ging himself in admiration. We

mirable, and the other is most repul-sive. The one kind of higher life

man is very lenient in his criticism

of others, does not bore prayer meet

ings to death with long harangues, does not talk a great deal about him-

self, but much about Christ and heav

en, gets kindlier and more gentle and

spreads a-wing, and he flies away to

eternal rest, and everybody mourns

his departure. The other higher life

man goes around with a Bible consp-

iciously under his arm, goes from

church to church, a sort of general

evangelist, is a nuisance to his own

pastor when he is at home

tors when he is away from home

runs up to some man who is count-

ing out a roll of bank bills or run-

ning up a difficult line of figures and

asks him how his soul is, makes re-

ligion a dose of ipecacuanha. Stand-

ng in a religious meeting making an

address, he has a patronizing way, as

though ordinary Christians were clear

way down below him, so he had to

to make them hear, but at the same

talk at the top of his voice in order

time encouraging them to hope or

that by climbing many years they

sight of the place where he now

Again the senior brother of my text

stands for all those who are faith-

ess about the reformation of the

dissipated and the dissolute. In the

very tones of his voice you can hear

the reformation of the younger son is

genuine. His entire manner seems to

say: "That boy has come back for

more money. He got a third of the

another third. He will never be con-

ented to stay on the farm. He will

fall away. I would go in too and

ejoice with the others if I thought

this thing were genuine; but it is a

church of Christ in regard to the re-

clamation of the recreant! You say

say, "Yes, but he has reformed."
"Oh," you say, with a lugubrious

face, 'I hope you are not mistaken;

his conversion, for soon he will be

inconverted, I fear. Don't make too

big a party for that returned prodi-

one that has been luxuriating in the

infidelity in the church of God on

this subject. There is not a house on the streets of heaven that has not

in it a prodigal that returned and

staid home. There could be unrolled

before you a scroll of a hundred

thousand names—the names of pro-

digals who came back forever re-

You do not know how to shake

hands with a prodigal. You do not

know how to pray for him. You do

not know how to greet him. He

stream of Christian sympathy. You are the berg against which he strikes

and shivers. You say he has been a prodigal. I know it, but you are

the sour, unresponsive, censorious, saturnine, cranky elder brother, and

if you are going to heaven one would

think some people would be tempted to go to perdition to get away from

you. The hunters say that if a deer be shot the other deer shove him

out of their company, and the gen-

eral rule is—away with a man that has been wounded with sin. Now, I

say, the more bones a man has brok-

en the more need he has of a hos-

pital, and the more a man has been

bruised and cut with sin the more

man and divine sympathy. But for

such men there is not much room in

of room for elegant sinners, for sin-

ners in velvet and satin and lace, for

sinners high salaried, for kid-gloved and patent-leathered sinners, for sin-

ners fixed up by hairdresser, poma-tumed and lavendered and cologned and frizzled and crimped and "bang-

ed" sinners—plenty of room! Such we meet elegantly at the door of our

churches, and we invite them into the best seats with Chesterfieldian

gallantries; we usher them into the house of God and put soft ottomans under their feet and put a gilt-edged prayer book in their hands and pass

with an air of apology, while they, the generous souls, take out the ex-

quisite portemonnaie and open it, and with diamonded finger push down beyond the \$10 goldpieces and delicately pick out as an expression of grati-

tude their offering to God-of one

coat is threadbare, and his face is erysipelased, and his wife's wedding dress is in the pawnbroker's shop, and his children, instead of being in

school, are out begging broken bread

at the basement doors of the city—
the man, body, mind and soul on
fire with the flames that have leaped
from the scathing, scorching, blast-

from the scathing, scorening, blasting, blistering, consuming cup which
the drunkard takes, trembling and
agonized and afrighted, and presses
to his parched lip, and his cracked
tongue and his shricking yet immortal spirit—no room:

Be not so hard in your criticism of the fallen lest thou thyself also be tempted. Do you know who that

For such sinners plenty room, plenty of room. But for the man who has been drinking until his

contribution box before them

world-the men who want to

Plenty

need he has to be carried into

ome back after wandering.

wants to sail into the warm

formed,

and, if you kill a calf, kill the

"Yes, but he has reformed."

"Don't rejoice too much over

or strike the timbrel too loud;

That is the reason why

man has been a strong drinker.

I hope you are not mistaken."

riends, for the incredulity in

ebriate and debauchee."

That boy is a confirmed in-

Alas, my

roperty; now he has come back for

fact that he has no faith that

after awhile come up within

a nuisance to other pas-

useful until one day his soul

### THE TREATMENT THAT CURES A New Lesson Drawn From a Familiar Subject.

THE TREATMENT

THAT CURES Drs. Shultz and Camelon's New Treatment, that has lifted the dark-ness and blight of the word "incura-ble" from hundreds of these cases of disease in the Throat, Bronchial Tubes and Lungs, works its curative action

(1) It reaches every sore rom the orifice of the nose to deepest part of the lungs, to the innermost recesses of the middle ear.

