

Railway & S. S. Lines

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY

Steamship Lines
St. John via Digby
Boston via Yarmouth
"Land of Evangeline" Route.

On and after May 28th, 1912, the Steamship and Train Service of this Railway will be as follows (Sunday excepted):

Midland Division

Trains of the Midland Division leave Windsor daily, (except Sunday) for Truro at 7.30 a.m., 5.35 p.m., and 7.45 a.m. and from Truro at 6.50 a.m., 3.30 p.m. and 12.45 noon connecting at Truro with trains of the Intercolonial Railway, and at Windsor with express trains to and from Halifax and Yarmouth.

Boston S. S. Service

BOSTON-YARMOUTH SERVICE. The Royal and United States Mail Steamship "PRINCE GEORGE" sails from Yarmouth on Wednesday and Saturday on arrival of Express train from Halifax, arriving in Boston next morning. Returning leaves LONG WHARF, BOSTON, at 1.00 p.m. Tuesday and Friday.

St. JOHN and DIGBY

DOUBLE DAILY SERVICE. (Sunday excepted.) R.M.S. "PRINCE RUPERT" From St. John. From Digby 7.45 a.m. 1.15 p.m. Making connections at Digby with express trains for East and West and at St. John with Canadian Pacific trains for western points.

FURNESS, WITTH & CO., LTD

STEAMSHIP LINERS

LONDON, HALIFAX & ST. JOHN, N. B. SERVICE.

Table with columns: From London, From Halifax, Steamer, Date, and Return Date.

FURNESS WITTH & CO., LTD.

H. & S. W. RAILWAY

Table with columns: Accom. Mon. & Fri., Time Table in effect, October 8th, 1911, and Accom. Mon. & Fri.

*Flag Stations. Trains stop on signal. CONNECTION AT MIDDLETON WITH ALL POINTS ON H. & S. W. RY AND D. A. RY. P. MOONEY General Freight and Passenger Agent

TREMONT TEMPLE PULPIT

BY THIS SIGN WE CONQUER

SERMON BY REV. CORTLAND MYERS, D.D., TO THE ORDER OF THE KNIGHTS' TEMPLARS.

(Published by request.) Matt. 16: 24. "Then said Jesus unto his disciples, If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me" One of the most dramatic scenes in all history is that hour when Stanley discovered Livingstone in the heart of the African jungle. After his long and perilous journey through the wilderness he came at last upon this old servant of God and men in the heart of that dark continent. You remember that Stanley said to Livingstone that he had been commissioned by England to bring him back home and give him all the honors that any man in this world had ever received, honors from the Queen, honours from the royalty, honours from the people. They were waiting to welcome him with the most royal welcome that any man had ever received on British soil. Then you remember that Livingstone responded to Stanley by saying, "I cannot, I cannot. With all the desire that is reigning in my heart for home (and there is no word in the language so sweet to me, in these wilds, as home) and with all the desire on my part to see my friends once more, I cannot, I cannot go back and desert my duty. I must stay here amongst my people and lift them into the light of civilization and into the Kingdom of God."

Then the pathetic hour arrived when Stanley was to say goodbye to Livingstone and to say it with much regret for he had been in his presence during those weeks to discover the heart of one of God's noblemen and to be led out of his inhumanity into Christianity, for from the hour that Stanley saw Livingstone, Stanley became a devoted follower of Christ. Up to that moment he had been an atheist, now he saw Christ represented in man. When he turned away to bid his farewell, the last farewell to the man of God in the jungles, he took off his hat and waved it, and then paused and as he did so he saw Livingstone pick up an old ladder and with his one hand seize the ladder and his other hand holding a wooden cross, he placed the ladder against the gable end of an unfinished mission hut, he climbed the ladder and fastened the cross on the gable end of the mission hut. Stanley went out through the jungles and back home with that marvelous picture in his memory. And that which was the part of history despatch and of a love of mankind second only to that on the green hill outside of the city wall, is the emblem after all that every man true to himself and his fellowmen and his God must lift up and nail on the heights of his life's work. Remember your own sacred oath, remember "In Hoc Signo Vincis," "By This Sign We Conquer," and there is no other.

First, that sign is the sign of service. When Hugh de Payen in the twelfth century gathered nine followers about him and organized the famous Knight Templar organization, he organized a company of men consecrated to the highest and holiest service amongst human kind. Names have changed, geography has changed, the entire world has changed, garments have changed. Hugh de Payen and his nine followers didn't have these beautiful badges and garments and feathers of modern Knights Templars. They had their own equipment changed through the years, and while garments have changed and the name has changed and geography has changed, the great need of humanity still remains the same down through the centuries.

