SUITS VACATION TIME

SERMON OF GREAT CONTRASTS INSPIRED BY YOSEMITE.

TALMAGIAN WORD-PAINTING

What the Preacher Saw From a Lofty Peak Overlooking the Yosemite Valley-Then, Turning From Nature to Nature's God He Exclaimed With the Psalmist: "The Strength of the Hills Is His Also,"

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

Los Angeles, Cal., June 25.-In this sermon, suited to the vacation season, the preacher takes for his pulpit a lofpeak overlooking the Yosemite valley and for his theme the vivid impressions awakened by his inspiring surroundings. The text is Psalm xlv, 4, strength of the hills is his."

"Big" is a word which can be applied to the United States, but that word "big" especially can be applied to the natural wonders of Niagara Falls and Yellowstone Park and the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and, above all, to the wonderful Yosemite Valley, which, as wonderland, has not its superior in all the world. The first time I viewed it was under specially favorable circumstances. We left the railroad in the early hours of the morning for a ong, seventy-two mile drive to this wonderful place. It was a day passing description and crowded with marvel wescription and crowded with marvel-ous memories. Sometimes, during that long, twelve hours' ride, we could pick whole bouquets of wild flowers. The flora of a luxuriant springtime was idding us welcome. Then the storm

red. Then, as we climbed up and the eights of the Sierra Nevadas, shive ed and shook, first in a rainorm, as, in in a hailstorm and then a blinding snowstorm. Our limbs to so cramped that circulation most stopped, but on and on and went until it draw near to the

went until it drew near to the ag hour. Then the storm cleared f. God lifted the curtains of the fig. and suddenly the grandest view panoramaed before mortal eyes

panforamaed before mortal eyes i mine.

There," said the driver, "is Yosem-Valley!" "Then," said I, "one of dreams of my life is fulfilled." But with the wonder seems of the world, fever dreams, though I have seen many the wonder seems of the world, fever dreamed of or saw a sight like hat. Chaos and cogmos, love and hate, eauty and revolting hideousness, summer and winter, hoary headed mountains with their snowcaps of spotless white and with their limbs lined kneed deep in wild flowers; appailing precipices and lovers' getreats; roaring. deep in wild flowers; appalling preci-pices and lovers' sytreats; roaring, rushing cataracts, with their "spirits rushing cataracts, and rainbows playrushing cataracta, with their "spirits of the svil winds," and rainbows playing amid the mists, and as passementeres coloring the nether robes of the different falls; reputsions and fascinations—all seemed to be there. They were stretching out their hands toward me and callies. "Come, brother, come and sk at my freet. Come, and I will have the sights and upon they poor mangled body I will let the vuitases and the wild heasts hanquet. Come, and I will show thee sights and wonders of which thou hast never conceived. Come, come, cotae!" they kept ealling. And the echoing mountains off in a distance threw back the calls as from great squading boards. "Come! Come! Come! By a thought of the conceived come, cotae!" if they kept ealling. And the echoing mountains off in a distance threw back the calls as from great squading boards. "Come! Come! Come! By a though the come! Come! Come! They have to-day in imagination I can hear those strange, weird, conflicting voices calling me. Oh, the many emotions that surged through my heart and soul when I first looked down from "Inspiration height" and descended into the farther valley. As the rocks and the cliffs began to close in around me I fels as did Dante with Virgil by his side that I was descending into hell. At the next moment I seemed to feel that angelic companions were by my side and that the paradisiacal gates of pearl were opening for my celestial entrance. Michael Angelo painted both heaven and hell in one picture, Yosemite Valley is a "Last

one picture, Yosemite Valley is a "Last Judgment." Everywhither I turned joy and sorrow, peace and anguish, happiness and terror, celestial Gabriels and demoniac Frankensteins, white winged boxes teins, white winged hopes and raven garmented messengers of de-spair, side by side as cliff dwellers, were inhabiting the dark caverns of

