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Mult is the foundation of ale. It is barley germinated and dried in the raw material from which ale is

In no country is better barley grown than in Canada. The very choicest Canadian barley, malte! at the brewery, is used in the manufacture of Carling's



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of a candy depends on the quality of the material used and the skill of the maker. We use only the purest materials and have an expert in the set of making fine confections. All kinds of Taffics, Creams, Choco-istes, and Fancy Bon-Bons at lowest

Landy Kitchen

YOUNG MEN WANTED that of my father in harvest time recling from exhaustion over the recling from exhaustion over the door-step, too tired to ear, pale and fainting as he sat down. The grain brought to the barn, the sheaves were unbound and strend on a thrashing floor, and two men with flalls stood opposite each other, hour

A Thanksgiving Sermon by Rev. Dr. Taland I mage About This Invention

Wash p. ton, Sox, 20, 118 (c) course of traininge is a sermon of preparation for the national obser aure of this week and fu an unservance of this week and in an unus al w y cal s for the gratitude of
the jeo h; the text, E e f l x, 13,
as from which it was cried
a to the u in my e rim, O wel.
Act Thusd y 11, by pr dama to, of fresident and Governer, be
a served in than s I in, for temporupon it? For nearly a a half this mation has been

tele rating the tri mph of sword and gun and b ttery. We have sung wartlat hirs and there's returning the side in battle. M thinks it will e a healthful change if this Thanksing west in thirth and home and, we cale rate the vi tories of for nothing was done at an-or Manila that was of more d and mecha, ic's shop, and author's study by those who never were an eaulet or shot a Spaniard or we ta hunded miles from this own dorsill. And now I call your tiention to the wheel of the tent. Man, a small speck in the universe. was set down in a big world, high mountains ming before him, deep arresting his pathway, and wid be sts capa le of his destruc-tion, yet he was to conquer. It was not to be by physical force, for compare his arm with the ox's horn and the eleghant's tusk, and how weak heris! It could no be physical speed, for compare him to the antelore's foot and ptarmigan's wing, and how slow he is! It could not be by physical capacity to soar one direction and the porpoise in other. Yet he was to conquer e world. Two eyes, two hands, not two lert were insufficient. He st be rerenforced, so God sent the

vrought revolution. Behold the man's lie and added immeasurhe eyes and made terrible massacre. To prepare the garments of a whole household in the spring for summer and in the autumn for win-tr was an exhausting process. "Stitch, stitch, sitch!" Thomes Hood set it to poetry, but millions of persons have found it agoni ing

rt to by the sword, we bu led the hero with "Dead March in Saul," and flags at half mast, Slain by household that witched her lealth giing away. The winter a ter that the children we e ragged and cold and hungry or in the almshouse. The ble had dropped from the palsied

sult and to esicknes and suicide -fire acts.

But I hear the r sh of a Women put on the band and adjusts the instrument, puts her foot on the treadle and be i s. Before the whir and rattle, pleurisies, consumptions, headacte, backaches, heartaches, ar heidaches, backaches, heartaches are routed. The medic, once an oppressive tyrant, becomes a cheerful slave -roll and romble and roar until the family war robe is gathered, and winter is defied, and summer is welcomed, and the ardours and severities of the seasons are overcome, winding the hobbin, threading the shutte, too ing, q il ing, ruffling, cording, emitroidering, underbraid-ing, set to music; lock stitch, twisted hoop stitch, crochet stitch, a fascinating in enuity. All honors to the memory of Alsop and Duncan and Greenough and Singer and Wilson and Grover and Wilcox for their efforts to emancipate woman from the slavery of toil! But, more than that, let there be monumental ommemoration of Elias Howe, the nventor of the first complete sewing machine. What it has saved of went and tears God only can estimate. In the making of men's and hoys' clothing in New York City in one year it saved \$7,500,000, and in Massachusetts, in the making of boots and shoes, in one year it sav-

ed \$7,000,000. Secondly, I rook into the agricultural world to see what the wheel has accomplished. Look at the stalks of wheat and oats, the one bread for man, the other bread for horses. Coat off and with a cradle made out of five or six fingers of wood and one of sharp steel, the harvester went across the field, stroke after stroke, perspiration rolling down forchead and cheek and chest, head blistered by the consuming sun and Hp parched by the consuming August air, at noon the workmen lying half dead under the trees. One of my most painful bo hood memories is that of my father in harvest time

