

What is

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Castoria is for Infants and Children. Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. Castoria assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels of Infants and Children, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

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"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

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**VARICOCELE**—If you are tired of being experimented upon, you will find our Latest Method Treatment a guaranteed cure for varicocele without use of knife or loss of time. It absorbs the varicose condition, restores the parts, thereby bringing back lost power. If you take our treatment, you pay when cured.

**STRicture**—Thousands of you have stricture and do not know it. If you have been in direct, or indirectly treated, or notice annoying sensation, unnatural discharge, weak cause of stricture. If you are in doubt, call and see us, as we will examine you free of charge; our Latest Method Treatment absorbs the stricture, thereby making outting stretching unnecessary, and you pay when cured.

## Kidneys and Bladder.

Don't neglect these important organs, as you will regret it. Have you a dull feeling or pain in the back, frequent desire to urinate, deposits in urine? Our Latest Method Treatment is a guaranteed cure for such conditions. The original sworn affidavits or testimonials can be seen at our offices, \$500.00 reward for any we cannot show; at request of patients we publish only the initials.

Your Latest Method Treatment acted the way you said it would; my stricture is cured, and the varicocele entirely disappeared, and I feel stronger than ever; my bladder and kidneys do not trouble me any, I can stoop all day, do a hard day's work without my kidneys troubling me as before I took your Latest Method Treatment; it has cured me after others have failed. If I had consulted you sooner, I would have saved a great deal of money which I wasted on other doctors. I am your grateful patient. R. L. Goldberg has his DIPLOMAS certificates and licenses received from the various colleges hospitals and states which testify to his standing and abilities.

**Pay when cured. Cures guaranteed.**

Don't neglect these important organs, as you will regret it. Have you a dull feeling or pain in the back, frequent desire to urinate, deposits in urine? Our Latest Method Treatment is a guaranteed cure for such conditions. The original sworn affidavits or testimonials can be seen at our offices, \$500.00 reward for any we cannot show; at request of patients we publish only the initials.

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That's the sort of usage that only a **GOOD** skirt protector can stand. The longer the skirt is the greater the need for a first-class protector brand. "Corticelli" is a porous, elastic, braided, all-wool protector; will stand more wear than any other because it is stronger. Every dress goods shade. Sewed on flat, not turned over.

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## THE GLORY OF CHRIST

He is the Most Conspicuous Character of History.

## THE BEGINNING AND THE END

Dr. Talmage Sounds the Praises of the World's Redeemer and Puts Before Us Portraits of Some of His Great Disciples and Exponents.

Washington, April 21.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage sounds the praises of the world's Redeemer and puts before us the portraits of some of his great disciples and exponents; text, John iii, 31, "He that cometh from above is above all."

The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to him from the Bethlehem sky was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of destiny—all three pointing in one direction. Christ is the overtopping figure of all time. He is the vox humana in all music, the graceful line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting. He is the climax, the dome of all cathedral grandeur, and the peroration of all splendid language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of 24 letters, and when Christ compared himself to the first letter and the last letter, the alpha and the omega, he appropriated to himself all the splendors that you can spell out with those two letters and all the letters between them. "I am the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last," or, if you prefer the words of the text, "above all."

It means after you have piled up all Alpine and Himalayan altitudes, the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch those summits. Pelion, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain, but mythology tells us when the giants waged against the gods they piled up these three mountains and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens, but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Isaiah, Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim, and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they might well all unite in the words of the text and say, "He that cometh from above is above all."

First, Christ must be above all else in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the world that all laymen as well as all clergymen have up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is most effective which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the pardon of all sin and the correction of all iniquity, in social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works, and covenant of grace that therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truths but under different philosophy. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism or all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European but we have a right to naturalize in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the dower, the spittle, the salve, the barnyard fowl, the crystal of sea, as well as from the seas and the stars, and we do not propose in our Sunday school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They may be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Almighty God and the human race. What did God say to the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course thought is the cargo, and words are only the ship, but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sunday school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death when there is such limitless resource. Shakespeare employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes, Milton employed 8,000 different words for poetic purposes, Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than 1,000 words that we can manage, less than 500, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ, we are going to take the tenderest philosophy wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ, the conqueror, we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have 18 flags by which they give signal, but these 18 flags they can put into 60,000 different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to young men who are after awhile going to preach Jesus Christ, you will have the largest liberty and unlimited re-



"Is your mamma cross? Mine is and is cross. Does your mamma say 'Hush!' when you laugh or make a little bit of a noise? My mamma does. She has nerves, papa says."

The mother who overheard this account of herself would feel heart-broken to think of the shadow cast by her misdeeds on those she loved. Yet her condition is real. Her nerves are strained to the point of torture. Lack of appetite and loss of sleep increase her weakness. Such a condition may, in general be traced to disease of the delicate womanly organism, a cure for which is found in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It establishes regularity, heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It tranquilizes the nerves, encourages the appetite and induces refreshing sleep.

"I had been a constant sufferer from neuritis for five years," writes Mrs. J. A. Stearns, of Danville, N. Y. "I was not out of my room. Could not walk or stand. There was such pain and drawing in the back and bearing-down weight in the region of the hips and loins. I suffered constantly with headache, pain in back, shoulders, arms and chest; and could not sleep at night. When I had taken three bottles of the medicine, my weakness was regulated, my sleep was restored, and my health is better at this time than it has been in five years."