A

both heaven and hell in

those rocks, or were waving to me from those dizzy heights, or were hovering under those tents of snew canvas, or were dwelling in enchanted palaces far above, yet within the range of my wondering sight. "Are those storm clouds?" I asked myself. Then I would answer:
"No. Those are not storm clouds. Those are coronation robes, for I see them waving over cathedrals and over village kirk spires." Angels seemed to be holding those garments in their hands while listening to the worship-

hands while listening to the worship-ing suppliants within at prayer and saying, "These robes, O weeping mor-tals, are for you as soon as your earth-ly work is done and you shall come to dwell with Christ forever."

Here the rocks seemed to be great avalanches of snow or overtoning gle-

Here the rocks seemed to be great avalanches of snow or overtopping glaciers of ice ready to tumble down upon us and crush us. There they seemed to be whole cities in ruins, as though ten thousand Vesuviuses had belehed forth their fires and demolished them and then the demons had exhumed these broken walls and destroyed houses, just to show what awful carnage pandemonium had wrought. Here there seemed to be huge mountains cut in twain with the other halves thrown away into space. There they looked like worlds just started and then left in a formative state, as though the Divine Creator had gone off and forgotten all about them. Here they seemed to be unrecalable heights erected as walls about a huge prison for lost to be unrealable heights erected as walls about a huge prison for lost souls. While there, again, a sin Sentinel rock, they seemed to be signal stations, lifting themselves high above the clouds to put us in touch with other worlds and with God? Thus these walls of rock, these fortresses of rock, these mighty obelisks and pyramids of rock, these real sheets of rock upon which these great sheets of rock upon which God had registered the histories of the ages, seemed to be object lessons. It was as though the Creator had epened his treasure vaults just a little that we might peer in and see his unlimited re sources. The psalmist's words, spoker

sources. The psalmist's words, spoken thousands of years ago, were my words in the darkness of that night, and they are my words now, "The strength of the hills," or, as the revised version puts it, "The heights of the hills are his also."

As I climbed the awful, diszy heights of one of the Sierra Nevadas, by the edge of an appalling precipies to Glacier Point, this one thought was uppermost in my mind. Bending and winding we go. Up and up the sure footed beasts carry us, higher and still higher. Then the rocks by the side of the precipies grow deeper and deeper at each step. At last we are at the top, after a long five mile pull. Then, by holding on to a railing, you can look straight down 3,250 feet. At this altitude of nearly two-thirds of a mile I looked straight down and saw the Mericed river. straight down \$,250 feet. At this altitude of nearly two-thirds of a mile I looked straight down and saw the Merced river. It was not a silver thread bending and winding among the many trees in the valley; it was a reen snake, beautufl, but green. Its sirface reflected every shade of green, from the darkest green, dark as Emerald pool, to the lightest shades of aquamarine and chrysophrase. Yosemite falls white garments alone have a fall of 2,600 feet, or nearly one-half of a falls. White garments alone have a fall of 2,600 feet, or nearly one-half of a falls. Then, while I kept looking down into that awful precipice—looking down not that a wful precipice—looking down a palisade so deep that I seemed to be looking into space itself — a still smell voice Seemed to talk to me. When God called to Samuel, he called at night. To me, standing there upon the pulpit of Glacler Point, it seemed that he called in the daytime. That voice was se real to my imagination that I turned to my wife and asked, "Were Pou speaking?" "No; did you hear any one talking?" she replied. "Yee," I answered; "I thought I heard a voice and that it must be the voice of the Lovi."

