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# GOD AT THE FIRESIDE.

Domestic Life the Subject of a Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

How to Have a Happy Home--Start in the Right Way--The Doorsill of the Dwelling House the Foundation of Church and State.

Washington, Oct. 23.—Dr. Talmage in this discourse sets forth radical theories, which, if adopted, would brighten many domestic circles; text, John xx, 10, "The best young people who begin with God end with heaven. Have on your right beciples went away agian unto their own homes."

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by tour letters—home! If things go right there, shey so right verywhere; if things go wrong there, they go wrong everwhere. The doorsill of the dwelling house is the foundation of church and state. A man never gist ligher than his own garret er lower than his ewn cellar. Domestic life eversarches disciples went away agian unto their own homes."

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—home! It things go right there, they go right everywhere, if things go wrong there, they go wrong everywhere. The doorsill of the dwelling house is the foundation of church and state. A man never gets higher than his own garret or lower than his own cellar. Domestic life everarches and underglidles all other life. The highest heart of congress is the domestic circle; the rocking chair is the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysestom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should star, cut and run 70 years is a straight like, he could not got out from under the shadow of his own manthipiese.

As matividuals we are fragments. God waste the rock.

ceuld not get out from under the shadow of his own manufelprees.

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race in parts, and then he gradually pats as tegsher. Wha! I lack, you make up; what yes lack, I banke up; ear deficits and surplusses of character being the cogwheels in the great secial mechanism. One pet son has the parience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another has the enthusiasm. That which is lacking in one is made up by another or made up by all. Buffaloss in herds, greense in broods, qualis in facts, the human race in circles. God has meet beautifully arranged this. It is in this way that he balances society; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cutwater, tafrail, balast. That it God, then, for Princeton and Andover, for the opposities.

I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving wheel has a right to blame he iron shaft that holds it to the center. John Wesley baances Calvin's "Insattutes." A cold thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology. Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing heart and warm fish. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God has given be to do. The water wheel wr. 4s te come inside the mill and grind the

conflict.

Ackneyledge Wrong.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, wes this: That once, having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he hinself having lost his patience and perhaps having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family to getther and said: "Now, I have one explanation to make and one thing to say, Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was its not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy. Find out the points, what are the weak points, if I may call them so, of your companion and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too near the grunowder. If the wife be saulty frested.

and then stand aloof from them. Do not carry the fire of your temper too mean the gunpowder. If the wife be easily fretised by disorder in the household, let the husband be careful where he throws his slippers. If the husband come home from the store with his patience subausted, do not let the wife unnecessarily cross nistemper, but both stand up for your rights, and I will promise the everlasting sound of the warwhoop. Your life will be spent in making up, and marriage will be to you an unmitigated curse. Cowper said:

The kindest and the happiest pair

Gedless Firesides.

I have seen the sorrow of a godless rigothee on the death of a child she had neglected. It was not so much grief that she felt from the fact that the child, was dead as the fact that she had neglected it. She said, "If I had/only watched over and cared for the child, I know God would not have taken it." The tears came not. It was a dry, blistering teanpast—a scorching simoon of the desert. When she wrung her hands, it seemed as if she would twist her fingers from their scekets; when she seized her hair, it seemed as if she had in wild terror grasped a coiling sorpent with her right hand. Ne tears! Comrades of the little one came in and weep over the coffin, neighbors came in, and the moment they say the still face of the child the shower.

has put us, or intended we should occupy.

Marriage Garlassis.

For more compactness and that we may be more useful we are gathered in still smaller circles in the home group. And there you have the same variety again—brothers, eisters, husband and wife, all different in temperaments and tastes. It is fortunate that it should be so. If the husband be all impulse, the wife must be all prudence. If we sister be sasquine in her temperament, the coher must be all prudence. If we sister be sasquine in her temperament, the other must be lymphatic. Mary and Martha are necessities. There will be no dinner for Christ if there be no Martha; there will be no andlence for Jesus if there be no Mary. The home organization is most beautifully constructed. Each has gone, the bowers are all broken down, the animals that Adam stroked with his hand that morning when they came up be get their names have since shot forth tusk and sting and growled panther at panther, and midair iron beaks plungs till with clotted wing and grown from under the sun in blood and fire. Eden has gone, but there is just ope little fragment left. It floated down on the river Hiddekel out of paradiag. It is the marriage institution. It does not, as at the beginning, take away from man a rib. Now it is an addition of ribs.

This institution of marriage has been defaused in out day. Socialism and polygamy and the most damnable of all things, free lovism, have been trying to educate, the nation is regard to hely marriage, which makes or breaks for time and efernity. Oh, this is not a mere question of residence or wardrobe! It is a question charged with gigante lay or corrow, with heaven or hell. Alsa for this sow disponastion of George Sandet.

band's work cover him with the soot of the furnace, or the closes of leather or soap factories, led not the wife be easily disguested at the beginned hands or unsavory aronas. Your gains are eas, your interests are one, your lesses are one, Lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which for the danger; four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sad thing for a planist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing for a planist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing for a planist when she had a husband as who had a husband has what is called a "genteel business." So far as I understand a "genteel business." It is something to which a man goes at 16 o'clock in the morning and from which he comes home at 2 or 8 e'clock in the afternoon, and gere a lerge amount of money for diagnosting. That is, I believe, a "genteel business." and there has been many a wife whe has mads the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the taming of the hides, or the turning of the banistes, or the building of the banistes, or the bu along well? I have watched such cases and have come to a conclusion. In the first instance nothing seemed to go pleasantly, and after awhile there came a devastation, domestic disaster, or estrangement. Way? They started wrong. In the other case, although there were hardships and trials and some things that had to be explained, still things went on pleasantly until the very last. Why? They started right.