after hour and day after day, pound-ing the wheat out of the stalk. Two strokes and then a cessation of sound. Thump, thump, thump, thump, thump, Pounded once, and then turned over to be ponded again, slow, very slow. The hens cackled and clucked by the door and picked up the loose grains and the horses half asleep and doz-ing over the mangers where the

hay had been.
But hark to the buzz of wheels in
the distance! The farmer has taken
his throne on a reaper. He once
walked; now he rides; once worked with arm of flesh, now with rod of iron. He staris at the end of the wheatheld, heads his horses to the opposite and of the field, then rides on. At the stroke of his iron chariot the gold of the grain is surrendered, machine rolling this way rolling that, this way that, until the work which would have been accom plished in many days is accomplished in a few hours, the grainfield

rostrate before the harvesters. eautiful than the sea island cotton? take up the unmelted snow in my hand. How beautiful it is ! But do you know by what painstaking and tedious toil it passed into anything like practicality? If you examined that cotton you would find it full of seeds. seeds. It was a severe process by which the seed was to be extracted from the fiber. Vast populations were leaving the south because they could not make any living out of this product. One pound of green seed cotton was all that a man could prepare in one day, but Eli Whitney, a Massachusetts Yankee, woke up, got a handful of cotton, and went to constructing a wheel for the parties of the fiber and the for the parting of the fiber and the

Teeth on cylinders, brushes on cylinders, wheels on wheels. South Carolina gave him \$50.000 for his invention, and instead of one man taking a whole day to prepare a pound of cotton for the market now he may prepare three hundred weight, and the commerce of the world is revolutionized, and over 8,000,000 bales of cotton were prepared this year, enough to keep at work in this country 14,300,000 spindles, employing 270,000 hands and enlisting \$281,400,000 of capital.

When I see coming forth from this

cotton production and cotton manufacture enough cloth to cover the tables of a nation, and enough spool thread to sew every rent garment, and enough hoisery to warm the nation's feet, and enough cordage to fly the sails of all the shipping and

enough wadding to supply the guns of all the American sportsmen. Thirdly, I look to see what the wheel has done for the travelling world. No one can tell how many noble and self-sacrificing inventors have been crushed between the coach wheel and the modern locomotive, between the paddle and the ocean steamer.

I will not enter into the controversy as to whether John Fitch or Robert Fulton or Thomas Somerset was the inventor of the steamboat. They all suffered and were martyrs of the wheel, and they shall be honored. John Fitch wrote: The 21st of January, 1873, was

the fatal time of bringing me into existence. I know of nothing so perplexing and vexations to a man of feeling as a turbulent wife and steamboat building. I experienced the former and quit in season, and had I been in my right senses I should undoubtedly have treated the latter in the same manner; but, for one man to be teased with both, he must be looked upon as the most

unfortunate man in the world. Surely John Fitch was in a bad predicament. If the steamboat beiler did not blow him up, his wife would. In all ages there are those to prophesy the failure of any useful invention. You do not know what the inventors of the day suffer. When it was proposed to light London with gas, Sir HumphryDavy, the great philosopher, said that he should as soon think of cutting a slice from the moon and setting it upon a pole to light the city. Through all abuse and cgricature, Fitch and Fulton went until yonder the wheel is in motion, and the Clermont, the first steamboat, is clermont, the first steamboat, is going up the North river, running the distance—hold your breath while I tell you—from New York in 32 hours. But the steamboat wheel multiplied its velocities until the Lucania of the Cunard and the Majorite of the White Ster line and jestic of the White Star line and the Kalser Wilhelm of the North Ger-man Lloyd line cross the Atlantic ocean in six days or less, communi-cation between the two countries so rapid and so constant that whereas once those who had been to Europe took no airs for the rest of their mortal lives-and to me for many years the most disagreeable man I could meet was the man who had been to Europe, despising all American pictures and American music and American society because they had seen European pictures and heard European music and mingled in European society—now a trans-atlantic voyage is so common that a sensible man could no more a sensible man could no more boast of it than if he had been to

New York or Boston. What a difference between John Fitch's steamboat, 60 feet long, and the Oceanic, 704 feet long ! The ocean wheel turns swifter and swift-er, filling up the distance between the hemispheres and hastening the time spoken of in the Book of Re-velation when there shall be no