Then the mysierious voice seemed to

the Lord."
Then the mysierious voice seemed to Then the mysierious voice seemed to address me in these words: "When you so back to your pulpit you will walk the store streets of a great city. You will climb these, the beautiful mountains from the tops of which you can see the sun setting among the heaving waves of the western Pacific. To the tast you can see the sun setting among the heaving waves of the western Pacific. To the tast you can see the mountains from the solden nuggets of many orange orohards. You can hear the mowing machines fighting their way through the harvest fields at your feet. But remember underneath you is the same rock, the same depths of rock, the same depths of rock, the same immensities of rock you now see from Glacier Point in Yosemite Valley. Remember, O man, that I put those rocks underneath these that the waters of the Facific might be an aquarium for thee and that they home might not be built upon the sinking sands. Even in the unseen rocks I am ever near thee, loving, caring, sustaining and protecting my children."

Does this voice of the unseen rocks speak to you of God's love, as on the panoramic rocks seen from Glacier

speak to you of God's love, as on the panoramic rocks seen from Glacier Point it seemed to speak to me of the

V-WIRE

Sa 1:5

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Cut glass and bric-a-brac should always be washed with Sunlight Soap. Shave enough Sunlight Soap into a pan, one-quarter full of lukewarm water and whisk into a lather. Wash the articles thorough-

ly and dry with a soft cloth. This insures that brilliancy and sparkle so much admired in cut glass articles. Sunlight Soap can be used to clean and brighten all through the household. It is the purest

SUNLIGHT SOAP

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR,

Sunlight Soap washes the clothes while without injuring the hands

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.

divine love when I stood in old Yosem

But the heights of the hills and the sepths of the valleys of Yosemite teach nore than the ever present, sustaining care of a Divine Father. Those rock care of a Divine Father. Those rocks were to me libraries of the past centuries and of the millenniums. You and I have read about the famous libraries of ancient Alexandria and Nineveh and Babylon. We have heard that these ancient been were so many that in Alexandria alone it took six months to destroy past of them when those parchments and manuscripts were used for common fuel to light the fires of the 4,000 bathrooms of that great city. But I want to tell you that when a man rides through Yosemite Valley and climbs its dizzy heights he is looking upon the historic pages of tooks older than the oldest tablets of stone exhumed from and the ruins of the state o books older than the oldest tablets of stone exhumed from amid the ruins of an ancient Troy. He is looking at a greater library than all the books of Nineveh, Babylon er Alexandria com-bined. There he is looking upon the millions of open leaves of rock written upon by the pen of but one Author, and that pen is "the finger of Ged."

If the recorded pages of the books of rock found among the shelves of rock and upon the floors of rock and lying open upon the tables of rock of Yosemite Vailey do not teach us that God as an author has been living centuries and millernities an tries upon centuries and millenniums upon millenniums ago and that he will also live and work through the centuries and the millenniums to come, then I say the Yesemite rocks "teach us nothing." Then we have eyes to see and we will not see, and we have ears to hear and we will not hear. Every step you take, says more very reals. step you take, every move you make presses home the one truth—that the Creator of this region is eternal in his own life and eternal in his purposes.

ewn life and sternal in his purposes.

Mariposa Grove, which grows just outside of this valley and practically under the shadow of El Capitan, as living orators teach the eternal purposes and workings of the Divine Father. My, what big preachers they are! About 600 of them grow near together, as though they were ashamed of their big girths and ashamed because, like Saul, they raise their huse bodies not Saul, they raise their huse bodies not big girths and ashamed because. like Saul, they raise their huge bodies not only head and shoulders above all other trees, but because they make other trees look like pygmies beside them. "Grizzly Bears," "Columbia," "Maverford," "Mariposa," "Wawona," "California," "Telescope," "The Three Graces," are some of the modern names given to these forces the second of the modern names. given to these famous trees. Some or hem are over 300 feet tall. One is 100 feet in circumference and as reet from side to side. One is cut in the middle at the base and has a square cut out of it so large that a great, three-seated stagecoach with top covering, drawn by four horses, can be driven through by four horses, can be driven through it. This tree was on the right of us, it was to the left of us, it was above us, it was underneath us. One of this same kind of trees in a neighboring grove was cut down a few years ago that its stump might be used as a denoing floor by visiting toughts. floor by visiting tourists. So huge, so gigan it is "Old Grizzly" that it has one branch, one right arm alone, twenty feet in circumference. When I stood under this huge monster it lifted itself so high and so wide that I fell self so high and so wide that I felt its size almost passed human conception. Why, a wart on one of "Old Grizzly's" cheeks would be large enough to be used for an Indian wigner. A gol er en his neck would be big enough to house a whole family of white folks and give to them a cellar, parlor and bedroom floors, attic and a cupola besides. And its myriads of words are a leasest mouse to force in the roots are almost enough to fence in the

