Makes and Keeps People Well and Strong of our age. Is life worth living? As well ask, is air worth breathing? The real question is this—taking the dein the Summer Time.

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Practical and Pointed Sermon by Rev. Henry Drummond.

Ve have each a small set of words, which, though we are scarce aware of for a moment between two unknown t, we always work with, and which eternities; bubbles which form and really express all that we mean by life, or have found out of it. For such words embalm the past for us. They have become ours by a natural selec- am going to the Unknown. tion, throughout our career, of all that is richest and deepest in our experience. our vocabulary is our history, and our favorite words are ourselves. Did you ever notice Christ's favorite words? If you have, you must have en struck by two things-their simplicity and their fewness. Some halfwords embalm all his theology, these are, without exception, humble, elementary, simple monosyllables.

These are words that are used almost flippantly in the desecration of every day, but it sometimes takes a whole fetime to fully realize them, to fully ented into and live their infinite possiities. They are such words as these: vorld, life, trust, love.

There as no word here, when he came, rich enough to carry the new truth he was bringing ing to the Father.

to men. So he imported into religion Sooner or later w It back to the world illuminated and ransformed, as the watchword of the The world's obligation to the Lord oming down from heaven to try to each the stammering, dumb inhabiants of this poor planet to put their trust in him, and to say "Our Father." It is that word which has gathered he great family of God together; and when we come face to face with the solvable into this simplicity, that

Father, and we are his children. of this simplicity is to live like Christ. Not one man in a hundred, probably, ation for meeting the Father.

to his Father. This one thing gave it unity, and harmony, and success. In Often and often thus, carelessly or its beginning and in its end, from the purposely, we lose the way. So the work that had been given him to do, his life, completely disrobed of all circumstance, was simply this, "I go to were—and the voice says to us sadly

If we take this principle into our Father." own lives, we shall find its influence

pose, do not feel that life needs expatience. "What I do thou dost not plaining. We think we see through know, but thou shalt know. Hereafter, of it, even to the wisest mind, is enigthe most bewildered by it, and they after, for a deeper reason. Knowledge who stand upon the mere rim of the vortex confess that even for them it is only given for action. Knowing only exists for doing; and, already, nearly all men know to do more than What is my life? Whither do I go? they really do. So, till we do all that Whence do I come? These are the we know, God retains the balance till yet, although the whole world has the hereafter, more shall be given, handled them for many centuries. handled them for many centuries.

To these questions there are but the more ardent energies.

Secondly, and in a few words, this sustains life.

You can unlock a man's whole life if, says the same, only less intelligently, you watch what words he uses most. that life is a sleep, a dream, a shadow. It is a vapor that appeareth for a little and vanisheth away; a meteor hovering burst upon the river of time. This philosophy explains nothing. It is taking refuge in mystery. Whither am I going? Virtually, the poet answers,

(b) The atheist's answer is just the opposite. He knows no unknown. He understands all, for there is nothing more that we can see or feel. Life is what matter is; the soul is phosphorus. Whither am I going? "I go to dust," he says; "death ends all." And this explains nothing. It is worse than a mystery. It is contradiction. It is ut-

ter darkness. (c) But the Christian's answer explains something. Where is he going? "I go to my Father." This is not a definition of his death—there is no death in Christianity; it is a definition of the Christian life. All the time it is a going to the Father. Some travel swiftly, some are long upon the road, some meet many pleasant adventures But none of these was the greatest by the way, others pass through fire word of Christ. His great word was or winding, and though the pace be quick or slow, it is, in the end, a go-

Sooner or later we find out that life one of the grandest words of human is not a holiday, but a discipline. Earlier or later we all discover that the world is not a playground. It is quite clear God means it for a school. w religion. That word was Father. The moment we forget that, the puzzle of life begins. He has a perfectly lesus is that he gave us that word. overpowering and explicible solicitude We should never have dared to say it.

