

## Shoemaker's Backache.



The constant bending over that of necessity a shoemaker must do when at work comes hard on the back and hard on the kidneys.

Backache, lame, weak and sore back are the bugbears of a shoemaker's existence.

The kidneys get cramped and strained, are unable to filter the blood as they should—they tell of their disordered condition by making the back ache and pain.

There isn't much use rubbing on liniments or sticking on plasters when the prime cause of the ache lies in the kidneys.

The remedy that is most effectual for "shoemaker's backache," as for all kinds of backache and kidney trouble, is Dr. Fletcher's Backache Kidney Tablets.

### INTERESTING PAIR.

John Saunders, shoemaker, Whitby, Ont., gives the following evidence:—"I procured a bottle of Dr. Fletcher's Backache Kidney Tablets at the drug store, and can say that they gave me great relief immediately. I was suffering with intense pain in the back and biliousness, with bad taste in the mouth, and loss of appetite. Under the influence of the medicine all this quickly disappeared and I feel well again. One thing I wish to say, while they did the work finely, they were very gentle in action, no distress, no griping like other medicines, and I was able to work the whole time. I can heartily recommend them to all who suffer from backache, kidney trouble or biliousness."

Price 50c. a box, at all druggists or by mail, THE DR. ZINA FLETCHER CO., Toronto.

**"The D.L." Emulsion**  
of Cod Liver Oil  
(Trade Mark)  
**Will**  
GIVE YOU AN APPETITE!  
TONE YOUR NERVES!  
MAKE YOU STRONG!  
MAKE YOU WELL!

Dr. Burgess, Med. Dept. of the Prov. Hospital for Children, Toronto, writes: "I have used this emulsion for years, and it has given me a permanent cure for my asthma. It is the best remedy I have ever used for this trouble."

50c. and \$1.00 Bottles.  
DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited.

**Don't Wait**  
For a Cold  
to Catch you  
Have a bottle of  
**Radley's Cough Balsam**  
in the house to catch and cure  
the cold.

A few doses relieve the cough and allay the irritation. Part of a bottle usually cures. If after using half a bottle it fails in your particular case return the bottle and your money will be refunded.

**RADLEY'S**  
RELIABLE DRUGGISTS  
Near Garner House

Relieve those Inflamed Eyes!  
**Pond's Extract**

Reduced one-half with pure soft water, applied frequently with dropper or eye cup, the congestion will be removed and the pain and inflammation instantly relieved.

CAUTION!—Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which contain alcohol and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

**'Arf and 'Arf**

"Half and Half" is a beverage which combines the good qualities of both Ale and Porter in a healthful and invigorating drink.

In Pint and Quart Bottles  
At All Dealers

**Carling's**

**Allen's Lung Balm**

The best Cough Medicine.  
ABSOLUTE SAFETY  
should be the first thought and must be rigorously insisted upon when buying medicine, for upon its safety depends one's life. ALLEN'S LUNG BALM contains no opium in any form and is safe, sure, and prompt in cases of Croup, Colds, deep seated coughs.

Try it now, and be convinced.

## GREAT TRIBULATIONS

Encouragement for Those in Sorrow and Adversity.

### SEPARATING CHAFF AND GRAIN

Rev. Dr. Talmage Explains That as There are Different Kinds of Threshing for Different Kinds of Grain, so God Desires That All People Must Go Through Some Kind of Threshing Process.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1902, by William Bailey, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Washington, March 22.—From a process familiar to the farmer Dr. Talmage draws lessons of consolation and encouragement for people in sorrow and adversity. The text is Isaiah xxviii, 27, 28: "For the fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff, and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be threshing it."

Misfortunes of various kinds come upon various people, and in all times the great need of ninety-nine people out of a hundred is solace. Look then, to this neglected allegory of my text.

There are three kinds of seed mentioned—fitches, cummin and corn. Of the last we all know. But it may be well to state that the fitches and the cummin were small seeds, like the caraway or the chickpea. When these grains or herbs were to be threshed, they were thrown on the floor, and the workmen would come around with staff or rod or flail and beat them until the seed would be separated, but when the corn was to be threshed that was thrown on the floor, and the men would fasten oxen or horses to a cart with iron dread wheels; that cart would be drawn around the threshing floor, and so the work would be accomplished. Different kinds of threshing for different products. "The fitches are not threshed with a threshing instrument, neither is a cart wheel turned about upon the cummin, but the fitches are beaten out with a staff and the cummin with a rod. Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be threshing it."