roots are almost enough to fence in the fields of an ordinary farm.

The trees of Mariposa Grove, grand old veterans are they! No other living warriors have fought so many battles. What mighty tornedoes have they defield What strongth of a thousand Herculeses is in they iron basishones! What meconquerable beight have they! What forest ares have they endured! But, after all, the most impressive fact re me about them trees. they endured! But after all, the most impressive fact to me about these trees is not their great girth nor their great height, but that they are living frees. They are not mummified trees found among the cometeries of dead trees. What is the greatest fact that impresses you about the big trees?" I asked a gentleman. "That they are alive," he answered. Tes, that is the overwhelming, fact about Mariposs Grove. Those big trees are alive, just as we are alive. Tou can go and stand by some of them and see their sides wrinkled and seared like the indentations upon the check of the sphing of tions upon the cheek of the sphinx of the Egyptian desert, but you can feel that they are alive. You can see where some of their sides have been burned by forest fires. In the Haverford tree the wood burned out of one side has left a cavity large enough to shelter twenty horses or head of cattle from the winter storms, yet the Haverford tree is alive. The great Telescope tree

left a cavity large enough to shelter twenty horses or head of cattle from the winter storms, yet the Haverford tree is alive. The great Telescope tree had forest fires ear! into its sides and tunnel their way into its centre and then from the centre burn up until you can stand at the bottom of the tree and look up through it and see the blue sky of the heavens above you. Yet the Telescope tree is alive and still growing. The six hundred trees of Mariposa Grove are emphatically alive.

As I stood with uncovered head amid the lauge trees of Mariposa Grove "Old Grizzly." the greatest of the group, if he could have spoken might have said: "White man of the east, you think you belong to a race of kings, but I would tell you that you are not a king. You are so short lived that you are no more to me than the insect which is born in a day, grows old in a day and dies of old age at the setting of the sun is to you. You think you know the past, but I have seen more sights and heard more sounds than your people will ever see of hear though they may live to be as old as Methuselah. My ears have heard the birth ortes and the death ratiles not of generations, but of species. When I had been living theusands of years I heard the click of the trowels and the groanings of the machinery that lifted the rocks and laid the capstone of the pyramids. When I stretched my head above the clouds so that I could see upon the other side of the world I could see the thrones of the Caesars lift themselves and then totter and fall. I heard the angels chant the song of the Nativity above Bethlehem of Judaea. I have seen Athens rise in her power and the Greciam sculptors and the poets wax and wane and die. The old mound builders used to pitch their wigwams at my feet. Backward, still backward, into time I go. Long before the coyote's sall was heard among the hills or the grizzly bear growled at the Indians who afterward took their name I lived.

Tiny Bables

grow into big, rosy, sturdy children on Nestle's Food. It agrees with baby's delimach — nourishes baby's fragile system-protects baby against colic and cholera infantum - and brings baby safely through the dreaded "second sum-

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Though I have lived at least 5.00 years in the past, I am living still. Furthermore, I will continue to live centuries upon centuries after your voice has died away. I shall speak to your great-great-great-great-great-grandchildren as I am new speaking to you." Oh, yes, the old trees of Mariposa Grove teach nothing it they do not preach to us the eternal poses of God or of God wor hrough the centuries.

through the centuries.