Dr. Pierce's Pellets stimulate the liver.

source. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Jonathan Edwards preached Christ in the severest argument ever penned, and John Bunyan preached Christ in the sublimest allegory ever composed. Edward Payson, sick and exhausted, leaned upon the side of the pulpit and wept out his disciples, while George Whitefield, with the warm and fervent voice and start of an actor, overwhelmed his auditory. It would have been a different thing if Jonathan Edwards had tried to write and dream about the pilgrim's progress to the celestial city or John Bunyan had attempted an essay on the human will. Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains, deeper than the seas, are these gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers have no sweetness, sunset sky has no color, compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kindling pulpits with their fire and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying beds with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the ambassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for the direst guilt. Sweetest comfort for the ghostliest agony. Brightest hope for the grimest death. A resurrection for the darkest sepulcher.

Oh, what a gospel to preach! Christ over all in it. His birth, his suffering, his miracles, his parables, his sweat, his tears, his blood, his agonies, his intercession—what glorious themes! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus. Have we a fondness for the church? Because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went ahead the herald and the forerunner.

The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it on no one ever dared put it on, but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the wretched and the worst may wear.

"Where sin abounded grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin Luther to Stumpitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is that a brawny German student had found a Latin Bible that had made him quake, and when he found how brave Christ was pardoned and saved he wrote to a friend saying: "Come over and join us, great and

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Price 10 Cents. Purely Vegetable. *Wm. Wood* CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

And sinners saved by the grace of God.—You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God, but we who have been such very awful sinners praise his grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first rate spiritual trim and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor were we, and miserable and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them and then offered us the receipt.

And how much we need him in our sorrows! We are independent of circumstances if we have his grace. Why, he made Paul sing in the dungeons, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day, and after under the hard hoofs of calamity all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite, lily rimmed and wine covered, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Again, I remark that Christ is above all in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The Emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the stone mason should condescend to consult with him about his tombstone that after awhile he would need. And there are men who are hypocritical on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less prepared are they to go. This is an unmanliness, not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home! You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want the room still. You do not want any strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that this is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us when the billows of death come up to the girdle? Can human voice charm up on heaven's gate? Can human hands pilot us through the narrow of death into heaven's harbor? Can an earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death and in the hour when Satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, not alas, poor soul, if that is all! Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and far from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ would say through the solitudes of heaven, "I never leave thee. I will never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going, and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in the door of a heathen temple, said, "Glory to thee, O God!" What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me and let us talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More say? "To go to heaven, think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die to Jesus and to die for him. Sir Charles Hare in his last moment had such rapturous vision that he cried, "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he put his fingers upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed its halting beats until his life had ended here to begin in heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the worn-out missionary, when in the Mammoth dungeon he cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth I am laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is above all in dying alleviations?

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the spring blossoms scattered, I say, "Another season gone forever." When I close the Bible on Sabbath night, I say, "Another Sabbath departed." When I bury a friend, I say, "Another earthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have! The robbers and the lightning run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will with solemn tread, carry us to our resting place. Brighter than a banquet hall through which the light

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Ceylon GREEN Tea by its exquisite flavor and purity holds every Japan tea drinker fast. It is to the Japan tea drinkers what "SALADA" black is to the black tea drinker.

feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpeters will be the sepulcher through whose rifts the holy light of heaven streameth. God will watch you. He will send his angels to guard your slumbering ground until, at Christ's behest, they shall roll away the stone.

So also Christ is above all in heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the throngs arranged that on the day of his coronation his face, all the throngs down at his feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit shall recite the Saviour's earthly sacrifices.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of his sufferings, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the same through which they passed, will say, "This is Jesus, for whom we died."

The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say, "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth and in Cappadocia and at Antioch and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say, "This is the Jesus who took us in his arms and blessed us and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud brought us into this beautiful place." The multitudes of the bereft will say, "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our heart broke."

Many who had wandered clear off from God and plunged into vagabondism, but were saved by grace, will say: "This is Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and he brought us home. We were guilty, and he made us white as snow. Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled." And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar mercies, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together a great chorus which shall make the arches re-echo with the eternal reverberation of gladness and peace and triumph.

Edward I. was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed \$100,000 to have his heart after his decease taken and deposited in the Holy Land, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds to-day whose hearts are already in the holy land of heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. John Bunyan, of whom I spoke at the opening of the discourse, caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said, "And I heard in my dream, and lo, the bells of the city rang again for joy, and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and lo, the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands to sing praises with all, and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them!"

**How the Budget Got Its Name.**

Probably not 1 per cent. of the British taxpayers who are just now anxiously discussing the possibility of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's forthcoming budget are aware of the origin of the term. Almost from the time immemorial it was the custom in England to put the estimates of receipts and expenditures presented to Parliament in a leather bag, the budget being thus borrowed by word from the old Norman word bougette, which signifies a leather purse. Curiously enough, the word has passed back again into France from us. —London Express.

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Standard remedy for Gleet, Gonorrhea and Runnings in 48 HOURS. Cures Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

I was cured of a bad case of Grip by MINARD'S LINIMENT. C. I. LAGUE.

Sydney, C. B. I was cured of loss of voice by MINARD'S LINIMENT. CHARLES PLUMMER.

Yarmouth. I was cured of Sciatica Rheumatism by MINARD'S LINIMENT. LEWIS S. BUTLER.

Burin, Nfld. To cure a cold in a night—use Vapo-Cressolene. It has been used extensively during more than twenty-four years. All Druggists.

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If you are scrofulous, dyspeptic, rheumatic, troubled with kidney complaint, general debility, lacking strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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