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The Great English Remedy. Sold and recommended by all druggists in Canada. Only reliable medicine discovered. Its cures are guaranteed to cure all cases of Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, and all other ailments of the Throat and Lungs. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy. Price, one bottle 25c, six bottles \$1.50. One bottle free to any child. Write for free trial bottle to J. Wood & Co., 100, Queen St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Wood's Peppermint Cure is sold in Chatham by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store.

## THE GREAT QUESTION

A Mighty Gospel Problem to be Solved

A COMMUNITY OF INTERESTS.

In This Sermon Is Shown the Supreme Folly of Bartering Away One's Eternal Welfare in Exchange for Wealth, Ambition and Pleasure, or Whatever Else the World Can Give.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1902, by William Baily, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Chicago, May 4.—In this sermon, preached by the Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage in Jefferson Park Presbyterian church, the supreme folly of bartering away one's eternal welfare in exchange for wealth, ambition and pleasure or whatever else the world can give is convincingly shown. The text is Mark viii, 36, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

A most magnificent text, especially easy of interpretation at the present time. This is presumably a commercial age. Everywhere man is struggling after the mighty dollar. Capital strives to beat down every obstacle, that its rivers of gold may grow into oceans. Prove to a man who has money that by a certain investment he can make more money, and there is no trouble to persuade him to invest. Why does a real estate speculator buy land? To make money. When examining a piece of property, he says to himself: "If I buy, shall I be able to sell at an advanced price? Is this suburban region going to be built up? Will the electric cars come out here? Shall the future residents have easy access to the city? Shall I be able to obtain enough out of my bargain to warrant the output of cutting this farm up into streets and building lots—enough to pay my taxes in the meantime?" The merchantman's chief thought is to decrease his expenses and thereby increase his profits. To have the maximum of returns for the minimum of output he sends his buyers to Europe. There they can buy the cheapest. He has wires strung round the store so he can dispense with his cash girls. He pays promptly for his goods to avail himself of the discount. To woo more trade he has his delivery wagons stationed in the neighboring towns. His customers are thus accommodated. They do not have to carry their bundles home.

To increase the profits and decrease expenses the large corporations are being formed. There are the steel trust, the oil trust, the tin can trust, the sugar trust, the tobacco trust, the coal trust, the four trust, the meat trust. A trust is primarily formed to regulate the selling prices; but, secondarily, a trust is formed to lessen the cost of production. "Thirty or forty men in the same line of business come together. They say to each other: 'What is the good of trying to financially cut each other's throat? Why not have a community of interests? Instead of having many different offices we can have one big central office. Instead of having thirty or forty different presidents and secretaries and treasurers and cashiers and superintendents and general managers we can have each department under a single head. If we are in the brick business, we can have the brickyard which is nearest to the site of the proposed building make the bricks and thus save expense of cartage.' The tie which binds the leaders of the great corporation is not one of sentiment, but one of profit. Christ, in my text, talks to his auditors as though they were a collection of business men. He practically says: 'Before you settle the question of your eternal destiny I want you to enter into some gospel mathematics. I want you to put down upon a piece of paper all the riches of the world. Place there the value of the gold of countless mines and of the cattle on a thousand hills. Place there the value of the palaces of kings and queens. The value of the great commercial interests of the world. Put all these values down. Add the figures up. Then from that aggregation of numbers subtract the value of your immortal soul and behold what you have left.'

Mathematics cannot lie. Two and two always make four. Ten times ten make 100. Twelve divided by four always gives three. Five from five leaves nothing. Come, let us try to solve the greatest of all problems. "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

He who solves this gospel problem must realize that he can only get a life interest in the world and not a title deed in perpetuity. Every would be purchaser of a home is very careful about the title deed. When a man is about to buy a house, he has his own lawyer go to the county building and look up the records. The attorney traces the history of that land from owner back to owner until he comes to the original settler who bought the land from the Government or the Indians. If there is any flaw in any deed, he would be buyer refuses to purchase. He says to himself: "I am afraid to buy a house because I am afraid to lose it. My children may have this property taken from them after I am dead. I will not buy. The title is not perfect."