The great thought that the text presses upon our souls is that we all go through some kind of threshing process. The fact that you may be devoting your life to honorable and noble purposes will not win you any escape. Wilberforce, the Christian emancipator, was in his day derisively called "Doctor Cantwell." Thomas Babington Macaulay, the advocate of all that was good long before he became the most conspicuous historian of his day, was caricatured in one of the quarterly reviews as "Babington Macaulay." Norman Macleod, the great friend of the Scotch poor, was industriously maligned in all quarters, although on the day when he was carried out to his burial a workman stood and looked at the funeral procession, and said: "If he had done nothing for anybody more than he has done for me, he would shine as the stars for ever and ever." All the small wits of London had their fling at John Wesley, the father of Methodism. If such men could not escape the maligning of the world, neither can you expect to get rid of the sharp, keen strokes of the tribulation. All who will live godly in Jesus Christ must suffer persecution. Besides that, there are the sicknesses and the bankruptcies and the irritations and the disappointments which are ever putting a cup of aloes to your lip. Those wrinkles on your face are hieroglyphics which, if deciphered, would make out a thrilling story of trouble. The footprint of the rabbit is seen the next morning on the snow, and on the white hairs of the aged are the footprints showing where swift trouble alighted.

My subject, in the first place, teaches us that it is no compliment to us if we escape great trial. The fitches and the cummin or one threshing floor might look over to the corn on another threshing floor and say, "Look at that poor, miserable, bruised corn! We have only been a little pounded, but that has been almost destroyed." Well, the corn, if it had lips, would answer and say: "Do you know the reason you have not been as much pounded as I have? It is because you are not of so much worth as I am. If you were, you would be as severely run over." Yet there are men who suppose they are the Lord's favorites simply because their barns are full and their bank accounts are flush and there are no funerals in the house. It may be because they are fitches and cummin, while down at the end of the lane the poor widow may be the Lord's corn. You are but little pounded because you are but little worth and she is bruised and ground because she is the best part of the harvest. The heft of the threshing machine is according to the value of the grain. If you have not been threshed in life, perhaps there is not much to thresh! If you have not been much shaken of trouble, perhaps it is because there is going to be a very small yield. When there are plenty of blackberries the gatherers go out with large baskets, but when the drought has almost consumed the fruit, then a quart measure will do as well. It took the venomous snake on Paul's hand, and the pounding of him with stones until he was taken up for dead, and the jamming against him of prison gates, and the Ephesian vociferation, and the ankles skinned by the painful stocks, and the founding of the Alexandrian corn ship, and the beheading stroke of the Roman sheriff to bring Paul to his proper development. It was not because Robert Moffat, and Lady Rachel Russell, and Frederick Douglass were worse than other people that they had to suffer. It was because they were better, and God wanted to make them best. By the carefulness of the

## Dodd's Kidney Pills

are the only medicine that will cure Diabetes. Like Bright's Disease this disease was incurable until Dodd's Kidney Pills cured it. Doctors themselves confess that without Dodd's Kidney Pills they are powerless against Diabetes. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the first medicine that ever cured Diabetes. Imitations—box, name and pills are advertised to do so, but the medicine that does cure

## Diabetes

is Dodd's Kidney Pills. Dodd's Kidney Pills are fifty cents a box at all druggists.

threshing you may always conclude the value of the grain.

Next, my text teaches us that God proportions our trials to what we can bear—the staff for the fitches, the rod for the cummin, the iron wheel for the corn. Sometimes people in great trouble say, "Oh, I can't bear it!" But you did bear it. God would not have sent it upon you if he had not known that you could bear it. You trembled and you swooned, but you got through. God will not take from your eyes one tear too many nor from your lungs one sigh too deep nor from your temples one throb too sharp. The perplexities of your earthly business have not in them one tangle too intricate. You sometimes feel as if our world were full of bledges flying haphazard. Oh, no; they are threshing instruments that God just suits to your case. There is not a dollar of bad debts on your ledger or a disappointment about goods that you expected to go up, but that have gone down, or a windle of your business partner or a trick on the part of those who are in the same kind of merchandise that you are, but God intended to overrule for your immortal help.

"Oh," you say, "there is no need talking that way to me. I don't like to be cheated and outraged." Neither does the corn like the corn threshers, but after it has been threshed and winnowed it has a great deal better opinion of winnowing mills and corn threshers.

"Well," you say, "if I could choose my troubles, I would be willing to be troubled." Ah, my brother, then it would not be trouble. You would choose something that would not hurt, and unless it hurt it does not get sanctified. Your trial perhaps may be childlessness. You are fond of children. You say: "Why does God send children to me? I don't like household where they are unwelcome and are beaten and banged about when I would have taken them in the arms of my affection?" Your trial may be perhaps a disfigured countenance or a face that is easily caricatured, and you say, "I could endure anything if only I was good looking." And your trial perhaps is a violent temper, and you have to drive it like six unbroken horses amid the gunpowder explosions of a great holiday, and ever anon it runs away with you. Your trial is the asthma. You say: "If it were the rheumatism or neuralgia or erysipelas, but it is this asthma, and it is such an exhausting thing to breathe." Everybody has some vexation or annoyance or trial, and he

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine  
**Carter's Little Liver Pills.**

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. Carter*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and so easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR TUBULAR LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

**Cook's Cotton Root Compound**

is successfully used monthly by over 200,000 ladies. Safe, effective, ladies can take no other, as all Menses, Pains and Discharges are cured. Price, 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists. Write for free booklet, "The Goodness of Cotton Root," mailed on receipt of price and two cents for postage. The Goodness of Cotton Root is a reliable and safe medicine for all women.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Chatham by C. H. Gunn & Co., Central Drug Store.