It is a pure revelation. Surely it is loves us, he comes into the school the most touching sight, of the world's sometimes and speaks to us. He may past, to see God's only begotten Son speak very softly and gently, or very loudly. Sometimes a look is enough and we understand it, like Peter, and go out at once and weep bitterly. Sometimes the voice is like a thunderclap startling a summer night. But of one thing we may be sure: the task he sets us is never measured by our real, the solid and the moving in our delinquency. The discipline may seem religion, it is to find all its complexity far less than our desert, or even to our eye ten times more. But it is not lod, whom others call King Eternal, measured by these—it is measured by infinite Jehovah, is, after all, our God's solicitude for our progress; measured solely by God's love; measured This, after all, is religion. And to solely that the scholar may be better ve daily in the full living acceptance educated when he arrives at his Father. The discipline of life is a prepar-

as a central word in his Christian When we see him, we must speak life, and the consequence is this, that to him. We have that language to there is probably nothing in the world learn. And that is, perhaps, why God so disorderly and slipshod as personal makes us pray so much. We lose our way, perhaps, on the way to Now the thing which steadied Christ's Father. The road is rough, and we ife was the thought that he was going choose the way with the flowers beside it, instead of the path of thorns. when he spoke of his Lord Jesus has to come and look for Fatner's business till he finished the us. And he may have to lead us once more, "This is the way to the

The other thing which this truth extell upon us in three ways—three vital points that cover the sum of all living:

1. It explains life. 2. It sustains life. 1. It completes life.

1. It explains life. Few men, I suppose, do not feel that life needs explained that life needs explained the standard our knowledge, it is said, is but different degrees of darkness. Therefore, patience. "What I do thou dost not ome things in it-partially; but most thou shalt know." Hereafter, because the chief joy of life is to have some-Those who know it best are thing to look forward to. But, herestions which are not worn down we can use it. In the larger life of

labored, in the pages of one of our magazines, to answer the question, "Is Life Worth Living?" It was a triumph for religion some thought, that the keenest intellects of the nineteenth century should be stirred with themes like this. It was not so; it was the surest proof of the utter heathenism finition of life here suggested—Is it worth while going to the Father?

There is nothing to sustain life but this thought. And it does sustain life. Take even an extreme case and you will see how. Take the darkest, sadhistory. That was Jesus Christ's. See history. That was Jesus Christ's. See what this truth practically was to watch her. It gave him a life of absolute composure in a career of most tragic trials—and never deserted him.
You have noticed often, and it is in-

expressibly touching, how as his life narrows, and troubles thicken around leans more and more upon this. And when the last days draw near-as the memorable chapters in John reveal them to us-with what most every second sentence to "My Father." This is the Christian's only stay in life. It provides rest for his soul, work for his character, an object, an unconceivably sublime object, the soldier was a very funny coal of for his ambition. The Christian fire, but she knew what Nellie meant. is like the pearl diver, who is out of the sunshine for a little, spending his short day and rocks and weeds

and dangers at the bottom of the ocean. Does he desire to spend his ocean. Does no desire to spend this that afternoon that she might have all Saturday to herself, and just when she got them finished, her deskmate rubbed a wet sponge over the slate surface, and the fresh pure life comes down to him from God. Is he not wasting time there? He is gathering pearls for his Master's crown. But, will he always stay there? When this last pearl is gathered the "Come up higher" will beckon him away, and the weights which kept him down will become an exceeding weight of glory, and he will go, he and these pearls he brings with him, to his Father.

Trial to the Christian is training for all eternity; he is perfectly contented, for he knows that "he who loveth his life in this world shall lose it; but he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal." He is keeping his life, keeping it pure and sacred, till he gets to the Father.

III. Lastly, in a word, this com-Life has been defined as a going to the Father. It is quite clear that there must come a time, in the history of all those who live this life, when they reach the Father. This is the most glorious mo-

and death is sunrise. These words have a different empha-

sis to different persons. There are three classes to whom they come with a peculiar emphasis:

on the dim horizon to complete it. When makes her anything nice." life is done you are going to leap into the dark. You will cross the dark river dier the next morning when she was

2. They speak, next, to all God's peo- how her angry feelings were fast disple. Let us remember that we are going to the Father. Even now we are the sons of God. Oh, let us live like it—and started off to school, she watched all," remarked the inventor with pleasmore simple, uncomplaining, useful, for Mary as eagerly as if she had been separate, joyful, as those who march with music, yet sober of those who are to company with Christ. The road is she found that Mary was already heavy-high road and low road-but we shall soon be home. God grant us a sure arrival in our Father's house. 3. And this voice whispers yet one more measage to the mourning. Did death end all? Is it well with the child? It is well. The last inn by the road-side has been passed—that is all, and a voice called to us, "Good-bye! I go to

my Father."

