

RAILWAY

GOING WEST  
Monday 1.03 a.m.  
... 1.11 a.m.  
... 8.50 p.m.  
... except Sunday.  
... except night.

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# THE CHRONIC GRUMBLER

PESSIMISTS WHO WERE BORN UNDER AUSENCE OF LIGHT.

## "GIVING THANKS UNTO GOD"

Blessings That All Men, Even the Chronic Grumbler, Should Feel and Express Thanks For—Stellar Settings of Gold To Be Found in the Lives of Most, According to the Preacher.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by Frederick Dyer, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 24.—The preacher to-day, taking for his theme "GIVING THANKS UNTO GOD," was flocking back from seashore and mountain, shows us that home has its own peculiar blessings, which are never better appreciated than on return after absence. The text is Ephesians v. 20, "Giving thanks always for all things unto God."

Some people are "weeping Jeremiahs." They are always seeing ominous visions and dreaming portentous dreams and prophesying evil. Their prophecies are never like the chirps of the red-breasted robins, harbingers of the spring. They are like the autumnal frosts, forerunners of winter's storms. They prophesy pains and miseries and wars and massacres and tomahawks and tortures at the stake, amid a chorus of blood-curdling yells and Indian whoops. They are not like the ancient astrologers, who used to foretell a glorious career for the newborn child from the relative position of the stars of the solar system hovering over the cradle on the night of the babe's nativity. They never see stellar letters of gold. They only see eclipses and tornadoes and absence of all light. In the black pages of the night they read the histories of the troubles that are past and the forecasts of the troubles that are to come.

These pessimists are always dreading a dire. They never make an inventory of their blessings. They are never happy for what they have. They are always dwelling on the things which they have not and which they would like to have. These modern pessimists are like the farmer who in the rain grumbles and says: "This rain is killing my corn. Corn needs sunshine." And when the sun shines then he complains that the drought is killing his hay. "Grass," he says, "needs rain, not sunshine." These pessimists are always grumbling, always complaining. Every Monday is for them a blue Monday and every Sunday a blue Sunday. They grumble in the morning. They grumble at night. They grumble all the time. They think they live in the poorest country, surrounded by the meanest people, at the most unfortunate of all times. The country is for them always rushing toward hopeless smashup. They are never happy unless they are miserable. If they ever reach heaven, unless their natures are completely changed before they get there, they will complain about the architecture of the white mansions and complain about the glare of the streets of gold and complain about the weakness of the gates of pearl and complain about the style of the celestial music. These pessimists were not born under a "lucky star." They were born according to the teaching of ancient astrology, amid the absence of all light, unless that light was the flashing light of the lightning. These pessimists derive the motive of their music from the growlings of a tempest and not from the notes of a sweet-throated, happy nightingale.

Paul, in the words of my text, hurls his anathema against the chronic grumblers. He bids us look upon the bright side and not the dark side of life. We should find a sweet nectar in every flower and a blessing in every moment. We should be like a bee gathering honey and not like a wasp thrusting a sting. We should have that beautiful spirit of contentment and thankfulness to God as had an aged octogenarian. Some one said to him, "Grandpa, when is the happiest time of life?" He answered: "When spring comes and under the influence of the gentle warmth of the atmosphere the buds commence to turn into flowers I think to myself, 'Oh, what a beautiful season is spring!' Then, when summer comes and covers the trees with thick foliage, when the birds are happy in singing their pretty songs, I say to myself, 'Oh, summer is a fine thing!' Then when autumn comes and I see the same trees loaded with the most tempting fruits, I cry out, 'Oh, how magnificent is autumn!' And finally, when the rude, hard winter makes its appearance and there are neither leaves nor fruits on the trees, then through their naked branches I look upward and perceive better than I could ever do before the stars that glitter in the sky." Aye, like the aged Christian and like Paul of my text, amid all things we should learn to give thanks unto God.

