

NEW YORK.

At6 months old

EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER

5 Doses - 35 CENIS



FAC-SIMILE

SIGNATURE

IS ON THE

WRAPPER

OF EVERY

BOTTLE OF

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It onstoria is put up in one-size bottos only. is not sold in bulk. Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the rlea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will enswer every purpose." \*\* See that you got C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.



## This is King Quality

It is a pretty nice looking shoe, but fine as it looks, it feels a great deal finer. The King Quality should be worn by every woman who desires comfort, style, durability, and wants it economically. This describes the King Quality

It costs \$3, and it is worth



Made by J. D. King & Co Limited Toronto

# BLOOD POISON NERVOUS DEBILITY OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT will cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that mervousness bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a fallure. We invite all the afficted to consult us confidentially marriage of charge. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard-earned deliars. WE WILL CURE YOU OR NO PAY. We streat and cure NERVOUS DEBILITY, SEXUAL WEAKNESS, EMISSIONS, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, VARICOCELE, KIDNEY and BLADDER DISEASES, and all diseases peculiar to men and women. Cures guaranceed.

It is Easier to Paint



With good material than with an inferior qua-With good material than with an inferior quality and much more satisfactory and sensible.
Use care in selecting your material when having your painting done and ensure the best results. Take no chances on mixtures best results. Take no chances on mixt of which you know nothing. By using

are using the best. It covers most, wears longest, looks best, and gives most solid satisfaction. Its high qualities make it the most economical. It is all paint—there is no ediment and so no waste. Ramsay's Paints are mixed ready for use. Ask your dealer. A. RAMSAY & SON,

Subscribe

## THE NEW JERUSALEM

Discourse on the Splendors of the Heavenly World.

BLYOND PRESENT CONCEPTION

However Exalted Our Ideas of Heaven May Be, They Come Far Short of the Reality-A Place Where Sickness or Sorrow Cannot Enter-All Is Peace

Washington, May 13 .- In this discourse Dr. Talmage lifts the curtain from eternal felicities and in an unusual way treats of the heavenly world; text, I Corinthians ii, 9, "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."

The city of Corinth has been called

"the Paris of antiquity." Indeed, for splendor the world holds no such wonder to-day. It stood on an isthmus washed by two seas, the one sea bringing the commerce of Europe, the other sea bringing the commerce of Asia. From her wharfs, in the construction of which whole kingdoms had been absorbed, war galleys with three banks of oars pushed out and confounded the navy yards of all the world. Huge handed machinery, such as modern invention cannot equal, lifted ships from the sea on one side and transported them on trucks down in the sea on the other side. The revenue officers of the city

went down through the olive groves that lined the leach to collect a tariff from all nations. The mirth of all people sported in her isthmian games and the beauty of all lands sat in her theatres, walked her porticoes and threw itself on the altar of her stupendous dissipations. Column and statue and temple bewildered the beholder. There were white marble fountains into which from apertures at the side there rushed waters everywhere known for health qualities. Around these basins, twisted into wreaths of stone, there were all the beauties of sculpture and architecture, while standing, as if to guard the costly display, was a statue of Hercules of burnished Corinthian brass. Vases of terra cotta adorned the cemeteries of the dead-vases so costly that Julius Caesar was not satisfied until he had captured them for Rome. Armed officials, the Corintharii, paced up and down to see that no statue was defaced, no pedestal overthrown, no bas relief touched. From the edge of the city a hill arose, with its magnificent bur den of columns, towers and temples (1,000 slaves waiting at one shrine), and a citadel so thoroughly impreg-nable that Gibraltar is a heap of sand compared with it. Amid all that strength and magnificence Corinth stood and defied the world.

Oh, it was not to rustics, who had never seen anything grand, that Paul uttered his text. They had heard the instruments in all they had heard songs floating from morning porticoes and melting in evening groves; they had passed their whole lives among pictures and sculp-ture and architecture and Corinthian brass, which had been molded and shaped until there was no chariot wheel in which it had not sped, and no tower in which it had not glittered, and no gateway that it had not adorned. Ah, it was a bold thing for Paul to stand there amid all that and say: "All this is nothing. These sounds that come from the temple of Neptune are not music compared with the harmonies of which I speak. These waters rushing in the basin of Pyrene are not pure. These statues of Bacchus and Mercary are not exquisite. Your citadel of Acrocorinthus is not strong compared with that which I offer to the poorest slave that puts down his burden at that brazen gate. You Cor-inthians think this is a splendid city. You think you have heard all sweet sounds and seen all beautiful sights, but I tell you eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things God hath prepared for them that love

