

A PLACE OF REAL TORMENT, DR. TORREY'S PICTURE OF HELL

A Hospital for Incurables of the Universe—The Bible Shows the Way of Escape—Evangelist Quotes Scripture to Back Up Assertions—Mr. Alexander's New Song.

BY DR. TORREY
If men do not accept Christ there must, and ought to be, a hell.
The cruelest man that walks the earth is the broad preacher who wins applause by lulling people to sleep in their sin.

tainty because Christ says so; the only thing against it is the speculation of theologians and the dreams of poets.
"Are between the two it does not take me long to decide.
Again, experience, observation and common sense teach that there is a hell.

An actual hell of bodily torture and mental anguish was held up before the crowded audience at Massey Hall last evening.
There is and must be a hell for all who do not accept Christ, was Dr. Torrey's preaching.

Gave Up the Larger Hope.
I tried to believe the hell itself would come to repentance, and in time be saved.
But I could not fit it in, and I had to give up the doctrine of a larger hope, or else the Bible.

A Vivid Illustration.
Dr. Torrey gave as an illustration the case of a man going along a railroad track while a few inches behind him was an excursion train of happy children.
The man came to a gorge and found to his horror that the bridge was down.

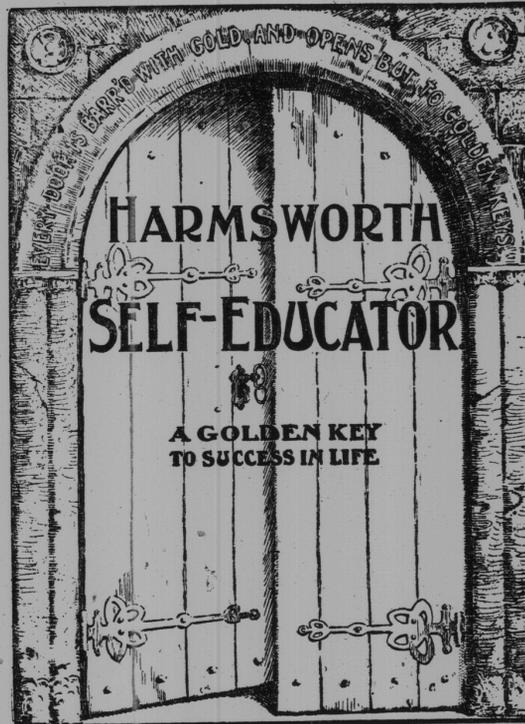
There is no torment so great as the torment of an accusing conscience.
"Hell is the place where men and women remain and suffer."
Dr. Torrey then related a story told him by the late Dwight L. Moody.

Moody went away to Boston, and on his return visited the man who had become insane, and was confined in an asylum in Brattleboro.
The greeting from the insane man was: "Young man, seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness."

Proved by Texts.
A number of texts were quoted in support of this.
Matthew 23:41, "Depart from me, ye angels."
Paul in 2 Thes. 1, 7, 8, 9, "When the Lord Jesus shall appear, he will send down fire from heaven, and will destroy with flaming fire every ungodly man."

As mildew develops more rapidly under certain climatic conditions, so with cancer in the human body.
There are certain conditions that favor its development, and when these conditions are met the cancer gradually grows and spreads.

This Booklet Sent to You Free



Nos. 1, 2 and 3 Now On Sale
At all Newsdealers and Bookstores.
Price - - - 15 Cents Each.

We have a book we want everybody to read, and which costs nothing to obtain. It is the free descriptive booklet, telling all about the most up-to-date publication in the world. It describes the magazine that is being read every two weeks by more than

ONE MILLION PEOPLE.

The book of knowledge—the knowledge of to-day. It concerns the life of the present—its ceaseless activities, its far-reaching commerce, its mighty industries. Its scope is all-embracing.

How to Acquire Knowledge.
There are several ways of acquiring that all-round knowledge which leads to success, but the least expensive and the surest is by a routine of self-education. Evening schools and like systems are excellent in their way, but they do not often fit in with the individual hours of leisure.

