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Every lady in London must be curious to know by this time what the new spring of '97 Hats are to look like. We have received and will place on show Wednesday and three following days the advance spring styles in Ladies' Hats. They represent the brightest conceptions of the deintiest designs of both hemispheres. Whether you are ready to purchase a Hat now or not, we want you to feel at perfect liberty to call and gratify your curiosity as to the new styles. What you will see here are

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Millinery at prices that were never heard of before at the beginning of the season. We are determined to keep up our Rebuilding and Alteration Sale Prices until our alterations are completed.

COME AND WELCOME.

One of the Sublimest Theories of Religion.

Dr. Talmage Discourses on Christ's Vicarious Sacrifice.

Without Shedding of Blood There Is No Remission."

conditions of life Dr. Talmage, in this sermon, draws graphic illustrations of one of the sublimest theories of religion, namely, vicarious sacrifice. His ple fact is, the man is enduring all text was Hebrews, ix., 22: 'Without shedding of blood is no remission."

John G. Whittier, the last of the ing from that store, from that bank, great school of American poets that from that shop, from that scaffolding, made the last quarter of a century brilliant, asked me in the White Mountains, one morning after prayers, in which I had given out Cowper's famous hymn about "The Fountain Filled stead, for which he wins bread, and with Blood," "Do you really believe wardrobe, and education and prosperwith Blood," "Do you really believe wardrobe, and education and prosper-there is a literal application of the ity, and in such battle ten thousand blood of Christ to the soul?" My negative reply then is my negative reply and all scientists, in saying that the lare gone. Life for life. Blood for blood is the life, and in the Christian blood. Substitution! religion it means simply that Christ's life was given for our life. Hence all this talk of men who say the Bible story of blood to discover the Bible story of blood the Bible story of blood to discover the Bible story of blood to discove of blood is disgusting, and that they don't want what they call a "slaughter-house religion," only shows "slaughter-house religion," only shows because it is the household custom to their incapacity or unwillingness to keep a subdued light burning; but look through the figure of speech to- most of the houses from base to top ward the thing signified. The blood are as dark as though uninhabited that, on the darkest Friday the world A merciful God has sent forth the ever saw, oozed or trickled, or poured archangel of sleep, and he puts his from the brow, and the side, and the wings over the city. But yonder is hands, and the feet of the illustrious a clear light burning, and outside on sufferer, back of Jerusalam, in a few hours coagulated and dried up, and forever disappeared, and if man had child; the food is set in the fresh air. depended on the application of the literal blood of Christ, there would not

In order to understand this red word too much or too little, or a moment my text, we only have to exercise too soon or too late. She is very anxiwe do in everything else. Pang for with the same disease, and she prays Mie for life, we see every day illus-trated. The act of substitution is no one through the ordeal. After it is novelty, although I hear men talk as all over, the mother is taken down, though the idea of Christ's suffering Brain or nervous fever sets in, and substituted for our suffering were one day she leaves the convalescent, something abnormal, something discentric, a solitary episode in the world's

Among the many thousand recent remarkable cures are:

George Magee, George Cassen, Gilford, Ont. Fred Kasints, Henry Cundy,

Palmerston, Ont. Seaforth, Ont. F.X. Groulx, Ottawa, Ont. Madoc, Ont.

R. S. Tuttle, Miss Maud Cotterell. Brantford, Ont.

James Ment, Orillia, Ont.

Dedd's Kidney Pills is the only remedy that has ever cured Bright's Discase.

history; when I could take you out into this city, and before sundown point you to five hundred cases of substitution and voluntary suffering of one in behalf of another.

At two o'clock tomorrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men, who, by their looks, show you that they They are prematurely old. They are hastening rapidly towards their decease. They have gone through crises in business that shattered their nervous system and pulled on the brain. They have a shortness of breath and a pain in the back of the head and a local people who have prejudged prisoner and condemned me for pleading in his behalf. He is a convict, a pauper, a negro, without intellect, sense or motion. My child, with an affectionate smile disarms my care-worn face of its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street that the folial struck him from above, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and then and there, in presence of heaven and earth and hell, yea, all worlds with the price, the bitter price, the its frown whenever I cross my threshold. The beggar in the street that the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone after cyclone, and the seas of trouble rolled up from beneath, hurricane after hurricane, and cyclone a night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drudging at business e difficult to extract any amusement out of that exhaustion. Because they are avaricious? In many cases, no.Because their own personal expenses are lavish? No; a few hundred dollars would meet all their wants. The simthat fatigue and exasperation, and perous. There is an invisible line reachto a quiet scene a rew blocks away, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. is simply the champion of a homemen fall. Of ten business men whom I bury, nine die of overwork for oth-The Bible statement agrees with ers. Some sudden disease finds them physicians, and all physiologists, with no power of resistance, and they blood. Substitution!

