glow to the cheeks, nourishes the blood and thereby destroys humors and pimples. For bauty, health and good spirits use Ferrozone. zore. Your appearance will improve a hundred field. Fifty cents buys a box of fifty chocolate-coated Ferrozone tablets. Don't put off — get Ferrozone to-day.

Rain Helps the Crops.

Winnipeg, June 15 .- The Canadian Pacific Railway crop report shows that the weather has been very favorable for grain growth during the past week. Heavy rains are reported from nearly all stations on the company's lines, and have done much to help along the growing crop. Early wheat at Chaten has reached the height of 23 inches.

A MILLION DOLLARS SQUAN-DERED.

It is estimated this sum was wasted last year by people trying to find a cure for catarrh. Foolish for sufferers to experiment when it's so well known that "Catarrhozone is the only remedy that cures perma-mently. Other treatments only re-lieve, but Catarrhozone cures and prevents the disease from ever returning. "I had Catarrh in its worst form," writes G. F. Fadden, of Royary medicine didn't even relieve; bit Catarrhozone cured perfectly." No chance of disappointment with Ca-tarrhozone—it's ceptain as death to cure your Catarrh-just try

Stand Out Against Cut.

San Francisco, June 15.—Thirty-twe insurance companies are standing out against the proposition which has been advanced by 60 of their associates in the underwriters' bureau, to order a cut of 25 cents right down the line and compel policyholders to accept 75 cents on the dollar

Six scows and barges that were also lying alongside of the wharf were ignited at once and were soon completely destroyed. A number of them were towed out into midstream so as to prevent them from setting fire to adjoining property.

The barges and scows were loaded with a set of the se with cotton and resin and the flames blazed flercely, the heat from them being intense.

It is estimated that the total loss will be \$1,000,000.

The barges and scows were loaded removes their exciting causes. It stop to the stop of t will be \$1,000,000.

The fire originated in a district surrounded, except on the water side, by extensive lumber yards, but the direction of the wind saved these from destruction.

Five Lives Lost In the Fire.

Later—The dead bodies of Akinson and Costello have been recovered from the wreck of the steamer Essex, as was also the body of Manuel Odello, fireman, whose head was completely burned off his body. Two other men who have not yet been accounted for, are supposed to have lost their lives

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