A thousand years in God's sight are but as yesterday, or as a watch in the night. If the trees of Mariposa Grove teach us this, how much more must the libraries of rock among the shelves of Yosemite hills teach the same lessons. We look with wonderment upon some of the vases or the household pottery used by the American or Magican aborgines. You say, "They were heated in fires thousands of years ago." Yes, but have you ever stopped to think Yes, but have you ever stopped to thin when the fires were lighted by the mands of God which hardened yonde recker. Have you ever stopped to recken how old must have been tipse pendis of ice which wrote yonder chapters upon those hillsides and which, milienniums ago, as glaciers, polished those walls until to-day they reflect the light of the rising sun as burnished mirrors? Can you see with burnished mirrors? Can you see with naked eye the star as a signal fire burning on the picket line at the far-thermost outer edge of all stars? Can you, at a mere haphazard guess, state the direct distance between this earth the direct distance between this earth and that star? Can you go up and up in imagination until you see the zonith for a footstool and the nadir for a bright jewel in your coronet. Then, if tor a fourtion and the nature for a bright jewel in your coronet. Then, if you can, you may estimate how long it took God, in his eternal purpose, to produce yonder rocks and how long that eternal purpose shall hive after the Yosemite Valley itself shall be gremated in the furnace of the earth's last conflagration. If these rocks teach us that thousands and nittlense of yoars in God's sight are as but a second or time, do you not believe we can trust to his care the few years we see upon this nisnet? If God can use the ages for playthings, may we not be added it het firm do with us as he will for the thort space of three score years and ten, which is marr's allotted span upon earth? "God is a spirit, huffsite, evermat." Yes, the evertacting rocks of Yosemite prove it. These rocks shall eshe the single shall stand with one feot upon the land and the etter foot upon the land and the etter foot upon the land and the etter foot upon the land and the other shall be upon the land and the other flot upon the sex, and grear that time shall be no longer. But white time endures, everywhere in Yosemita, you may find, as I did, God speaking, God pleading. And so Yosemita, beautiful Yosemita, with snow-capped hills and with sweet-scented valleys at thy feet I wave to those a farewell. Thou didst make of me a better man. Amid thy columns it was as if I had walked with the Divine Maker of the universe at the dawn of creation. By the luflables of thy falling water I slept to dream of the God of my childhood. From thy mirrored pools I have seen there reflected the misdeeds of my past life. From thy trails I have learned that it is easy

thy trails I have learned that it is easy te follow the "strait path" if you do not look down, but straight shead in the place where the pedestrian ought to go. Happier have I turned back to my own ome and my own work, a better man ecause the Christ of the Nazarene because the Christ of the Nazarene hills who welcomed me among thy peaks is to continue to be my guide in the lowlands. Farewell, Yosemite, grand, overpowering, crushing, yet gentle and tender. Farewell, friend; farewell!

SIMPLE DISEASE SIMPLE REMEDY

Cockburn Island Lady Tells How Sh Cured Her Stomach Troubles b Using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets,

How many people are simply "troubled with their stomachs." They hardly recognize their complaint under the pretentlous title of Dyspepsia, but they do know beyond a doubt that they have hours of discomfort and that the stomach is the cause, To these the experience of Mrs. B. S. Rombough, Cockburn Island, Ont. She says:

S. Rombough, Cockburn Island, Ont. She says:
"I was troubled terribly with my stomach, I got some of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets and they did me good. I think they are a good Tablet, and I would recommend them to all who are troubled with their stomach."

Now that is a simple statement regarding a simple remedy for a simple trouble. It simply tells all who have stomach troubles that they can find relief in Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets,

The worst thing about an obstacle is that it is always in the way.

Lever's Y-Z (Wise Head) Disinfectant Soap Powder dusted in the bath, softens the water and disinfects, 38



THE SLIDING GLASS.