"But," says some one, "to possess a life interest in the world means a very great deal. Think of owning all the money stored away in the vaults of the United States treasury! Think of possessing the royal jewels of England and Germany and Russia and Spain! Think of having your wardrobe filled with the costliest of dresses—newly made in the large establishments of the Parisian modistes! Think of all the new bonnets one could have, all the horses one could drive, all the steam yachts which would ride at anchor in front of one's summer home! Indeed, it

## BACKACHE?

If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

## Dodd's Kidney Pills

looks as though to have a life interest in the world is not to be despised even though we must surrender all at the brink of the grave.

But Satan's offer is not so liberal after one begins to rightly estimate the results. The other day I was talking to the representative of a great life insurance company. I said to him: "I have a horror of old age, weak and helpless, I do not want to be a worn-out minister, who has to preach to earn his daily bread. When I grow so old that the people would prefer a younger man to take my pulpit, I would like to be able to resign my pastorate." Hearing me patiently this life insurance agent answered: "There would be no danger of that if you only had a little money. When you become sixty or seventy years of age, you could go to a life insurance company and purchase an annuity. For a very moderate sum you could at that age secure an annual income that would be sufficient to keep you from all want." But I said: "Suppose I could not pass a medical examination? What then?" "Ah," replied the life insurance agent, "you do not have to pass a medical examination. The company would be anxious to have you. As soon as you die the company will possess your principal."

Satan in a similar way comes to a man who in all probability will not live over five or ten or perhaps twenty years, and he says: "My friend, you give me a mortgage on your eternal soul, to be foreclosed at your death, and I will give you a life interest in the world. I will give you more food than you can eat, more clothing than you can wear, more houses than you can live in, more money than you can spend, and at your earthly demise I will not care for you. You can eat, you can drink, you can wear, you can live, but I will only demand and take your immortal soul." Come, now, let us reason together. Are you, an immortal man, with a soul which shall live on through the coming ages, with a soul that shall stand by the cradle of unborn millenniums, with a soul that shall witness this earth gasp and die of old age, to enter into such a contract? Read the simple statement of the proposed agreement. Ask yourself this momentous question: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and exercise the common sense God has given you. Great worldly possessions do not necessarily imply a life interest in happiness. Indeed we believe those in the ordinary walks of life have better possibilities for happiness than those in the higher walks. The more influential one becomes the greater his responsibilities and anxieties.

## Abbey's Effervescent Salt

is made from the Salts extracted from the juices of fresh fruits. Harmless, yet most effective in relieving the system of all impurities. Tones up the Bowels and promotes gentle and regular action.

A teaspoonful in a glass of water in the morning.

Will permanently cure all stomach troubles, dyspepsia, sick headache, liver and blood disorders.

All Druggists sell it.

your life? You are now a great merchant or lawyer or physician or governor or senator. Is this your supremely happy moment? "No," you answer, "the happiest time of my life is not found in the present, but in the past. Now I have riches, a city mansion and a country home. These results of financial success do not bring to me peace of mind and contentment. The happiest time of my life was when a poor young man I lived on a small salary. Though my wages were not large, I yet had enough to marry on. I won a true, good, noble wife. We started out in two small rooms. The babies came one by one. The small salary was somehow able to stretch enough to furnish food and clothing for all. We always had enough to eat. Our garments could defy any cold. Never were a pair of friends happier hatching out their eggs in a dovecot than my wife and I in our little nest. But now, instead of working as a mechanic ten hours per day, I am planning most of the time. I am afraid the menial, servile and whole plant will stand idle. My poor brain, tired from overwork, will not let me sleep at night. I am worried because I fear that I should die, and my children would be left without an estate. They might lose everything." Indeed, there is but little pleasure in being rich and owning more houses than you can live in.