Give thanks unto God for all things. Yes, we ought to be ready to do that. But in order to bring our spiritual lesson a little nearer home let us make an inventory of some of the blessings which naturally have come to those of us who have just returned home from our summer vacations. Many of us during the past summer have been away to the mountains or down to the seashore, seeking rest and physical and mental strength and recreation. We are now back to the old treadmill of city life. Some of us when boarding the train for home did so with a sigh. "Well," we said, "fun is over for one year. Now for another twelve months of hard grind." We sighed thus, as though all the pleasures of life were found in vacations. Are they? Let us see. Let us study for a little while the blessed resurrection which should come to every healthy man and healthy woman from a summer vacation. Let us make a short summary of the blessings of our city lives and see how much there is in them for which we ought to thank God.

It is a strange fact that, in order to appreciate our city homes as well as our other blessings, most of us have to be deprived of them for awhile. We must be separated for a time from our blessings in order to appreciate them when they come back to us. We are like some people living in the climate of southern California, one of the most glorious climates in all the world. Here people some times grow absolutely tired of the sunshine. "Oh," said a man to me some time ago, "I wish I could get rid of the sun. I am so tired of looking at it. It is beautiful day after beautiful day for week in and week out and for month in and month out. I would that I could see just one old fashioned New England storm or Illinois blizzard." "Yes," I answered my friend, "you wish you could see a Chicago blizzard again, but as soon as it begins to howl about your ears and send its chill winds running up and down your backbones and make you hug the fire you would mighty quick wish you could feel again the glowing warmth of the California sun." It does seem strange that perpetual blessings can fall upon us. We must be deprived of blessings for a little while to appreciate them when we get them back. This fact is especially true of the comforts of our city homes.

When the summer months drew near last spring the city house did not look as attractive to us as it is to-day. We longed for that little cottage by the seashore; or we longed to give up housekeeping and have a change of cooking and go and board at the seashore. We pictured the beautiful visions of sitting under the trees and hearing the bees hum. Our mouths watered at the idea of eating the fresh laid eggs and drinking the rich milk, thicker than our city cream. The trunks were packed; the tickets were bought; the city house was deserted. For what? Instead of the beautiful cottage by the sea, some of us exchanged our comfortable city homes for a little bandbox of a house. It was so small that we had to go out into the front yard to turn around, or else we might have done ourselves a physical injury. Or, instead of the great wide parlors of our city home, we were shut up in two or three little rooms of a hotel, where it was so hot that, like the chickens on a sultry day, we had to keep our mouths open most of the time to catch our breath. Then the food, rich milk? Fresh laid eggs? Delicious vegetables? Oh, no! The best of the farm products are sent to the city markets, not to the country. We were crowded and jostled. We had to read our books in stiff backed, uncomfortable chairs, or sit down under the trees, where we were always afraid of being stung by the "yellow jackets."

Instead of our great big city closets we had to live for the most part in trunks. And the beds! Oh, my. The mattresses must have been made out of shavings. And everywhere you turned you kept longing for the comforts of your city home. Now, my friends, we are back to our city homes. Let us thank God for them. Let us thank God for the simple, wholesome meals we have. Let us thank him for the sitting rooms, with their big, comfortable chairs, and for the bedrooms, where we have a place for everything and everything in its place. Do not talk to me of a sublime blessings of a summer watering place, but of the

sublime blessings and comforts of our own city homes.

We should also thank God for our city homes in a broad sense. What the gold setting is to the precious stone, the halls, the walls, the fireplaces, the bedrooms, the sitting and dining rooms and the parlors are to the family jewels we call our wives, our husbands, our fathers and mothers and children and brothers and sisters. There is an old motto which we often hear upon the street, "What is home without a mother?" We sometimes hear it flippantly spoken. But I not only ask this question in a sentimental sense, but I ask the same kind of a question in a broader sense. I ask, "What would home be without all the children and the parents being gathered together under the same roof?" In truth, it would not be a home. Thus to-day amid the blessings of our vacation compensations, I thank God that our families are reunited. I thank God that father sits at one end of the table and that mother sits at the other end of the table and that all the children, from the biggest to the youngest, are lined up between, with the two places of honor next to the mother reserved for the two youngest in the family.

