

BABY TORTURED BY ITCHING RASH

Face and Feet Covered—Rest Broken and Would Cry Until Tired Out—"Cradle Cap" Added to Baby's Torture—Tries Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment.

IMMEDIATE RELIEF AND SPEEDY CURE

"My baby was about nine months old when she had rash on her face and feet. Her feet seemed to irritate her most, especially at night. They would cause her to be broken of her rest, and sometimes she would cry until she was tired out. I had always used Cuticura Soap myself, and had heard of so many cures by the Cuticura Remedies that I thought I would give them a trial. The improvement was noticeable in a few hours, and before I had used one box of the Cuticura Ointment her feet were well and have never troubled her since. I also used it to remove what is known as 'cradle cap' from her head, and it worked like a charm as it cleansed and healed the scalp at the same time. Now I keep Cuticura Ointment on hand in case of any little rash or insect bites, as it takes out the inflammation at once. Perhaps this may be the means of helping other suffering babies. Mrs. Battle Currier, Thompson, Me., June 9, 1906."



CUTICURA—THE SET, \$1.

Consisting of Cuticura Soap Ointment and Pills.

A single set is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, and scaly humors, eczema, rashes, and irritations, with loss of hair, from infancy to age, when all other remedies and even the best physicians fail. Guaranteed absolutely pure. Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour of Infants, Children, and Adults consists of Cuticura Soap to cleanse the skin, Cuticura Ointment to heal the skin, and Cuticura Pills to purify the blood. Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Mfrs., Boston, Mass. Mailed Free, Cuticura Booklet on Skin.

Goldfield Strike Settled.
Goldfield, Nev., Jan. 11.—The miners' strike is considered settled. At midnight tellers were still counting the votes, but it was stated that the majority of votes favored accepting the mine operators' proposition of \$5 per day for miners and skilled help, with \$4.50 for laborers.

Poison in Turkey.
Kingsville, Jan. 11.—County Crown Attorney Rodd and Provincial Detective Mahony are investigating a case of wholesale poisoning of the members of a Christmas party at the home of a prominent resident of this town. It is supposed that the poison was in the turkey. There were no fatalities.

U. S. General Dies At St. Kitts.
Washington, Jan. 11.—Information has been received here of the death at St. Catharines, Ont., Wednesday night, of Gen. R. F. Patterson, formerly Consul-General at Calcutta.

THE GROWTH OF CULTURE

The day is past when culture and true social enjoyment were confined to the few—to the privileged classes. We live in a day of enlightenment and democracy. Equal educational advantages, equal opportunities for culture and enjoyment of those things in life that are best worth while. The luxuries of yesterday are the necessities of to-day, and in the musical world nothing is more noticeable than the demand of all classes for the highest possible grade of piano. The piano manufacturer who meets this demand is never slack for want of orders.

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UNRECORDED ACTIONS

MAKING MEN'S CHARACTER ARE THE GREAT MAJORITY.

BIOGRAPHY OF THE SAVIOUR

World Would Not Contain the Books Recording It If the Many Things Which Jesus Did Should Be Written Every One—Plea for Spiritual Consistency in Daily Walk and Conversation.

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

Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 6.—In this sermon the preacher, taking the unrecorded life of Christ as an illustration, shows that consistency demands that Christian principles should govern us in our private and domestic affairs as well as in public. The text is John xxi, 25, "The which if they should be written every one."

"Have you ever heard of our buried treasure?" a gentleman asked me some time ago. "No. What treasure?" "Well," said he, "I will come around this afternoon with my team and take you out for a drive, and then I will tell you the story."

That afternoon my friend drove up to where I was stopping in the country, and off we went. We drove through the vineyards of that region; then we climbed a small hill which overlooked the valley for miles around. There, upon the top, we found the ruins of the foundation of an old home. Then, as the horses rested, he told me that many years ago one of the old Spanish settlers owned this home. He built it there not only for its wonderful view, but also for protection. Like many of those old houses, his home was a fort as well as a domicile. This old settler lived here for many, many years. He grew enormously wealthy, and as there were no banks in those days, like Monte Cristo he gathered most of his gold into a chest and buried it. No one knew where that gold was hidden. The old man was without family, so he talked about his gold to no one. He was taken suddenly sick and died before he could tell his secret. When he felt himself going he gasped, "Gold hidden!" and he was gone.

