

KEEP UP MORAL BARS

REV. DR. TALMAGE ADVISES SUMMER VACATION RESORTISTS.

THE WAGES OF SIN ARE SURE.

How to Start a Summer Vacation So That It Will End Well—Temptations That Are Rife Under the Circumstances Forcibly Pointed Out—Remember, Whatever You Sow That Shall You Also Reap.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1903, by William Bailey, at Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Chicago, June 21.—In this sermon the preacher points out the all too prevalent custom of letting down the moral bars during the summer vacation. Some of the evils peculiar to so called popular summer resorts are unsparingly denounced. The text is Numbers xxxii, 23, "Be sure your sin will find you out."

What are you going to do this summer? "Take a vacation," you answer, "I am going away to the country. There was once a time when I did not believe in summer vacations. I thought they were merely lazy men's excuses for shirking work. But now I know that I was mistaken. I have been gradually breaking down under the ceaseless monotony of business. I want and need a change. I am going out among the green hills or down by the seashore. I am going to rusticate. I shall turn myself out to grass and let my mind run fallow."

Good resolve, that! I always did believe it better to pay for a fresh air tonic and country sunlight than for a medicine chest. I always did believe it far better to associate with the farmer, the fisherman and the country tollgate keeper for a little while during the summer than it is to have the doctor and the trained nurse your constant visitors during the winter.

But, my hearers, before we separate for the summer, as your pastor I would like to ask you another question: What do you expect to do when you are in the country? How are you going to spend that vacation? "Well," you answer, "I really do not know. I am going to let things drift and not make any plans. If I feel like fishing I will fish. If I want to take a drive I will go driving or I will take a trip upon my bicycle. But the simple fact is I am not an enthusiastic sportsman. I fear the time some days will drag heavily. But go away to the country I will. I know I need the trip. Yes, my brother, your answer is that which most men can give. You have been working hard during your life. In one sense you have destroyed your ability to play. Therefore when you go to the country and do not know what to do temptations will there assail you which would never tempt you when you are at home and at work. Now, the purpose of this sermon is not to talk to libertines and loafers and dead beats. But I would to-day, as a pastor, earnestly and prayerfully give a few words of practical advice to hard working people who will spend their vacations away from home. I would try to warn you against the temptations which will confront you and which, if successful, may destroy your entire Christian character.

Summer red light the first: Beware of Sabbath desecration. That means beware that you do not unarmor yourselves by one false move and leave your beating hearts defenceless before the poisoned arrows of the Satanic archers. Beware that you do not practically say to the evil tempters: "Here am I, off on my summer vacation. I have left my religion at home. I am ready to let you lead me where you will. For two or three weeks, or one month at least, I will enter no church, listen to no sermon, utter no public prayer and ask for no divine protection. I will take a holiday from religion as well as from business, and as a beginning I will disregard the Lord's day."

"What do you mean by such a warning as that?" some one asks. "Why do you place such emphasis upon Sabbath observance?" Because, my friend, the way you generally start your summer vacation is the way you will end it. The Sabbath desecration is the keynote, as a rule, or the forerunner, of a long series of spiritual backsliding. How? In all probability your summer vacation will start on a Saturday afternoon. How will you spend your first day in the country? Will you do it with prayer and consecration? Will you do it by taking your children to the Sunday school and joining the Christian workers of that neighborhood in public worship within the four walls of the little village church, or will you do it by coming down in your fishing togs or by waving your golf stick or with your baskets full of food for rolicking time in the woods on a Sunday picnic? Here are the two extremes. Which will you choose? The one heads toward spiritual renovation; the other heads toward spiritual death. No man or woman ever lived who could successfully resist the temptations of our summer resorts who started their vacations by breaking the law of God's sacred Sabbath. Such a church member always comes back to his church home a moral cripple after he has spent the Sabbath days of his summer vacation in handling the tiller of a sailboat or in hitting the little white balls over the golf links or in looking at the bobber floating at the end of a line attached to a fishing pole. Start your vacation aright for God and it will end right.

Summer red light the second: Beware of the hotel ballroom and the summer public dance hall. I am not now discussing the question of dancing in general; I am not considering whether it be right or wrong for the young folks, within the quietude and the sacred precincts of a home, to have one of their number finger the ivory keys of the piano; then, while the stately strains of the minuet or the lancers sound forth, to have the

boys and girls join hands and the slippered feet keep step to the swift or slower beating of the music. We do know that Miriam danced before the Lord. Perhaps there may be times in the home when the dance may be a harmless amusement. It may be the means of a harmless frolic and the means of keeping the children at home, where the fathers and mothers and grandfathers and grandmothers may be participants in the domestic merriment. But though I am not now denouncing the harmless social enjoyments which take place in the home, I do most vehemently protest against the promiscuous dance hall at our summer watering places. I know of what I am speaking. I am not a stranger to the social etiquette of this world. And I believe the hotel ballroom and the summer dance hall are among the most awful cesspools of mental, physical and spiritual destruction. They are the places where the young men and the young women from the very best of homes are often irresistibly drawn into a life of worldliness, of sin and of eternal death. Men and women whom I address to-day, I defy you to find one man or woman of noted spiritual power who will contend that the summer ballroom is a safe place in which to allow our sons and daughters to pass the summer months.

