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and so would many a young
baby, rather than take a bath
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**Baby's Own
Soap.**

It leaves the skin wonderfully soft and
fresh, and its faint fragrance is extreme-
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Has a supply of A 1 Vinegar, just the
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spices, whole and ground, are fresh and
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Ginger Snaps, per lb. 25c
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There is nothing
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\$3.00 SHOE. In fact it is as stylish as any
\$4.00 shoe in the market.

—JAMES—

SIGN OF THE BIG CLOCK
A. A. JORDAN

LIKE SHARP RAZORS

God's Judgments Are Swift and
Sure, Says Dr. Talmage.

THE BREADTH OF GOD'S LOVE

National Sins Are Punished by Keen In-
struments—No Casualty Happens by
Chance, But Is Always Directed by
Divine Wisdom.

Washington, Sept. 19.—Dr. Tal-
mage, in his journey westward
through Europe, has recently visited
scenes of thrilling historic events
in this world and that God rewar-
ds them for their virtues and punishes
them for their crimes. The text is
Isaiah vii, 20, "In the same day
shall the Lord shave with a razor
that is hired, namely, by them be-
yond the river, by the king of As-
syria."

The Bible is the noblest book ever
written. There are no similitudes
in Ossian or the Iliad or the Ody-
sey so daring. Its imagery some-
times seems on the verge of rock-
less, but only seems so. The fact
is that God would startle and arouse
and propel men and nations. A
tame and limping similitude would
fail to accomplish the object. While
there are times when he employs in
the Bible the gentle dew in the morn-
ing cloud and the dove and the day
break in the presentation of truth,
we often find the iron chariot, the
lightning, the earthquake, the spray,
the sword and, in my text, "the
razor." This keen bladed instrument
has advanced in usefulness with the
ages. In Bible times and lands the
beard remained uncut save in the
seasons of mourning and humilia-
tion, but the razor was always a
suggestive symbol. David said of
Doeg, his antagonist, "Thy tongue is
a sharp razor working deceitfully."

In this striking text this weapon
of the toilet appears under the fol-
lowing circumstances. Judaea needs
to have some of its prosperities cut
off, and God sends against it
three Assyrian kings—first Sen-
nacherib, then Esarhaddon and af-
terward Nebuchadnezzar. These
three sharp invasions that cut off
the glory of Judaea are compared to
so many sweeps of the razor across
the face of the land. And these de-
vastations were called a hired razor
because God took the kings of As-
syria, with whom he had no sym-
pathy, to do the work and paid
them in palaces and spoils and ar-
rangements. These kings were hired
to execute the divine behests. And
now the text, which on its first
reading may have seemed trivial or
inapt, is charged with momentous
import. "In the same day shall the
Lord shave with a razor that is
hired, namely, by them beyond the
river, by the king of Assyria."

Well, if God's judgments are razors,
we had better be careful how we use
them. In the people, in the cities,
sheath these domestic weapons are
put away where no one by accident
may touch them and where the hands
of children may not reach them.
Such instruments must be carefully
handled or not handled at all. But
how recklessly some people wield the
judgments of God! If a man meets
with business misfortune, how many
there are ready to cry out: "That is
a judgment of God upon him because
he was unscrupulous or arrogant or
over-reaching or miserly. What a
clean sweep of everything! His city
house and country house gone. His
stables emptied of all the fine bays
and sorrels and grays that used to
prance by his door. All his resources
overthrown and all that he prided
himself on tumbled into demolition.
Good for him!" Stop, my brother.
Don't sling around too freely the
judgments of God, for they are
razors.

Some of the most wicked business
men succeed, and they live and die
in prosperity, and some of the most
honest and conscientious are driven
into bankruptcy. Perhaps the un-
successful man's manner was unfor-
tunate, and he was not ready, as
proud as he looked to be. Some of
those who carry their heads erect
and look imperial are humble as a
child, while many a man in seedy
coat and slouch hat and unlabeled
shoes is as proud as Lucifer. You
cannot tell by a man's looks. Per-
haps he was not unscrupulous in
business, for there are two sides to
every story, and everybody that ac-
complishes anything for himself or
others gets industriously lied about.
Perhaps his business misfortune was
not a punishment, but the fatherly
discipline to prepare him for heaven,
and God may love him far more than
he loves you, who can pay dollar
for dollar and are put down in the
commercial catalogues as A1. Whom
the Lord loveth he gives \$400,000
and lets die on embroidered pillows?
No; whom the Lord loveth he chasten-
eth. Better keep your hand off of
the Lord's razors, lest they cut and
wound people that do not deserve it.
If you want to shave off some of the
bristling pride of your own heart, do
so, but be very careful how you put
the sharp edge on others. "How I do
dislike the behavior of those persons
who when people are unfortunate
say, 'I told you so—getting punish-
ed—served him right!' If those I-
told-you-so's got their desert, they
would long have been pitched over
the battlements." The note in their
neighbor's eyes so small that it
takes a microscope to find it, gives
them more trouble than the beam
which obscures their own optics.
With air sometimes supercilious and
sometimes pharisaical and always
blatant, they take the razor of
divine judgment and sharpen it on
the bone of their own hard hearts
and then go to work on men sprawl-
ed out at full length under disaster,
cutting mercilessly. They begin by
soft expressions of sympathy and
pity and half praise and later the

victim all over before they put on
the sharp edge.

