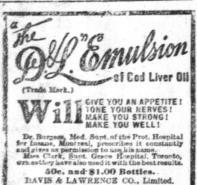
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NEW METHOD TREATMENT ab-Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT ab-sorbs the stricture tissue, hence removes the stricture permanently. It can never setura. No pain, no sufficing, no detention from business by our method. The sex-mal organs are strengthened, the never are invigorated, and the blus of manhood

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You can get a nice gas heater apable of heating a large room for \$1.75, or rent one for 25c per month.
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Relieve those Inflamed Eyes! Pond's Extract CAUTION: Avoid dangerous, ir-itating Witch Hazel preparations opresented to be "the same as" 'end's Extract which easily sour and generally contain "wood alco-

### WHEN THE SUN SETS

At Evening Time It Shall Be Light"

THE GLORIES OF OLD AGE.

As the Natural Evening Is Often Lumis ous, So R Shall Be Light in the Evening of Our sorrows, of Old Age, of the World's Mistery, of the Christian Life.

Washington, Feb. 9, 1962. this subject Dr., Tal-puts a glow of gladness and triumph upon passages of life that are usually thought to be somewhat gloomy; text, Zechariah xiv., 7, "At evening time it shall be light."

While "night" in all languages is

the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above or silvered wave tossing up light from beneath -murky, hurtling, portentous, but such as you often see when the pomp and magnificence of Heaven turn out on night parade, and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations and the sons of God were shouting for joy. Such nights the sailor blesses from the forecastle, and the trapper on vast prairie; and the belated traveler by the road-side, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a-ringing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace; good will towards men."

What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities! Calm night on Roman campagna! Awful night among the cordilleras! Glorious night mid sea after a tempest!
Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are light-houses on the coast ward which I hope we are sailing, and blind mariners are we if, with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us, we cannot find our way into the harbor.

My text may well suggest as the natural evening is often lu-minous, so it shall be light in the evening of our sorrows, of old age, of the world's history, of the Christian life, "At evening time it sh be light." This prophecy will be fulfilled "At evening time it shall

the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rides high. Innumerable activities go ahead with a thousand feet and work with a thousand arms, and the pickax struck a mine, and the battery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its 20 per cent., and the book came to its twentieth edition, and the quadrupled in value, and sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were praised, and friends without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music and stepped in the dance and glowed in the wine and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music and case and gratification gathered around this Jupiter holding his hands so many thunderbolts of power. But every sun must set, and the brightest day must have its twilight. Suddenly the sky was overcast. The fountain dried up. The song hushed. The wolf broke into the family fold and carried off the best lamb. A deep howl of woe came crashing down through the joyous symphonies. At one rough twang of the hand of disaster the twang of the hand of disaster the harpstrings all broke. Down went the strong business firm! Away went long established credit! Up flew a flock of calumnies! The new book would not sell! A patent could not be secured for the invention! Stocks sank like lead! The insurance company exploded! "How much," says the sheriff, "will you bid for this piano? How much for this library? How much for this family picture? How much? Will you let it go at less than half price?

Going—going—gone!"
Will the grace of God hold one
up in such circumstances? What has
become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the flail and crushed under the wheel and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust, weeping, wailing and gnashing their teeth? Did they when they were afflicted like Job curse God and want were to die? When the rod of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one bitter cup on the table of God's supply. did they upset the whole table? Did they kneel down at their empty money vault and say, "All my treasures are gone?" Did they stand by the grave of their dead, saying, "There never will be a

resurrection?"
Did they bemoan their thwarted plans and say, "The stocks are down; would God I were dead?" Did the night of their disaster come Did the night of their disaster come upon them moonless, starless, dank and howling, smothering and choking their life out? No, no! At eventide it was light. The swift promises overtook them. The eter-nal constellations, from their circuit about God's throne, poured down an infinite luster, Under their shining the billows of trouble took on crests and plumes of gold took the cores and amethyst and flame. and lasper and amethyst and flame. All the trees of life rustled in the midsummer of God's love. The night blooming assurances of Christ's sympathy filled all the atmosphere with heaven. The soul at every step seemed to start up from its feet bright winged joys, warbling heavenward. "It is good warbling heavenward. "It that I have been afflicted!" David. "The Lord gave, and the Lord bath teken away!" exclaims

for which Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only certain cure. In Dropsy the Kidneys are actually dammed up, and the water, which should be expelled in the form of urine, flows back and lodges in the cells of the flesh and puffs out the skin. Remove the filth which plugs up the drain. which plugs up the drain.
Restore the Kidneys to
health. There is only one
Kidney Medicine