When he organized that company it was for the purpose, they said, of helping the weak and the friendless and protecting the pilgrims on their way to the holy city, and those heroic, courageous, noble knights filled their mission to the very letter and in fact of death every hour they lived. Amongst the world's royalty they are no inner specimens than Hugh de Payen and his kind. But the world's geography has changed so that now instead of going up to Jerusalem amongst the pilgrims, we are going up on a railroad train or may be in an Englishman's automobile. We find no Saracens to cut our heads off or anything of that kind in the world; and yet on the highway of life on this great pilgrimage on which millions of humanity are wending their way the dangers are on every hand and especially to women and children in their weakness and oppression. There is no hour this world ever saw when humanity needs Knight Templars more than it needs them now.

We have changed the numbers, there are not nine but millions; we have changed the organization from Bur-

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Now Finds It a Pleasure to Enjoy Meals

Here is a case which seemed as bad and as hopeless as yours can possibly be. This is the experience of Mr. H. J. Brown, 384 Bathurst St., Toronto, in his own words:

"Gentlemen—I have much pleasure in mentioning to you the benefits received from your Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and can cheerfully recommend them. I simply had confirmed dyspepsia with all its wretched symptoms, and tried about all the advertised cures with no success. You have in Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets the best curative agent I could find. It is now such a pleasure to enjoy meals with their consequent nourishment that I want to mention this for the benefit of others."

The fact that a lot of prescriptions or so-called "cures" have failed to help you is no sign that you have got to go on suffering. Try Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablets and see how quickly this sterling remedy will give you relief and start your stomach working properly. If it doesn't help you, you get your money back. See a box at your druggist's, compounded by the National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal. 141

lundy to one that preceps around the world and through every civilized land today the Knight Templars are marching on in their victorious march, and remember that when I say that, I say it advisedly, for they are moving in the great company which means at last the ultimate triumph of human brotherhood around the world. It means that they are sharing in no small way in the ultimate triumph of the men who rise highest above all humanity in the world's knightly royalty. They are marching even with Jesus Christ in bringing the Kingdom of God to sweep the earth.

Now let me remind you that this sign of service, which was so evident in the first organization, must stay if the organization remains. We are not to go through this world of curs with hundreds of thousands of men dressed in their beautiful garments and claim no special relation. My fellowmen, your relation must be first, last and always the relation of service, the fulfillment of your prophetic motto for there is no victory in any other symbol for you than in the symbol of the cross.

Life at its worst means self-protection and that means invariably cowardice. The man who is always seeking merely his own safety is always fundamentally a coward. The man who takes the real pathway of service and makes life at its best is the man who is always a hero and cannot not in the last analysis for his own protection, but for the interests and welfare of his fellowmen. And you can find scarcely a man in all the pages of the world's history who doesn't carry that out, for the monuments which stand on this planet today make that statement true. The man of heroism have been the men of service and they have been men whom their fellowmen have always delighted to honor. That is life at its best.

Love at its worst is always trying to make itself happy and in order to secure that result the extremes are undertaken and then the failures are always in evidence, for that path is directly contrary to every principle of human life. Love at its best is always trying to serve another and make that other happy. Now if that principle was carried out, which is the Knight Templars' principle, in every part of human life, and especially in the home circle, there would be no more need on the American continent for the disgraceful divorce courts. If love was just in making another happy, there would be no separation and no more of the breaking of the sacred tie at the marriage altar for love is sacrifice for another.

Light at its worst is always shining for its own sake. Light at its best is being transformed by every raindrop that falls to the earth as its companion, transformed into the glory of the spring morning, transformed into beauty that simply scatters itself in such profusion around our entire world, scattering the darkness and making the flowers and the beautiful world as the home for man. Light is at its best when it enters the realm of service.

You can run down through the whole catalogue if you please. You can take the great word in human life—liberty. Liberty at its worst is always "I do as I please" regardless of any other man. I move down the pathway of life and shut out every other man. I am here simply for my own sake and my life is to do as I please regardless of any other man who makes the journey of life along with me. Liberty at its best is a long distance away from that. It means always a God-given liberty to die, if necessary, for another man. The highest life one can know is the liberty to serve another and the extreme liberty to sacrifice even life for another. The first two-thirds of the 19th cen-

tury Labor Unions could be rightly named humanitarian. Now there has been a wonderful change in the last part of the 19th century and that change has been marked by every man who has had his eyes open. The first Labor Union was for the benefit of humanity and the interests of those most down-trodden and in need. But now the only cry you ever hear is for more pay just for themselves. They have no regard for the rest of society and especially for the under classes and God knows we have had enough oppression from the aristocracy. I have no excuse for it, but we are coming now I fear to a greater oppression by the common people. The great middle class in our society now are willing to dynamite bridges and buildings and murder any man who tries to work. It doesn't make any difference as long as that class in society secure enough for themselves. It is no longer humanitarian. The worst oppression that is going to come to the under classes is by the middle classes. We will have to come to a revolution and a great change if we rise high in the state of civilization.

