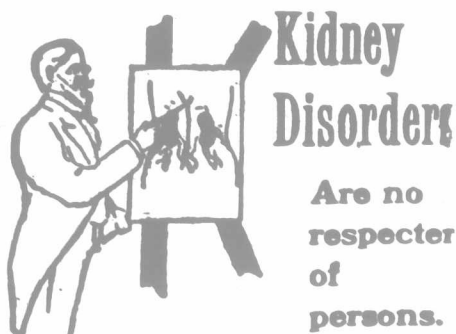




People in every walk of life are troubled. Have you a Backache? If you have it is the first sign that the kidneys are not working properly.

A neglected Backache leads to serious Kidney Trouble.

Check it in time by taking

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

"THE GREAT KIDNEY SPECIFIC."

They cure all kinds of Kidney Troubles from Backache to Bright's Disease.

50c. a box or 5 for \$1.25
all dealers or

THE DOAN KIDNEY PILL CO.,
Toronto, Ont.

GO TO The Best THE CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE CHATHAM, ONT.,

It is unquestionably Canada's Greatest Business School.

No other school gets such RESULTS. It is now current talk throughout the country that the student who wants the best training and a good position when graduated must attend this school.

250 students placed in year 1900
304 do do do 1901
360 do do do 1902
375 do do do 1903

If these were placed in pecuniary positions worth \$3 or \$4 a week, the showing would not be worth the space in this paper that it takes to tell it. But when the salaries averaged over \$600 per annum, a few of them \$1000, the public should know that no other business school in Canada publishes such lists and gets such

RESULTS.

Many of our former graduates are now commanding salaries from \$2,500 to \$4,000 annually.

WHY SHOULD IT NOT BE YOU?

We pay railway fare to Chatham up to \$8. Good board in Chatham, \$2.50 to \$2.75. For the handsomest catalogue published by any business school in Canada, write

D. McLAHLAN & CO.
Chatham, Ont.

CENTRAL Business College STRATFORD, ONT.

The largest and best commercial schools in Western Ontario. Catalogue free.

Elliott & McLachlan, Principals.

WEDDING INVITATIONS ANNOUNCEMENTS AT HOME CARDS VISITING CARDS

All the latest specialties and up-to-date styles. Write us.

THE LONDON PTG. & LITHO. CO.
London, Ontario

\$4.50 FALL SUITS



\$3.50. Knee length \$4.95. Rain Coats, (crayonette).
Southcott Suit Co., 12 Market Lane,
London, Ont.

The above suit in grey as well as shades mentioned.



"Let All the Earth Fear the Lord."

"Let all the earth fear the Lord, let all the inhabitants of the world stand in awe of Him.—Ps. xxxlii. : 8.

"How dread are Thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord,
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

How wonderful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity."

If there is one commandment repeated more often than another in the Bible it is surely the command to "Fear the Lord." In the Psalms alone the fear of the Lord is commended more than forty times. God's promises to those who fear Him are numberless. It is said that they shall be taught by Him, shall dwell at ease and be blessed. The secret of the Lord is with them, and He shall show them His covenant. The angel of the Lord is always encamped round them as a guard, and great goodness is laid up in store for their future. God's mercy toward them is high as the heaven is above the earth, and wide as from everlasting to everlasting. He pitieth them, giveth meat to them, hears their cry and helps them, takes pleasure in them, and will fulfil their desire. The prophet Malachi concludes this long list of blessings, pronounced in the Old Testament on those who fear God, by the glorious promise, "Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings." But God has not only promised great things to those who stand in awe of Him, and, as the Psalmist says, "rejoice with trembling," He has also warned men of the danger of irreverence. Terrible warnings some of these were—as when Korah and his company of 250 men ventured to take upon themselves the office of the priests. Their presumption received instant punishment, for "there came out a fire from the Lord, and consumed the two hundred and fifty men that offered incense." Many years afterwards King Uzziah ventured into the temple with the intention of burning incense, although he was warned that only the priests had the right to do this, and he also suffered instantly for his rash presumption. The leprosy rose up in his forehead, and he hurried out of the temple—a hopeless, miserable leper. But these men sinned daringly against God's commandment; surely, we might think, He would not severely punish those who were ignorantly or unthinkingly irreverent. But let us not forget what happened to the heathen Philistines when they had captured the ark of God in battle. They knew nothing about God's commands concerning it, and yet when they carried it to Ashdod "the hand of the Lord was heavy upon them." It was then moved to Gath, and "the hand of the Lord was against the city with a very great destruction." It was sent on to Ekron, and "there was a deadly destruction throughout all the city; the hand of God was very heavy there." You see, the ignorance of the Philistines did not save them from punishment. The case of Uzzah is even more surprising. With the best intentions he took hold of the ark, because he feared that it might fall, and "God smote him there for his error, and he died by the ark of God."

As St. Paul says about the Israelites in the wilderness, "All these things happened unto them for examples; and they are written for our admonition." It is very true that at Christ's death the veil of the temple was rent in twain, and, as the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews tells us, we have now the right to enter with boldness into the Holiest—not because of any worthiness of our own, but because our Great High Priest has once for all made an atonement for us. But the same writer is careful to warn us that if we wish to serve God acceptably, it must be with "reverence and godly fear." For, as he says, "Our God is a consuming fire."