A System of Home Education.
This system is probably the best. At least the student can seize precious minutes which would otherwise be wholly wasted. It is the way we fill our minutes which counts. Moreover, the individual can choose his own subjects and select the special means of culture which best suit his requirements.

Sent Absolutely Free
SEND THIS COUPON NOW
Address C. H. MURRAY, Yonge and King Streets, Toronto.
Send free of all cost to me your illustrated booklet on The Harmsworth Self-Educator.

IN DREAMY ALGERIAS

The Scene of the Conference on Morocco

Charming Pen-sketch of the Little Spanish City to Which the Representatives of Europe and America Are Now Turning Their Steps—It Lies Close to Gibraltar, and Its People Go There Daily to Work—Beautiful and Pathetic Memories.

By Georges Claretie.

(Translated from Le Figaro)

Algeria! I little fancied when long ago I visited that tiny Spanish city that it would ever become historic. And the shaven inkeepers I saw solemnly putting their pellets on their doornets as little I imagined that all Europe would one day come hither to debate the charms of their chambers and the merits of their table d'hôte.

Now and it has come the turn of the Algerias inkeepers to put forth their own prospectuses. Though they haven't any recipe to offer, they can nevertheless invite all Europe to come to them. For the time Europe has no intention of peeping through the telescope, but plans instead to discuss the little white patch that can be seen on clear days from the head of the Bay of Algiers, and to talk of the minute corner of Africa which has long made a tremendous noise in the world and bears the name of Tangier.

Burgas had its savants, but for a while it seemed that Algiers was to miss getting its diplomats. Accordingly the inkeepers got together and held a congress of their own. They protested loud and long. People were afraid of their hotels, but they insisted that their delightful inn were quite worthy of sheltering the great ones of Europe. Surely if Europe dreamed these fondas Europe was hard to please.

Gibraltar lives in my memory like a dream, I arrived by sea and at night in front of that huge granite block. All at once the ship stopped. A fantastic illumination arose against the black. It seemed to me that countless lights were twinkling upon the steps of an immense ladder that stretched up toward heaven. Cheers rang out from the deck of the battleship; they were the cheers of English

sealers saluting their city—their citadel city—Gibraltar.

It is hollow, this Rock of Gibraltar. It is like an immense wine-cellar, where the bottles are projectiles. Everywhere long galleries bristle with cannon, the cannon which Spain calls "The Old Lady's teeth." Gibraltar also resembles a vast anti-hill, whose ants are soldiers. And these interminable galleries are filled with gunpowder and coal. At the foot of the rock beneath all this hidden life, monkeys are playing about the cactuses. One of them is chained at the door of a powder-house and makes faces at passersby. Beside him stands a British soldier in khaki uniform, wearing the colonial helmet in use in the Indian Army.

What an immeasurable distance seems to separate one from Europe in this military city, which seems to have been captured only yesterday. When night falls, a cannon-shot announces that the citadel is closed, and that no one may now enter the city. And khaki soldiers with a band of red on their caps, march through the streets with their fanfare and drive before them a stowaway, mottled, picturesque and many-colored throng, whom they herd like a flock of sheep. "Move on," they cry, just as Dickens' policeman cried to little Joe. For these are the people of Algiers who have come here to work, and who must now be sent home across the bay to Spain.

Then another charming vision flows before my mind. Algiers is an exquisite city—a little corner of Spain rarely visited by tourists, and never frequented by Cook's caravans—the Spain of the olden times, the Spain of the ballads and legends of Victor Hugo and Théophile Gautier. I come and go in this strange quiet, low-built houses, its wrought-iron balconies, and its laurels and rosebushes blossom before its green-shaded windows. The streets are still and bright, and the grass peeps up from between the cobblestones of the pavement. All is so silent as in a sun-baked city of the Orient. I come and go in this strange solitude. Through the half-closed doors I get a glimpse of delicious patois, inner courts adorned with fountains and azulejos, and with broad-leaved banana trees, laurel, roses and orange trees. A fragrance of flowers and ripe fruit hangs over all this drowsy town.