While this has been doing on the water James Watt's wheel has done so much on the land. How well I so much on the land. How well I remember Sanderson's stagecoach, running from New Brunswick to Easton, as he drove through Somerville, K.J., turning up to the post-office and dropping the mail bags with ten letters and two or three newspapers, Sanderson himself on the box, 6 feet 2 inches and well proportioned, long lash whip in his band, the reins of six horses in the other, the "leaders" lathered along the lines of the traces, foam drip-

the lines of the traces, foam drip-ping from the bits. It was the event of the day when the stage came. It was our highest ambition to become a stage driver. Some of the boys climbed on the great leathern boot, of the stage, and those of us who could not get on shouted 'Cut behind!' I saw the old stage driver not long ago the old stage driver not long ago and I expressed to him my surprise that one around whose head I had seen a halo of glory in my boyhood time was only a man like the rest of us. Between Sanderson's stage-coach and a Chicago express train what a difference, all the great cities of the nation strung on an iron thread of railways!

See the train shove out of one of our great depots for a thousand mile

our great depots for a thousand mile journey! All aboard! Tickets clip-ped and baggage checked and porters attentive to every want, under tunnels dripping with dampness that never saw the light, along ledges where an inch off the track would be the difference between a hundred men living and a hundred dead, full head of steam and two men in the locomotive charged with all the responsibility of whistle and Westing-house brake. Clank! clank! echo the rocks. Small villages only hear the thunder and see the whirlwind as the train shoots past, a city on the wing. Thrilling, startling, sub-lime, magnificent spectacle—a rail train in lightning procession."

While the world has been frolling on the eight wheels of the rail car or the four wheels of the carriage or the two wheels of the gig it was not until 1876, at the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia, that the miracle of the ninetcenth century rolled in—the bicycle. The world could not believe its own eyes, and not until quite far on in the eighties were the continents enchanted with the whirling, flashing, dominating spectacle of a machine that was to do so much for the pleasure, the business, the health and the profit of nations. The world had needed it for 6,000 years. Man's slowness of locomotion was a mystery. Was it of more importance that the reindeer or the eagle rapidly exchanged jungles or crags than that man get swiftly from place to Was the business of the bird or the roebuck more urgent than that of the incarnated immortal? At last we have the obliteration of distance by pneumatic tire. At last we have wings. And what has this invention done for woman? The cynics and constitutional growlers would deny her this emancipation and say, "What better evercise can she have than a broom or a duster or a churn or rocking a credle or running up and down stairs or a walk to church with a prayer book under her arm?' : And they rather rejoice to find her disabled with broken pedal or punctured tire half way out to Chary Chase, or Coney Island. But all sensible people who know the tonic of fresh air and the health in deep respiration and the awakening of disused muscles and he exhilaration of velocity ce that wife and mother and daughter may have this new recrea-Indeed life to so many is so hard a grind that I am glad at the arrival of any new mode of health-ful recreation. We need have no anxiety about this invasion of the world's stupidity by the vivacious and laughing and jubiliant wheel, except that we always want it to roll in the right direction, towards place of business, towards good re-creation, toward philanthroph, towards usefulness, towards places of divine worship, and never towards immorality or Sabbath de e ration. Fourthly, I look into the literary

world and see what the wheel has accomplished. I am more astounded with this than with anything that has preceded. Behold the almost miraculous printing press! Do you not feel the ground shake with the machinery of the New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Paradelphia, Wash-ington and Western papers? Some of us remember When the hand ink roller was run over the cylinder and by great haste 800 copies of the village newspaper were issued in one day and no lives lost. But invention has crowded invention, and wheel jostled wheel, stereotyping electrotyping, taking their places. Benjamin Franklin's press giving way to the Lord Stanhope press, and the Washington press and the Vic-tory press and the Hoe perfecting with the newspapers comes the pub lication of innumerable books history, of poetry, of romance, art, of travel, of biography, of ligion, dictionaries, encyclopedias and Bibles. Some of those presses send forth the most accursed stuff, but the good predominates. Turn on with wider sweep and greater velocity, O wheel wheel of light, wheel of civilization, wheel of Christianity, wheel of divine momentum?