You see my text sets forth the idea that, however exalted our ideas of heaven, they come far short of the reality. Some wise men have been calculating how many furlongs long and wide is the new Jerusalem, and they have calculated how many inhabitants there are on the earth, how long the earth will probably stand, and then they come to this es timate: That after all the nations have been gathered to heaven there will be room for each soul, a room 16 feet long and 15, feet wide. It would not be large enough for you, It would not be large enough for me. I am glad to know that no human estimate is sufficient to take the di-mensions. "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard," nor arithmeticians calcu-

I first remark that we can get no idea of the health of heaven. When you were a child, and you went out in the morning, how you bounded along the road or street—you had never felt sorrow or sickness. Perhaps later you felt a glow in your cheek and a spring in your step and cheek and a spring in your step and an exuberance of spirits and a clear-ness of eye that made you thank God you were permitted to live. The nerves were harp strings and the sunlight was a doxology, and the rustling leaves were the rustling of the ing leaves were the rustling of the robes of a great crowd rising up to praise the Lord. You thought that you knew what it was to be well, but there is no perfect health on earth. The diseases of past generations came down to us. The airs that now float upon the earth are not like those which floated above paradise. They are charged with imlike those which floated above paradise. They are charged with impurities and distempers. The most
elastic and robust health of earth,
compared with that which those experience before whom the gates have
been opened, is nothing but sickness
and emaciation. Look at that soul
standing before the throne. On
earth she was a lifelong invalid. See
her step now and hear her voice now.
Catch, if you can, one breath of that

celestial air. Health in all the pul-ses—health of vision, health of spir-its, immortal health. No racking cough, no sharp pleurisies, no con-suming fevers, no exhausting pains no hospitals of wounded men. Health swinging in the air, health flowing in all the streams, health blooming on the banks. No headaches, no side aches, no back aches. That child that died in the agonies of croup, hear her voice now ringing in the anthem. That old man that went bowed down with the infirmities of age, see him walk now with the step of an immortal athlete—forever young again. That night when the ewoman fainted away in a garret, a wave of the heavenly air resuscitated her forever. For everlasting years to have neither ache, nor pain, nor weakness, nor fatigue. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard I remark further that we can

this world get no just idea of the splendors of heaven. John tries to describe them. He says, "the 12 gates are 12 pearls," and that "the foundations of the wall are garnisheh with all manner of precious As we stand looking through the telescope of St. John, we see a blaze of amethyst and pearl and emerald and sardonyx and chrysoprasus and sapphire, a mountain of light, a cataract of color, a sea of glass and a city like the sun. John bids us look again, and we see thrones—thrones of the prophets, thrones of the patriarchs, thrones of the angels, thrones of the apostles, thrones of the martyrs, throne of Jesus - throne of God. And we turn round to see the glory, and it is thrones, thrones, thrones!

John bids us look again and se the great procession of the redeemed passing. Jesus, on a white horse, leads the march, and all the armies of heaven follow on white horses. Infinite cavalcade passing; empires pressing into line, ages following ages. Dispensation tramping after dispensation. Glory in the track of glory. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America pressing into lines. Islands of the sea shoulder to shoulder. Generations before the flood following generations after the flood, and as Jesus rises at the head of that great host and waves his sword in signal of victory, all crowns are lifted and all ensigns swung out and all chimes rung and all halleluiahs chanted, and some cry, "Glory to God most high!" and some, "Hosanna to the son of David!" and some, "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain!"—till all exclamations of endearment and homage, in the vocabulary of heaven are exhausted, and there comes up surge after surge of "Amen! Amen! and Amen!" "Eye hath not seen it. Amen!" "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it." Skim from the summer waters the brightest spark-les, and you will get no idea of the sheen of the everlasting sea. Pile up the splendors of earthly cities, and they would not make a stepping stone by which you might mount to the city of God. Every house is a palace. Every step is a triumph. Every covering of the head a coronation. Every meal is a banquet. Every stroke from the tower is a wedding bell. Every day is a jubileo, every hour a rapture and every moment an ecstasy. "Eye hath not seen it, ear hath not heard it."

