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ything for the Autoch we sell at lowest Columb Tyres and lites, Tire Holders,

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lightful trimming, adding a rich of color to a plain frock. ear a flaring collar of white orly held high about the neck by a

ta ribbon tied in a bow at the

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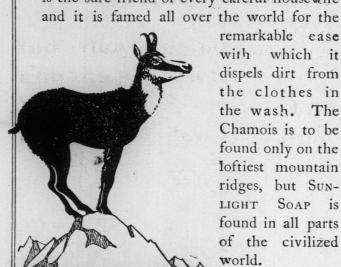
Mapleton's Peanut Butter is de in England. When you y it you will know its value. en the children get it on their ad they know its quality. eap nourishment these strenus times. The proof of the pudng is the eating of it.

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is possibly the most sure-footed of all animals. and it is famed for its remarkable agility.

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is the sure friend of every careful housewife



remarkable ease with which it dispels dirt from the clothes in the wash. The Chamois is to be found only on the loftiest mountain ridges, but Sun-LIGHT SOAP is found in all parts of the civilized

## Forceful Sermon By Rev. Dr. Bond at Sackville, N.B.

dist church in commemoration of the commencement of a war against the I do not speak of the enormous cos unrighteousness of Germany, Rev. Dr. I do not speak of the stupendous, in Bond delivered the following very

forceful sermon to a large congrega-"Almost all things—are purged with blood, and without shedding of blood is no remission."—Heb. 9, 20.

"Almost all things—are purged with of industry, of treasure. I do not speak of the shattered homesteads, the ravaged fields, the devastated A year ago to-day we were on the

eve of war, a year ago next Wednesday war was declared. I was in Northfield, attending the annual convention of Christian Workers, at Moody's institution, and I remember well the tense anxiety that prevailed during the days before the final issue, and the solemnity of feeling when the member, too, how distinctly the sym- speak of the sacrifice which tran pathy of that great gathering inclined scends infinitely all other—the sacriin favor of the Allies,—as the sym- fice of men and women and little child pathy of the masses of the American people of the best sort has continued want you to think of that this morn

have kept herself aloof. It was not ill I had reached home, and had New Zealand, from South Africa, from studied Sir Edward Grey's clear state- that many peopled India that has

questionable every hour. ever seen! The shameful treachery m of that little country's defence; many a lesser place, on the way Canadians have bled and died with thither, the masterly retreat from so gallant a daring. My heart ached ons of "General French's contemptible little army," saving the situation | heart ached yet more when I saw our advance of the German armies to them bending back and retreat of the a family without a gap, high and low, host of the invader within rich and poor, have part in the glory gight of the coveted goal: the Marne. the Aisne, the trenches through the terrible winter of flood and frost; the ng, stubborn swaying to and fro of the opposing forces, with now and then the emergence of a significant name, Ypres, Givenchy, Neuve Chapelle, Langemarck;—these are the bare outlines of its history on the land, on its nearest side to us. On the othfront, where Teuton and Slav have been at each others' throats, the conf'ct has been more colossal, the claughter more terrible. Blood, blood with every week, with every day, with every hour. And then, on the sea, the roubled sea that cannot be quiet be cause of its sorrows, at any time, how have its sorrows been multiplied during the twelvemonth gone. The Hawke Cressy, the Aboukir, the Formidable torpedoed in broad day or in the dark and storm of night; the Good Hope and the Monmouth sent to their doom pelessly outclassed and helpless; the terrible and swift revenge upon the victorious enemy that destroyed them; these were but the beginnings f slaughter on the sea which has con

nued to take its toll as the months

ave sped, the legitimate horrors ag-

"avated by the wholesale murder of the Lusitania's hapless passengers

and crew. Blood, blood, everywhere lood; Europe deluged with it, the

ser incarnadined with it, the planet dripping with it as it sweeps,

On Sunday morning in the Metho- its sad circle around the pitying sun 1. It has been a year of sacrifice ous destruction of property. I do no dwell on the awful waste of energy

the ravaged fields, the devastated towns and cities, the gallant ships shattered and sunken, the stately and historic buildings lost forever to the world. I do not enlarge on the emof the clock of progress and civiliza tion. All this means sacrifice, sacr fice in extent and far reaching conse quence impossible of calculation.

ren, the sacrifice of human life.