Let us be careful how we shoot at
others lest we take down the wrong
one, remembering the servant of
King William III. who shot at a
deer, but the arrow glanced against
a tree and killed the king. Instead
of going out with shafts to pierce
and razors to cut we had better imi-
tate the friend of Richard Coeur de
Lion. Richard, in the war of the
Crusades, was captured and impris-
oned, but none of his friends knew
where, so his loyal friend went
around the land from stronghold to
stronghold and sang to each window
a snatch of song that Richard Coeur
de Lion had taught them. In other
days. And one day, coming before a
jail where he suspected his king
might be incarcerated, he sang two
lines of song, and immediately King
Richard responded from his cell with
the other two lines and so his
whereabouts were discovered, and a
successful movement was at once
made for his liberation. So let us
go up and down the world with the
music of kind words and sym-
pathetic hearts, surrounding the for-
tunate and trying to get out of
trouble men who had noble natures,
but by unforeseen circumstances
have been incarcerated, thus liberat-
ing kings. More hymnbooks and less
razors.

Especially ought we to be apolo-
getic and merciful toward those
who, while they have great faults,
have also great virtues. Some peo-
ple are barren of virtues. No weeds
verily, but no flowers. I must not
be too much estranged at a party
along the fence if it be in a field
containing 40 acres of ripe Michigan
wheat. Some time ago naturalists
told us there was on the sun a spot
20,000 miles long, but from the
brightness and warmth I concluded
it was a good deal of a sun still.
The sun can afford to have a very
large spot upon it, though it be 20-
000 miles long, and I am very apolo-
getic for those men who have great
faults, while at the same time they
have magnificent virtues.

Again, when I read in my text
that the Lord shaves with the hired
razor of Assyria the land of Judaea,
I think myself of the precision of
God's providence. A razor swung
the tenth part of an inch out of
the right line might either failure of
laceration, but God's dealings never
slip, and they do not miss by the
thousandth part of an inch the right
direction. People talk as though
things in this world were at loose
ends. Cholera sweeps across Mar-
seilles and Madrid and Palermo, and
we watch anxiously. Will the epi-
demic sweep Europe and America?
People say, "That will entirely de-
pend on whether the inoculation is a
successful experiment; that will de-
pend entirely on quarantine regu-
lations; that will depend on the ex-
istence or late appearance of frost. That
epidemic is pitched into the world,
and it goes blundering across the
continents, and it is all guess work
and an appalling perhaps." I think,
perhaps that God had something to
do with it and that his mercy may
have in some way protected us; that
he may have done as much for us as
the quarantine and the health offi-
cers. It was right and a necessity.
All caution should be used, but
there have come enough macaroni
from Italy, and enough rags from
the south of France, and enough rags
from tattered demagogues, and hidden in
these articles of transportation "en-
closed" are germs to have left by
this time all the cities mourning in
the cemeteries. I thank all the doc-
tors and quarantines, but more than
all, and first of all, and last of all,
and all the time, I thank God. In
all the 6000 years of the world's ex-
istence there has not one time when
"happened so." God is not an
anarchist, but a King, a Father.

When little Tad, the son of Presi-
dent Lincoln, died, all America sym-
pathized with "the sorrow in the
White House." He used to rush into
the room where the cabinet met in
session and while the most eminent
men of the land were discussing the
questions of national existence, but
the child had no care about those
questions. Now, God the Father and
God the Holy Ghost and the Holy Spirit
are in perpetual session in regard to
this world and kindred worlds. Shall
you, his child, rush in to criticize or
arraign or condemn the divine gov-
ernment? No, the cabinet of the
Eternal Three can govern and will
govern in the wisest and best way,
and there never will be a mistake
and, like razor skillfully swung,
shall cut that which ought to be
cut and avoid that which ought to
be avoided. Precision to the very
hairbreadth. Earthly timepieces may
get out of order and strike wrong,
saying it is 1 o'clock when it is 2,
or 2 when it is 3. God's clock is
always right, and when it is 1 it
strikes 1, and when it is 12 it
strikes 12, and the second hand is as
accurate as the minute hand.

Further my text tells us that God
sometimes shaves nations. "In the
same day shall the Lord shave with
a razor that is hired." With one
sharp sweep he went across Judaea,
and down went its pride and its
power. In 1861 God shaved the
American nation. We had allowed
to grow Sabbath desecration and op-
pression and blasphemy and fraud
and impurity and all sorts of turpi-
tude. The south had its sins, and the
north its sins, and the east its
sins, and the west its sins. We had
been warned again and again, and
we did not heed. At length the
sword of war cut from the St. Law-
rence to the Gulf and from the Atlantic
seaboard to Pacific seaboard. The
pride of the land, not the cowards,
but the heroes, on both sides went
down. And that which we took for
the sword of war was the Lord's
razor. In 1862 again it went across
the land; in 1863 again; in 1864
again. The sharp instrument was
incised and put away.