(2) Instead of irritating, inflaming and feeding the fires of the disto the ease, it soothes, quiets, heals and

What is the treatment that cures these conditions, once regarded incur-able? By what process does it restore embrane, remove the poison and relieve the soreness of disease? Let the experience of persons cured and being cured, tell.

BLOOD BELCHED Prom the Lungs of John C. Loss, of Vassar, Mich.

"I became so weak," says Mr. Loss, "The came so weak," says Mr. Loss, "that the least excitement would throw me into a cold perspiration, and I would take additional cold. While sitting at my deak one afteroom something seemed to give way, and I felt my lungs fill up. I gave a little cough, and threw out GREAT MOUTHFULS OF BLOOD." Mr. Loss will tell enquirers that after the had been reduce dto what he believed a n reduce dto what he believed hopeless condition, through frequent hemorrhages, he submitted his case to Doctors Shultz and Camelon, who soon restored him to perfect health.

REV. MOSES C. STANLEY; 'Aged 71 years, of 31 Milwaukee avenue, was cured of severe deafness by Doctors Shultz and Camelon.

MRS. M. BRAUER, of 85 Second street, had a hairbreadth escape from being killed by a street car, because she was so deaf she didn't hear it coming. She has been entirely cured of deafness and chronic

P. B. BRAZEL, of Cheboygan, Mich., got little sleep, because of ca-tarrh of the head. Doctors Shultz and Camelon removed 12 polipii from his nose without pain to him, and he has been relieved of all the miseries of

catarrh. ENGINEER C. B. MAXSON, of 163, St. Antoine street, thought he heard whistles and bells when he didn't. Since treating with Doctors Shultz and Camelon he can hear as wall as ever.

AUGUST SCHULTZ; of Wyandotte, was choking and gasping with asth-ma, when he went to Doctors Shultz and Cameion. He hadn't had a good night's sleep for 10 years. Now he is as well as ever.

MRS ALEX. RIVARD, New Baltimore: "I had been a long and great sufferer from Chronic Dys-Bread soaked in milk about all that I could eat. I frequently had fainting spells and convulsions. I have been entirely cured and I have gained 33 pounds in weight.'

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## WEAK MEN!

#### **BLOOD POISON**

DR. GOLDBERG

### SELF RIGHTEOUSNESS

SYMPATHY FOR THE FALLEN.

ourse Dr. Talmage pleads for a hearty reception to all those who have done wrong and want to get back, while the unsympathetic and self righteous are excoriated; text, Luke xv, 8, "And he was angry and would not go in.'

Many times have I been asked to a sermon about the elder prother of the parable. I received a letter from Canada saying, 'Is the elder son of the parable so unsympathetic and so cold that he is not worthy of recognition?" that we ministers pursue the younger You can hear the flapping of his rags in many a sermonic breeze and the cranching of the pods for was an unsuccessful contestant. I confess that it has been difficult for me to train the camera obscura upon the elder son of the parable. I sould not get a negative for a photograph. There was not enough light in the gallery, or the chemicals were too poor, or the sitter moved in the picture. But now I think I have him, not a side face or a three-quarters or the mere bust, but a full length portrait as he appears to me. The father in the parable of the prodigal had nothing to brag of in his two sons. The one was a rake and the other a curl. I find nothing admirable in the dissoluteness of the one, and I find nothing attractive in the acrid sobriety the other. The one goes down over the larboard side, and the other goes down over the starboard side,

but they both go down. From all the windows of the old homestead bursts the minstrelsy. The floor quakes with the feet of the ruswhose dance is always vigorous and resounding. The neighbors have heard of the return of the younger son from his wanderings, they have gathered together. and they have gathered together. The house is full of congratulators. I suppose the tables are loaded with luxuries, not only the one kind of meat mentioned, but its concomi-tants. "Clap!" go the cymbals, "Thrum!" go the harps, "Click!" go the chalices, up and down go the feet inside, while outside is a most sorry