Now and then a white hand lifts a green windowshade, and through the grating I see the face of a beautiful woman. The young girls of Algiers are the handsomest in Spain. Often of mixed Spanish and English blood, their mothers being dark-skinned Andalusians and their fathers blonde officers of Gibraltar, they add Andalusian grace to British charm—Carmen plus Ophelia. Pensive faces, black locks and blue eyes appear among the flowers in the windows and look out into the silent street. It is a perfect vision. The theatre, and I look sharply to see if it isn't merely a lovely stage-set for some comedy of Lope's or Calderon's.

A bell rings out. And thus called abruptly back to reality, I see the church in its little open square surrounded by trees and adorned with stone benches, where aged men sit smoking in silence. What is going on? The women are at prayer. They wear mourning. They groan as they pray, and their tears run down upon their rosaries. Why are they weeping. Because they, I see widows and bereaved mothers, whose husbands and sons come no more back to them—dead in Cuba, that island so far, so very far away! Others, more fortunate, returned only yesterday—repatriated soldiers of Spain. In the highest of high spirits, those soldiers invade the wine rooms of Algiers and drink deep of the pale golden Amontillado. Their caps and guns are the sole remnant of their equipment; many have thrust their bare feet into

their alpargatas. They are laughing and singing. They walk with equate young girls—their sweethearts or novias—in the yellow, sun-scorched countryside about Algiers, through fields of golden maize and among whitened cisterns surrounded by cactuses, where one meets superbly draped women bearing water-jars on their heads and reminding one of some biblical apparition in a Judean setting. Gayly go the soldiers and the girls, gathering berries from the hedges and red blossoms from beneath the spines of the cactuses, while down yonder in the gloomy church, women in mourning murmur prayers for those who will never return.

A HISTORY OF NEW BRUNSWICK

Don. H. Henderson is in the city representing B. F. Bowen & Co. who are to publish a history of New Brunswick to be written by Dr. James Hannay, assisted by well-known contributors. The history will deal with New Brunswick from the earliest times down to the present day. The publishers announce the following subjects and contributors, to which additions will be made:

- Bench and Bar.
Merchant Marine.
Trade and Commerce.
Military—Lt. Col. Loggie, Fredericton.
Lumbering.
Fisheries—W. S. Loggie, M. P., Chatham.
Railroads.
Agriculture.
Education—J. R. Inch, L.L.D., Fredericton, etc.
Presbyterian Church.
Methodist Church.
Baptist Church.
Masonry.
Oddfellows—Hon. C. X. Skinner, St. John.

A part of the author's announcement follows here:
The work will begin with that period when this province was a part of Acadia and under the dominion of France. It will tell of the first English settlements and the earlier struggles of those who undertook to lay here the foundation of a new English speaking community. It will describe the arrival of the Loyalists and their work in building up the Province. It will relate the constitutional struggles which took place for the purpose of obtaining a better system of government, the inauguration of responsible government and all that that implies. Finally it will deal with the contest for Confederation and the accomplishment of that great measure which united all the Provinces of Canada into a new nation. The progress of the Province since Confederation will be fully treated and its leading events to the present time described.

223 Killed in Explosion.

Washington, Jan. 23.—Mr. Nabuco, the Brazilian ambassador here, has received a cablegram from the minister of foreign affairs of Brazil, announcing the destruction of the battleship Aquidaban and the loss of 223 lives.

HAS LIVED IN THREE CENTURIES

Johan Leonard Roeder, 106 Years Old Today, Fought at the Battle of Waterloo

SAW NAPOLEON BONAPARTE

Never Been Ill, Drinks Glass of Beer Daily, and Gave Up Smoking at One Hundred.