Any organization in this country that means anything other than anarchy means an unselfish service. Call it labor union, aristocracy, monopoly, call it what you like, we must have the principle of the Knight Templars and the principle of the cross permeating every part of our society.

Some time ago King George of England, whom we delight to honor for his relation to this organization, heard that a Welsh boy had both his limbs severed near his body. He discussed the matter with one of the eminent physicians of England and saw the possibility of the boy being able to walk. Then lovingly and kindly, without anybody knowing that such a thing was done, King George bought a pair of artificial limbs for the boy. Then when the Welsh boy was able to run and move down the road with the other boys, in his delight he made up his mind that he was going to see the King and thank him for his kindness. He walked all the way to reach the palace and when he got there the King was away, but when the King returned and found that he had been there, he sent a message to bring him back another day and give him a royal reception. A little unknown, crippled Welsh boy! When the King saw him, he gave him other presents and placed him one of the homes of England and saw to it that that boy was going to learn a trade and be educated in that school.

That is a greater royalty than the most jeweled crown that ever rested on a man's brow. That is higher in the realms of kingship than any throne on which a man ever sat. That is more heroic than shooting a tiger in the jungle. Let me remind you that there is infinitely more manhood in that than anything else that mortal man can do. There was a day not many years back in your history when the people lived to serve the people. The only ruler this world knows anything about now is the servant of his people and the ruler best known and loved amongst his people and amongst the rest of humanity is, in this day, the ruler who is best known as a sacrificial servant of the people. By this sign we conquer.

Now that sign also means not only service, but it is the sign of sacrifice. On one eventful, memorable day in my life I walked around the walls of the old city of Jerusalem. I was in the companionship of another friend and when we reached a certain place in the wall where there was a narrow opening, under the leadership of a competent guide we passed through that opening and found ourselves in the most famous quarries the world ever knew, Solomon's Quarries. Underneath the city of Jerusalem. As we wandered through that darkness, feeling our way about by the light of that light candle, in the glimmer of that light we made the discovery that here was a huge block of granite magnificently carved, and when we asked the guide what it was for, he said that it was one of the stones that was carved for the temple, but owing to some defect in it, was never used and throughout all these centuries it has stayed there and never been lifted into the light of day or into the glory of that magnificent building.

We went down through Solomon's famous stables, and I remembered down in the heart of the earth that day that right there was the origin of this famous organization of which the Knight Templars are a part—the Masonic Order. There the master Masons formed their organization of this famous organization of the earth is the most sacred Masonic room in the world. No one ever crossed that threshold there except the man who had some knowledge of the principles of this great organization and had the right to enter. But with

all my interest in Solomon's Quarries and my interest in the room where the Masonic order was first formed down in the heart of the earth, I walked out and down the Damascus road and then up the hill, the most famous hill in the world, the Hill of the Cross. I stood on the very center of that hill and looked over the city and saw the temple without a single evidence of the glory of Solomon's Temple. It had all been swept away and the last fragment disappeared. I looked in of the civilization that had disappeared through the years and I remembered as I stood on the green hill overlooking the old city, that the one thing that remained in all human life with a power that was increasing day by day was the cross on which the Divine Man died. I looked to the north, and I looked to the south, and I looked to the east, and I looked to the west, and I said, "It all belongs to Him." He has the right, the only right, amongst human kind to swing His scepter over this entire planet, for sacrifice conquers the world. You will find that on all the pages of the world's record and it is the brightest page that was ever made for humanity. That bright page is the page most marked with sacrifice for that is the conquering sign everywhere.

You recall the relation of this country and other countries to China when the indemnity was made and the nations flocked in and claimed they could get of China, and our part of that selfish proposition was twenty-four millions of dollars. A friend of mine told me he went with a friend of his and a missionary to China to see John Hay, that Christian diplomat and statesman second to none America ever had, to thank him for his sacrificial relation to China. This friend of mine said that when they came to find Mr. Hay he had just returned from a meeting with some of the plenipotentiaries and he seemed all excited. He said, "Now gentlemen, you will have to excuse me, I am not just myself. I have been having a warm time. I have had a conference with some of the plenipotentiaries about this affair who have come to see me about and they not only want to take all the indemnity, but they want it paid in gold and that means two dollars for one." Said John Hay, "I said that was outrageous and that it never would be done by at least one country in this world. I said that we ought to give them half of it instead of taking twice as much."