of the house, a frigid phlegmatic. He has just come in from the fields in substantial apparel. Seeing wild exhilarations around the mansion, he asks of a servant passing by with a goat-skin of wine on his shoulder what all the fuss is One would have thought that, on hearing that his younger brother had got back, he would hav gone into the house and rejoiced, and if he were not conscientiously opposed to dancing, that he would have the oriental schottish. No, there he stands. His brow lowers; his face darkens; his lip curls with contempt. He stamps the ground with indignation; he sees nothing at all to attract. The odors of the feast, coming out on the air, do not sharpen his appetite. The lively music does not put any spring into his step. He is in a terrible pout. He criticises the expense, the injustice and the morals of the entertainment. The father rushes out bare-headed and coaxes him to come in. He will not go in. He scolds the father. He goes into a pasquinade against the younger brother, and he makes the most uncomely scene. He makes the most uncomely scene. He says: 'Father, you put a premium on vagabondism. I staid at home and worked on the farm. You never made a party for me; you didn't so much as kill a kid. That wouldn't have cost half as much as a calf; but this scapegrace went off in fine clothes, and he comes back not fit to be seen, and what a time you make him! He breaks your heart, and you pay him for it. That calf to which we have been giving extra feed during all these weeks, wouldn't be so fat and sleek if I had known to what use you were going to put it. That vagabond deserves to be cowhided instead of banqueted. Veal is too good for him." That evening, while the younger son sat telling his father about his adventures and asking about what had occurred on the place since his departure, the senoir brother goes to bed disgusted and slams the door after him. That senior brother still lives. You can see him on Sunday, any day of the week.

At a meeting of ministers in Germany some on asked the question,

"Who is that elder son?" and Krummacher answered, 'I know him; I
say him yesterday." And when they
insisted upon knowing whom he
meant he said, "Myself; when I saw
the account of the conversion of the him on Sunday, any day of the week. the account of the conversion of a

most obnoxious man I was irritat-First, this senior brother of the text stands for the self congratulat-ory, self satisfied, self worshipful man. With the same breath which he vituperates against his younger brohe utters a panegyric for him-The self righteous man of the like every other righteous man, full of faults. He was an ingrate, for he did not appreciate the blessings which he had all years. He was disobedient, those years. He was disobedient, for when the father told him to come in he staid out. He was a liar, for in he staid out. He was a liar, for he said that the recreant son had de-voured his father's living, when the father, so far from being reduced to penury, had a homestead left, had instruments of music, had jewels, had a mansion, and instead of being a a mansion, and instead of pauper was a prince. This senior brother, with so many faults of his own, was merciless in his criticism of the younger brother. The only perfect people that I have ever known

were utterly obnoxious. I was never so badly cheated in my life as by a perfect man. He got so far staggered up and down the aisle of the church, disturbing the service until the service had to stop until he was taken from the room? He was a minister of the gospel of Jesus up in his devotions that he was clear up above all the rules of commo nesty. These men that go about Christ in a sister depomination That man had preached the gospel prowling among prayer meetings and in places of business, telling how that man had broken the bread good they are look out for them the holy communion for the people keep your hand on your pocketbook!

I have noticed that just in propordepth! Oh, I was glad there was tion as a man gets good he gets humno smiling in the room when man was taken out, his poor following him, with his hat in This self righteous man of the text stood at the corner of the house hughand and his coat on her arm! was as solemn to me as two funer-als—the funeral of the body and the great deal in our day about the higher life. Now, there are two kinds of higher life. The one is ad-

thou also be tempted! Again, I remark that the senior brother of my text stands for the spirit of envy and jealousy. The sen-ior brother thought that all the honthey did to the returned brother was a wrong to him, He said, have stayed at home, and I ought to have had the ring, and I ought to have had the banquet, and I ought to have had the garlands." for this spirit of envy and jealousy coming down through the ages! Cain and Abel. Esau and Jacob, Saul and David, Haman and Mordecai, Othello and Iago, Orlando and Angelica Caligula and Torquatus, Caesar and Pompey, Columbus and the Spanish courtiers, Cambyses and the brother he slew because he was a better marksman, Dionysius and Philoxen ius, whom he slew because he was a better singer. Jealousy among paint Closterman and ler, Hudson and Reynelds, Francia anxious to see a picture of Raphael Raphael sends him a picture. Francia, seeing it, falls in a fit of jealousy from which he dies. Jealousy among authors. How seldom contemporar ies speak of each other! Xenophon and Plato living at the same time, but from their writings you never suppose they heard of each other. Oh, this accursed spirit envy and jealousy! Let us stamp it out from all our hearts.