Quincy, Ill., Jan. 22.—Probably the oldest man on this continent who has absolute proofs to bear out his age is Johan Leonard Roeder, of this city. For nearly forty years the citizens have looked upon Mr. Roeder as an old man, for he retired from active life at the age of seventy. Tomorrow he reaches his 106th birthday, still in the picture of health and the amazing example of a man who has lived a well rounded, active life and yet passed his three hundred and ten by over a quarter century.

Leonard Roeder, as he is popularly known by his friends, is still possessed of his faculties, except that of sight. Most of the centenarians heard of seldom have records to bear out their birth, but Leonard Roeder has. Moreover, he tells how he served at the Battle of Waterloo, was despatch bearer for General Blucher and saw Napoleon, in which his little war passbook also bears him out. This is how the passbook in which the date of enlistment and the date of birth are recorded on the title page.

In the passbook of Leonard Roeder is set forth in very fine German script that "Johan Leonard Roeder was born at Wandersbuch (Wurttemberg) on der Dauber, Germany, January 21, 1800." This little book, which is about five by three and one-half inches in size, blue in color and with simple pastebord back, served Mr. Roeder all through his garrison life and was stamped at the different towns whenever he made a change of the army moved.

There were also pages for the officials to add remarks and specifications. The identification in the book is marked thus: "Stature, five feet eight inches; face, oval; nose, straight; hair, black; eyes, gray." Several times the date of birth is referred to.

Thus Mr. Roeder has lived in three centuries. He saw the eighteenth pass away, lived all through the nineteenth and expects to see quite a lot more of the 20th century. He has never been ill, says he is in good health now and has an appetite that kings might envy. Of his soldier life he says:

"I was born in Wurttemberg. As a young man I learned the shoemaker's trade, but about this time I was called, with other young men, to serve our king in the army. My three years service came just at the time when Napoleon was fighting all Europe. At Waterloo the lieutenant under whom I served was commanded by General Blucher, and it was my duty for a while to carry war messages. It was on one of these hours that I carried a message from General Blucher to the Duke of Wellington, and saw Napoleon on my return. It was a wonderful day, but Napoleon did not win. I was very young at the time

but I go over it again and again in my mind."

When asked if he has lived any fixed life in order to promote longevity, Mr. Roeder answered: "I lived simply as other men. I never had a doctor, and have one tooth left, for I never had a dentist. In Germany we smoked a great deal, but after I was one hundred years old I gave it up. It is a useless habit. The only real luxury the old gentleman resorts to is his daily glass of beer about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. This habit he rigidly holds to, and his beverage is brought to him promptly at that hour—but only one glass. He is also fond of milk, and the family knows of no food that he cannot take to his menu. He never complains and is never sick."

The River Steamer Business.

It is understood that a meeting of the different river steambot owners will be held in the near future for the purpose of considering how transportation can be made more profitable on the St. John river. It is understood that the St. John people are strongly advocating an amalgamation of the steamers and that the proposition is to have several of the smaller boats taken off the river. A prominent owner in one of the steamship lines who took part in the proposition, it is understood that neither the May Queen S. S. Company nor the People's Line have any idea of entering into an amalgamation scheme.

Weak Kidneys

Kidneys themselves. Such treatment is wrong. For the kidneys are not usually to blame for their weakness or irregularities. They have no power—no self-control. They are operated and actuated by a tiny shred of a nerve which is largely responsible for their condition. If the Kidney nerve is strong and healthy the kidneys are strong and healthy. If the Kidney nerve goes wrong you know it by the inevitable result—kidney trouble.

This tender nerve is only one of a great system of nerves. This system controls not only the kidneys, but the heart, and the liver, and the stomach. For simplicity's sake Dr. Shoop has called this great nerve center the "Inside Nerve."

Dr. Shoop's Restorative Tablets—give full three weeks' treatment. Each form—liquid or tablet—have equal merit. Druggists everywhere.

Dr. Shoop's Restorative