"No sooner did his breath leave the body than the people began to hunt for his hidden gold. Lawyers, doctors, merchants, as well as common laborers, have been digging for it ever since. You can see how all the land around this foundation is filled with holes. Every tree, every rock, every landmark, as far as the eye can see in this valley, has also been dug about, in order to find this buried treasure. The gold seekers have been hunting everywhere for this gold of the old man. And I suppose men will continue to dig for this treasure in this region for centuries to come."

Thus was the story told me as I sat in the wagon by the ruins of that old Mexican home upon the hilltop overlooking the Cucamonga valley. But on my way back to the city that afternoon I soliloquized thus in my train: Are not most acts of a man hidden away from the eyes of the public at large as that treasure chest of the old California pioneer was secreted and hidden from prying eyes? Are not the recorded actions of a man's career only an infinitesimal part of his life? Can it not be said of us what Saint John wrote about Jesus in the last verse of his Gospel? "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."

The biographies on our library shelves are all of that kind. A long story is told, sometimes in three volumes, and we suppose it tells all about the man, but how much there must have been in that life that was never recorded! How much there is in our lives that we never reveal even to our most intimate friends! So it was, as John tells us, with Jesus. We wish we could know all he did and said, even if it had multiplied volumes, as John supposed. We can never know now, but we can imagine from what we do know something of the facts that were never revealed. Let us try to think this morning what those facts may have been.

I was struck, in the first place, with the fact that John's gospel opens with the fully developed physical, mental and spiritual Christ. "This true the first verse of the first chapter begins with the words, 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God,' but almost immediately after St. John introduces to us John the Baptist and the Jordanic baptism. In other words, the biography of St. John opens with a fully developed Christ. What Christ did during the formative physical period between infancy and young manhood is entirely omitted. Of what he did during the springtime of his childhood, when life was in the blossom, as the little bud changes into the rounded form of fruit, there is not a word said. Of course we read in another gospel about Jesus in the temple with the doctors. But outside of that all the biographies are silent about Christ's childhood days. And yet, my friends, in all a man's life I do not believe there is a time when in his own realm or sphere a person has more influence for good than does the godly child within the four walls of his home.

Oh, the patience and the gentleness of a holy spirit filled little child! There is nothing like unto it this side of heaven. Christ said, "If you want to become the greatest in the kingdom of heaven, then you must become like one of these little children." And most of us know that there is no one who can walk closer with God than do some of our children. Some time ago it was my privilege to call upon one of my Sunday school boys. The lad was about ten years of age. There he lay in bed, bound up with bandages, suffering the most excruciating pain from rheumatism. Yet not one complaint came from his lips. As I left the sickroom the father said to me: "That boy is different from all the

other children. He seems to live so close to God that at times I am afraid we cannot raise him. I often say to the older children: 'You must not become jealous of Hiram. Your mother and father love you just the same. But he is different from you. He lives closer to God than any of us.' And that boy is so different from the rest that from the time he was born we have never had to punish him or to say a harsh word to him." My brother, you know just what I mean. You know how children vary. Most of them seem to be made of the same stuff you are made of, but there is one child who is different from all the rest. She is so gentle, so kind, so helpful, so loving, so filled with the Christ life, that she seems to be the gospel leaven which leavens the whole home. Oh, yes, within their own sphere there is no influence greater than the influence of the Christian.

And yet, putting aside the monastic legends and traditions about the Saviour's infancy, of all he did and said during his childhood there is reliably recorded hardly a word. How precious to us would have been a genuine record showing how Jesus acted when his foster father, Joseph, died. Joseph, the carpenter, stood in the same relationship to Jesus as Ludwig Guyer did to his stepson, Richard Wagner, or as David Swing's stepfather did to him. Joseph, the carpenter, was the divine boy's breadwinner and human protector. When suddenly this strong carpenter was stricken down, we can see Mary, his wife, and her brood of little ones, with their stained faces, standing about the pale corpse. Now, what do suppose Jesus, the boy, did at that time? Do you suppose he turned to Mary and said: "Mother, I am willing to look after you, but not after the other boys and girls. We have not the same father, and therefore I am not responsible for their daily bread." No; I do not believe that is what Jesus, the young man, did. Neither do I believe he went up to that bier and began to lament, saying: "What am I to do? I wanted to study, to be a great rabbi like Hillel. Now I have no father to pay my way through school." No; I do not believe Jesus did that. It is an unwritten life. All this tragedy of the home is covered up.