At 1 o'clock temorrow morning, the

the dwelling-houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, This is the sixth night that mother has sat up with that sufferer. She have been a soul saved for the last has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop ous, for she has buried three children ing, hunger for hunger, fatigue for and weeps, each prayer and each sob tigue, tear for tear, blood for blood, ending with a kiss of the pale cheek. odd, something wildly ecolitary episode in the world's dom of heaven. Life for life. Substitution! The fact is that there are an uncounted number of mothers who, after they have navigated a large famchildren through all the diseases of infancy, and get them fairly started up the flowering slope of boyhood and girlhood, have only strength enough left to die. They fade away. ome call it consumption; some call intermittent or malarial indisposition: but I call it martyrdom of the domes-tic circle. Life for life. Blood for

blood. Substitution! Or perhaps the mother lingers long ch to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparel remembering his every birthday with ome memento, and when he is brought me worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well, and starts hin again, and hopes, and expects, and proys, and counsels, and suffers, until She is going, and attendants, bending over her rillow ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes | ion-Christ the Martyr, Christ the Cegreat effort to say something, but out

from our northern and southern homes hundreds of thousands of men to do battle for their country. All the poetry of war soon vanished, and left them nothing but the terrible prose.

They waded knee-deen in mud. They

his valise, and some phials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other physicians, and takes the rail-train. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes railtrains, regular and extra, taking the flying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling of the pulse and studying symptoms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow-physician says, "Doctor, you had better go home and rest; you look miserable." but he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and

while so many are suffering. On and on, until some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home, and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down, but he fights his attendard the control of th tendants until he falls back, and is weaker and weaker, and dies for people with whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among of prey, and stood on the point where

Van Nest family. The foaming wrath of the community could be kept off him only by armed constables. Who would volunteer to be his counsel? No attorney wanted to sacrifice his was lifted out of all the ages of eterlawyer with feeble voice, that could hardly be heard outside the bar, pale and thin, and awkward. It was Wm.
H. Seward, who saw that the prisoner under my right arm, and will heal all was idiotic and irresponsible, and ought those under my left arm. Strike me to be put in an asylum rather than with all thy glittering shafts, O Eter-

me to give because he says, "God bless you!" as I pass. My dog caresses me with fondness if I will but smile on That is what Paul means, that is the prisoner at the bar does not at this moment know why it is that my

denied him through the treachery of blood you and I will be saved-American politics. Nothing sublimer was ever seen in an American court the hill back of Jerusalem was the room than William H. Seward, without reward, standing between the fury our liberty! of the populace and the loathsome

In the realm of the fine arts there was as remarkable an instance. A brilliant but hypercriticized painter, Joseph William Turner, was met by a volley of abuse from all the art galleries of Europe. His paintings, which have since won the applause Plague of Egypt," Fishermen on a Lee Shore in Squally Weather," "Calais Pier," "The Sun Rising Through Mist," and "Dido Building Carthage," were then targets for critics to shoot at. In defense of this outrageously abused man, a young author of 24 years, just one year out of college, came forth with his pen, and wrote the ablest and most famous essays on art that the world ever saw, or ever will see— John Ruskin's "Modern Painters." For seventeen years this author fought the battles of the maltreated artist, and after, in poverty and broken-heartedness, the painter had died, and the public tried to undo their cruelties toward him by giving him a big funeral and burial in St. Paul's Cathedral, his old-time friend took out of a tin box nineteen thousand pieces of paper containing drawings by the old painter, and through many weary and uncompensated months assorted and arranged them for public observation. People say John Ruskin in his old days is cross, misanthropic and morbid. Whatever he may do that he ought not to do, and whatever he may say that he ought not to say between now and his death, he will leave this world insolvent as far it has any capacity to pay this author's pen for its chivalric and Christian

defense of a poor painter's pencil. John Ruskin for William Turner. Blood for What an exalting principle which leads one to suffer for anoth-er! Nothing so kindles enthusiasm or strength gives out and she fails. awakens eloquence, or chimes poetic canto, or moves nations. The principle is the dominant one in our lestial Hero, Christ the Defender, Christ the Substitute. No new pringreat effort to any substitute of three or four minutes of indistinct of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words. "My poor boy!" The simple fact is, she died for him. Life for higher, deeper, and more world-resounding scale! The shepherd boy as harmion for Israel with a sling

slept in snowbanks. They marched till their cut feet tracked the earth. They were swindled out of their honest rations, and lived on meat not fit for a dog. They had jaws all fractured, and eyes extinguished, and limbs shot away. Thousands of them orded for water as they law dying on cried for water as they law dying on the later and no hand arrests the place of laceration and death.

and got it not. They were homesick, and recoils and groans at the horror.

All good men have for centuries loved ones. They died in barns, in bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of tute was like, and every comparison, bushes, in ditches, the buzzards of tute was like, and every comparison, and regiments lay down on their faces, the buzzards of tute was like, and every comparison, and regiments lay down on their faces, and recoils and groans at the horror.

