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Ceylon Green tea by its absolute purity and delicious flavor is captivating the tastes of Japan tea drinkers. It will displace Japan tea just as "SALADA" black is displacing all other black teas.

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Another Medical Firm in the world has the established reputation for curing Men and Women that Drs. K. & K. enjoy. Their New Method Treatment, discovered and perfected by these Eminent Specialists, has brought joy, relief, and comfort to thousands of homes. With 30 years experience in the treatment of these diseases they can guarantee a Cure or No Cure. No Pain, No Suffering, No Disfigurement, No Discharge, No Odor, No Staining, No Secret, No Shame, No Impotency, No Sterility, No Weakness, No Kidney and Bladder Diseases. Their guarantee is backed by Bank Bonds.

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Are about the hardest article to select—that a parent buys. They must be neat and they must be almost as proof against wear as iron. We have just such an article. Our \$1 box calf hand-made shoes, are the best for children.

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The Canadian Flour Mills Co.

Successors to the Kent Mills Co., Limited.
Large Quantities of Wheat, Barley and Beans.

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Flour made by the new bolting and dust extracting system takes more water, and gives you a larger, whiter and sweeter loaf, and makes more loaves to the barrel than any other flour.

Stevens' Breakfast Food and Family Cornmeal, freshly ground, always on hand.

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THE NEW CENTURY.

What Dr. Talmage Expects in the Next Hundred Years.

A HOPEFUL OUTLOOK TAKEN.

He Likens It to "A Morning Without Clouds"—Wonderful Things Will Be Achieved Through the Grace of God—Great Financial Prosperity Predicted.

Washington, Dec. 6.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage tells something of what he expects the next hundred years will achieve and declares that the outlook is most inspiring. Text, II Samuel xliii, 4. "A morning without clouds."

"What do you expect of this new century?" is the question often asked of me, and many others have been plied with the same inquiry. In the realm of invention I expect something as startling as the telephone and the X-ray. In the realm of poetry I expect as great poets as Longfellow and Tennyson. In the realm of medicine I expect the cure of cancer and consumption. In the realm of religion I expect more than the Pentateuch like that of 1857, when 500,000 souls professed to have been converted. I expect that universal peace will reign and that before the arrival of the two thousandth year gunpowder will be out of use except for blasting rocks or pyrotechnic entertainment. I expect that before the new century has expired the millennium will be fully inaugurated. The twentieth century will be as much an improvement on the nineteenth century as the nineteenth century was an improvement on the eighteenth. But the conventional length of sermon discourse will allow us only time for the hopeful consideration of the things that will be the redemption of the cities.

Pulpit and printing press for the most part in our day are busy in discussing the condition of the cities at this time, but would it be healthfully encouraging to all Christian workers and to all who are toiling to make the world better if we should this morning for a little while look forward to the time when our cities shall be revolutionized, when the gospel of the Son of God and all the darkness of sin and trouble and crime and suffering shall be gone from the sky and it shall be "a morning without clouds?"

I have noticed that a man never likes a city where he has not behaved well. People who have a "bad" city that furnishes the vehicle. When I find Argos and Rhodes and Smyrna, trying to prove themselves the birthplace of Homer, I conclude right away that Homer behaved well. He liked them and they liked him. We must not war on laudable city pride or with the idea of building ourselves up at any time to try to pull others down. Boston must continue to point to its Faneuil hall and to its harbor and to its institutions of mercy and its widening commerce. Washington must continue to rejoice in the fact that it is the most beautiful city under the sun.

If I should find a man coming from any city having no pride in that city, that city having been the place of his nativity or now being the place of his residence, I would feel like asking him right away: "What mean things have you been doing? What outrageous thing have you been guilty of that you do not like the place?"


Every city is influenced by the character of the men who founded it. Romulus impressed his life upon the city that he founded. The Pilgrim Fathers never relax their grasp from New England. William Penn left a legacy of fair dealing and integrity to Philadelphia, and you can now any day, on the streets of that city, see his manner, his manners, his morals, his hat, his wife's bonnet and his meeting house. So the Hollanders, founding New York, left their impression on all the following generations. So this capital of the nation is a perpetual eulogy upon the Washington who founded it.

I thank God for the place of our residence, and while there are a thousand things that ought to be corrected wrongs that ought to be overturned, while I thank God for the past, I look forward this morning to a glorious future. I think we ought—and I take it for granted you are all interested in this great work of evangelizing the cities and saving the world—we ought to toil with the sunlight in our faces. We are not fighting in a miserable Bull Run of defeat. We are on the way to victory. We are not following the rider on the black horse, leading us down to death and darkness and doom, but the rider on the white horse, with the moon under his feet and the stars of heaven for his train. Hail, conqueror, hail!