Thank God for an American citizen like that! McKinley caught his spirit and they, at last, came to glorify the old flag in a way that it never had been glorified before for they gave back to China twelve millions of dollars. You will not find a brighter page in history than that. You will never find a greater evidence of Christian civilization than that. It was then that the seed was sown and now the harvest is being reaped for China turns towards America as a great brother nation. China has the most loving relation to this people and her admiration for our democratic government has been her inspiration. That a famous hour rose suddenly in the eyes of the world when Dr. Sun Yat Sen, that great Chinese representative, loomed up suddenly in the light of the public eye! He never had been known before. He was inspired from boyhood to free his people and break the shackles and let China know what the rest of the world knew, and Sun Yat Sen began like many others making small revolutions and gathering some people about him and the result was that the revolutions almost cut off his head. He was educated in this country, he was a Christian gentleman and in his exile he began the real preparation. He began to educate the leaders of his own people at home, he began to educate the Chinese students in America and England and sent them back home and at last the great revolution was on and they sent for Sun Yat Sen to lead the people on to victory. Not to come back with his head off, but with his head on and crowned with honor. I wonder where he received the inspiration. Dr. Sun Yat Sen rose up in the nobility and kingliness of his manhood and for the sake of the Republic and the sake of the people and to accomplish the freedom of China he resigned the presidency. The Senate made note of it, and they said "Nothing in all the annals of Chinese history compares with the sacrificial surrender of Dr. Sun Yat Sen." I wonder where he learned it. Where did he find it? I'll tell you. He discovered that where you discovered your motto and the principle by which you are supposed to live, he had been in the shadow of the cross. He was marked with the mark of Christ. Oh, would to God that in our statesmen's lives and in our political world here in America, this great Western Republic, that element

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MISS E. A. GOODALL

"Fruit-a-lives" Cures Constipation. I have been a sufferer since babyhood from that terrible complaint, Constipation. I have been treated by physicians, and have taken every medicine I heard of, but without the slightest benefit. I finally concluded that there was no remedy in the world that could cure Constipation. About this time, I heard about "Fruit-a-lives" and decided to try them. The effect was marvellous. The first box gave me great relief, and after I had used a few boxes, I found that I was entirely well. "Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine that ever did me any good and I want to say to all who suffer as I did—"Try this fruit medicine and you will find—as I did—a perfect cure." (Miss) E. A. GOODALL "Fruit-a-lives" is the only medicine in the world made of fruit and the only one that will positively and completely cure you of Constipation. See a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

should be manifest that was in the life of the heathen man Sun Yat Sen! I wonder what we would do! I think we would all be paralyzed if our leaders should do that. The fact in the case is that we all know that ninety-nine per cent. of all the men in political life today are for themselves instead of their country. They are after another office or a higher position. You put one man in America in office and he is all the time struggling by every means that can be used, every means that can be stamped even with dishonesty, to get the next higher office. If you make him Lieutenant Governor, he wants to be Governor and if you make him Governor, he wants to be Senator or President, he wants a second term. How often have you heard in America of a man resigning sacrificially his office for the good of his country?

The same principle ought to control in our commercial life as well as our political life. It will be a sad day for America, a day calamitous and that is no exaggeration, when you crown your millionaires and forget your martyrs. When you entrench your Astors and Vanderbilts and Morgans and Rockefeller's and others and forget your Washingtons and Lincolns and Grants and Lees, then God pity America, for the martyrs save America, but most of the millionaires ruin it. The sacrificial principle is the only principle and there is no other.

A great orator told about being on the battle field of this continent in the South during the Civil War. He described the movements of those battalions and of the General on the hillsides and in the valleys and made it all very picturesque, but I have forgotten everything he said about it except one thing. In his wonderful description he said that on the battle field in the crisis the flag went down but another man rushed up and the flag was up. The flag went down and another man rushed up and the flag was up. It went down again, three men shot down with the flag in their hands. Another one rushed up, but the flag went down. Four men shot down with the flag in their hands and then the Colonel rushed up and seized the flag and led his army to a wonderful victory. This world's a little field and it is yours to see to it that the blood-stained banner of the cross does not go down to play. This sign by which we conquer is the sign also of salvation. Service, service, salvation. In our Rocky Mountains there is a wonderful emblem. I presume many of you have seen it and you will never forget it. As the train winds its way higher and higher up the mountain, suddenly someone says, "The Cross," and everybody rushes to that side of the train and there right up

(Continued on page 6.)

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cure many common ailments which are very different, but which all arise from the same cause—a system clogged with impurities. The Pills cause the bowels to move regularly, strengthen and stimulate the kidneys and open up the pores of the skin. These organs immediately get rid of the accumulated impurities, and Biliousness, Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Kidney Troubles, Headaches, Rheumatism and similar ailments vanish. Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills 45 Save Doctors' Bills

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