ing. I want you to think of the milhow strange, how almost unbelievable, lions of the finest specimens of man was the fact that Britain was at war- tual, the flower of our race, of our for I had never dreamed of living to empire, of our own Dominion, that see what had so long been looming on have fallen since that August day a the horizon, a struggle to the death year ago, when Britain declared war. between Britain and Germany, and a Blood, why the best and purest and cataclysm involving not only those manliest blood that our land possess nations but all the Great Powers | ed has been poured out. The profes of Europe. One anxiety, I recall, possional soldier had the first of it. It sessed me—and that was as to whe- was he who fought at Mons, it was he ther British statesmen had exhausted who first stemmed the victorious on every possible effort to keep the slaught of the German war machine peace, before committing the nations But there were not many of him, for the inevitable horrors of war. I Britain's standing army, thank God precipitated the crisis, that an outburst of jingoistic pride and self-sufficiency might have plunged Britain decorated army," indeed, at the beginning; and of that gallant band, what have those early days of conflict made. Then at the call for the metherland contains the call for the mether contains the call for the mether call for the mether contains the call for the mether c

ment of his patient and persistent ef- proved itself so loyal to the British forts to preserve the peace of Europe, Raj, so eager to pour out blood and and to safeguard the inviolability of treasure for an emperor whose gov Belgium, that I felt sure that Britain ernment if sometimes mistaken has could not have done other than she did, and maintain her national honour swarthy or the white. And all these or even her national existence. And strains of blood have mingled in the that has become clearer and more un- red outpour on the sodden fields o westionable every hour.

What a year it has been—the most | France and Flanders, by the Suez | Canal, in Persia, in South Africa, and awful twelvementh that the world has at the Dardanells. I saw the Lincoln shire Regiment march through Hali of the invasion of Belgium; the hero- fax, on its way from Bermuda to the front one lovely sunny day last authe proud sweep of the interminable columns of the Kaiser's marvellous tumn. In a few weeks, thereafter, have been told, they were practically war machine through Brussels on its decimated. I saw our own 25th Nove certain way to Paris; the brutalities Scotia Battalion march through those and deviltries unspeakable in Liege, same streets a couple of months ago, in Louvain, in Malines, in Dinant, and on their way to that same front where

Ah, in Britain to-day there is scarce

## **HEADACHE?**

Thousands of persons who have never known a day's sickness in any other form are subject to frequent attacks of Headache that almost drive

Whatever the nature may be and the whatever the nature may be and the cause, the immediate condition that produces the pain is a congestion or filling up of the blood vessels of the brain with blood, thus causing a pressure on the brain cells and nerve filaments.

In treating all forms of Headache the first thing to do is to relieve the congestion of the blood vessels of the brain. Abbey's Effervescent Salt in laxative doses does this promptly.

Sold everywhere at 25c. and 60c. Full blooded people who are subject to frequent attacks of Headache can be entirely relieved by taking laxative doses of the Salt every morning. Headaches from Indigestion and Biliousness are also entirely banished by continuing the use of the Salt until the normal action of the liver and stomach is restored.

Sold everywhere.

of its cost. The duke's son and the cook's son have fought and fallen side by side; and they sleep side by side where the kindly French peasants strew immortelles on the graves of their English brothers who died for France, and Premier Borden has planted maple seeds on the rough nounds that cover brave Canadian

hearts that will never thrill again at whose agony brought to birth the oble sons that lie cold and dead, what of the wives and orphans who will never greet husband and father to what once was home but now for loss f them can never be home again? It is easy to die for a worthy cause, easy to dare and die in goodly company. But to sit in the silence that can not voice its agony in weeping-to miss and mourn, and mourn and miss, those who but for this war would have there are millions who have made it and millions who are making it today. A mother in Halifax, whose noble boy was a member of my own church. wrote me only a day or two ago: "We and our boy have tried to do the duty that seemed nearest, but I would oh so gladly, were it possible, take our boy's place, and bear whatever may be in store for him, though the only thing left—praying and waiting—is no easy load to bear." That mother is typical of hundreds of thousands of omen all over the land-mothers. wives, sisters, daughters with nothing to do but pray and wait, and it is no easy load to bear. You mother, and wives and sisters and daughters who near me to-day may not have had the iron go into your souls; there may be no crape on your clothing, or sadness in your houses, you may be living care-free lives of indifference and fashionable frivolity for aught I know. But this I do know, that for millions women all over the empire the very unlight of life has gone out.

Brothers, who have the harder fate-The men who fall, or the women who

here's a thrill to the tramp of the fighting hosts Who go to the front to die, hough none may say from day to day Wherever their bones may lie.