I know there are sorrows and there are sins and there are sufferings all around us, but in some bitter cold winter day when we are shivering our arms around us to keep our thumbs from freezing we think of the warm spring day that will after awhile come, or in the dark winter night we look up and we see the northern lights, the glow of heaven illumined by some great victory, just so we look up from the night of suffering and sorrow and wretchedness in our cities, and we see a light streaming through from the other side, and we know we are on the way to morning—more than that, on the way to "a morning without clouds."

I want you to understand, all you who are toiling for Christ, that the castles of sin are all going to be captured. The victory for Christ in these great towns is going to be so complete, that not a

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CARLING
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man on earth or an angel in heaven or a devil in hell will dispute it. How do I know? I know it just as the realm of poetry I expect as great poets as Longfellow and Tennyson. In the realm of medicine I expect the cure of cancer and consumption. In the realm of religion I expect more than the Pentateuch like that of 1857, when 500,000 souls professed to have been converted. I expect that universal peace will reign and that before the arrival of the two thousandth year gunpowder will be out of use except for blasting rocks or pyrotechnic entertainment. I expect that before the new century has expired the millennium will be fully inaugurated. The twentieth century will be as much an improvement on the nineteenth century as the nineteenth century was an improvement on the eighteenth. But the conventional length of sermon discourse will allow us only time for the hopeful consideration of the things that will be the redemption of the cities.

Now, in this municipal elevation of which I speak, I have to remark that there will be greater financial prosperity than our cities have ever seen. Some people seem to have a morbid idea of the millennium, and they think when the better time comes to our cities and the world people will give their time up to psalm singing and the relating of their religious experience, and as all social life will be purified there will be no hilarity, and as all business will be purified there will be no enterprise. There is no ground for such an absurd anticipation. In the time of which I speak, where now one fortune is made there will be a hundred fortunes made. We all know business prosperity depends upon confidence between man and man. Now, when that time comes, of which I speak, and when all dealing, all dishonesty, and all fraud are gone out of commercial circles, thorough confidence will be established, and there will be better business done and larger successes gathered and mightier successes achieved.

In that day of which I speak, taxes will be a mere nothing. Now our business men are taxed for everything. City taxes, county taxes, state taxes, United States taxes, stamp taxes, license taxes, manufacturing taxes—taxes, taxes, taxes! A small fortune every year to pay their taxes. What fastens on our great industries this awful load? Crime, individual and official. We have to pay the board of the villains who are incarcerated in our prisons. We have to take care of the orphans of those who plunged into their graves through beastly indulgence. We have to support the municipal governments, which are expensive in proportion as the criminal propensities are vast and tremendous. Who supports the almshouses and police stations and all the machinery of municipal government? The taxpayers.

But in the glorious time of which I speak, taxation will be no need. There will be no need of supporting criminals. There will be no criminals. Virtue will have taken the place of vice. There will be no orphan asylums, for parents will be able to leave a competence to their children. There will be no voting of large sums of money for some municipal improvement, which money, before they get to the improvement, drop into the pockets of those who voted them. Nooyer and termier kept up at vast expense to the people. No impeding of justice to try theft and arson and murder and slander and blackmail. Better factories, grander architecture, finer equipage, larger fortunes, richer opulence—"a morning without clouds."

In that better time also coming to these cities the churches of Christ will be more numerous, and they will be larger, and they will be more devoted to the service of Jesus Christ, and they will accomplish greater influences for good. Now it is often the case that churches are the victims of each other, and denominations collide with each other, and even ministers of Christ sometimes forget the bond of brotherhood, but in the time of which I speak, while there will be just as many differences of opinion as there are now, there will be no

secterity, no hypercriticism, no exclusiveness. In our great cities the churches are not to-day large enough to hold more than a fourth of the population. The churches that are built—comparatively few of them—are fully occupied. The average attendance in the churches of the United States to-day is not 400. Now, in the glorious time of which I speak, there are going to be vast churches, and they are going to be all thronged with worshippers. Oh, what rousing songs they will sing! Oh, what earnest sermons they will preach! Oh, what earnest prayers they will offer! Now, in our time, what is called a fashionable church is a place where a few people, having attended very carefully to their toilet, come and sit down—they do not want to be crowded, and then, if they have any time left from thinking of their store, and from examining the style of the hat in front of them, they sit and listen to a sermon warranted to hit no man's sin and listen to music which is rendered by a choir warranted to sing tunes that nobody knows! And then after an hour and a half of indolent yawning they go home refreshed. Every man feels better after he had a sleep.

In many of the churches of Christ in our day the music is simply a mockery. I have not a cultivated ear nor a cultivated voice, yet no man can do my singing for me. I have nothing to say against artistic music. The \$2 or \$5 I pay to hear one of the great queens of song is a good investment. But when the people assemble in religious convocation and the hymn is read and the angels of God step from their thrones to catch the music on their wings, do not let us drive them away by our indifference. I have preached in churches where vast sums of money were employed to keep up the music, and it was as exquisite as any heard on earth, but I thought at the same time, for all matters practical, I would prefer the hearty, outbreathing song of a backwoods Methodist camp meeting.