From what we know of his manhood we must suppose he was very kind and tender to his mother. We can imagine him, as the eldest of her children, taking Joseph's place in the carpenter shop, of his toiling for the support of Mary and her young family. How that sunny nature would lighten the workshop, and in the evening, when he returned to the maternal abode, how it would lighten the humble cottage! Can you not imagine the widowed mother and her brood? I wish to know what he did, that our children might be cheered in their service by thinking that Jesus did just such tasks.

And then the neighbors. What must it have been to be a neighbor of Jesus? To have the sympathy of Jesus in their troubles and his ready help in times of accident and sorrow? As Jesus was always helping his neighbors as a young man, are not you and I to profit by his divine example? Shall we be like Christ, the young man in the home, standing by the bier of his foster father Joseph, and like Christ helping his friends living in the neighborhood who need his help? Is our unwritten life to be like Christ's unwritten life?

Mr. Beecher thus bewails the loss of the unrevealed words and deeds of Christ's life: "When I see how much has been written of those who have lived, how the Greeks preserved every saying of Plato's, how Roswell followed Johnson, gathering up every leaf that fell from that ragged old oak and pasted it away, I almost regret that one of the disciples had not been a recording angel to preserve the odor and richness of every word of Christ. When John says, 'and there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written,' it affects me more profoundly than when I think of the destruction of the Alexandrian library or the perishing of the Grecian art in Athens or Byzantium. The creations of Phidias were cold stones overlaid by warm thought, but Christ described his own creation when he said, 'The words that I speak unto you, they are life.' The leaving out of these things from the New Testament, though divinely wise, seems to my yearning not so much as the destruction of noble things as the destruction of great treasures which have already had oral life, but failed of incarnation in literature." But though these unrevealed deeds and sayings of Jesus Christ did not have their incarnation in literature were their lives purely evanescent? Like the dewdrops tumbling up on the finger of a leaf were they soon to pass away. Nay, the unwritten words and deeds of Jesus found their incarnation in the lives of the men and the women and the children by whom he was surrounded. These people to whom he spoke not only heard, but they also believed, and they lived his teachings.

Take that night which Jesus spent in Jericho, in the house of Zacchaeus, the publican. There is not a word written about his evening conversation. From the gospel of Luke we know that Jesus called Zacchaeus down from the sycamore tree and went to the home of the publican. But not one word is written about what happened when he was at that house. After the multitude had gone to their homes and Jesus sat down to meat with Zacchaeus and his wife and his children, what do you suppose he did? Do you suppose Christ quickly in silence ate his supper and then turned and said, "Zacchaeus, I am tired and want to go to bed." Then do you suppose he too, his lamp and went off and shut his bedroom door and went to sleep, or do you suppose that Jesus acted in that home like a true, warm hearted friend? At first, I think, the family were a little shy. Then the ice of bashful reserve gradually wore away. Then as soon as the supper was ended I think Jesus took a couple of the youngest children upon his knee and stroked their hair and told them some sweet stories. Yes, I think I can hear Jesus talking these children some simple parables like that of the sheen

that was lost up in the mountains or a story like the prodigal son. You see the children's eyes grow bigger and bigger! They are so interested that the youngest little girl, who had been sucking her thumb for an hour, has not once wanted to squirm out of his lap. The two boys, leaning on his knee, have not once attempted to pull each other's hair. Then, as Christ talks on, I think he brings the spiritual lessons so near home that tears are rolling down the father's and mother's cheeks. Then the little family knelt for the good night prayer, and the family altar was started. Were all those sentences which he spoke only short lived sentences and ephemeral in their influence? If you think thus then you must say that all the prayers which the visiting pastor utters by the sickbed, all the quiet talks the Christian mother has with her boy after the rest of the family have gone to bed, all the words of advice the Sunday school teacher gives to her scholars are ephemeral words and short lived words. No. The unwritten words and deeds of Jesus live. They never died. They lived and they continue to live in the lives of the men and the women and the children to whom he spoke. They found their reincarnation in the redeemed and the purified lives of the immortals whom Christ saved.