I remark further, we can get no idea of the reunions of hearen, you have ever been across the seas and met a friend or even an acquaintance in some strange land, you remember how your blood thrilled and how glad you were to see him. What will be our joy after we have passed the seas of death to meet in the bright city of the Lord those from whom we have long been separated. After we have been away from our friends 10 or 15 years and we come upon them we see how differently they look. Their hair has turned, and wrinkles have come in their faces, and we say, "How you have changed." But, oh, when we stand before the throne, all cares gone from the face, all marks of sorrow disappeared and feeling the joy of that blessed land, methinks we will say to each other with an exultation we cannot now imagine, "How you have

changed?"

In this world we only meet part. It is goodby, goodby. Fare-wells floating in the air. We hear it at the rail car window and at the steamboat wharf-goodby. Children lisp it, and old age answers it. Sometimes we say it in a light way -"goodby"-and sometimes with anguish in which the soul breaks down-goodby! Ah, that is the word that ends the thanksgiving banquet, that is the word that comes in to close the Christmas chant. Goodby, goodby. But not so in heaven. Welcomes in the air, welheaven. comes at the gates, welcomes at the house of many mansions, but no goodby. That group is constantly being augmented. They are going up from our circles of earth to join it—little voices to join the anthem, little hands to take hold in the great home circle, little feet to dance the eternal glee, little crowns to be cast down before the feet of Jesus. Our friends are in two groups - a group this side of the river and a group on the other side of the river.

Now there goes one from this to that and another from this to that, and soon we will all be gone over. How many of your loved ones have already entered upon that blessed place? If I should take paper and pencil, do you think I could put them all down? Ah, my friends, the waves of Jordan roar so hoarsely we cannot hear the love on the other side.

of Jordan roar so hoarsely we cannot hear the joy on the other side when that group is augmented.

A little child's mother had died, and they comforted her. They said:
"Your mother has gone to heaven, Don't cry." And the next day they went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down. went to the graveyard, and they laid the body of the mother down into the ground, and the little girl came up to the verge of the grave, and, looking down, said. "Is this heaven?" We have no idea what heaven it, it is the grave here—it is darkness here—but there is merrymaking yonder. Methinks when a soul, wrives, some angel takes it around to show it the wonders of that bloods. The nature angel says to the

newly arrived: 'These ere the mar-tyrs that perished at Piedmont; these were torn to pieces at the inquisition; this is the throne of great Jehovah; this is Jesus." am going to see Jesus," said a dy-ing boy. "I am going to see Jesus." The missionary said, "You are sure ing boy. "I am going to see Jesus."
The missionary said, "You are sure you will see him?" "Oh, yes; that's what I want to go to heaven for. "But," said the missionary, "sup-pose Jesus should go away from heaven-what then?" "I should follow him," said the dying boy. "But if Jesus went down to hell - what then?" The dying boy thought for a moment and then said, "Where Jesus is there can be no hell!" Oh, to stand in his presence! That will be heaven! Oh, to put our hand in that hand which was wounded for us on the cross-to go around amid the groups of the reeemed and shake hands with the prophets and apostles and martyrs and with our own dear beloved ones! That will be the great reunion. We cannot imagine it now. Our loved ones seem so far away. When we are in trouble and lonesome, they don't seem to come to us. We go on to the banks of the Jordon and call across to them, but they do not seem to hear. We say, "Is it well with the child? is it well with the loved ones?" and we listen to hear if any voice come back over the wat-

None, none! Unbellef says, "They are dead, and they are annihilated," but blessed be God we have a Bible that tells us different! We open it, and we find they are neither dead nor annihilated that they were never so much alive as now-that they are only waiting for our coming and that we shall join them on the other side of the river. Oh, glorious reunion, we cannot grasp it now! "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have enered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for

them that love him." What a place of explanation it will be! I see every day profound mys-teries of providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves in Greenwood and Laurel Hill that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for idiotic and insane, almshouses for the destitute and a world of pain and mistartune that demand more than human solution. God will clear it all up. In the light that pours from the throne no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer was written on the jasper wall or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind, and Joseph that he was cast into the pit, and Daniel that he was denned with the lions, and Paul that he was humpbacked, and David that was driven from Jerusalem, and that invalid, that for 20 years he could not lift his head from the pillow, and that widow, that she had such hard work to earn bread for her children. The song will be all the grander for earth's weeping eyes and aching heads and exhausted hands and scourged backs and mar-tyred agonies. But we can get no idea of that anthem here. We appreciated the power of secular music, but do we appreciate the power of sacred song? There is nothing more inspiring to me than a whole gregation lifted on the wave of holy melody. When we sing some of those dear old psalms and tunes, they rouse all the memories of the past. Why, some of them were cradle songs in our father's house! They are all sparkling with the morning dew of thousand Christian Sabbaths. They were sung by brothers 'and sisters gone now, by voices that were aged and broken in the music, voices none the less sweet because they did trem-

