

OUR GOD INDEED CARES

MARVELOUS PROVISION FOR ALL WHO TRUST IN HIM.

LESSONS OF THE JAP FAMINE

Numerous instances in the Bible of God's mighty and far-reaching law whereby He blesses those who honor His representatives and denounces those who turn their backs upon His Ambassadors.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1906, by Frederick Dyer, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 11.—Peculiarly timely, in view of the great Japanese famine, is this sermon, in which the preacher shows how marvelously God cares for those who trust in Him. The text is 1 Kings xvii, 14, "The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail."

God grant that gaunt, haggard, parched, death-dealing famine may never stalk through the streets of our fair cities. Dore's most vivid conceptions of Dante's hell and Hogarth's most horrible caricatures of degradation and vice and Vassili Vereschagin's most realistic scenes of the blood-soaked battlefields of the Turkish and Russian war cannot compare in horror with the terrible sights that have been witnessed when mad-dening famine gets in its work. Could any paintings be more awful than the simple photographs we saw of men and women and children huddled together in sickening groups who were slowly starving to death in the awful Indian famines of 1897 and 1900. Could any war be more fearful than the simple statement which declares that in the mous Bengal famine of 1877 out of 30,000,000 of inhabitants 10,000,000, or one-third of the whole population, were dead within a few months.

The same kind of a fearful famine that cursed Russia in the year 1892, that devastated Ireland in 1879 and in 1846 and 1847, the same kind of a famine as that which destroyed two-thirds of the inhabitants of the Cape Verde Islands in 1880, the same kind of a famine which blasted northern Africa during Joseph's premiership and is now devastating the land of Japan was desolating Palestine. "Oh, God, give us rain!" is crying the rich man in his palace. "Oh, God, give us rain!" cries the poor peasant in his hut. "Give us rain! Give us rain or we die!" were the universal pleadings. But no rain came. On account of King Ahab's sins God had decreed that no rain was to descend upon Palestine hills and valleys for three long years.

We leave the hills and the valleys of the interior. We come down toward the Mediterranean shore, to the beautiful city of Zarephath, situated near Tyre and Sidon. There we find the desolation appalling. The horses, cattle and sheep died months ago. The drought has already lasted two long years. The cattle had no food to live on. They had to die. The grass and the wheat had long since disappeared. Men and women and children were lying by the scores and the hundreds of fever and scurvy were every day adding to the death list. The whole city was becoming one great charnel house. The fields where once grew the harvest were as hard as baked and cracked clay. As I stand in imagination upon the outskirts of the city, amid these scenes of desolation and death, I see a humble woman, weak and tottering, gathering a few sticks to build a fire. Along comes a tall, gaunt, dignified man. He looks like a born leader of men. He accosts the woman something like this:

"Woman, I pray thee, hasten and bring me a drink. She turns to do his bidding. Then in a matter of fact, this stranger says, 'Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand.' He practically says, 'When you go for water bring a little food too.' The woman, weak and tottering from starvation, turns and looks at him in amazement. Then she speaks in this wise: 'Man, what are you talking about? Are you mad? We are starving. We are as hard as baked and cracked streets lie unburied. I have starved and starved. I have cut the daily supply of food down and down, until now we are at the end. I have but a handful of meal and a little oil. I am going to cook this for my son, and then we shall both lie down and die.' With that Elijah the Tishbite said: 'Woman, do as I say and God will take care of thee. For thus saith the Lord, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that I send rain upon the earth.' Such is the simple story of how God saved the poor widow and her son during the Zarephath famine, because she was willing to do what God's prophet commanded.

The Zarephath famine, in the first place, teaches that the good and the

Cracker Charm

There is all the difference in the world between eating biscuits and biscuit eating. One

may eat a biscuit and not taste it, but when you think of biscuit eating you think instantly of

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

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noent must conjointly suffer from the evil results of the deeds of the bad. Sir Walter Scott's business partners in sickening groups who were slowly starving to death in the awful Indian famines of 1897 and 1900. Could any war be more fearful than the simple statement which declares that in the mous Bengal famine of 1877 out of 30,000,000 of inhabitants 10,000,000, or one-third of the whole population, were dead within a few months.

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vid. David wept before Nathan. He honored Hezekiah. Hezekiah honored Isaiah. All through the Bible you can find this mighty and far-reaching law enunciated and illustrated whereby God blesses those who honor his representatives and denounces those who despise or turn their backs upon his ambassadors.