# Dodd's KIDNEY

"Sorrowful, yet always joicing," says St. Paul. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes!" exclaims John in apocalyptic At eventide it was light. Light from the cross! Light from the promises! Light from the throne! Streaming, joyous, gushing, everlasting light!" out-

Again, the text shall find fulfill-ment in the time of old age. It is and the step elastic and all our pulses marching on to the drumming of a stout heart. Midlife and old age will be denied many of us, but youth-we all know what that is. Those wrinkles were not always on your brow; that snow was not always on your head; that brawny muscle did not always bunch your arm; you have not always worn spectacles. Grave and dignified as you now are, you once went coast-ing down the hillside or threw off your hat for the race or sent ball flying sky high. But youth will not always last. It stays only long enough to give us exuberant spirits and broad shoulders for burden carrying and an arm with which to batour way through difficulties. Life's path, if you follow it long enough, will come under frowning crag and cross trembling causeway. Blessed old age, if you let it come naturally! You cannot hide

You may try to cover the wrinkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all the universe are old-old mountains, old rivers, old seas, old stars and old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old unless you are older than the mountains and older than the stars.

See that you do honor to the aged. A philosopher stood at the corner of the street day after day, saying to the passersby: "You will be an old man; you will be an old man. You will be an old woman; you will be an old woman." People thought that he was crazy. I do not think that he was. Smooth the way for that mother's feet; they have not many more steps to take. Steady those tottering limbs; they will soon be at rest. Plow not up that face with any more wrinkles; trouble and care have marked it full enough. Thrust no thorn into that old heart; it will soon cease to beat. "The eye that mocketh its father and refuseth to obey its mother the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." The bright morning and hot noonday of life have passed with many. It is 4 o'clock; 5 o'clock, 6 o'clock! The

#### GRATEFUL WORDS

A Quebec Gentleman Who Found in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets a Perfect Cure for His Dyspepsia

One who has never had to endure the dreadful pain and depression of Dyspepsia cannot understand the wonderful gratitude of the slave who has found freedom from the bonds of this torturing monster.

This feeling of gratitude is so overwhelming that its expression is often hard for these inexperienced ones to understand. It lends a color to the letters received in praise of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets which makes them

seem almost overdone.
"I thank Providence for having been so good as to put Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets in my way," is a sentence selected from a recent letter. This is a sample of what thousands say in different ways.

F. C. Hunt, the assistant Post Mast-

er at Opemican P. O., in Quebec, tells of his deliverance in this way.

"Dyspepsia had me for a victim for some time—I suffered very severely—I saw an advertisement of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and the cures they were maiking of very bad cases.

"I decided that if they could cure others so promptly and effectively, they would be worth trying and so I began to use them.

began to use them. "From the very start I was bene-fitted and now I am completely

cured.
"My thankfulness to Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets is too great for words to express, but I will always recommend them to those who may be suffering with Stomach Trouble or Dyspepsia."

Such was a lower of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God, shouting: "Free! Free!" Your eye has gazed upon the garniture of earth and heaven, but eye hath not seen express, but I will always recommend them to those who may be suffering with Stomach Trouble or Dyspepsia." Such warm expressions of gratitude are won by very few medicines, and testify in the most eloquent manner to the genuine curative qualities of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

There are many today enjoying the

There are many to-day enjoying the glad blessing of good health who but for Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets would still be the melancholy and miserable victims of Stomach Troubles of one

kind or another.

Is it any wonder then that strong language is used in expressing the thankfulness of these liberated cap-

Nine o'clock, 10 o'clock! The heavy dews are falling; the activities of life's day are all hushed; it is time to go to bed. Eleven o'clock, 12 o'clock! The patriarch sleeps the blessed sleep, the cool sleep, the long sleep. Heaven's messengers of light have kindled bonfires of victory all over the heavens. At even-tide it is light. Light.