ble and break. When I hear these old songs sung, it seems as if all the old country meeting houses joined in the chorus and city church and sailor's bethel and western cabins until the whole continent lifts the doxology and the scepters of eternity beat time in the music. Away, then, with your starveling tunes that chill the devotions of the sanctuary and make the people sit silent when Jesus is marching on to victory. When generals come back from victorious wars, do we not cheer them and shout,"Huzza, huzza?" And when Jesus passes along in the conquest of the earth, shall we not have for him one loud, ringing cheer?

All hall the power of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Bring forth the royal diadem And crown him Lord of all.

But, my friends, if music on earth is so sweet what will it be in heav-They all know the tune there All the best singers of all the ages will join it-choirs of white robed children, choirs of patriarchs, choirs of apostles. Morning stars clapping their cymbals. Harpers with harps. Great anthems of God roll on! roll on!—other empires joining the harmony till the thrones are all full and the nations all saved. Anthems shall touch anthem, chorus join chorus, and all the sweet sounds of earth and heaven be poured into the ear of Christ. David of the harp will be there. Gabriel of the trumpet will be there. Germany redeemed, will pour its deep bass voice into the song, and Africa will add to the music with her matchless voices. I wish in our closing hymn to-day we might catch an echo that slips from the gates. Who knows but that when the heavenly door opens to-day to let some soul through there may come forth the strain of the jubilant voices until we catch it? Oh, that as the song drops down from heaven it might meet way a song coming up from

earth.

They rise for the doxology, all the multitude of the blest! Let us rise with them, and so at this hour the joys of the church on earth and the joys of the church in heaven, will mingle their chalices, and the dark apparel of our mourning will seem to whiten into the spotless ratment of the skies. God grant that through the mercy of our Lord Jesus we may all get there! earth.

"If I were sick and wanted to get well. I'd find out how some one else got well who had the same sort of sickness as mine."

If your sickness is like hers, Mrs. Jacobs' story will interest you. Mrs. Jacobs story will interest you.

"I was very sick indeed," writes Mrs. Mollie Jacobs, of Felton, Kent Co., Delaware, and our family doctor said I had consumption. I thought I must die soon for I felt so awful bad. Had a bad cough, spit blood, was very short of breath, had pains in my chest and right lung, and also had dyspepsic. Before I took your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Pellets' I was so weak I could not sweep a room, and new I can do a small washing, and I feel like a new person. I believe that the Lord and your medicine have saved my life. I was sick over two years. I took 13 bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and four vials of Dr. Pierce's Pellets."

Are your sick? Are your linnos

Are you sick? Are your lungs weak?" Have you obstinate lingering cough, with bleeding lungs, weakness and emaciation Thousands in just your case have been cured by the use of

#### DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

It always helps. It almost always cures. Sick persons are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter absolutely without fee or charge. All correspondence is strictly private. Write and get a specialist's opinion on your case, free. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

The waste of life lies in the love we have not given, the powers we have not used, the selfish prudence which will risk nothing, and which, shirking pain, misses happiness as well.

A Deep Mystery.

It is a mystery why women endure Backache, Headache, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Melancholy, Fainting and Dizzy Spells when thousand have proved that Electric Bitters will quickly cure such troubles. "I suffered for years with kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Phebe Cherley, of Peterson, Iw., "and a lame back pained me so I could not dress myself, but Electric Bitters wholly cured me; and, although 73 years old, I now am able to do all my housework." It overcomes Constipation, improves Appetite, gives perfect health. Only 50c. at A. I. McCall & Co.'s drug store.

If the mind, which rules the body, ever forgets itself so far as to trample upon its slave, the slave is never generous enough to forgive the ingenerous enough to forgive the injury, but will rise and smite the op-

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

The heaviest words in our language are the two briefest ones. Yes and no. One stands for the surrender of the will, the other stands for denial; one for gratification, the other for charac-

### They Struck it Rich.

It was a grand thing for this community that such an enterprising firm as A. I. McCail & Co. secured the Agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, the wenderful remedy that has startled the world by its marked the world by its edy that has startled the world by its marvellous cures. The furor of enthusiasm over it has beemed their business, as the demand for it is immense. They give free trial bottles to sufferers, and positively guarantee a cure in Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Croup and all Throat and Lung troubles. A trial proves its merit. Price 50c. and \$1.