The public ballroom of the summer vacation can aptly be termed the place for the "Dance of Death." William H. Ainsworth, the famous English novelist, once gave a description of such a dance. It was during the famous plague which devastated the city of London a few centuries ago. The homes of thousands and tens of thousands were deserted. Thousands upon thousands were dying. Thousands upon thousands were dead. The dead carts used to make their rounds every day. The drivers, seated upon their piles of stenchful corpses, would call from street to street, "Bring out, bring out your dead!" Decomposed corpses would be brought out and the drivers would throw them upon their carts as a scavenger might toss a dead dog into his wagon. During that awful plague many of the young people rifled the wine cellars of the homes of the wealthy citizens. They took possession of the deserted cathedrals. They turned the churches into dance halls. They danced and drank during the night. They danced and drank during the day. When one of their number would fall in the dance the dancers would stop and lift up the dying man or woman and carry the body out of the room to await the arrival of the death cart. It was an awful time. But if we could look below the surface and know the subsequent lives of some of these dancers whirling around the summer ballrooms we should find that the fatalities, physical, moral and spiritual, are almost as appalling as in that great plague. The summer ballroom has not even the excuse of physical benefit. Is it not a place for physical death?

Is not the public dance hall of the summer vacation the place also of moral death? We are very careful with whom our children associate in the city. Are you justified in letting that young man, about whom you know practically nothing, speak what he would into the ears of your young daughter as he moves about in the fascinating dance? People may call him hypercritical. They may say I am trying to stop our young people from having fun. But I say that any place which has done the physical and moral damage the summer dance hall has done our children ought to be forbidden to enter. I am not so much afraid that our young folks may enter the low halls of evil, nor sort as I am that they may enter the vestibules which will lead them in to those Satanic dens. I firmly believe that the summer dance hall is the place where during the next few months thousands upon thousands of our young people will have their immortal souls destroyed.

Summer red light the third: Beware of all games of chance. What does that mean? Beware of joining the gambling game, which will be played every night in the side room of the hotel which opens into the hotel bar which game will be kept up until 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning. Beware of commingling with the "plungers" gathered before the bookmakers' stands at the famous summer races? Oh, no. I would no more expect you to be found in such flagrantly compromising positions than you would expect to find your pastor there. But beware of the insidious beginnings. Beware of wagering the box of candy upon the game of tennis or quarts which is played in the hotel grounds. Beware of betting the penny upon the simple game which is played upon the hotel porch. In other words, beware of taking your first lessons in one of the awful, the most fascinating and the most destructive of all evils, the gambling evil.

When the poisonous desires of a game of chance are once inoculated into a young man's heart there seems to be no human power to stop him from committing mental, physical and spiritual suicide. Trifle not with the games of chance, however small the wager, any more than you would play about a rattlesnake's fang or toy with a box constrictor's coils or a tiger's claw.

Summer red light the fourth: Beware of trifling with human affections. That means do not be a flirt. Do not falsify with the glance of the eye or the smile of the lip or the touch of the hand. Do not imagine that you can treat the delicate instrument of the human heart as a mere temporary plaything, thumping and banging it and snapping its many silver strings, and indulge the belief that it can afterward be returned and made capable of sending forth sweet music. That means do not trifle with the beautiful diamond of love and plunge it into the Satanic fires of a summer flirtation and then hope it will have lost none of its luster. It will not retain its purity. It will become as black as the flint. The flint of Cain's forehead which marked him as a destroyer of his brother's life.

Oh, the fascinations and yet the

hellish maiming power of a summer flirtation! Have you ever sat upon a hotel porch and watched the insects buzz and play about the electric lights? Those lights have for the mother bird sitting upon the edge of her nest. These insects will circle round and round the brilliant light. They will disappear for awhile, as though they knew the hot tongue of death is ready to touch them. Then at last they will make one plunge and in an instant the wings and the legs are gone. Then the poor suffering creature falls to the ground, wriggling and twisting and dying, to be trampled under the foot of man. Such are the awful results which follow when the human insects play about the hissing, blasting fires of a summer's flirtation. It may be pleasant for awhile to feel the hot flush upon the cheek. It may seem only fun to pass a few hours as a coquette, tearing and inflaming the tenderest feelings of a true man in a summer row-boat or in romantic walks through the woods. It may seem to be a glorious act to boast how many you can conquer in love, as an Indian warrior boasts of his prowess in war by the number of scalps he carries at his belt. But by the scorched and bruised and mutilated hearts of thousands which have been maimed for time and eternity in the glowing flames of a summer flirtation I denounce trifling with human love. I denounce it before the young people who may be participants during their next summer vacation in this merciless, heartless and damning universal evil.

Summer red light the fifth: Beware of the serpent which lies coiled up in the bewitching wine cup. A few summer and winter resorts of this country are especially noted for the power of their mineral waters to physically straighten a man out after a long debauch. But though there are a few, a very few, summer watering places whose waters have these curative qualities, most of our summer watering places are noted for the fact that they make drunkards rather than reform them. They make them in wholesale quantities and not in retail. Men carry their bottles of intoxicating beverages when they go fishing or dancing or taking a tramp in the woods, and men drink everywhere.