All good men have for centuries because of the malador arising in that hot month of June.

"There," said our guide, "the High-land regiments lay down on their faces, and every comparison, and recoils and groans at the horror. the summer heat the only attendants on their obsequies. No one but the infinite God who knows everything, knows the ten thousandth part of the length, and breadth, and depth, and

popularity by such an ungrateful task. All were silent save one, a young lawyer with feeble voice, that could be redeemed under his one arm, and put to death, the heroic counsel utter-ing these words:

| The counsel with all the counsel utter-thy surges, ye oceans of sorrow?" And "I speak now in the hearing of a the thunder bolts struck him from people who have prejudged prisoner above, and the seas of trouble rolled

with fondness if I will but smile on him. My horse recognizes me when I what I mean, that is what all those fill his manger. What reward, what gratitude, what sympathy and affection can I expect here? There the prisoner religion of blood. I am thrilled as I sits. Look at him. Listen to their ill-suppressed and their excited fears, and tell me where among my neighbors or my fellow men, where, even in his rough-hewn from wood set on table heart, I can expect to find a sentiment, in log-hut meeting-house of the wilder a thought, not to say of reward or of ness. Now I am thrilled as I see the acknowledgement, or even of recognialtars of ancient sacrifice crimson with tion? Gentlemen, you may think of the blood of the slain lamb, and Le this evidence what you please, bring viticus is to me not so much the Gld in what verdict you can, but I asseverate before heaven and you, that, to why the destroying angel passing over the best of my knowledge and belief, Egypt in the night spared all those Egypt in the night spared all houses that had blood sprinkled on shadow falls on you instead of his Isaiah means when he speaks of "one wn."

The gallows got its victim, but the in red apparel coming with dyed garments from Bozzah;" and when the postmortem examination of the poor creature showed to all the surgeons and to all the world that the public was wrong, that William H. Seward was right, and that hard, stony step of the "precious blood that cleanseth oquy in the Auburn court room, from all sin;" and what the old, wornwas the first step of the stairs of fame out missionary Paul means when, in up which he went to the top, or to within one step of the top, that last denied him the order. By that saved at all. Glory be to God that

The most exciting and overpowering day of one summer was the day spent on the battlefield of Waterloo Starting out with the morning train from Brussels, Belgium, we arrived in about an hour on that famous spo A son of one who was in the battle, and who had heard from his father thousand times the whole scene recitof all civilized nations, "The Fifth Plague of Egypt," Fishermen on a Lee eau, the walls dented, and scratched. and broken, and shattered by grapeshot and cannon ball. There is the well in which three hundred dying and dead were pitched. There is the chapel with the head of the infant Christ shot off. There are the gates at which, for many hours, English and French armies wrestled. Yonder were the one hundred and sixty guns of the En guns of the French. Yonder the Han overian Guards fled for the woods. Yonder was the ravine of Ohain, wher

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pleasant-faced woman at her home on Horton

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very gladly tell you what you want to know.

About three years ago my husband was very ill, and I had frequently occasion to rise in the night and go for a doctor or to the druggist. In my hurry I often neglected to properly clothe myself, and contracted several heavy colds which turned at last to chronic catarrh. I tried doctors, who helped me, but did not cure me, and several special catarrh medicines. I was relieved but not cured. I was suffering intolerably when Mr. Shuff recommended me to try CHASE'S CATARRH CURE, and it began at once to help, and in about two months had entirely cured me. I cannot speak too highly of this remarkable medicine, and cheerfully recommend it to all sufferers from catarrh.'

cried for water as they lay dying on the field, the night after the battle, and the universe shivers and quakes all was shoveled under because of the

length, and breadth, and depth, and height of the anguish of the Northern and Southern battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage day, start out into probabilities of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

But we need net go so far. What is that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the Southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these Northern latitudes? Oh, yes. But the doctor puts a few medical books in his vallse, and some phials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in Joshua and Sampson and Solomon and Joshua an

responding to the late period will see here are gratify your curiosity as to the new styles. What you will see here are only forerunners of the immense variety of styles and shapes which we shall keep in stock.

Newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. He goes traight as an arrow to the bosom of humanitarian service. He goes traight as an arrow to the bosom of humanitarian service. He goes traight as an arrow to the bosom of him who said: "I was sick, and ye visited me." Life for life. Blood for him who said: "I was sick, and ye visited me." Life for life. Blood for home with their keen sabres—our Substitute!

When did attorney ever endure so much for a pauper client, or physician for the patient in the lazaretto, or mother for the patient in the lazaretto, or mother for the patient in the lazaretto, or mother for the child in membranous for the principle of self-sacrifice. In 1846, William Freeman, a pauperized and idioting nearo, was at Auburn, N. Y., on trial for murder. He had slain the entire Van Nest family. The foaming wrath the carried fice—his name just mentioned among of prey, and stood on the point where of prey, and stood o we plant this day two figures, not in

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