Many of the supposed increasers of knowledge have only given a new name, and often a worse, to what was well known before.

-"Catch the opportunity." By tak-ing Hood's Sarsaparilla now you may build up your health and prevent ser-ious illness.

## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The fac-eimile Chart Hetchers every signature Chart Hetchers wrapper

Children Cry for CASTORIA. Children Cry for CASTORIA. Children Cry for CASTORIA.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse, much more than from principle, men are neither so good or so bad as we are apt to think them.

Radley's Stomach

Liver Pills

RADLEY'S DRUG STORE

A. F. WELLINGTON Lodge, No. 48, G. R. C., A. F. & A. M., meets & A. M. month, in Masonic Hall. Fifth Street, at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren hearetily welcomed.

J. S. TURNER, W. M. ALEX. GREGORY, See

S. C. BOGART—Veterinary Surgeon,
All diseases of domestic—animals
skilfully treated. Dentistry in all
its branches. Firing done without
scarring. Offices open, day and
night. Office and residence, south
side of market square. Telephone in
connection. connection.

DR. A. McKENNEY, Dentist, Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College, also of Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, Teeth extracted absolutely without pain. Stairway next to King, Cunningham & Drew's hardware store, King street east. MUSICAL.

Miss Elda Idle, A. T. C. M

(Gold Medallist,) SOPRANO VOICE CULTURE,

Concert Engagements. Krause Conservatory of Music, Chatham, Out

> KRAUSE CONSERVATORY

MUSIC Invalled Advantages Offered for a most Thorough and Complete Musical Educa-tion in all Branches of Practical and Theoretical Music. ANO, VOICE, VIOLIN, ORGAN, THEORY

ELOCUTION, PHYSICAL CULTURE B. VICTOR CARTER, SS F. HILLMAN,

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marshall, having been appointed organist and choir-master of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, will receive pupils in singing, voice development, plano and organ. Classes in sight singing and church psalmody, on and after Sept. 4th. Residence, Park street, directly opposite Dr. Battisby's residence.

Dumont,-Piano Tuner and Repairer. References given by owners of the best pianos in the city. All enquiries will be promptly answered. Address, 494 P. O., St. Thomas, P. O., 521, Chatham.

J. B. RANKIN, Q. C. — Barrister, Notary Public, etc., Eberts' Block, Chatham.

C. F. W. ATKINSON—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., 115 King Street, Chatham, Ont.

W. FRANK SMITH—Barrister, Solioi-tor, etc. Office, King street, west of the market. Money to loan on Mortrages. Mortgages.

J. B. C'FLYNN—Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Conveyancer, Notary Public, Office: King Street, opposite Mer-chants' Bank, Chatham, Ont.

FRASER & BELL.—Barristers. Office —Merchants' Bank Building, Chat-

JOHN & FRASER, EDWIN BELL, LL. B.

WILSON, KERR & PIKE—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Proctors of the Maritime Court, Notaries Public, etc. Office, Fifth St., Chatham, Ont.

Money to loan on mortgages at lowest rates.

MATTHEW WILSON, Q. C., J. G. KERR, J. M. PIKE.

KERR, J. M. PIKE. CANE, HOUSTON, STONE & SCANE -Bartisters, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Scane's Block, King Street, E. W. SCANE, M. HOUSTON, FRED STONE, W. W. SCANE.

BANK OF MONTREAL.

ESTABLISHED 1817.

Capital (all paid up) \$12,000 000 Rest Fund - 6,000,000

Drafts bought and sold. Collections made on favorable terms. Interest allowed on deposits at current rates in Savings Bank Department, or on de-

DOUGLAS GLASS, Manager, Chatham Branch,

STANDARD BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. Branches and agents at all principal points in Canada, U.S., and Great Britain. Drafts issued, and notes discounted. Savings Bank Department deposits (which may be withdraws without notice), received, and interest allowed thereon at the highest cur-

rent rates. G. P. SCHOLFIELD, Manager, Chatham Branch

Painting and Paper Hanging

Done at Reasonable Prices,

J.B. Martin Porest St.,

/ A. M. FLEMING A-R-T-I-S-T