How to Make a Tumbler Move by the Application of Heat. Place an inverted glass upon a marble top table that is slightly inclined by putting a couple of blocks under two of the legs. Before doing this the edges of the glass should be thoroughly wet. The glass will then remain motionless on the table whose inclination

Now allow the flame of a candle to ome against the glass, and the latter



MAKING THE GLASS SLIDE.

will then start to move, as if under the

This is what takes place: The air con tained in the glass at the commencement of the test expands under the inly, but the water with which the edges have been wet prevents the directly up-the glass, no longer resting directly upon the marble, but upon a thin fill water, slides down the incline of the slab.

der CAKE SHOP.

A Good Game, With Plenty of Fun, to Play In the House.

Did you ever play the game of "cake shop?" It is a good game to play in the house on a rainy afternoon or in the evening when you have a party of your little friends present. There is plenty of fun in it too.

When some one calls out, "Let's play 'cake shop!" somebody else is sure to cry, "I'll be buyer!" and to run out of the room at once, closing the door be-hind her, for the buyer must not know about the cake in the shop until she comes to get it. While she is gone the other children decide what sorts of cake they will represent, one crying "I'll be chocolate!" another "Jelly!" and the feet whatever they choose,

When this is done they form I circle and cast in the buyer. She, not knowing which child will respond, calls out. the one in the circle who is "jelly cake" rune from her place and tries to get to a part of the room that has been named the "cake box." If the buyer can catch her, she does so, and "jelly cake" then stands aside until the leader is put ent and a new game is formed.

Those "cakes" in the "box" remain

there, but have the right to run back to the circle at any time. If, however, one is caught in the act, she at once be

A Boy's Conscience

Every boy, no matter how hasty or wrong headed he may seem, has in his heart a teacher who can always show him the way to do right if he will listen to what it tells him. Where the es from or who gave it power to speak in a boy's heart one cannot say here. But it is there, and although he may resuse to listen to the voice of his mother or to any outside voice telling him of the right and wrong of his actions, he cannot altogether disre-gard the still, small voice which is always with him and which sometim he cannot refuse to hear. Perhaps the voice may be very faint at first, but if we try to listen it will surely come and speak louder and clearer in the heart of every boy who wishes to find a higher, better way than he has ever known before.

Origin of Turkey.

The original name of turkey was Oocoocoo, by which it was known to the Cherokee Indians, says the Boston Globe. The pilgrim fathers in roaming through the woods in search of Thanks giving same for their fart Thanksale. giving game for their first Thanksgiv-ing spread heard the Occopcoo calling in the familiar tones of our domesti-cated fowl, "Turk, turk, turk," These cated fowl, "Turk, turk, turk," These first Yankee huntsmen, mistaking this frightened cry of the bird for its real song, immediately labeled it "turkey," and turkey it is to this day.

This is one explanation of the name turkey. But some will try to think today that a bird by any other name would taste as sweet.

The Peer Ducks.

"Well, Glen," said Mrs. Whits to her four year-old boy, "mamma has brought you three pair of little white duck trousers."

"Duck trousers," exclaimed the child in surprise, "what will the poor "ittle ducks wear now?"—Chicago Little Chronicle

The Author.

I'm going to write a book And write it right away.

I've pen and ink and paper, so I'll bean today.

But now what thoubles me is a don't know what to say.

So different to others, being all pure fragrant Teas leaves entirely free of dust.

Awarded GOL. MEDAL St. Louis, 1904.

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The Rat. No place is sacred to the rat. From sleeping man to an elephant there is nothing which he will not eat. Rats have eaten their way through a live pig and bitten off the legs of living birds. Some years ago the keepers of the London zoological gardens could not understand what made the phants so restless, so uneasy on their feet. Investigation showed that at night the rats came out and gnawed off the thick skin growing about the nails on the monsters' feet. Apparent-ly they must have fancled the horn of the rhinoceros, too, for regularly the keepers used to find flattened rats where the rhinoceros had been lyin-

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For A Case of Incurable Constipa tion.