adapted. "Anything but this," all say, "anything but this." My brother, are you not ashamed to be complaining all this time against God? Who manages the affairs of this world anyhow? Is it an infinite Modoc or a Sitting Bull savage or an omnipotent Nana Sahib? No, it is the most merciful and glorious and wise being in all the universe. You cannot teach omnipotence anything. You have fretted and worried almost enough. Do you think so? Some of you are making yourselves ridiculous in the sight of the angels. Here is a naval architect, and he draws out the plans of a ship of many thousand tons. Many workmen are engaged on it for a long while. The ship is done, and some day, with the flags up and the air gorgeous with bunting, that vessel is launched for Southampton. At that time a lad six years of age comes running down the dock with a toy boat which he has made with his own jackknife, and he says: "Here, my boat is better than yours. Just look at this fibbion and these weather cross-jack braces." And he drops his little boat beside the great ship, and there is a roar of laughter on the decks! Ah, my friends, that great ship is your life as God planned it—vast, million-tonned, Ocean destined, eternally bound! That little boat is your life as you were trying to how it out and fashion it and launch it. Do not try to be a rival of the great Jehovah. God is always right, and in nine cases out of ten you are wrong. He sends just the hardships, just the bankruptcies, just the crosses that it is best for you to have. He knows what kind of grain you are, and he sends the right kind of threshing machine. It will be rod or staff or iron wheel just according as you are fitches or cummin or corn.

Again, my subject teaches that God keeps trial on us until we let go. The farmer shouts "Whoa!" to his horses as soon as the grain is dropped from the stalk. The farmer comes with his fork and tosses up the straw and he sees that the grain is thoroughly threshed. So God, smiling rod and turning wheel both cease as soon as we let go. We hold on to this world, with its pleasures and riches and emoluments, and our knuckles are so firmly set that it seems as if we could hold on forever. God comes along with his threshing machine and beats us loose. We started under the delusion that this was a great world. We learned out of our geography that it was so many thousand miles in diameter, and so many miles in circumference, and so many miles in circumference, and so many miles in circumference. "Oh, my, what a world!" Trouble came in after life, and this trouble sliced off one part of the world, and has got to be a smaller world, and in some estimations a very insignificant world, and it is depreciating all the time as a spiritual property. Ten per cent. off, 50 per cent. off, and there are some who estimate to give 100 per cent. for this world—the entire world—as a soul possession.

Another thing my text teaches us is that Christian sorrow is going to end, and that is a comfort. My text says, "Bread corn is bruised because he will not ever be threshing it." Blessed be God for that! Poured away, O flail! That—on, O wheel—your work will soon be done. "He will not be ever threshing it!" Now, the Christian has almost as much use in the organ for the stop tremulant as he has for the trumpet, but after a while he will put the last valve into the portfolio to ever. So much of us as is what will be separated from so much as is chaff, and there will be no more need of pounding. They never cry in heaven because they have nothing to cry about. There endures for them no sorrow, and we shall have your friends all around about you. There are no tears of poverty because each one sits at the King's table and has access to the wardrobe, prince and pauper, and no tears of sickness, for there are no pneumonias in the air and no malarial exhalations from the rolling river of life and no clutch for the lame limb and no splint for the broken arm, but the pulses throbbing with the health of the eternal God in a climate like our June before the blossoms fall and our gorgeous October before the leaves scatter.

Is there not enough solace in this text to make a plaster large enough to heal all your wounds? When a child is hurt, the mother is very apt to say: "Now, it will soon feel better." And that is what God says when he embosoms all our trouble in the hush of this great promise, "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." We leave your pocket handkerchief sopping wet with tears on your death pillow, but you will go up absolutely sorrowless. They will wear black; you will wear white; cypresses for them, palms for you. You will say: "Is it possible that I am here? Is this heaven? Am I so pure now? Will I never do anything more? Am I so well that I will never again be sick? Are these companionships so firm that they will never again be broken? Is that Mary? Is that John? Is that John? I have one I put away into darkness? Can it be that these are the faces of those who lay so wan and emaciated in the back room that awful night dying? Oh, how radiant they are! Look at them! How radiant they are! Why, how unlike this place is from what I thought when I left the world below. Ministers drew pictures of this life, but how tame compared with the reality! They said and said that death was sunset. No, no! It is sunrise! Glorious sunrise! I see the light now purpling the hills, and the clouds flame with the coming day! I have one I put away into darkness? Can it be that these are the faces of those who lay so wan and emaciated in the back room that awful night dying? Oh, how radiant they are! Look at them! How radiant they are! Why, how unlike this place is from what I thought when I left the world below. Ministers drew pictures of this life, but how tame compared with the reality! They said and said that death was sunset. No, no! It is sunrise! Glorious sunrise! I see the light now purpling the hills, and the clouds flame with the coming day! I have one I put away into darkness? 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