But the mother hears through he Her baby's call down the sweet los shrinking heart When the captain swings ahead, When the air is thick with the click,

Of the singing storms of lead: But the sad wife hears through her throbbing fears
The living sobs of the lonely years.

click, click

There's a glow to the dare of a nobl That beckons Death to a throw, With a life for a stake to save or break And no one to see or know.

But the pale maid hears when the war clouds clear The voice of woe and the

Brothers, who have the harder fate-

The men who fall or the women who 2. The sacrifice has come about through sin. The Kaiser has had his share of blame. It cannot be ignored ore seriously. For back of the brings clearer evidence how systemcoldblooded, was that preparation. Before he came to the throne, indeed, the means to co-ordinate every atom of Germany's many sided power in intellect and industry, for the purpose of a war aggression that was to make her, not by right but by might, the ruler of the world. World pow-er or downfall, was the watchword that has issued in the bloodiest, most brutal, most fiendish, war that has ever stained the page of history. By a word he started it; by a word, he might have kept it from starting; by a word he might have kept it, even when started, within the chivalries and decencies of civilized conflict, but when he loosed the dogs of war, he as I watched the Lincolnshires. My cried "Havoc," and all the slaughtered men, all the ravished women, all or France; the rapid and resistless own men. I knew what was before the little children murdered by his

haunt his guilty soul through the eternities. But not his sin alone has caused the sacrifice; nor even the sins of pride and arrogance and brutal militarism that have characterized the Prussian junker, and like a mental and moral epidemic have infected, as it seems to-day, the whole German people, the honest if somewhat stolid peasant and trader to the pious and rudite professors whose theology and riticism have sapped the very foundions of right thinking in the uniersities and churches of their Fatherand, and at second or third hand, in nese later years, have done so much befog our own. Surely, after what e have read of apology and argument om thsee men during the last few onths, our scholarship can never again worship a god made in Germany. or the god of Germany is Thor, and

Ah, but not the sins of the Kaiser lame, immune from the great necespeople ought to examine into the deep we can only be cleansed by suffering.

Who has read the literature of the not magnifying the need. I am echo

last decade or two, who has gone ing the stern and sober words of the through life with his eyes open and his conscience sensitive without feeling the terrific responsibilities of this conscience sensitive, without feeling fateful hou

heal and bring to health the life of our people. There was a time in Rome, our sports, our horse racing, the Juvenal tells us, when all the demands of the people were summed up in two Bread and the games of the circus.

Materialism and amusement were the murderer had attacked one of us on a dark night, and a friend had saved Ah, but that is not all or half the summum bonum of the Roman race, story of sacrifice. What of the mothers That was when Rome was decaying in saving us and sprinkled our clothes rapidly to its fall. I am a stranger here, and I know little about the life on our behalf, how would we feel ever of this community. But most of my life has been lived in cities, and I de-our clothes but we would never wash clare to you, that in my observation, Juvenal's strictures on the ideals and blood from our hearts. We would go Juvenal's strictures on the ideals and delights of his fellow citizens might be fairly paralleled in Canada, and indeed throughout the Empire, in these last years that preceded the war. In Canada, whose chief danger is in the extent of her resources and the richest that years the resources and the richest that years the resources and the richest that years are used. God forbid Every at this years are used. God forbid Every the resource of her years are used. that is the sacrifice of sacrifices, and lent spirit—the mad desire and race thing we have had and are is sprinkled. for wealth and amusement—was as to-day with the redeeming blood o much in evidence as anywhere throughout the empire. Spiritual values have been ignored or ridiculed. Men have been exalted and fawned upon because they have become rich, regardless of the way in which their wealth has been won. Political fraud and chicanery has been condoned and chicanery has been condoned and defended. Now this great party, now the other, has been besmirched by the rascalities of some of its supporters. If every man did not have his price, at least many men had, and the average price was not extraordinarily high. Extravagance and frivolity have marked social life. Home duties have een neglected and home duties ig-lored or despised. The old quiet, steady, honest, neighborly days were ridiculed as old-fashioned, behind the times, slow, fanatical, foolish. Ah, we the flag flying, the flag with its three have been living in dangerous days, you and I.

decay."

Suddenly, like a bolt from the blue, ame the war. To the men immersed the business of money-making, to he women immersed in the business f pleasure, the men who thought here was nothing better than money, and the women who thought there was nothing better than "bridge," came the call to defend home and loved ones from the deviltries of the German inand best of our land sprang to arms. The ambitions and emulations of business were forgotten, the sweet and ender to the great ideals of honor and duty and patriotism.

