

He ran a mile.

Baby's Own Soap.

It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and fresh, and its faint fragrance is extreme

ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., Mfrs.

Please Read Me! 1 am McConnell's Special

SATURDAY, SEPT. 1

FOR CASH

Fruit Jars at present cost price. Our fine Blend Tea, for the day only, 20c lb & bars Sweet Home Soap......25c Mixed Biscuits9c lb A Japan Tea, new season, usual price Big bargains in fancy kitchen Flower Pols, decorated in fancy colors, 15c each

We will have a 10c, 15c and 25c counter during the day that will astonish you.

John McConnell Park St., Bast

SEEDS

ALSIKE, RED CLOVER AND TIMOTHY SEED. SEED PEAS, CURN, BARLEY AND BEANS. All kinds of GARDEN SEEDS, guaranteed new

FLOUR AND FEED Baled Hay and Straw

Tennent & Burke Phone 209. Scane Block

TAKE YOUR WORK TO THE

Morrison Bros., Props.

Custom Grinding Flour, Feed, Buckwheat Flour and Cornmeal

> WOOD SOLD AND DELIVERED. Cor. Queen St and Park Ave

Hadley's Urug Store

emoved near door to Geo. E. Young's

Radley's Stomach Liver Pills

The Best Antibilious Pids in Use. Cures Dyspapsia and all Stomach and Liver Compisints

Have you ever tried them?

There is nothing

RADLEY'S DRUG STORE

SAUGEEN MAGNETIC MINEREL WATER-

Southampton.

is highly recommended by Prof. Pyne, Dominion Analyst, Toronto, for persons suffering from either rheumatic taints of constitution, or habits of constipation. It is a most palatable table water, and is absolutely pure. Recommended by leading physicians. A trial will convince you that it has merit of a high order. For sale by Central Drug Store and F. A. Robert.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in

Dr. Talmage Likens God's Children to Scions of Royalty.

LUSTER FROM STAR AND SPEAR.

Station Than That Occupied by Christians as Members of the Royal House

Washington, Aug. 26.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage, who during his ourney homeward has seen much of oyal and imperial splendors in pass-ng through the capitals of Europe, hows that there is no higher dignity nor more illustrious station than those which the Christian has as a child of God; text, Judges viil, 18, "Each one resembled the children of king.

Zebah and Zalmunna had been to battle, and when they came back they were asked what kind of people they had seen. They answered that the people had a royal appearance.

"Each one resembled the children of a king." That description of people is not extinct. There are still many who have this appearance. Indeed, they are the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Though now in exile, they shall yet come to their thrones. There are family names that stand for wealth or patriotism or intelligence. The name of Washington among us will always represent patriotism. The family of Medici stood as the representative of letters. The family of the Rothschilds is significant of wealth, the loss of \$40,000,000 in 1848 putting then to no inconvenience, and with in a few years they had loaned Russia \$12,000,000, Naples \$25,000,000, Austria \$40,000,000 and England \$200,000,000, and the stroke of their pen on the counting room desk shakes everything from the Irish sea to the Danube. They open their hand and there is war, they shut it and there is peace. The Romanoffs of Russia, the Hohenzollerns of Germany, the Bourbons of France, the Stuarts and Guelphs of Great Britain, are houses whose names are intertwined with the history of their respective nations symbolic of imperial authority. But I preach of a family more po-

tential, more rich and more exten-sive—the royal house of Jesus, of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named. We are the cross; all of us are the children

of the King. First, I speak of our family name. When we see a descendant of some one greatly celebrated in the last one greatly celebrated in the last century, we look at him with profound interest. To have had conquerors, kings or princes in the ancestral line gives lustre to the family name. In our line was a King and a Conqueror. The Star in the East with baton of light woke up the eternal orchestra that made mu-sic at his birth. From thence he started forth to conquer all nations, not by trampling them down, but by lifting them up. St. John saw him on white horse. When he returns, he will not bring the nations chained to his wheel or in iron cages, but I hear the strike of the hoofs of the snow white cavalcade that brings them to the gates in tr