No; there is not one missing. As you look about the long table at your Sunday dinner to-day you will find them all there. Many a day has passed since the first day of last July that you would have given a good deal to have the whole family about you, as you have this Sabbath morning. In the first place, no sooner did the schools close last summer than the children went every where. One of your boys went camping, one of your daughters went to visit a school friend in the east or on the ranch, your wife had to take the sick child down to the seashore, you as the husband and father were away for some time on a business trip, and when you returned you had to spend most of your time in the city. You snatched your Sundays off and a few days here and there to go to the country, but the most part you were alone. Now the family is reunited. Schools have opened. The boys and girls have to come back to their books. The many dangers of travel are past. Say what you will, you worried a great deal about that boy of yours using that gun. Yes, you are all home again, safe and well. Thank God to-day for your reunited families! "Amen! Amen!" I can hear from dozens of grateful lips as a great climax to this domestic thanksgiving.

Then, again, I want you to thank God that you have reunited the work of the store, or the factory, or the office. Let me see; how long were you out in the country? Two weeks? Three weeks? Ten days? Oh, it does not matter much how long. I know one fact about you, and that is you were away long enough to know that the hardest work is a strong, healthy man ever has to do is to learn how to do nothing. When you left the city some months ago you went off in high hopes. "Nothing to do; nothing to do," was your congratulatory cry. The night you went to bed in the country you said to yourself: "Now I am going to stay in bed just as long as I wish. I am not going to get up until 11 o'clock if I do not desire." Did you stay in bed until 11 o'clock? Oh, no. You arose at your regular time. Old habits cannot be broken in a day. Then after a few fishing trips and a few mountain climbs you began to grow restless. You wanted to get back to work. Then, if I mistake not, it has been your good fortune during this vacation to be thrown with a few chronically unhappy people. Perhaps on account of inherited wealth or from the fact that they have made money they retired from business to have a good time. What a miserable mistake they have made. Instead of being happy with nothing to do, you have found that they are the most unhappy of men. They spend most of their time in playing nurse girl or picking up pins or in finding fault with their children or in making the lives of their wives as miserable as their own. The simple fact is a full-blown regular life has no business loafing around the house with nothing to do. If you loiter about the house thus you will degenerate into nothing but a first-class "fusser" and a genuine masculine nuisance. You know that you never felt happier than when you were in the city. The other day and started for the store. In my time I have met hundreds of healthy men who had retired from business because they had amassed a competency. I never envied one of them. I have always thanked God, first, that he has given me health; secondly, that he has compelled me to work. Thank God to-day that you have been able to cast off the inactivities of a vacation and have been compelled to go back to the daily treadmill of mental and manual toil. The physical struggles of life not only earn bread for our children, but also unlimited joys for our own healthful, physical and mental existence.

Then again, I gladly welcome you back as worshippers to your own churches. You know as well as I know that most of the good we get from a gospel sermon is due not so much to the intrinsic worth and to the brilliancy of the sermon as to the spiritual preparations we make at home for the reception of the Bread of Life. This Sabbath day, in a Christian home, you awake in a spiritual atmosphere. You did not see any fishing poles. You did not see the carriages being driven up for the long mountain rides. You did not see the pleasure parties starting out for a yachting trip. You arose in the spirit of prayer. After breakfast you gathered the children about the family altar. Then before you started for Sunday school you all knelt. Then you uttered a prayer like this: "God, like Ebenezer, may we walk with thee this day. Be with our Sunday school. Give the teachers power to expound thy word. Give the scholars receptive hearts to listen to thy lessons. O Father, thou great and omnipotent King, be with our pastor. He is one of us. May he to-day be a man with mighty power for God. May just the right word be spoken which will bring down a shower of blessings to our hearts." Are not those prayers having results? Why, friends, as I speak this morning I feel a strange influence lifting me up. That influence, oh, my people, comes from the prayers of the family altars of my church. That power comes from the prayers of my people here in this church home, praying for me. That power comes from

the fact that when you started for church you and your households were in a praying atmosphere. It is hard, awfully hard, to make the necessary spiritual preparations for a Sunday service when we are out in the country in a worldly summer hotel. Congratulate you that you have been able to start this holy Sabbath in the right way upon your knees before your family altars.