Fame does not always bring happiness. A prominent man is the world's target to be shot at. No matter what his motives and ambition may be, defamation and slander and misrepresentation are the great enemies of the successful. The giants are the pigmy's natural objects for ridicule. A ground mole never has any respect for the broad wings of a flying eagle. Webster, the great constitutional lawyer, made this solemn statement: "In my time I have often done wrong. I am by no means perfect. But before God I can say that for the words I have spoken and the deeds which I have performed, with the holiest and most unselfish and the purest of motives I have been the most bitterly assailed. I it were not for the fact that I am trying to live by principle and do my fellow countrymen some good, I would have given up the struggle of public life long ago." Success may mean great opportunities for usefulness. It also means tears and heartaches and agonies. It means that if you are to accomplish any great good in the world you must also be cut and slashed and maligned. The lightning plays upon the rugged heights of a tall mountain far easier than they strike into the valleys below. The bird which flies nearest to the sun has its wings scorched quicker than the little wood robin cooling its throat by the mountain stream. The songs of the night are the sweetest of all songs. They are the songs sung by a broken heart.

When the map of the text gains a life interest in the world by losing his own soul, he unlearned and unteaches the bloodthirsty of the lower passions. He enters into a contract with Satan the same as he would sign a promissory note to his creditor. As a merchant there comes to him a questionable proposition. He knows that if he yields great profit will accrue. He knows that if he does what this questionable proposition demands he must practice deceit. He lies awake two or three nights trying to decide whether or no he will be dishonest. At last, in the midnight hour, he yields. He practically calls Satan into his bedroom. While lighting the gas he says: "Now, Satan, I am resolved to be dishonest. I intend to be a Shylock and demand the full pound of flesh nearest Antonio's heart. Give me success, and I am willing to sell you my soul." When a man comes to such a decision as that, he naturally desires to let his lower part of his nature. As a merchant he becomes a mere money-making machine. As a lawyer who seeks political preferment he becomes an Aaron Burr.

Now, while there is nothing in this world that can be compared in value to an immortal soul, my text does not imply that if a man gives his soul to Christ he shall have nothing but poverty and humiliation, the poorhouse and a potter's field. The Bible refutes that idea. The thirty-seventh Psalm says: "I have been young and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken nor his seed begging bread." The same God who cares for the sparrow and who numbereth the hairs of our head will not let his children want. The Divine Father will always see, if we do our duty, that we have enough to eat and to drink, enough to wear and to live where we can sleep. Every one who gives his soul to Christ will be able to sing Channing's symphony. He will have, at least, an opportunity to live content with small means, to seek elegance rather than luxury, refinement rather than fashion, to be worthy, not respectable and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages with open hearts; to bear cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden, grow up through the common. Could happiness demand any greater opportunity to exist than these opportunities which are given by him? I would that we all might go back more contented to our everyday duties of life, no matter what these duties may be. Whether they be in the store, the office, the pulpit, the parlor, the nursery or the kitchen it matters not. I would that we would all go the more cheerfully, because the harder our lot in life the nearer these troubles can bring us to God. When we are friendless and poor and helpless, then God is always ready to pour out the measureless wealth of his affection upon us, his suffering children.