Our family name takes lustre from the star that heralded him and the spear that pierced him and the crown that was given him. It gathers fragrance from the frankincense brought to his cradle and the lilies fragrance that flung their sweetness into his sermons and the box of alabaster that broke at his feet. The Comforter at Bethany. The Resurrector at Nain. The supernatural Oculist at Distriction of the supernatural of Bethsaida. The Saviour of one world and the chief joy of another. The storm his frown. The sunlight his smile. The spring morning his breath. The earthquake the stamp of his foot. The thunder the whisper of his voice. The chunder the whisper of his voice. The ocean a drop on the tip of his finger. Heaven a sparkle on the bosom of his love. Eternity the twinkling of his eye. The universe the flying dust of his chari-Able to heal a heartt wheels. Able to hear a heart-reak or hush a tempest or drown a world or flood immensity with his glory. What other family name could

ever boast of such an illustrious perof arms on the dress, or on the door of the coach, or on the helmet when they go out to battle, or on flags and ensigns. The heraldic sign is sometimes a lion or a dragon or an the dove, the cross, the lamb, and when I fall wrap me, in that good old Christian flag, so that the family coat of arms shall be right over my breast, that all the world may see that I looked to the Dove of the Spirit and clung to the Cross and de-pended upon the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend, On whom my hopes of life depend; No! When I blush be this my That I no more revere his name.

Next, I speak of the family sorber of the family all feel it. It is the custom, after the body is lowered into the grave, for all the relatives to come to the verge of the grave and look down into it. First grave and look down into it. First those nearest the departed come, then those next of kin, until they have all looked into the grave. So, when trouble and grief go down through the heart of one member of the family, they go down through them all. The sadness of one is the sadness of all. A company of persons join hands around an electric battery; the two persons at the end of the line touch the battery and all the circle feels the shock. Thus, by the circle feels the shock. Thus, by reason of the filial, maternal and paternal relations of life, we stand so close together that when trouble

sets its battery all feel the thrill of distress. In the great Christian fam-ily the sorrows of one ought to be the sorrow of all. Is one persecuted? All are persecuted. Does one suffer loss? We all suffer loss. Is one be-reaved? We are all bereaved.

Their streaming eyes together flow For human guilt and mortal woe. If you rejoice at another's misfortune you are not one of the sheep, but one of the goats, and the vulture of sin hath alighted on your soul and not the Dove of the Spirit. Next, I notice the family property, After a man of large estate dies, the relatives assemble to hear the will read. So much of the property is willed to his sons and so much to his daughters and so much to bene volent societies. Our Lord Jesus hath died, and we are assembled today to hear the will read. He says, "My peace I give unto you." Through his apostles he says, "All things are yours." What, everything? Yes, everything! This world and the next. In distinguished families there are old

pictures hanging on the wall. They are called the "heirlooms" of the estate. They are very old and have come down from generation to generation. So I look upon all the beauties of the natural world as the heirlooms of our royal family. The morning breaks from the east. The mists travel up, hill above hill, mountain above mountain, until sky lost. The forests are full of chirp and buzz and song. Tree's leaf and bird's wing flutter with gladness. Honey makers in the log and beak against the bark and squirrels chat-tering on the rail, and the call of the hawk out of a clear sky, make you feel glad. The sun, which kindles conflagrations among the castles of cloud and sets minaret and dome aflame, stoops to paint the lily white and the buttercup yellow and the forgetmenot blue. What can resist the sun? Light for the voyager over the deep! Light for the shepherd guarding the flocks afield! Light for the poor who have no lamps to burn! Light for the down-

cast and the lowly! Light for arching eyes and burning brain and wasted captive! Light for the smooth brow of childhood and for the dim vision of the octogenarian! Light for queen's coronet and for sewing girl's needle! Let there be light! Whose morning is this? My morning. Your morning. Our Father gave us the picture and hung it on the sky in loops of fire. It is the heirloom of our family. And so the It is the full moon. night. mists from shore to shore gleam like shattered mirrors, and the ocean, under her glance, comes up with great tides, panting upon the beach, ningling, as it were, foam and fire. The poor man blesses God for throwing such a cheap light through the broken window pane into his cabin, and to the sick it seems a light from the other shore which bounds this great deep of human pain and woe. If the sun seem like a song full and

fill heaven and earth with great harmonies, the moon is plaintive and mild, standing beneath the throne of God, sending up her soft, sweet voice of praise, while the stars listen and sea. No mother ever more sweetly guarded the sick cradle eye bright with the lustre of heaven and their cheek roseate with the er of the sky bends over the weary, flush of celestial summer. heart sick, slumbering earth. Whose s this black framed, black tassele picture of the night? It is the heirloom of our family. Ours the grand-eur of the spring, the crystals of the snow, the coral of the beach, the

odors of the garden, the harmonies

You cannot see a large estate in

one morning. You must take sev

of the air.

poured from brazen instruments that

eral walks around it. The family property of this royal house of Jesus is so great that we must take se eral walks to get any idea of its extent. Let the first walk be around this earth. All these valleys, the harvests that wave in them and the cattle that pasture them-all these mountains and the precious things hidden beneath them and the crown of glacier they cast at the feet of the Alpine hurricane-all these lakes, these islands, these continents, are ours. In the second walk go among the street lamps of heaven and see stretching off on every side a wilder-ness of worlds. For us they shine. For us they sang at a Saviour's naconage?