To a person who can't be cured of constipation by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, the above reward will be paid. Not cathartic medicine gives such lasting satisfaction or effects such marvellous cures as Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Relief immediately follows for heads aghe bilipuspess and stomach disache, biliousness and stomach dis-orders. No griping poine, no burning sensations, nothing but the most pleasant relief attends the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills—others not so good Price 25c. a box at all dealers.

Animals' Rights.

Truth forces the observer of nature to admit that birds and other creatures apportion the earth among themselves just about as man does. A bear has his boundaries, beyond which his fellow bear does not trespass with impunity; the wild rabbit you see on your lawn in the moonlight is the same innocent little creature you have been see-ing every hight all the summer time. and even the robin that gathers the early worm for his breakfast from your garden will show fight when another comes marauding on his preserve. Nor does this last a year only, for there is good evidence that the same bird will some back to the claim it staked off the rear previous.

THAT PALE, TIRED GIRL

She is in society, in business, at home, everywhere you see her, but always worn and fatigued. She has not heard of Ferrosone or she would be perfectly well. How quickly its strengthens — what an appetite its gives—what a glow it brings to pald lid chesks! The nutriment contained in Ferrosone nuts strength into any in ferrozone puts strength into any-body. Laughing eyes, rosy lips, and bright, quick movements all tell of the vitality Ferrozone produces. Thousands of attractive, happy women use Ferrozone—why not you? A box of fifty chocolate coated tablets costs fifty cents at any drug stores

Unfortunately Put. "Uncle," said the impecunious neph-ew, "you ought to go and see the new play. You would just die laughing." The old man merely glared. In a few moments later there could be heard the sound of a scratching pen as he altered his will for the forty-fourth time.

A young man who was about to be married was very nervous and while asking for information as to how be must act put the question, "Is it kisstomary to cus the bride?"-Brooklyn Life.

A SUCCESSFUL BORSEMAN

Never allows his horse to suffer Newer allows his horse to suffer pain. He always uses Nerviline, which is noted for curing stiffness, rheamatism, ewellings and strains. Nerviline is just as good inside as outside. For oramps, collic, and internal pain it's a perfect marvel. In the good racing stables Nerviline is always used,—because it makes better horses and smaller veterinary bills. Twenty-five cents buys a large bottle of Nerviline. Try it.

The Archives Enriched. The Archives Enriched.

Mr. L. W. Dorling, of Toronto, has donated to the archives of the Province a set of the Baptist Year Book from 1877 to 1909, copies of the Canadian Almanac for the years 1855 to 1896, a bound volume of The Globe for the years 1876-7-8-3, old maps of Hamilton and Ottawa, and one of the C. P. B., showing the original proposed route between Montreal and Winnipeg.

THIS MEDICINE IS BREATHED That's why it is sure to cure Catarrh. You see it goes direct to the source of the disease,—its healing vapor repairs the damage caused by catarrhal inflammation. "Catarrhozone" always cures because it goes into those tiny cells and passages that ordinary remedies can't reach, goes where the disease actually is. Imposible for "Datarrhozone" to fail, as any doctor will tell you. Don't be misled into thinking there is anything as good as Catarrhozone,—use it and you'll soon say good-bye to catarrh.

Where there's a bill there's a way to spend it.

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Will make return Trips to Detroit every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, leaving Rankin Dook at 7.30 a.m., returning leaves Detroit 3 p.m. Detroit time, or 4 p.n., Chatham time.

ONE-WAY TRIP, THURSDAY, leaving Chatham 9.30 a.m., returning leave Detroit. Friday 9 00 a.m. Chatham time or 3.00 a.m. Detroit time. Single Tickets, 50 Cents. Detroit time. Single Tickets, 50 Gents Return, 60 Cents. JOHN ROBKE, Capo

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All work guaranteed. Call at the Office or Phone 52, and we will call and submit samples and prices.

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