A noted London preacher was delivering his sermon in an open field. Upon the outskirts of the audience there halted the carriage of a noble family. Lady Anne Erskine (for that was the name of the occupant) became an absorbed listener. Suddenly the minister turned and, facing this aristocratic beauty, began to sell her soul, as though she was on the auction block and he was the auctioneer. "My brethren," exclaimed the preacher, "I am now going to hold an auction sale, and I bespeak your attention for a few moments. I have here a lady and her equipage to expose to public sale, but the lady is the principal and the only object that I wish to dispose of at the present time. There are three earnest bidders in the field. The first is the world. Well, and what will you give for her? I will give her for her? I will give riches, honor, pleasure. That will not do. She is worth more than that, for she will live when riches, honors and pleasures of the world have passed away. You cannot have her. The next bidder is the devil. Well, and what will you give for her? I will give all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them. That will not do, for she will continue to exist when the kingdoms of the earth and the glory of them have vanished like the shadows of the night before the rising sun. You cannot have her. But list and hear the voice of another bidder, and who is that? Why, the Lord Jesus Christ. Well, what will you give for her? I will give grace here and glory hereafter, an inheritance, incorruptible, undimmed and that fadeeth not away. These three bidders still contend for the possession of souls—your soul, my soul and the soul of every one that comes into the world. One bid, or the other we must accept. The choice must be made. The decision rests with you. May God help every one of us to decide aright, for what shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

Our Customs Reversed.

The Chinese have a curious way of doing things backward, according to our notions. The women folks wear the trousers while the men wear skirts. The women wear their hair short, while the men wear theirs long, even increasing it with silk moving in the wind. The men do the dressmaking while the women carry burdens and do the heavy work. Chinese books are read backwards, and what we call footnotes are placed at the top of the page. The surname of a Chinaman comes first and what we would consider his first name comes last. They serve dessert during the early part of the meal. Upon meeting you, instead of shaking your hand they shake their own. The Chinese dress is white at funerals and they wear mourning at weddings. At weddings they have old women as bridesmaids instead of young girls. They launch their ship sideways instead of prow-on, and they mount their horses from the off-side. The Chinese compass points not to the north but to the south.

Limitations of Genius.

The man who wrote "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," had the satisfaction of seeing the little star follow his instructions. Similar happiness was vouchsafed the author of "Roll on, thou dark and deep blue ocean, roll!" Nor must the equally delighted gentleman who cordially said, "Blow blow, thou winter winds!" be forgotten.

A Story of the Bath.

A good story has recently been picked up in the west of Ireland by Mr. R. J. McCreedy, the well-known motorist. It concerns the rising little seaside town of Lahinch, a place which has recently developed tremendously through the tourist and golf boom. A few years ago the public baths, like most other institutions in the village, were very primitive. They were situated in a little cottage, which was just above the high water mark. Shower baths, the very specialty, and they were to be had in a room which had a bath tub placed in the middle of the floor. On pulling a string a perfect deluge of bracing sea water came through the ceiling. A lady visitor once stood ready in the tub, and gave the dread signal. But instead of the usual avalanche of green water there came from aloft the grateful voice of the fisherman-proprietor of the baths. "If you'll move a taste more to the west, ma'am," said the voice, "ye'll get the full benefit of the shower." Looking up, she, her hair dripping, descried the old fisherman standing by the aperture in the ceiling and holding a barrel of sea water ready for the douches. "Whether the lady moved to the west and received the shower or not the chronicler does not relate. But Lahinch has made giant strides onward since.—From M.A.P.

Giant John Diplomatic Corps.

Lord Pauncefoot, the British Ambassador, is more than six feet tall, but he looked like a pigny the other day beside the giant who accompanied him to the State Department in Washington. The giant is Arthur Stewart Lalake, the new first secretary of the British embassy, and Lord Pauncefoot took him to the department to present him to Secretary Hay. Mr. Lalake is more than a head taller than Lord Pauncefoot. He is a Cambridge graduate who served the British diplomatic service in 1879, and has served at Athens, Copenhagen and Rio de Janeiro. Queen Victoria conferred a jubilee medal on him in 1897.

Trade Union Income.

The income of a hundred principal trade unions in England last year was £1,875,000 and their accumulated funds £9,767,000. During the last nine years these unions have spent over £8,000,000 on friendly benefits and about £2,750,000 on dispute pay.

YET SHE KEEPS IT.

The strange she keeps her age so well. A beauty seldom will permit. When any one can easily tell. She'd like much to get rid of it. —Smart Set

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Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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### Castoria

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