Henceforth swing out the coat of line and with their flaming torches arms! Great families wear their coat | add to the splendor of our triumph on the day for which all other days were made. In the third walk go around the eternal city. As we come near it, hark to the rush of its chariots and the wedding peal of its great towers. The bell of heaven has sometimes a non or a dragon or an eagle. Our coat of arms, worn right over the heart, hereafter shall be a cross, a lamb standing against it and a dove flying over it. Grandest of all escutcheons! In every battle I must have it blazing on my flag—the dove the cross the lamb and cession that never halts, the trees that never wither, the walls that never can be captured, the sun that never sets, until we can no longer gaze, and we hide our eyes and ex-"Eye hath not seen nor car heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him!" As these tides of glory rise we have to retreat and hold (ast lest we be swept off and drowned in the emotions of gladness and thanks-

giving and triumph. What think you of the family progreat wealth. The Lord, the bridegroom of earth and heaven, offers you his heart and his band, saying in the words of the Canticles, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away." And once having put on thy hand the signet ring of his love, you will be endowed with all the wealth of earth and all the honors

of heaven. Almost every family looks back to a homestead—some country place where you grew up. You sat on the doorsill. You heard the footsteps of the rain on the garret roof. You swung on the gate. You ransacked the barn. You waded into the the barn. You waded into the brook. You thrashed the orchard for apples and the neighboring woods for nuts, and everything

terest to you. I tell you of the old homestead of eternity. "In my fathhouse are many mansions. When we talk of mansions, we think of Chatsworth and its park nine miles in circumference and its con-servatory that astonishes the world, its galleries of art that contain the triumphs of Chantrey, Canova and Thorwaldsen, of the kings and queeus who have walked it stately halls, or flying over the heather, have hinted the grouse. But all the dwelling places of dukes and princes and queens are as nothing to the fat-ily mansion that is already awaiting our arrival. The hand of the Lord Jesus lifted the pillars and swing

the doors and planted the parks. Angels walk there and the good of all ages. The poorest man in that house is a millionaire and the lowest a king, and the tamest word he speaks is an anthem and the shortest life an eternity. It took a Paxton to build for Chatsworth a covering for the won-derful flower, Victoria Regia, five feet in diameter. But our Lily of the Valley shall need no shelter from the blast and in the open gardens of God shall put forth its full bloom

and all heaven shall come to look at it, and its aroma shall be as though the cherubim had swung before the throne a thousand censers. I have not seen it yet. I am in a foreign land. But my Father is waiting for me to come home. I have brothers and sisters there. In the Bible I have letters from there, telling me what a fine place it is. It matters not much to me whether I am rich or poor, or whether the world hates me or loves me, or whether I go by land or by sea, if only I may lift my eyes at last on the family mansion. It is not a frail house, built in a month, soon to crumble, but an old mansion, which is as firm as the day it was built. Its walls are covered with the ivy of many ages, and the with the century plants of eternity The Queen of Sheba hath walked its halls, and Esther and Marie Antoin ette and Lady Huntingdon and Cecil and Jeremy Taylor and Samuel Rutherford and John Milton and the widow who gave two mites and the poor men from the hospital—these wo last perhaps outshining all the

A family mansion means reunion. Some of your families are very much scattered. The children married and went off to St. Louis or Chicago or Charleston. But perhaps once a year you come together at the old How you wake up the old piano that has been silent for years. Father and mother do not play on it. How you bring out the old relics and rummage the garret and open old scrapbooks and shout and laugh and cry and talk over old times and, though you may be 45 years of age, act as though you were 16. Yet soon it is goodby at the car window and goodby at the steamboat wharf. But how will we act at the reunion in the old family mansion of heaven? It is a good while since you parted at the door of the grave. There will be Grace and Mary and Martha and Charlie and Lizzie and all the darlings of your household, not pale and sick and gasping for breath, as when you saw them last,, but their

kings and queens of eternity.