Though love repine and reason chafe, There comes a voice without reply Tis man's perdition to be safe When for the truth he ought to die.

Sacrifice. The salt and the fire of it have saved us, I verily believe. We can never go back, as I see it, to the their brothers, who had gone or were strength that lasts till old age. good ones, or mounting them on bad norses paid for as sound ones. They would have been shot in Germany. They deserved to be shot in Canada. Nay, they deserved an assassin's burst of jingoistic pride and self-sufficiency might have plunged Britain
into a conflict from which she should
have kept herself close It was not

Nowe and what have those the eyes of a half apprehensive and half contemptuous Europe. It had been better they had taken him have kept herself close It was not

Nowe and self-sufinto a conflict from which she should be a son after the eyes of a half apprehensive and half contemptuous Europe. It had been better they had taken him had been better they had taken him have kept herself close It was not always a son and have leave a son and the women who live in pleasure as though swagger, there was a steadfast and men were not dying daily to save them thorough going preparation to strike from the ravisher. Not yet has the when the hour arrived. Every day blood purged us from our selfishness and our superficialisms. Not yet. And atic, how crafty, how complete, how for that reason. I think, more blood must be shed. The iron must go deep er into some of our souls. The folly the preparation had begun, and he frivolity must be cleansed found ready to his hand the men and from our ideals. We must be purified and exalted and made sweet and wholesome. How else can

we be saved? 3. The sacrifice must go on. If the British Empire is to be saved, the sacrifice must go on. Let no man Canada must send more men, New ville must send more men. Mount Allimust be the best men that can be sent -not men who go thoughtlessly for adventure, but men who go be cause they must; men who do not want to fight, men who hate fighting but who will fight all the more vigorusly and steadily because they go engineries and emissaries, must for duty's sake. And women must le them go, must encourage them to go must even make them go, by the strength of their own self-sacrificing spirit and their clear-visioned conriction of the necessity. men go, the shorter the war and the ess the slaughter; the fewer men go the longer the war and the greater he carnage and the suffering. A year ago to-day I could not have believed that I would ever stand in a pulpi and say such things as I am saying o-day; I think I could not do my duty and say anything other or less. Un-less men go in sufficient numbers and with sufficient promptness, the British Empire will be a thing of the past The freedom we have gloried in, the franchises we have enjoyed, the heri age of personal liberty and personal part in the government, which our e gospel of Germany is "yield or sent down to us, the democratic independence which is the birthright of every British subject-all this will go, or of Germany alone have caused the sacrifice. Our own sins have brought to n us. Do not let us think for a be saved in this hour of her utmost oment that we are immune from peril. Do not let us think we are ame, immune from the great neces-bound to muddle through somehow, sity for sacrifice which led to this cal-seity being allowed to come up on us. let us say, there are plenty of men t is a sobering year that we are without us. There are not. And if closing, or it ought to be. If ever a there were it is a coward cry when there is work to be done and danger auses of things, we are that people. to be faced, and our country to be There are things that can only be saved, and the world, the very world purged by blood. There are sins, naitself, to be kept free from the tyranny that would clutch it by the throat.

Christ and with the redeeming bloo of men who, on Christ's side, have fallen and are falling on our behalf. No, what we must have, and what we must continue to have, if we wan our Empire saved-and it will be savsteadiness and sanity and serious clear-eyed faith and prayer. As of old, the cross is the symbol of the con-quering spirit. For the spirit of the cross is the spirit of sacrifice. And only sacrifice can save the Empire. We must save Canada. We must save the Empire. We must save our women from the ravishers, our little ones from the murde. s that wrought their infernal will with the wom and babes of Belgium. We must keep entwined crosses, the symbol of liberty "Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a because the symbol of the sacrifice by which forever liberty must be ught. If the young men will not go Where wealth accumulates and men to fight, the old men must go. If the unmarried men will not go, then the married men must. If men in the flush of youth are shirkers, then men with grey hair must rally to their country's call. For Britain must be

Who dies, if England lives?"

Declare cotton contraband, compensate the growers in the Southern dreds of thousands, hundreds of thousands, of the brainiest to Germany that they may import just as much as, and not a bale more, than they were importing before the war-and the problem is as nearly tender ties of home and family were subordinated, the very love of life itself was forgotten in the supreme surdon Daily Mail.

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