The teachings of the Old and New Testament in this respect are one. In the Psalms we read, "Touch not mine anointed and do my prophets no harm." Then, as an indorsement, we find the following in Matthew in reference to Christ's missionaries, spoken by Jesus himself: "And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear your words, when ye depart out of that house you shall shake off the dust of your feet. Verily, I say unto you, it shall be more terrible for the land of Sodom and Gomorrah in the day of judgment than for that city." But though God bids us honor his representatives, as the Zarephath widow honored and cared for Elijah, yet to-day there seems to be a tendency abroad to criticize and denounce God's ministers and to patronizingly ridicule them a great deal more than you would any other class of men. The result is that scores and hundreds of young men who ought to be preaching in the pulpit have been turned aside because of the way some congregations treat their ministers.

In the first place, many churches are simply starving their preachers to death while they themselves are enjoying all the excellencies of earth and heaven in their pastors. Rev. Dr. Haven some time ago told about a letter which a Virginia parish sent to Prof. Rice, requesting a minister. The people, this letter declared, "wanted a man of first-class endowments." They wanted a literary preacher, for some of the young people were literary. They wanted a minister who would visit a good deal of the time. They wanted a man who would be as much of a husband as he would be a minister. They wanted a man of winsome and fascinating social personality, for the people thought a good deal of that. They wanted a good organizer as well as a fine orator. After they had gone on describing the kind of a perfect minister they wished, they ended the letter in this wise: "We have been paying our last minister \$350 a year, but if you could save us just the kind of a man we want we think we can raise his salary \$50 more and give to him \$400 a year." With that, Dr. Rice sat down and wrote the following ironical letter to this exacting congregation.

Dear Friends—Your letter received and contents carefully noted. I am just the minister you need, if you can get him. Make out a call to Dr. Timothy Dwight, late president of Yale College, who is now in heaven. He is the only being I know who can meet all your requirements. And as Dr. Dwight has been living so long in heaven on spiritual food perhaps he may not need any material food and could therefore easily exist on your salary of \$400 per year.

But as I come to the outskirts of Zarephath and feel the hot winds strike my cheek and look off over bleak hills, and the grassless valleys, and see the bones of beast and bird bleaching on the dry sands I see that this "eastern drought" had a famine within a famine. No sooner did I appear and give to the Zarephath widow her daily supply of meal and oil than I think I can hear her heaven a great sigh of relief. "Ah," she says, "I know now I know my boy is not going to die!" The danger of starvation is past. We can see the boy growing fat and plump. The mother's step has become strong and elastic. As the lad plays before her door we can see her smile as she hears his happy laugh. Methinks, perhaps, she has been laughing a little careless and forgetful of late toward God, as some of us do, when we are surrounded by many apparently long arm of death reaches through the opened window of this woman's hut. The arm may not be a skeleton from starvation, but it is the arm of death. Within a few hours the child is dead. At once the widow goes to Elijah and begs of him, by the power of God, to restore unto her the life of her boy, Elijah, by God's power, does so. What is the practical observation? Cannot you grasp it? In every drought of Zarephath there is a famine within a famine, there is always a death within a death, a temptation within a temptation. If you and I are ever going to be spiritually safe we must always keep living near to God and his word. Death will be as bad as the first death.

When the first moral or spiritual dangers of life are past it is easy to blind our eyes to the second and the third and the fourth and tenth and the twentieth. Zarephath, then, that I thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall! Here, for instance, is a man who for years has been addicted to intoxicating drink. He has fought it and fought it until, at last by the grace of God he has triumphed. But though for years he has never tasted a glass of liquor he has become so absorbed in making money that he has gradually drifted away from walking with God. One day he has an awful awakening. He finds that his faith in Jesus Christ is gone or that his only boy, who is now more to him than his life, is a drunkard, a libertine or a thief. This is a danger he never dreamed about or guarded against. Famine within famine; death within death. And so, my friends, no matter how many dangers God has rescued us from in the past, that is no reason why we should turn our backs upon God now. Like the poor widow of Zarephath, we must live and continue to live close to God, for there are moral and spiritual dangers everywhere we turn and everywhere we look.