Turn to the gospel of John and read there the account of the conversation Jesus had with the woman of Samaria by Jacob's well. Christ was a-weary. He sat down to rest by this famous well while his disciples went into Sychar to buy bread. This well is about two miles from Sychar, as I remember it aright. Now, while Christ was there a woman of Samaria, a social outcast, came to draw water. While she was there Jesus talked to her. In other words, that whole conversation as recorded in John did not occupy over six minutes. Yet the disciples must have been away from Jesus at least an hour. Do you not believe Jesus talked to that woman for more than five minutes? Do you believe that all the words he spoke to her and she spoke to him were wasted words? No, no! They were not. As they talked I believe she told Jesus the whole history of her life. I believe she told him how when a young girl she was tempted and morally lost. Then she repented and tried to rise again. Then her old friends turned their backs upon her. The doors of purity was slammed shut in her face. And as she talked I think I can see the great tears of sympathy roll down the Saviour's cheeks. Were the words of comfort he spoke to her wasted words? If they were, then all efforts which are being put forth in our Florence Crittenton and Jerry McAuley missions are wasted efforts. All the attempts to lift up the fallen are futile. No. The unwritten words and deeds of Jesus live. They live in the lives of the men whom he redeemed by grace. They live as the unwritten words and deeds with which we try to lift up our fallen brothers and sisters to Christ shall live through all eternity.

Turn to the first two verses of the fourth chapter of St. John. "When, therefore, the Lord knew how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John, though Jesus himself baptized not, but his disciples," Stop there. I want to ask you why Jesus himself did not baptize his new converts, but left it to his disciples so to do? "Jesus did not baptize his disciples," wrote a great commentator, "because if he had baptized some of them it might have made unhappy divisions among his followers. Those might have considered themselves more worthy or honored who had been baptized by him than those baptized by the disciples." Don't you see the force of this interpretation? Jesus is practically saying to his disciples: "We must do everything in our power to keep down the troubled waters of jealousy. We must do everything in our power so that we, each and all of us, shall work in harmony with each other. Peace, peace! Let us sacrifice everything in order that we should work for the glory of God in peace." Yet we find not one word of this conversation recorded in the Scriptures.

Are our unwritten words pleading for harmony in Christian work among Christ's followers? Are we doing all in our power to have our homes harmonious and our churches harmonious and our different sectarian organizations working hand in hand for the glory of God and not for self? Are we ready to sink ourselves for that peace and for the glory of Christ? During the darkest days of the attempt to amalgamate a lot of petty German principalities into one great German empire Prince Bismarck said to a friend: "Oh, that I could live to see the day when all these German peoples shall be united together in one great purpose to protect and care for each other! I must not think of what my enemies may say or do. To attain this end I must brave all dangers—exile, even the scaffold itself. What matter if they hang me, provided the rope with which I am hanged binds this new Germany firmly to the Prussian throne." Can you speak like that for your divine king? Shall your life be spent not only in bringing social outcasts to the cross, but in binding all Christians closer and closer together with the Christ's love? Peace, peace, peace!

While we dwell on these episodes in the life of Christ that the evangelists have left unrecorded, we feel sure that they were very kind and tender and pure. He could not have acted otherwise. That divine life must have been consistent throughout, and the parts that we do not know have been in harmony with those we do know. So it should be with us. Like Christ, we have an unwritten life, or, rather, an unrecorded life in the public sense. And, thank God, that life can become an infinite power for the saving of souls for Jesus Christ. Shall our unwritten words and deeds be truly consecrated to the divine Master? Shall we consecrate them to Jesus now? Oh, the unwritten lives of every mortal man—their infinite power for good or evil! Will you heed and grasp these opportunities to-day?

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