Never in the history of the ages
was any land more thoroughly shav-
ed than during those four years of
civil combat, and, my brethren, if we
do not quit some of our individual
and national sins the Lord will
again take us in hand. He has other
razors within reach besides war—

epidemics, droughts, deluges, plagues
—grasshopper and locust— or our
overthrowing success may so far ex-
cite the jealousy of other lands that
under some pretext the great nations
may combine to put us down. Our
nation, so easily approached on north
and south from both oceans, might
have on hand at once more hostil-
ties than we have ever arrayed against
any one power. I hope no such com-
bination against us will ever be
formed, but I want to show that, as
Assyria was the hired razor against
Judaea, and Cyrus the hired razor
against Babylon, and the Huns the
hired razor against the Goths, there
are now many razors that the Lord
could hire if, because of our national
sins, he should undertake to shave
us. In 1870 Germany was the razor
with which the Lord shaved France.
Japan was the razor with which he
shaved China and America the razor
with which he shaved arrogant, op-
pressive and Bible hating Spain. But
nations are to repent in a day. May
a speedy and worldwide coming of
God hinder on both sides the sea all
national calamity. But do not let us
as a nation either by unchristianous
law at Washington or bad lives
among ourselves defy the Almighty.

One would think that our national
symbol of the eagle might sometimes
suggest another eagle—that which
ancient Rome carried. In the talons
of that eagle were clutched, at one
time Britain, France, Spain, Italy,
Dalmatia, Rhaetia, Noricum, Pan-
nonia, Moesia, Dacia, Thrace, Mac-
edonia, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria,
Phoenicia, Palestine, Egypt, all
northern Africa and all the islands of
the Mediterranean, indeed all the
world that was worth having, a hun-
dred and twenty millions of people
under the wings of that eagle.
Where is she now? Ask Gibbon, the
historian in his prose poem, "The
Decline and Fall of the Roman Em-
pire." Ask her gigantic ruins, be-
moaning their sadness through the
ages, the screech owl at windows
out of which worldwide conquerors
looked. Ask the day of judgment,
when her crowned debauchees, Com-
modus and Pertinax and Caligula
and Diocletian shall answer for their
infamy. As men and as nations let
us repent and have our trust in a
pardoning God rather than depend on
former successes for immunity! Out
of 13 of the greatest battles of the
world Napoleon had lost but one be-
fore Waterloo. Pride and destruc-
tion often ride in the same saddle.
But notice once more, and more
than all, in my text, that God is so
kind and loving that when it is ne-
cessary for him to cut he has to go
to others for the sharp edged wea-
pon. "In the same day shall the
Lord shave with a razor that is
hired." God is love. God is pity.
God is help. God is shelter. God is
rescue. There are no sharp edges
about him, no thrusting points, no
instruments of laceration. If you
want balm for wounds, he has that.
If you want divine savor for eye-
sight, he has that. But if there is
sharp and cutting work to do, which
requires a razor, he hires a razor.
Has nothing about him that hurts,
save when dire necessity demands,
and then he has to go clear out to
some one else to get the instrument.
This divine clemency will be no nov-
elty to those who have pondered the
Calvary massacre, where God sub-
merged himself in human tears and
crimsoned himself from punctured ar-
teries and let the terrestrial and in-
fernal worlds maul him until the
chandeliers of the sky had to be tur-
ned out, because the universe could
not endure the outrage. Illustrious
for love he must have been to take
all that as our substitute, paying
out his own heart the price of our
admission to the gates of heaven.

King Henry II of England crowned
his son as king and on the day of
coronation put on a servant's garb
and waited, he, the king, at the
son's table; to the astonishment of
all the princes. But we know of a
more wondrous scene—the King of
heaven and earth offering to put on
you, his child, the crown of life and
in the form of a servant waiting on
you with blessing. Extol him to the
clouds, and most of us were dis-
couraged and said it never would be
completed. And how glad we all
were when in the presence of the
highest officials of the nation the
work was done! But will the count-
less to him who died for the eternal
liberation of the human race ever be
completed? For ages the work has
been going up. Evangelists and ap-
ostles and martyrs have been adding to
the heavenly pile, and every one of
the millions of redeemed going up
from earth has made to it contribu-
tion of gladness, and weight of glory
is swung at the top of other weight
of glory, higher and higher as the
centuries go by, higher and higher as
the whole millennium roll, sapphire
on the top of jasper, sardonyx on
the top of chalcedony and chryso-
prase above topaz, until far beneath
shall be the walls and towers and
domes of our earthly capitol, a
monument forever and forever rising
and yet never done. "Unto him who
hath loved us and washed us from
our sins in his own blood and made
us kings and priests forever." Alle-
luia, amen.

An Argument.
Wife (earnestly)—George, dear, I
have prayed so fervently of late for
a tailor-made gown, that I feel it
would be flying in the face of provid-
ence not to go and get measured at
once.

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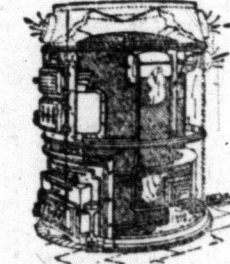
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