Again, my text shall find fulthe latter day of the church. Only a few missionaries, a few churches, a few good men, compared with the institutions leprous and putrified. It is early yet in the history of everything good. Civil-ization and Christianity are just getting out of the cradle. The light of martyr stakes, flashing up and down the sky, is but the flaming of down the sky, is but the flaming of the morning, but when the evening of the world shall come, glory to God's conquering truth, it shall be light. War's sword clanging back in the scabbard; intemperance buried under ten thousand broken de-canters; the world's impurity turn-ing its brow heavenward for the benediction. "Blessed are the pure in heart." the last vestice of benediction. "Blessed are the pure in heart;" the last vestige of fishness submerged in heaven descending charities and China worshiping Dr. Abeel's Saviour; all India believing in Henry Martyn's Bible; aboriginal superstition acknowledg-ing David Brainerd's piety; human bondage delivered through Thomas Clarkson's Christianity; vagrancy coming back from its pollution at the call of Elizabeth Fry's Redeemer; the mountains coming down; the valleys going up; "holiness" inscribed on horse's bell, and silkworm's thread, and brown thrasher's wing, and shell's tinge, and manufacturer's shuttle, and chemist's laboratory, king's scepter, and nation's Magna a grand thing to be young, to have Charta. Not a hospital, for there the sight clear and the hearing acute are no wounds; not an asylum, for are no wounds; not an asylum, for there are no orphans; not a prison, for their are no criminals; almshouse, for there are no paupers; not a tear, for there are no The long dirge of earth's rows. lamentation has ended in the triumphal march of redeemed empires, the forests harping it on vine strung branches, the water chanting it among the gorges, the thunders

drumming it among the hills, the octrade winds touching the keys and Euroclydon's foot on the pedal. I want to see John Howard when the last prisoner is reformed; I want to see Florence Nightingale when the last saber wound has stopped hurting; I want to see William Penn when the last Indian has been civilized; I want to see John Huss when

the last flame of persecution been extinguished; I want to see John Bunyan after the last pilgrim has come to the gate of the celestial city—above all, I want to see Jesus after the last saint has his throne and has begun to sing his triumph.

You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The laborers have come from the field; describable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swims in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water, heaven above and heaven beneath. Not a leaf rustling or a bee amming or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadow, silence amor the hills. Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The hears of earthly conflict are the glory of heaven fills all the celle with love, joy and peace. At

ventime it is light-light. Finally, my text shall find fulfillment at the end of the Christian's life. You know how short a winter's day is and how little work you can do. Now, my friends, life is a short winter's day. The sun rises at 8 and sets at 4. The birth angel and the death angel fly only a little way apart. Baptism and burial are near together. With one hand the mother rocks the cradle and with the other

she touches a grave.
But I hurl away this darkness. cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the tory, at eventime it shall be light! I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above our girdle, who does not love to bathe? What though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates of glory swing open before us and from a myriad voices, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, myriad palaces there dashes upon

us "Hosanna! Hosanna!" I saw a heautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged, and they became young, she touched the poor, and they be came rich. I said, "Who is this beautiful being wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Chris tian begins to use his arm again, when the blind Christian begins to see again, when the deaf Christian begins to hear again, when the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement and joins in such company and has a free seat in such a great tem-ple! Hungry men no more to hunger, thirsty men no more to thirst, weeping men no more to weep, dying men no more to die. Gathe, up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations; bring them to me, and I will pour upon them this stupendous theme of the soul's disenthrallment! Oh, the joy of the spirit as it shall it; your ear has caught harmonies uncounted and indescribable— caught them from harp's trill and carol and waterfall's dash carol and waterfall's dash and ocean's doxology—but ear hath not heard it. How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocked off their chains? What loom wove their robes of light? Who gave them wings? Ah, eternity is not long enough to tell it. is not long enough to tell it, sera-phim have not enough to realize it the solid of redeeming love! Let the palms wave; let the crowns glitter; let the anthems as-

of it. Archangel before the thou failest! Sing on, praise on, ye hosts of the glorified, and if with your sceptres you cannot reach it and with your songs you cannot express it then let all the myriads of the saved unite in the exclamation: "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. A great multitude ome up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says, "The password."
They say: "We have no password We were great on earth, and now we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock The gatekeeper says, "The pass word." They say: "We have no pass word. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges and took care of the poor." The voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God and deserve to die, but we heard the voice of Jesus" "Aye, aye," says the gatekeeper, "that is the password! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let these people come in." They go in and surround the throne, jubilant

Ah, do you wonder that the last hours of the Christian on earth are illuminated by thoughts of the com-ing glory? Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. The parting may be heartrending. Yet li ht in the evening. As all the stas of the night sink their anchors of pearl in lake and river and sea so the waves of Jordan shall be illuminated with the down flashing of the glory to come. The dying soul looks up at the con-stellations. "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall fear?" "The Lamb which is in midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Close the eyes of the departed one earth would seem tame to its enchanted vision. Fold the hands; life's work is ended. Veil the face; it has

been transfigured.