Then I also congratulate the home-comers because you have come back to your opportunities of religious work as well as to your temporal work and to your church worship. A vacation from the store invariably means a vacation from church labors and church work. You may have attended the church services, but you went to church simply as worshippers and not as workers. And, my friends, true Christianity is not developed simply by bending the knee in prayer, but in laboring in God's vineyard.

The vineyards of Christ's great city are now ripe for the plucking. Your Sunday school class is ready to welcome you back. The boys and the girls ought all to be brought into the Christian life this winter. The missionary society needs building up as never before. You must go to work there this winter. You only gave half-hearted service last year. You must do better this year. The young people's meetings need reinforcement as never before. All these opportunities of gospel work are opening to you. Oh, I welcome you back not simply to worship, but to consecrated labor in God's vineyards and in God's great harvest fields.

Thus, wherever I look, I find the results of our vacations are blessed. Home, store, church, all surround us with their mercies. Now, my friends, with these mighty opportunities of Christian usefulness and Christian growth surrounding us, we are standing upon the threshold of a new church year. What are we going to do with it? Shall the church year of 1905 and 1906 be a mighty year for spiritual results in our lives? The year is now here; the year will soon be gone. Let us consecrate ourselves and our church and our Sunday schools and our prayer meetings and our missionary societies to His dear service as never before. Let us bow our heads as we say: "Lord, take this pulpit and take these pews and take us all into thy keeping, and for the work of thy grace may this church year be the best year of our lives. When the vacations of next year come around, may we go forth into the mountains or down by the seashore, feeling that we have not worked in vain. And if during the year some of us will leave, not for the vacations of earth, but for the triumphs of heaven, may those of us who go carry the news heavenward that the dear old church to which we belong is doing a work which will gladden the hearts of angels and make the celestial welkin ring with never ending joy. And all these results we ask in the power of the Holy Spirit, who alone can make our gospel consecration and triumphs possible. For Jesus' sake we again make the earnest request. Amen and amen."

Expecting Trouble. "Now children," said the Sunday school teacher, "I want some one to tell me what happened to the loaves and fishes which—" "Teacher!" piped the new boy in the back seat, snapping his fingers. "Well, do you know?" "No, I don't," replied the boy, pessimistically, "but it's a cinch that it'll be blamed on me."

And From a Used Up Man He Became as Smart as a Boy.

Orland, Ont., Sept. 25.—(Special).—Mr. Chester Loomis, an old and respected farmer living in this section, is spreading broadcast the good news that Dodd's Kidney Pills are a sure cure for the Lame Back and Kidney Disease so common among old people. Mr. Loomis says: "I am 76 years of age and smart and active as a boy and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills all the credit for it."

"Before I started to use Dodd's Kidney Pills I was so used up I could hardly ride in a buggy and I could not do work of any kind. Everybody thought I would not live long. Dodd's Kidney Pills are a wonderful remedy."

The Kidneys of the young may be wrong, but the Kidneys of the old must be wrong. Dodd's Kidney Pills make all wrong Kidneys right. That is why they are the old folks' greatest friend.

Another Rise in Oil.

Pittsburg, Sept. 25.—The Standard Oil Co. yesterday again advanced the price of all grades of crude oil, except raglan. The higher grades of oil were raised 5 cents and the lower grades 2 cents.

Enterprising Doughbobs.

Winnipeg, Sept. 25.—The Doughbobs community has contracted for one of the heaviest portions of the G. T. P. construction, and will put a thousand men and a hundred teams on the job.

NERVOUSNESS A CALAMITY.

Many who don't realize what lies beyond, treat an attack of the "nerves" with indifference. Others consider it will soon pass away. But in every case nervousness is a calamity. Only one remedy will cure—Ferrozone—a nerve strengthener that acts through the blood. First it gives you appetite—you eat plenty. This fills the blood with nourishment for the inner nerve cells. Energy and strength is instilled into every part of the system. You get well—keep well—nervousness forever departs, because you've used Ferrozone. Price 50c. per box of fifty tablets at all dealers.

Wheat Train Wrecked.