What clasping of hands! What embracings! What coming together of ltp to lip! What tears of joy! You say, 'I thought there were no tears There must be, for the Bible says that "God shall wipe them away," and if there were no tears there how could he wipe them away? They cannot be tears of grief or tears of disappointment. They must be tears of gladness. Christ will come and say: "What, child of heaven, is it too much for thee? Dost thou break down under the gladness of this reunion? Then I will help thee." And with his one arm around us and the other arm

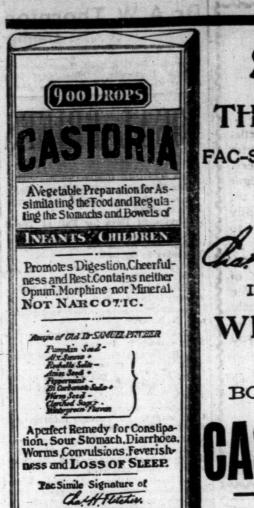
around our loved ones he shall hold us up in the eternal jubilee. While I speak some of you broken hearts can hardly hold your peace. You feel as if you would speak out and say: "Oh, blessed day, speed on! Toward thee I press with blistered feet over the desert way. My eyes fail for their weeping. faint from listening for feet that will not come and the sound of voices that will not speak. Speed on, oh day of reunion! And then, Lord Jesus, be not angry with me if after I have kissed thy blessed feet I turn around to gather up the long lost treasures of my heart. Oh, be not angry with me. One look at thee were heaven. But all these reunions are heaven encircling heaven, heaven overtopping heaven, mingling with heaven!" heaven com-

I was at Mount Vernon and went into the dining room in which our first president entertained the prominent men of this and other lands. It was a very interesting spot. But oh, the banqueting hall of the family mansion of which I speak! Spread the table, spread it wide for a great multitude are to sit at it. From the Tree by the river gather the 12 manner of fruits for the table. Take the clusters from the heavenly vineyards and press them into the golden tankards for that table. On baskets carry in the bread of which if a man eat he shall never hunger. Take all the shot torn flags of earthly conquest and entwine them among the arches. Let David come with his perty? It is considered an honor to harp and Gabriel with his trumpet marry into a family where there is and Miriam with the timbrel, for and Miriam with the timbrel, for the prodigals are at home, and the captives are free, and the Father hath invited the mighty of heaven and the redeemed of earth to come

and dine!

Instinct of Frogs. When a frog prepares to catch his food, he instinctively seeks a place harmonizes with the colored that spots on his back. He does this to protect himself and to entice unwary

Monotonous Look of City Houses. The German art journal, Kunstwerk, is waging war against the monotonous appearance of city houses. I wants them painted in the diverse colors of old villages.



NEW YORK.

Atb months old

35 Doses - 35 CENTS

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER

SEE THAT THE

FAC-SIMILE

SIGNATURE

IS ON THE

WRAPPER

BOTTLE OF

Bow Park

make delicious sandwiches. who know Bow Park goods are never at a loss for something appetizing for meals indoors or out.

HAMS AND BACON

The very best.

Farmers should read carefully this testimonial -It will tell them what the operators of the

COLUMBIA CORN-HARVESTER

think of it. These statements are from men who have used it a whole season and know what they are talking about.

GEO. STEPHENS & CO.,

Having purchased one of your Columbia Corn Harvesters last season will say, Having purchased one of your Columbia Corn harvesters has season will say, they are the best we have ever seen at work, having seen all the leading machines working in the field. We cut over one hundred acres last season. Machine runs easy, no side draft, knocks off very few ears, ties all and makes a perfect bundle. Works perfect in either planted or drilled corn. Cut drilled corn over twelve feet tall after it had been killed by frost and knocked down flat by storm, picked it up and done good work. It can be easily adjusted to make any size sheaf, and the drive wheel is so made that it will work in very soft ground.

CHARLES BELLEMY. W. F. BELLEMY.

GEO. STEPHENS & CO.

Western Fair, London.

SEPTEMBER 6th TO 15th, 1900. Entries Close September 8tl

The most complete exhibits from Farm, Forest and Factory. New and startling special features. Chariot rees by imported Grey Hounds, Balloon Ascensions, Double Parachute Drop by man and lady, celebrated Gymnasts, Aerial Artists and Acrobats. Fireworks each evening. "The armoured train's attack on the Boer strongholds," and many beautiful set devices.

Special trains over all lines each evening after the fireworks.

Special trains over an Program

LT.-COL. WM. M. GARTSHORE, J. A. NELLES,