Mr. Toplady in his dying hour said, "Light." Coming nearer the expiring moment, he exclaimed with illuminated countenance, "Light!" In the last instant of his breathing he lifted up his hands and cried:

Thank God for light in the evening.

He Made a show. An English sailor recently paid off at Malta, having only a day in which to spend the money before the left port, hired forty rowing ship boats, formed them into a procession and, seating himself comfortably in the stern of the last boat, he had himself and his forty boats rowed round and round his ship, much to the amusement of his comrades. Afthe heavens are glowing with an in- ter making the tour several times and the sailor paid the boat hire to then returned to duty, evidently well

Uncle kam a Baby Yet.

The British empire, with protectorates has a population of about 395, 000,000. The population of the United States and its colonial possessions has just been given out 84.233.069. Uncle Sam has a lot of growth ahead of him yet before he arrives at a stature equal to that of John Bull; but if John Bull and Sam travel together they can keep the whole world in order.

#### ................... TELEGRAPH

,.....

The legislatures of Quebec and Nova Scotia opened yesterday.

Richard Larmour was elected Mayor f Cornwall by 48 majority.

William Hamilton, one of the forenost manufacturers of Peterboro', is

B. M. Book, of Hamilton, is dead rom injuries received in Cummer's ice house,

Hon. David Mills was sworn in as a ludge of the Supreme Court by Mr. Justice Taschereau.

Jno. Houle was sentenced at Winnipeg to five years in penitentiary for obbery of a store,

Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain was presented with the freedom of London n a gold casket.

Walter Gordon was committed for trial at Boissevain, Man., for the murder of Chas. Daw and Jas. Smith. Edward Laurin, of Montreal, has

been committed for trial on a charge of murdering George Smith, his fa-ther's colored stableman. Dominion Agent Speers, who has just returned from the Western States, says 50,000 United States farmers and families will settle in Wes tern Canada this year.

Pain in the Back.

Makes life miserable. Can it be cured? Yes, in one night. Polson's Nerviline gives a complete knockout through the tissues, takes out the soreness and pain, invigorates tired muscles, and makes you feel like a new man. Nerviline cures quickly because it is stronger, more penetrating and more highly pain-subduing than any other remedy. Don't suffer another minute. Get Nerviline quick, and rub it in, for sure as you were born it will cure you. 25c.

Nothing so effectually cures a man of the flattery habit as marraige. whitewashing to been them from turn

#### SEE 900 DROPS THAT THE **FAC-SIMILE** SIGNATURE Avegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of -OF-INFANTS CHILDREN Promotes Digestion, Cheerful-ness and Rest Contains neither Optum, Morphine nor Mineral. IS ON THE NOT NARCOTIC. **WRAPPER** Proper of Old Dr SOMUELPHAMER OF EVERY BOTTLE OF Aperfect Remedy for Constipa-tion, Sour Stomach, Diarrioea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishmess and Loss of SLEEP. Tac Simile Signature of Cast tetetier. NEW YORK. Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk Don't allow anyone to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose." \*\* See that you get C-A-S-T-O-E-I-A. 15 Doses - 35 Cours EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.



## The Season for

\*

And the necessity of fencing is approaching and Geo. Stephens & Douglas wish to announce that they have a complete stock of all kinds of wire and wire fencing, hooks, staples, slats and fence tools. Their prices are lower than that of the average dealer and it will pay any person from a distance to call at their store in Chatham, and get prices before buying elsewhere. Wire promises to be firm in price and all orders booked now will be guaranteed in price until April 1st next. •••••••

## Geo. Stephens & Douglas.

#### \* STAMPED LINENS

We are on receipt af our new spring Stamped Linens, Sideboard Drapes, Pillow Shams, 5 o'clock Lunch Cloths, Centre Pieces and D'Oylies, all new

Mrs. J. E. Weldon, King Street, East.