My second advice to yen in your home is to exarcise to the very last possibility of your nature the law of forbearance. Prayers in the household will not make up for everything. Some of the best poople in the world are the hardest to get along with. There are people who stand up in prayer meetings and pray like angels whe at home are uncompromating and cranky. You may not have everything just as you want it. Semetimes it will be the duty of the hueband and sometimes of the wife to yield but both stand punctillously on your rights, and you will have a Waterioo with no Blucher coming up at nightfull to dockle the conflict.

Acknewledge Wrong.

Never be ashamed to apologize when

do; secondly, those who have something to do, but who are too lazy or too proud to do it.

How to Have a Happy Home.

I have one more word of advice to give to those who would have a happy home, and that it, let love preside in it. When your techavior in the domestic circle becomes a mare matter of calculation, when the carces you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position, you occupy, happiness lies stark doad on the hearthstone. When the hashand's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of votes, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic blies has become a despottem that neither God ner nan will abide. Oh, ye who promised to lave each other at the altar, how dare you commit perjury? Lot no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.

Here are a man and wife. They agree in rething else, but they agree they will have a home. They will have a splendld house, and they think that if they have a house they will have a home. Architects make the plan, and the mechanics execute it, the house to cost \$100,000. It is done. The carpets are spread, lights are hoisted, curtains are hung, cards of invitation sent out. The horses in gold plated harness prance at the gate, guests come in and take their places, the flute sounds, the dancers go up and down, and with one grand wair! the wealth and the fashion and the mirrh of the great town wheel amid the plotuvel walls. Happiness indeed!

Something Lacking.

Let us build on the center of the parlor fields a thome. be to you an unmitigated curse. Cowper said:

The kindest and the happlest pair Will find occasion to forbear And something, every day they live, To pity and perhaps forgive.

I device also that you make your chief pleasure circle around about that home. It is unfortunate when it is otherwise. If the husband spends the most of his nights away from home, of choice and not of necessity, he is not the head of the household; he is only the oathler. If the wife throw the cares of the homehold into the servant's lap and then spend five nights of the week as the open or theatre, she may clothe her children with sating and lace and ribbons that would could none to say its prayers to because mother has gone off to the evening entertainment! In India they bring children and throw them to the crocodiles, and it seems very cruel, but the jaws of social dissipation are swallowing down more little children to day than all the monsters that ever erawled upon the banks of the Ganges!

brilliant stairway, flash it in chandeliers. Happiness indeed!

Semething Lacking.

Lat us build on the center of the parlor flopr a throne to happiness; let all the guests, when come in, bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds, and throw them on this pyramid, and let it be a throne, and them let happiness, the queen, mount the throne, and we will stand sround, and, all chalices litted, we will say, "Drink, O queen; live forever!" But the guest depart, the flute are breathless, the last clash of the impatient hoofs is heard in the distance, and the twain of the household come back to see the queen of happiness on the throne amid the parlor floor. But, also, as they come back, the flowers have faded, the sweet odors have become the smell of a charnel house, and instead of the queen of happiness there sits there

top of wreath, smaranth on amaranth, until the throne is done. Then the harps of God sounded, and suddenly these appeared one who mounted the throne with eye so height and brow so fair that the twain knew it was Christian love. And they knell at the foot of the throne, and, putting one hand on each head, she blessed them and said, "lappiness is with me!" And that throne of celestial bloom withered not with the passing years, and the queen left not the throne till one day the married pair fell stricken in years—felt themselves called away and knew not which way to go, and the queen bounded from the throne and said, "Follow me, I will show you the way up to the realm of sericating love." And so they went up to sing songs of love and walk on pavements of love and to Ive together in mansions of love, and to rejoice forever in the truth that God is love.

When a British brig was gliding smoothly along before a good bresse in the South Pacific, three months ago, a flock of small birds about the size, shape and color of paroquets sottled down in the rigging and spent an hour or more resting. The second mate was so anxious to find out the species to which the visiting strangers belonged that he tried to entrap a specimen, but the birds were too sky to be caught, and too spry to be saized by the quick hands of the sailors. At the end of about an hour the highstook the brig's course, and disappeared, but towards nightful they came back and nessed the night in the maintep.

The next morning the birds few off agaid, and when they returned at noon the sailors scattered some food about the deck. By this time the birds had become so tame that they hopped about the deck picking up the crumbs. That afternoon an astonishing thing happened. The flock came flying swiftly toward the brig. Every bird seemed to be piping as if pursued by some little invisible enemy on wings, and they at once Indeled down behind the deckhouse. The superstitious sailors at once called the captain of the brig. who rubbed his eyes and looked at the barcuster. A glance show



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