But this is not the greatest curse for which our summer resorts are famous. They are noted as places where women get drunk as well as the men. To me the most abjectly repulsive creature on earth is a drunken woman. When I see one I know not with feeling predominates most in my heart, that of pity or of horror. Therefore, friends, I beg of you when you are in a summer party where wine is passed around do not touch it. For your Christian example's sake do not touch it. For the danger of inflaming your own tastes do not touch it.

Summer red light the last: Beware of the family separations which take away for any length of time wives from husbands, husbands from wives, brothers from sisters and parents from children. Where do you say you are going this summer? "Well," you answer, "I do not know. I have not yet made up my mind. I would like to go down to the seashore if I could, but that is so far away. My husband and boys could be with me only a little while if I go there." Mother, wife, I would not go far away from home if I were you. If your husband and boys and brothers have to work during the summer to may enter the low halls of evil, it is not good for you. It is not good for the husband and the boys. Mark this, my friends, what I say. I speak calmly and deliberately: Nineteen-tenths of all the evil temptations of our summer resorts are directly or indirectly due to the separations of families. These separations lay temptations, awful temptations, at the feet of the men who are compelled to stay at home and work. They lay temptations, awful temptations, at the feet of the women who are off in the summer hotels. Go to a summer resort near to your home. Be in a place where all the members of the family can get together every few days. Never let your husband learn the lesson how to be happy without you and the children. Wives and mothers, never learn yourselves the lesson how you can be happy without your husbands and the children by your side.

In closing I would speak to you words of congratulation and good cheer. Before we separate for the summer months I would say, men and women, I congratulate you because you have well earned your rest. I congratulate you because you have finished a hard winter's work. I congratulate you that you are going out among the trees and the flowers and the mountains and the valleys; that you are going to drink out of the cool spring and see the cows gather for the evening milking. And I also congratulate you that the same Christ whom you worship here you can worship there. Take along the Saviour's companionship. Pray during the next few weeks for divine protection and help. Then, if you have Christ along, there will be no fear that you will succumb to the evil temptations which beset every one during a summer vacation.

Use Boiled Eggs Sparingly.
Hard boiled eggs mixed with bread crumbs, one half of each, is very good for one feed a day, say every other day for the first week. But too much boiled egg is not good for them, and an entire diet of hard boiled eggs would soon kill a great many of the little chicks.

Fecundity of the Oyster.
The fecundity of the oyster is wonderful. A single female oyster in one season's spawning will produce, if she is of an average size, about 16,000,000 eggs, while a large specimen will produce 80,000,000 or 40,000,000.

THE NEW GOWNS.

They Show a Distinct Improvement Both in Style and Cut.

Dresses show a distinct improvement both in color schemes and in cut. Broad shoulders are now the rule, and this is atoned for by the long perpendicular lines of the trimmings. Circular lines are used on the shirred skirts of voile and eolienne, but even these dip considerably in the front to give a long effect.

Graduated flounces are only used to give the outward sweep which a long skirt requires. These flounces are so skilfully concealed under trimmings and embroideries that they can only be detected by looking at the underside of the cloth.

Trains are not quite so long. On the other hand, the sides and front of the skirt are longer.

Waists are made with fullness in the front and at the wrist or elbow.



BLACK CREPE DE CHINE GOWN.

Drawn lace is very smart, also malfese, and, in fact, these lighter laces are to a great extent supplanting the Irish weaves, which are more suited for outer wraps and cloth gowns than thin materials.

From Paris we have a quantity of rough linen hand embroidered blouses. These are for country and river wear and are made with a high neckband with a turnover Prussian collar and neat little stock and tie. Some, too, are made with a high neckband of fine batiste embroidered in different colors, with insertions of hand beadings and veilings. These are very dainty, are practical for washing purposes and look delightfully fresh.

The illustration shows a smart crepe de chine dress trimmed with black and white embroidery.

JUDIC CHOLLET.

WHAT IS WORN.

Long Dust Coats For Motoring—The New Embroideries.

Long dust coats for motoring have perfectly flat trimmings, as lace, frill, etc., hold too much dust.

Quite a protective veil for motoring can be arranged by one small veil of chiffon draped closely around the face to just below the mouth and over this



WAIST OF BOUR CREPE DE CHINE.

fine lisse veiling with black spots drawn less tightly. This has been found sufficient even in dusty weather and keeps the face warm despite keen winds.

The embroideries this season are lovely and costly, but clever fingers can make charming imitations. Medallions of printed muslin are laid on silk and inclosed in lace, which would bear very close inspection, and really the finer muslins are like painted silk. A pretty ball gown worn at quite an important function had an exquisite trail of apparently painted flowers which were actually cut out from muslin and appliqued with fine embroidery silk.

Modes are becoming daily more complicated. The best of all fashion is apparently simple, but herein lies a great deception, for there never was a time when more attention was given to every detail of dress.

The cut shows a smart waist of crepe de chine trimmed with fine tucks and strappings of the same.

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