But did you ever stop to consider how long this supply of meal and oil lasted. Just as long as the famine lasted. No more, no less. No sooner did the rain descend upon the earth and the orchards began to give forth their fruit and the fields their harvest than this miraculous supply of food stopped as suddenly as the manna of the wilderness ceased when the children of Israel passed over the Jordan into the promised land. When man's faith in himself God always expects him so to do. God never takes care of a man who is not willing to help take care of himself.

Between two lazy men of the Israelite army the day after they had passed



Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

It is not every bluff that will come when you call it.

There may be such a thing as the smile that won't come off, but the bill collector has his doubts.



Truth crushed to earth will rise again, but a silk hat may as well be sent to the repair shop.

Ignorance ceases to be bliss after you have looked into the mining stock you picked up when just a few were getting in on the ground floor.

It is a favorite trick of the man who doesn't know what he is talking about to cover his retreat with big words.

As a general thing a man thinks that a woman is to blame or that if she isn't she ought to be.

Buying goods on the installment plan is much pleasanter than paying for them.

The secret of a self made man's success isn't any secret.

Hunger is a good sauce, but the price is a more agreeable one.

Sweet Simplicity.

Away with turmoil, care and strife; Away with vulgar show; And get what exercise the simple life Down where the lilies grow. With naught to do the liveliest day But cut off coupons and be gay.

A house with four and twenty rooms, A stable not too mean And one or two good steady rooms To keep the horses clean, Some girls to cook and sweep the floor— What could a fellow ask for more?

A life of splendor and display To me does not appeal; I want no showy grand array Of broadcloth, silk and seal. For just one suit of clothes I stand— One at a time, you understand.

And I would live the selfsame way On simple, modest board. Just give me three square meals a day, For, though I could afford A dozen or perhaps a score, I'd just eat three or maybe four.

This is the simple life I'd lead; The other's too complex; And get what exercise I'd need Perhaps in signing checks. For just one thing I hesitate, And that is cash to pay the freight.

From a Small Beginning. Little did the neighbors think as they made sarcastic remarks about Ben Franklin not knowing enough to come in out of the rain when they saw him flying his kite during a thunderstorm that he was doing something that would make people keep on celebrating his birthday maybe forever. This teaches us that we never can tell what a man's motive may be when we see him standing in the rain. He may be making some great discovery that will send his name down the ages, it may be that for some reason it is more comfortable there for him than at home, or he may be trying some freak cure for the ills of the flesh. It also teaches us never to call a man a crank because we do not understand what he is doing, for it may be that his memory will be kept green and that they will be naming cigars after him long after we are forgotten.

Mixing Languages. "Our German friend must be a perfect lady."

"Why so?" "Everybody calls him herr."

There Are Others. "Wilson's a fool."

"As how?" "He can't discriminate between good advice and an insult."

Didn't Look That Way. "Is she fond of him?"

"Well, she invited him to a luncheon at her home and served cold shoulder and spiced tongue."

Industrious. "Two dollars and ten—eleven—twelve, etc."

When the lights are out, and snugly tucked In bed every one. The gas meter then unlimbers its joints And starts for an all night run.

Or Says He Is. "Why is a good actor like a set of brains?"

"Because he is a head liner."

Never Can Tell. "She had gray hairs at thirty."

"How old was she at thirty?"

Stupid are they who stoop to folly.

If Given a Trial "SALADA"

Ceylon Natural GREEN Tea will prove its superiority over all Japan Teas.

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Sends In His Resignation. Victoria, B. C., March 16.—Attorney-General Charles Wilson has sent in his resignation as a member of the McBratney Government. Mr. Wilson is at present in Ottawa. Hon. Mr. Fulkon, Provincial Secretary, takes temporary charge of the Attorney-General's department.

WATER IN YOUR BLOOD.

Lots of people have thin, watery blood—they eat plenty but don't digest. When digestion is poor, food isn't converted into nourishment—in consequence the body rapidly loses strength. To positively renew health, nothing equals Ferrozone. It excites sharp appetite—makes the stomach digest—forms a firm, sinewy body. Abundant strength is sure to follow. If you need more vitality, extra energy, better nerves, then use Ferrozone, the medical triumph of the age. Fifty cents buys a box of fifty chocolate coated Ferrozone tablets.

400 For Wife's Affections.

Brooklyn, March 16.—The case of Lamond v. Atcheson was concluded yesterday at the Assize Court, the jury returning a verdict of \$400 damages to the plaintiff. The verdict of ten jurors was accepted, the other two dissenting.