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If you would win in the Battle of Life you must have a clear brain, keen senses, perfect vigor, shrewdness, ener-Dyspepsia kills these needful qualities. You can't succeed if you are constantly tortured by dyspepsia or indi-

But you can get rid of dyspepsia, indigestion, billiousness, sour stomach, or any other ailment of stomach or digestive organs by simply taking one or two of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets after

each meal. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets banish indigestion and dyspepsia. They insure perfect digestion. With a perfect digestion go a strong, healthy body, a clear, capable brain, months from the organization of the vigor, ambition, determination, energy. activity, keen alert senses. Godd's Dyspepsia Tablets insure all these. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets have never failed to cure any or all of the diseases named when they have been fairly They cannot fail.

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Please don't handle me with dirty by The Dodds Medicine Company, Lim-

WHY THEY TARRIED. [Leslie's Weekly.] Old Lady-Here! What are men doing in my front yard? Weary Willie-We're a-waitin' yer grass ter grow, lady, so's we kin git a job cuttin' it.

Piles ! Piles! Itching Piles. Symptoms: Moisture, intense itchand stinging, mostly at night: worse by scratching. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in To these questions there are the first and t

Boys and Girls.

° Coals of Fire.

Nellie stood by the kitchen table watching mamma make cake. It was a bright, clear Saturday morning, and almost any other time Nellie would have been outdoors at play, but she was very much interested in something mamma was doing, so she pre-

Mamma had been making gingerbread cakes, and just now she was decorating a most remarkable gingerbread soldier. He was a very nercelooking soldier, with his plainly defined in pink and white icing, and a row of buttons down the front of his coat, with epaulets that gave

him a very martial air. "Oh! Oh! he's just beautiful;" exclinging tenderness he alludes in alput in the finishing touch by giving him a heavy mustache. "Oh, isn't he a splendid coal of fire?"

Mamma laughed, as if she thought Yesterday the little girl had come home from school in tears to tell her mamma how hard she had been working to get her examples for Monday done and spoiled all her work. "Wasn't it too mean for anything?" she said, angrily. "I do think Mary Neil is just the meanest, hate—"

"Hush, dear," said mamma, gently. "Well, mamma, it's every word of it true," insisted Nellie. "And I'm just going to pay her back, so I am. I wish I knew of some way."
"Perhaps I can help you," said

mamma. Nellie forgot to cry, in her amazement, and she stared at her mother with wide-open eyes. She could scarcely believe her ears. Was her mother actually going to help her revenge herself upon Mary for her un-But mamma's next words made her

meaning plain. It was not in the way that Nellie had expected that she was

ment of life.

On this side we call that death. It means reaching the Father. It is not departure: it is arrival; not sleeping, but waking. No, as we watch a life which is going to the Father, we cannot think of night, of gloom, of dusk and sunset. It is life which is the night coals, she answered, know you don't mean that. You that I must do something kind but indeed, mamma, it wouldn't any good. She's always teasing and it wouldn't make her a bit to be kind to her."

"Have you ever tried it?" mamma. know you don't mean that. You mean that I must do something kind to her; but indeed, mamma, it wouldn't do her She's always teasing me, and it wouldn't make her a bit better mamma.

"No'm," answered Nellie.
"Then suppose you try it, just for "Well, I'll try, but I know just what it will amount to," said Nellie, very

1. They speak to those who are staying away from God. "I do not wonder at what men suffer," says Ruskin, "I often wonder at what they lose. My fellow-pilgrim, you do not know what you are losing by not going to the Falvely gingerbread cake to give her, ther. You live in an appalling mysters, You have nothing to explain your. Saturday? She hasn't got any mothing to explain your. tery. You have nothing to explain your | Saturday? She hasn't got any mothlife nor to sustain it; no boundary line er, you know, and her aunt never So mamma made the gingerbread sol-

and land on the farther shore alone.

No one will greet you. You and the inhabitant of Eternity will be strangers. Will you not today arise and go Mary's surprise when she should give it to her. She was surprised to find her best friend.