And now I gather on an imaginar platform, as I literally did when preached in Brooklyn, specimens our American products, and it seems as if the waves of agricultural, mineralogical, pomological wealth dash to the platform, and there are four beautiful beings that walk in, and they are garlanded, and one is gar-landed with wheat and blossoms of snow, and I find she is the north. is garlanded with rice and blossoms of magnelia, and I find she is the south, and another comes in, and I find she is garlanded with seawe and blossoms of spray, and I find in, and I find she is garlanded with silk of corn and radiant with California gold, and I find she is the west, and coming face to face, they take off their garlands, and they twist them together with something that looks like a wrenth, but it is a wheel, the wheel of national pros-

perity, and I say in an outburst of Thanksgiving joy for what God has done for the north and the south and the east and the west, wheel!"

At different times in Europe they have tried to get a congress of kings at Berlin or at Paris or at St. Petersburg, but it has always been a tersburg, but it has always been a failure. Only a few kings have come. But on this imaginary platform that I have built we have a convention of all the kings—King Corn, King Cotton, King Rice, King Wheat, King Oats, King Iron, King Coal, King Silver, King Gold—they all bow before the King of Kings, to whom be all the glory of this year's wonderful production.

STOMACH TROUBLE

FREQUENT SOURCE OF THE MOST INTENSE MISERY.

Mr. Harvey Price, of Bismarck, Suffered for Years Before Finding a Cure-Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him.

Those who suffer from stomach troubles are truly to be pitied. Life seems a burden to them; food is distasteful, and even that of the plainest kind is frequently followed by nausea, distressing pains and sometimes vomiting. Such a sufferer was Mr. Harvey Price, a well-known farmer and stock-grower living at Bismarck, Ont. To a reporter who recently interviewed him, Mr. Price said: —"I have found 'Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of such incalculable value in relieving me of a long siege of suffering that I am not only willing but anxious to say a good word in but anxious to say a good word in behalf of this medicine, and thus point the road to health to some other sufferer. For five years I had been afflicted with stomach trouble and a torpid liver. I doctored and also denied myself of many kinds of also denied myself of many kinds of food pleasant to the taste, but neither the medical treatment nor the diet seemed to help me to any degree. In January, 1899, the climax of my trouble appeared to be reached. At that time I was taken down with la grippe, and that, added to my other troubles, placed me in such a precarious position that none of my neighbors looked for my recovery. My appetite was almost completely gone, and I experienced great weakness, dizziness, vomiting spells and violent headaches. I was also troubled with a cough which seemed to rack my whole system. I shall never rack my whole system. I shall never forget the agony experienced during that long and tedious sickness. Medi-cal treatment and medicines of varical treatment and medicines of various kinds had no apparent effect in relieving me. After existing in this state for some months, my mother induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In May last I purchased three boxes, and before these were gone undoubted relief was experienced. Thus encouraged I continued the use of the pills, and with the use of less than a dozen boxes, I was again enjoying the best-of health. I can now attend to my farm work with the greatest ease. My appetite is better than it has been for years, and the stomach trouble that had so tong made my life miserable has vanished. I have gained in weight, and can I have gained in weight, and can safely say that I am enjoying better health than I have done for years before. I feel quite sure that those who

may be sick or ailing, will find a cure in a fair trial of Dr. Williams! Pink Pills. Dr. Williams! Pink Pills make pure, rich blood, thus reaching the root of disease and driving it out of the system, curing when other medicines fail. Most of the ills afflicting mankind are due to an impoverished condition of the blood, or weak or shattered nerves, and for all these Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific which speedily restore the sufferer to health. These pills are never sold in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper round which bears the full name, "Dr Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." All others are counterfeits and should always be refused. Get the genuine, and be made well.

DIFFERENT NOW. House Hunter-This is a quiet eighborhood, is it not? Janitor of apartment building-It vas until that painless dentist opened on office on the second floor.

Voltaire's favorite classical author

A CARD

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Will's English Pills. if, after using three-fourths of con-tents of bottle, they do not relieve Con-stinction and Headache. We also war-rant that four bottles will permanently rant that four bottles will permanently cure the most obstinate case of constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Wills English iPlls are used. J. W. Mc-Laren, chemist, 54 King street, Chatham Ont. Powell & Davis, chemists, King street, Chatham, Ont. C. H. Gann. & Co., draggists, King street, Chatham, Ont., R. C. Buzt, chamist, King street, Chatham, Chacham.

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