HER SKIN WAS YELLOW.

"I had only to try Dr. Hamilton's Pills to appreciate their merit," writes Miss Annie S. Bryce, of Woodstock. "My system was out of order. My blood was weak and thin. I had a nasty, murky complexion. My skin was hard and dry. The first box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills effected a complete change. I felt better at once. Healthy color came into my face. In about three weeks I was cured. Dr. Hamilton's Pills effect an easy cure. Try these good pills, 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00; at all dealers."

Young Man's Trouble. St. John, N. B., March 16.—Harry B. White, a popular young man of good family, has been arrested, charged with forging a Dominion Express order for \$50. He was acting cashier of the company in place of the regular cashier, who is ill. It is said quite a sum is missing.

PROVED IN MOUNT FOREST.

Every doctor in this town tried his best to relieve Mrs. J. Withom, of Asthma—none succeeded. "For years," she states, "I was a dreadful sufferer, nothing gave relief. At times I found it necessary to have all the doors and windows open to get my breath. When in despair I heard of Catarrhazone. I used it and now I am perfectly cured." This proves beyond doubt that any case of Asthma is curable with Catarrhazone. No remedy so pleasant, none so absolutely certain to thoroughly cure; try Catarrhazone yourself; it's guaranteed.

Held Hand on Red Hot Stove.

Toronto, March 16.—Richard Pugh was sentenced by Magistrate Denison at the Police Court yesterday to nine months in the Central Prison on the charge of wounding Russell O'Neill, a child aged two years, at his house, No. 1 Eastern place, by holding the child's hand against a red hot stove. Pugh was also sentenced to 18 months in the same institution for going through a bigamous form of marriage with Mary O'Neill, whilst being married to Mrs. O'Brien, after two previous matrimonial experiences, all the ladies being alive.

THE FAST TRAINS.

To Chatham, and on over the Union Pacific, via Omaha, 16 hours quicker to San Francisco than any other line. No change of roads, no detours. "The Overland Route" all the way. Be sure your ticket reads over the Union Pacific. Inquire of H. F. Carter, T. P. A., 14 James Building, Toronto, Canada, or F. B. Choate, G. A., 126 Woodward avenue, Detroit.

Stupid are they who stoop to folly.

INSURANCE COMPANIES LOOK ASKANCE

AT A MAN IF HE CANNOT ANSWER THE QUESTION, "HAVE YOU EVER HAD RHEUMATISM?" WITH A GOOD HONEST "NO!"

So you see how it bars happiness and comfort if you neglect the means to prevent and cure—the great

South American Rheumatic Cure

is the effective means, and while lack of provision for your "loved ones" from such a cause may be counted secondary to a life of suffering to oneself, it is one of the many sides in the study of health that we should take in dead earnest. Every disease has its symptoms—every ailment that flesh is heir to has its note of warning, and it's for us to heed or suffer the consequences; and who does not know the signs by experience or observation?—fever, chills, sweating, shooting pains, numbness, aching muscles, stiffened and swelled joints.

The great South American Rheumatic Cure gives ease from the first dose and it gently and effectually eradicates the trouble from the system. It gets at the root of the evil and it gets there quickly—most stubborn cases cured in one to three days. Influential physicians prescribe it as the best and surest cure they know of.

ALL DRUGGISTS AND MEDICINE-DEALERS SELL IT.

SOUTH AMERICAN NERVEINE makes blood that is poor and pale rich and red—and that means good health.

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Shiloh's Consumption Cure, the Lung Tonic, has been before the public, and has been steadily increasing year by year, is the best proof of the merit of

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as a cure for Coughs, Colds, and all diseases of the lungs and air passages. Those who have used Shiloh would not be without it. Those who have never used it should know that every bottle is sold with a positive guarantee that, if it doesn't cure you, the dealer will refund what you paid for it. Shiloh

Has Cured

thousands of the most obstinate cases of Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles. Let it cure you. "Last winter I coughed for three months and thought I was going into Consumption. I took all sorts of medicine, but nothing did me any good until I used Shiloh's Consumption Cure. Four bottles cured me. I was so weak that I could not walk, my lungs were sore on the inside and back. Six bottles of Shiloh made me strong and healthy. I have never since had any cough or cold. I have been cured."—Dr. Joseph, St. Hyacinthe, Que.

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25c. with guarantee at all druggists.

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