When she reached the school house there, putting her desk in order. Nellie slipped quietly up behind her and put the soldier in her hands. Mary gave an exclamation of de lighted surprise, and then looked around to see who had given her the

"Don't you like it?" said Nellie, smiling brightly. "My mamma made it Saturday on purpose for me to give For a moment Mary did not ans wer; then she threw her arms around

Nellie's neck. "I'm just ashamed to take it, after I have been so mean to you," she whispered. "But I won't ever, ever tease you again as long as I live." Nellie returned her embrace warmly, delighted at the results of the "coals of fire," and the two little girls soon became warm friends, instead of quarreling and finding fault with each other as they had been in the habit of

I wish that every little boy and girl could be persuaded to try Nellie's plan when they have a grievance against any of their little companions, and I am sure that they will find

The Appeal of the Book.

The Library League of Cleveland, Ohio, is a most interesting institution, and it is pleasant to see that it is extending to other cities. All children of school age are eligible to it, and there are no initiation fees, and no membership dues; and in many cases the members can obtain the use of public library books at an earlier age than they otherwise would. They wear a distinctive badge, and sign a pledge which binds them to handle books carefully-not to mark them, or turn down the corners of leaves, or to misuse them in any way. In Cleveland, at the end of nine

society, 15,000 children had been enrolled, and the league had had a decidedly improving effect upon the patronage of the public library. To most people one of the interest-ing things about this league is the appeal of the book," which is printed on the bookmark used by the so-It is the pathetic, and in most cases effective, request of the book to be well-treated by the reader. It runs

hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next boy borrowed me. Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch cold as well as children. Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks. Or lean your elbows on me when you

are reading me. It hurts.

Or open me and lay me face down on the table. You wouldn't like to be Or put between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of paper. It would strain my back. Whenever you are done reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little bookmark to put in where you stop-ped, and then close me and lay me down on my side, so that I can have

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are done with me, Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to

经公司公司的公司的公司的公司的公司的公司的公司的公司的公司 A Smile: A Laugh.

"Why did they fire that young typesetter from the Wirald office?"
"He issued a war extra with big headlines reading 'Bottle of Vanila,'
when the editor had written 'Battle of Manila.

A newspaper boy who in the dusk of the afternoon was crying his wares, "Globe, Sun, Star," was approached by a gentleman who facetiously asked him for the Moon. The boy glanced "Suppose you try the effects of 'coals of fire?" suggested mamma.
"I'd like to, if they were real, live, burning coals," she answered; "but I know you don't mean that You man. of his various papers.

> "Have you selected your topic for a graduation essay?" asked the dear girl's mother. 'Yes. It is 'The Injurious Restraints of Superstition, Ancient and Modern.

"That's very interesting. You must get right to work on it."
"Oh dear, no! You wouldn't have me begin it on Friday, would you?"

think was fair.' "What was that, dear?"

"Why, one man did all the work and another man took all the money.'

"I have here," he said, "the plans and drawings of the greatest aerial war machine ever invented." "How is it supposed to work?" asked the editor, after he had examined the glance how attractive it will look in a newspaper or a magazine."

"When I was first married," says Rev. Dr. Lorimer, pastor of Tremont Temple, Boston, "I had my strict ideas abount Sunday observance. Mrs Lorimer had a colored 'aunty' for cook; and on the first Saturday after she came I went into the kitchen and told her I did not want any Sunday work, so she could prepare all meals for that day beforehand. She didn't say one word while I was talking. Then she looked up, and, pointing to the door, exclaimed, 'Now, look hyar, Marse George, you jest go in dar and 'tend to your Christianity, and leave me 'tend to mah kitchen!' I went; and, as near as I can remember, she had hot dinners Sundays as long as she stayed with us."

The wit of William M. Evarts was FRUIT DISHES. always celebrated, but occasionally he met more than his match, as witness this anecdote: At a New England Society dinner some years ago, Mark Twain had just finished a piquant address, when Mr. Evarts arose, shoved both his hands down into his trousers pockets, as was his habit, and laughingly remarked: "Doesn't it strike this com-

pany as a little unusual that a professional humorist should be funny Mark Twain waited until the laugh ter excited by this sally had subsided and then drawled out: "Doesn't it strike this company as a little unusual that a lawyer should have both his hands in his own pockets?"

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of any Patent Medicine in the World.

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