Beware,

A wrestler was so envious Theogenes, the prince of wrestlers, that he could not be consoled in any way; and after Theogenes died and a statue was lifted to him in a public place his envious antagonist out every night and wrestled the statue, until one night he threw it, and it fell on him and crushed him to death. So jealousy is not only absurd, but it is killing to the body, and it is killing to the soul. How seldom it is you find one merchant speaking well of a merchant in the same line of business. How seldom it is you hear a physician speaking well of a physician on the same block. Oh, my friends, the world is large enough for all of us. us rejoice at the success of others. The next best thing to owning garden ourselves is to look over the fence and admire the flowers. next best thing to riding in fine equipage is to stand on the street and admire the prancing span. next best thing to having a banque given to ourselves is having a ban-quet given to our prodigal brother that has come to his father's house. Once more I have to tell you that this senior brother of my text stands that is on the commons and not the for the pouting Christian. more prodigals do not come home to

there is so much congratulation withn doors, the hero of my text stands outside, the corners of his mouth drawn down, looking as he felt-miserable. I am glad his lugubrious physiognomy did not spoil the festiwithin. How many pouting Christians there are in our Christians who do not like the music of the churches, Christians who do not like the hilarities of the young -pouting, pouting pouting at so-ciety, pouting at the fashions, pouting at the newspapers, pouting at the church, pouting at the Govern ment, pouting at high heaven. Their spleen is too large, their liver does not work, their digestion is broken down. There are two cruets in their caster always sure to be well supplied-vinegar and red pepper! Oh, come away from that mood. Stir a little saccharin into your disposition. While you avoid the dissoluteness of the younger son, avoid also the irascibility and the petulance and the pouting spirit of the elder son, and imitate the father, who had embraces for the returning prodigal and coax-

ing words for the splenetic malcon-Ah, the face of this pouting elder son is put before us in order that we better see the radiant and forgiving face of the Father. trasts are mighty. The artist, in sketching the field of Waterloo years after the battle, put a dove in the mouth of the cannon. Raphael, in one of his cartoons, beside the face of a wretch put the face of a happy, and innocent child. And so the sour face of this irascible and disgusted brother is brought out in order that in the contrast we might better understand the forgiving and radiant face of God. That is the meaning of it — that God is ready to take back anybody that is sorry, to take him clear back, to take him back forever and forever and forever, to take him back with a loving hug, to put a kiss on his parched lip, a ring in his bloated hand, an easy shoe on his chafed foot, a garland on his bleeding temples and heaven in his soul. Oh, I fall flat on mer-Come, my brother, and let us get down into the dust, resolved never to rise until the Father's for-giving, hand shall lift us!

Oh, what a God we have! Bring your doxologies. Come, earth and heaven, and join in the worship. Cry aloud! Lift the palm branches Do you not feel the Father's arm around your neck? Do you not feel warm breath of your Father against your cheek? Surrender, younger son! Surrender, elder son! Surrender, all! Go in to-day and sit down at the banquet. Take a slice of the fatted calf, and afterward, when you are seated, with one hand in the hand of the returned brother and the other hand in the hand of and the other hand in the hand of the rejoicing father, let your heart beat time to the clapping of the cym-bal and the mellow voice of the flute. It is meet that we should make merry and be glad, for this, thy brother, was dead and is alive again; he was lost and is found.

### Walking to Work

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Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure heart-burn,

THE MAN WITH THE GAVEL

How would Hon. Richard P. Leary of Guam do for a vice presidential candidate?-Washington Post.

The office of vice president of the Unit ed States is one of great dignity and importance. To preside over the American senate is itself a work of great responsibility and honor.-Cincinnati Enquirer. The man selected for the second place on a national ticket should be the equal of the man at the head, if, under prevailing circumstances, it is possible find two men of equal availability. Exchange.

General Fred Grant tells one interview er in the Philippines that he is not a candidate for a vice presidential nomination and is doing nothing to secure it, but that he should like such a nomination, "just as any other man naturally would."-Phil delphia Ledger.

TOWN TOPICS.

Omaha's auditorium is all ready save for inclosing it and putting on the roof.-Omaha World-Herald.

Chicago is having more trouble with her river than Buller had with the Tuge-la.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The National Editorial association ha decided to meet at Buffalo next year. It is only fair to add that Buffalo decided

me in advance that they should neet there.-Albany Argus. The loyal Kansas City newspapers in dignantly deny the stories about extor-tionate hotel charges, but the enterprising Kansas City merchants are not advertising convention accommodations as bargain features.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

BITS OF SCIENCE.

Dr. Mach of Berlin has made a new alloy of magnesium and aluminium, pro-ducing a compound like brass, white as The weight of all the air on the globe would be eleven and two-thirds trillien pounds if no deductions had to be made

for space filled by mountains and land Blasting with liquid air at Vienna has led to the conclusion that to be effective the liquid should be used within 15 minntes after preparation. As tried after 72 hours, when half of it had been evaparated, it had no destructive effect.

Never throw mud! You may miss your mark, but you must have dirty hands.—Dr. Joseph Parker. Advice is not disliked because it is advice, but because so few people know how to give it.—Leigh Hunt.

Do as well as you can to-day, and perhaps to-morrow you may be able to do better.—Rev. John Newton.

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