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Shoes.

Children's Shoes

D'S PATENT PUMPS

S 5 to 8, only \$1.00

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S 9, 10, 11 and 12.

S 13 only \$1.20

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THE CHAMOIS

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

SUNLIGHT SOAP

is the sure friend of every careful housewife
and it is famed all over the world for the
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
world.



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

On Sunday morning in the Meth-
odist church in commemoration of the
commencement of a war against the
unrighteousness of Germany, Rev. Dr.
Bond delivered the following very
forceful sermon to a large congrega-
tion:

"Almost all things are purged with
blood, and without shedding of blood
is no remission."—Heb. 9, 22.

A year ago to-day we were on the
eve of war, a year ago next Wednes-
day war was declared. I was in
Northfield, attending the annual con-
vention of Christian Workers, at
Moody's institution, and I remember
well the tense atmosphere, the prayer
during the days before the final issue,
and the solemnity of feeling when the
issue was no longer in doubt. I re-
member, too, how distinctly the sym-
pathy of that great gathering inclined
in favor of the Allies—as the sym-
pathy of the masses of the American
people of the best sort has continued
to do ever since. And I remember
how strange, how almost unbelievable,
how utterly impossible of realization,
was the fact that Britain was at war—
for I had never dreamed of living to
see what had so long been known as
the horizon, a struggle to the death
between Britain and Germany, and a
cataclysm involving not only those
two nations but all the Great Powers
of Europe. One anxiety, I recall, pos-
sessed me—and that was as to whether
British statesmen had exhausted
every possible effort to keep the
peace, before committing the nations
to the inevitable horrors of war. I
feared, in the absence of detailed in-
formation as to the events which had
precipitated the crisis, that an out-
burst of jingoistic pride and self-suf-
ficiency might have plunged Britain
into a conflict from which she should
have kept herself aloof. It was not
till I had reached home, and had
studied Sir Edward Grey's clear state-
ment of his patient and persistent ef-
forts to preserve the peace of Europe,
and to safeguard the inviolability of
Belgium, that I felt sure that Britain
could not have done other than she
did, and maintain her national honor
or even her national existence. And
that has become clearer and more un-
questionable every hour.

What a year it has been—the most
awful twelvemonth that the world has
ever seen! The shameful treachery
of the invasion of Belgium; the hero-
ism of that little country's defence;
the proud sweep of the interminable
columns of the Kaiser's marvellous
war machine through Brussels on its
certain way to Paris; the brutalities
and devilries unspeakable in Liege,
in Louvain, in Malines, in Dinant,
in many a lesser place, on the way
thither, the masterly retreat from
Mons of "General French's contempti-
ble little army," saving the situation
for France; the rapid and resistless
advance of the German armies to
within gunshot of Paris; the sudden
leaving back and retreat of the
mighty host of the invader within
sight of the coveted goal; the Mame,
the Aisne, the trenches through the
terrible winter of food and frost; the
long stubborn swaying to and fro of
the opposing forces, with now and
then the emergence of a significant
name. Ypres, Givenchy, Neuve Chap-
elle, Langemarck—these are the
bare outlines of its history on the land,
its nearest sea to us. On the other
front, where Teuton and Slav have
been at each others' throats, the con-
flict has been more colossal, the
laughter more terrible. Blood, blood
everywhere, more and more blood
with every week, with every day,
with every hour. And then, on the sea,
the troubled sea that cannot be quiet
because of its sorrows, at any time, how
have its sorrows been multiplied dur-
ing the twelvemonth gone. The Havke,
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,
helplessly outclassed and helpless;
the terrible and swift revenge upon
the victorious Germany that destroyed
them; these were but the beginnings
of slaughter on the sea which has con-
tinued to take its toll as the months
have sped, the legitimate horrors ac-
cruated by the wholesale murder of
the Lusitania's hapless passengers
and crew. Blood, blood, everywhere
it is; Europe deluged with it, the
very sea incarnadined with it, the
planet dripping with it as it sweeps

its sad circle around the plying sun.
1. It has been a year of sacrifice.
I do not speak of the enormous cost.
I do not speak of the stupendous
destruction of property. I do not
speak of the waste of energy, of
industry, of treasure. I do not
speak of the shattered homesteads,
the devastated fields, the destroyed
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 em-
barrassment of commerce, the crippling
of manufacture, the putting day
of the clock of progress and civilization.
All this means sacrifice, sacrifice
in extent and far reaching conse-
quences impossible of calculation.

I speak of the sacrifice which tran-
scends infinitely all other—the sacri-
fice of men and women and little child-
ren, the sacrifice of human life. I
want you to think of that this morn-
ing. I want you to think of the mil-
lions of the finest specimens of man-
hood, physical, mental, moral, spiri-
tual, the flower of our race, of our
empire, of our own Dominion, that
have fallen since that August day a
year ago, when Britain declared war.
Blood, why the best and purest and
manliest blood that our land possess-
ed has been poured out. The profes-
sional soldier had the first of it. It
was he who fought at Mons, it was he
who first stemmed the victorious on-
slaught of the German war machine.
But there were not many of him, for
Britain's standing army, thank God,
has never been large. It was a "little
army," indeed, at the beginning; and
of that gallant band, what have those
early days of conflict made of them?
Then at the call to the motherland came
sons from afar, from Canada, from
Newfoundland, from Australia and
New Zealand, from South Africa, and
from that many peopled India that
has proved itself so loyal to the British
flag, so eager to pour out blood and
treasure for an emperor whose gov-
ernment if sometimes mistaken has
never been wilfully unjust to the
swarthy or the white. And all these
strains of blood have mingled in the
red outpour on the sodden fields of
France and Flanders, by the Suez
canal, in Persia, in South Africa, and
at the Dardanelles. I saw the Lincoln-
shire Regiment march through Hal-
fax, on its way from Bermuda to the
front, one lovely sunny day last Au-
tumn. In a few weeks, thereafter, I
have been told, they were practically
decimated in the bloody battle of
Scott's Battalion march through those
same streets a couple of months ago,
on their way to that same front where
Canadians have bled and died with
so gallant a daring. My heart ached
as I watched the Lincolnshires. My
heart ached yet more when I saw our
own men. I knew what was before
them.

Ah, in Britain to-day there is scarce
a family without a gap, high and low,
rich and poor, have part in the glory

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
them mad.

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 pres-
sure 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 the heroism and in the bitterness
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
mounds that testify to Canadian
hearts that will never thrill again at
sight of Canada.

Ah, but that is not all or half the
story of sacrifice. What of the mothers
whose agony brought to birth the
noble sons that lie cold and dead, what
of the wives and daughters who will
never greet husband and father to
what once was home but now for loss
of them can never be home again?
It is easy to die for a worthy cause,
easy to dare and die in goodly com-
pany. But to sit in the silence that
cannot voice its agonies, to grieve
and mourn, and mourn and miss,
those who but for this war would have
lived and loved for many a year—
that is the sacrifice of sacrifices, and
there are millions who have made it
and millions who are making it to-
day. A mother in Halifax, whose noble
boy was a member of my own church,
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