When Ezekiel and Daniel saw the appearance of the likeness of the glory of the Lord, they were filled with fear, and fell on their faces to the earth. Even St. John, the beloved disciple, who had been permitted to lean familiarly on Jesus' breast, when he afterwards saw His Master in His glorious majesty, says: "When I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead." And, although he was told to "fear not," it was only because perfect love casteth out fear—for it must always be a fearful thing for sinful man to stand face to face with his Maker. Perhaps you may be surprised that I should quote so much from the Bible today, when, of course, you have it in your own hands and can easily read it for yourselves. And yet, as a matter of fact, the ignorance of the Bible in this Christian land is something appalling. Surely if people studied their Bibles, and really knew the danger of irreverence, they would hardly dare to speak lightly or carelessly of the great and terrible God. This is often called an irreverent age, and it does seem as though our familiarity with sacred things had almost bred contempt for them in many instances. Hymns and songs in which holy names frequently occur, are sung uproariously to rollicking tunes in our streets, without even the outward appearance of reverence. Jokes, funny stories and comic songs are made out of the pages of God's Holy Word, and His House is too often a place of careless levity instead of a house of prayer. As for the terribly common practice of swearing, I take it for granted that no one who wishes to live the higher life will be guilty of that. But is it not too often true that we join in words of prayer or praise with the lips only, insulting God by offering Him a mockery of worship?

A THOUGHT FOR THE COMING WEEK

"That thou mayest fear this glorious and fearful name, THE LORD THY GOD."—Deut. xxviii. : 58.

(The startling capitals are not mine; you will find them in your own Bible if you take the trouble to consult it.)

When we meditate on the greatness of our God we can hardly fail to be filled with wondering awe. He is the self-existent One from all eternity (that alone is unthinkable, for our finite minds cannot realize infinity). He is everywhere present, and knows even the secret thoughts of each heart. He sees the future and knows what each man will do—and that also is incomprehensible to our minds. His wisdom and power are infinite, so that through all eternity we may learn to know Him more and more, and yet never know Him fully. Could we be satisfied to worship anything short of infinite perfection?

"Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are;
For when we feel the praise of Thee
A task beyond our powers,
We say, 'A perfect God is He,
And He is fully ours.'"

Meditation on this great theme will surely make us humble ourselves before the High and Holy One, "Which commandeth the sun, and it riseth not; and sealeth up the stars. Which alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea. . . . Which doeth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number." How small and weak we feel when we compare ourselves with Him who, as Job says so grandly and scientifically, "hath the earth upon nothing, He bindeth up the waters in His thick clouds; and the cloud is not rent under them. . . . He hath compassed the waters with bounds. . . . Lo, these are parts of His ways; but how little a portion is heard of Him? but the thunder of His power who can understand?"

We cannot indeed understand, but we can bow the head in worship and adoration; and, more wonderful still, we can love. This great and omnipotent God, who can make millions of men with a word, cares yes, really cares for the love of each soul He has created. His own

love is personal and individual; when He looks for ours in return shall He receive nothing but careless indifference?

"Oh, how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!
Yet I may love Thee, too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art,
For Thou has stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart."

HOPE.

Since writing the above, a few loving words of encouragement have reached me from a farmer's wife. She does not give her name, but sends the welcome news that the Quiet Hour seems to her "a message direct from Our Blessed Lord." Such words of cheer make me thank God and take courage, for who could wish any higher honor than to be allowed to carry the Master's messages to His friends? No, I am not very "elderly," having just reached the wrong side (or should I not rather say the right side?) of forty. That is a secret, of course.

HOPE.

Got What They Wanted.

The people of a certain town in Maine were unanimous in the opinion that if Abner Harlow had a gift for anything it was for taking charge of funerals. He had the time, and he was willing to spend it, too, as he had no particular business of his own. Moreover, his native wit and his intimate acquaintance with his townspeople made him a discriminating adviser at the ticklish moment when a strange minister tried to fit a sermon to the life of the departed. But the Journal chronicles one occasion when even Abner could offer little assistance.

A rather disreputable citizen had died, and Abner was requested to hitch up his old horse and drive to the next town to ask the minister to conduct the service. This the minister agreed to do, but before he allowed Abner to depart he tried to get a little material for his address.

"What sort of a man was he?" he asked.

"Well, about the same as no man at all," replied Abner, frankly.

"I suppose his loss will be felt more or less in the community," suggested the minister.

"They're all bearing up well under it," said Abner dryly.

"Was he a good man at heart?" asked the minister.

"If he'd been accused of it the verdict would have been not guilty, and the jury wouldn't have left their seats," returned Abner.

"Did he attend church at all?" asked the minister.

"I never heard of his doing it," said Abner.

"How did he die?" continued the minister.

"Just the same as he lived—sort of naturally," said Abner.

"I don't see how I'm to preach much of a sermon under such circumstances," said the minister.

"The neighbors all said they didn't think they wanted much of a sermon, and so they sent me over to see you," said Abner.

The minister pocketed his discomfiture and a five-dollar bill, and after the service Abner met him again.

"Well," he said, "we got just what we wanted."

Appreciates the Quiet Hour.

Edt. Home Dept. :

The Quiet Hour; it falls on my heart like the dewdrops on a thirsty plant. In plain language it tells just what people need in this way. Some of these articles give a shock to the lazy and self-contented; others give encouragement to the weary ones. O, my dear friend, whoever it be who writes for the Quiet Hour, continue your good work, and blessings of heaven will not fail.

G. G. K.

Steinbach, Man.

Madge—Physical culture is just splendid I'm taking beauty exercises.

Marjorie—You haven't been taking them long, have you?

No advertising any advertisement on this page, kindly mention the FARMERS ADVOCATE