In that time also of which I speak all the haunts of iniquity and crime and squalor will be cleansed and will be illumined. How is it to be done? You say perhaps by one influence. Perhaps I say by another. I will tell you what is my idea, and I will tell you what is the gospel of the Son of God is the only agency that will ever accomplish this.

In that day of which I speak you believe that there will be any midnight carousal? Will there be any kicking off from marble steps of shivering mendicants? Will there be any unwashed, unclad, uncombed children? Will there be any blasphemies in the street? Will there be any inebriates staggering past? No. No wine stores, no lager beer saloons, no breweries where they make the three X's, no bloodshot eyes, no ruin and destruction, no list prostrated forehead. The grandchildren of that woman who goes down the street with a curse, stoned by the boys that follow her, will be the reformers of our time. The children of that man who was hanged for robbing the grogshops that made them drink? Nothing. Who are those prisoners in jail? One of them stole a pair of shoes. That boy stole a dollar. This girl snatched a purse. All of them are dangerous society less than \$20 or \$30. But what will you do with the gambler who last night robbed the young man of \$1,000? Nothing. What shall be done with that one who breathes through and destroys the purity of a Christian home and with an adroitness and perfidy that beats the strategy of hell, flings a shrieking, shrieking soul into a bottomless perdition? Nothing. But all these wrongs are going to be righted. I expect to live to see the day. I think I hear in the distance the rumbling of the King's chariot. Not always in the minority is the church of God going to be, or are good men going to be. The streets are going to be filled with regenerated populations. Three hundred and sixty bells rang in Moscow when one prince was married, but when Righteousness and Peace kiss each other in all the great ten thousand times ten thousand bells shall strike the jubilee. Poverty enriched. Hunger fed. Crime purified. Ignorance enlightened. All the cities saved. Is not this a cause worth working for?

God's love will yet bring back this ruined world to holiness and happiness. An infinite Father bends over it in sympathy. And to the orphan he will be a father, and to the widow he will be a husband, and to the outcast he will be a home, and to the poorest wretch that today crawls out of the ditch of his abominations, crying for mercy, he will be an all-pardoning Redeemer. The rocks will turn gray with age, the forests will be unmoored in the hurricane, the sun will shut its fiery eyelids, the stars will drop like blasted figs, the sea will leave its last groan and lash itself in expiring agony, the continents will drop like anchors in the deep, the world will wrap itself in sheet of flame and leap on the funeral pyre of the judgment day, but God's love will never fail. It shall kindle its suns after all other lights have gone out. It will be a billowing sea after all other oceans have wept themselves away. It will warm itself by the blaze of a consuming world. It will sing while the archangel's trumpet peals and the air is filled with the crash of—breaking sepulchers and the rush of the rising dead. Oh, commend that love to all the cities, and the morning without clouds will come!

I know that sometimes it seems a hopeless task. You toil on in different spheres, sometimes with great discouragement. People have no faith and say: "It does not amount to anything. You might as well quit that." Why, when Moses stretched

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The White Man's Burden

can be named in the single word—dyspepsia. It is the one disease, which more than any other, affects the health of the American people. It is common to all classes and all conditions. It makes life miserable. It causes family happiness. It interferes with business and pleasure, alike, and it discounts a man's usefulness just as much as it discounts his happiness.

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"I used ten bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and several vials of his Pleasant Pellets" a year ago this spring, and have had no trouble with indigestion since," writes Mr. W. T. Thompson, of Towson, near Broadwater Co., Maryland. "Words fail to tell how thankful I am for the relief, as I had suffered so much and it seemed that the doctors could do me no good. I got down in weight to 125 pounds, and was unable to work at all. Now I weigh nearly 180 and can do a day's work on the farm. I have recommended your medicine to several, and shall always have a good word to say for Dr. Pierce and his medicine."

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his rod over the Red sea, it did not seem to mean anything especially. People came out, I suppose, and said, "Aha!" Some of them found out what he wanted to do. He wanted the sea parted. It did not amount to anything, this stretching out of his hand over the sea. But after awhile the wind blew all night from the east, and the waters were gathered into a glittering palisade on either side, and the billows swayed by God pulled back on their crystal bits. Wheel into line, O Israel! March, march! Pearls crashed under feet. Flying spray gathers into rainbow arch of victory for the conquerors to march under. Shout of hosts on the beach answering the shout of hosts amid sea. And when the last line of the Israelites reach the beach, the cymbals clasp, and the shields clang, and the waters rush over the pursuers, and the swift fingered winds on the white keys of the foam play the grand march of Israel delivered. Wheel into line, O Israel! March, march! Pearls crashed under feet. 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