Fort William, Sept. 25.—An extra wheat train of thirty cars was wrecked late Wednesday afternoon at Carlisle, a hundred miles west of here, piling twenty-three cars of grain on the track. No one was seriously hurt. Passenger traffic was delayed fourteen hours. The wreck was caused by a broken axle.

ARE YOU COSTIVE?

If you knew how bad for health constipation is you would be more careful. Irregular bowels cause appendicitis, jaundice, anaemia and a thousand other diseases too. Sooner or later it will bring you to a sick bed. The use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills changes all this quickly. They are made to cure constipation in one night, and always do so. By taking Dr. Hamilton's Pills you are sure of a keen appetite, splendid color, jovial spirits and sound, restful sleep. Gentle in action; good for men, women or children. 25c. per box, or five for \$1.00. At all dealers in medicine.

Boy Drowns in Well.

Little Britain, Sept. 25.—The little two-year-old son of William J. Rodman, three miles south of here, wandered away and fell into an old unused well. When found he was dead, the body floating on the water.

A Soldier's Suicide.

Halifax, N. S., Sept. 25.—Gunner James King, Royal Garrison Artillery, committed suicide on the Citadel ramparts Wednesday night by cutting his throat with a razor. The body was found yesterday morning.

BE DONE WITH CATARRH!

Why allow this filthy disease to poison your system? It drains your strength, ruins digestion, pollutes the breath, makes you repulsive. The one certain cure is "Catarrhazone," it cures because it destroys the cause of the disease, cures thoroughly because it goes wherever the catarrh is, cures every case because it destroys the catarrh germs instantly. To get well and stay free from catarrh get Catarrhazone and use it; satisfaction guaranteed.

The fellow who is carried away by much enthusiasm may also be carried away by an ambulance.

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### LAND FOR SALE.

I have for sale 100 acres, more or less, part of lot 16, Con. 8, Dover Township, Owned by R. D. Williams. Also 100 acres, more or less, owned by Wm. Kuhnke, Dover Township. Also 88 acres, more or less, owned by Anthony Daniel, Dover Township. Also money to loan at the very lowest rate of interest. HENRY DAGNEAU.

### FOR SALE

Choice Dover farm in 11th concession, containing 100 acres, good buildings, 87 acres under cultivation, balance in pasture. This is a first class farm. Price \$6,500 if sold at once. Also 33 1-3 acres in the 6th concession with first class buildings at a bargain. For particulars call upon Smith & Smith, real estate and insurance agents.

## Money to Loan

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1-2 and 5 per cent.

Liberal Terms and Privileges to Borrowers. Apply to

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To enjoy with you a cup of delicious

# "SALADA"

Ceylon Tea. It's a great factor in cementing friendship. Black, Mixed or Green.

Lead packets only 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c. per lb. by 11 Gr. coers.

Highest Award St. Louis, 1904.

## WE HAVE ON HAND

A LARGE SUPPLY OF

Lime, Cement, Sewer Pipe, Cut Stone, & Etc All of the best quality and at the lowest possible Prices

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## Coal AND Wood

Order your COAL and WOOD from

J. GILBERT & CO.

We have the best to be got and at low market prices. Orders promptly delivered.

OFFICE AND YARDS Queen St., near T. R. Crossing. PHONE 119.

## CHANGE OF TIME

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 18TH

THE STEAMER CITY OF CHATHAM

Will make Return Trips to Detroit Every

MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, SATURDAY

Leaving Rankin Dock at 7.30 a. m., returning leaves Detroit 3 p. m. Detroit or 4 p. m. Chatham time.

ONEWAY TRIP—THURSDAY

leaving Chatham 9.30 a. m., returning leave Detroit Friday 8.00 a. m. Chatham Time, or 9 a. m. Detroit time.

Sing's Tickets, 50c. Return tickets, 60c.

JOHN RORKE, Capt

## The Chatham Loan and Savings COMPANY.

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## Money to Lend on Mortgages

Borrowers should apply personally and secure best rates.

Deposits received of \$1 and upwards, and the highest current rate of interest allowed.

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Money to Loan at lowest rate of interest. . . .

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It is injurious chemicals and adulterations in common soaps that destroy your clothes. It is adulterations that harden your woollens and the excess alkali that destroys and shrinks them.

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