## A GENUINE MARVEL. POWER OF THE HYMN

A Case New Exciting the Wonder of Canadian Doctors.

orter had the pleasure to-day of the acquaintance of a young lady name has been physiminently before blic of late, and whose case has the deepest interest in medical cir-t in Teronto only, but through-Dominion. The young lady re-to is Miss Laura Sheehan, who, in with her mothes, paid a visit to se of the Arnold Chersical Company,



ss Sheehan's case is still fresh in the ory of our readers, but certain de-which were not published, but which Sheehan narrated to our represents add greatly to the interest of the af-

Mrs. Sheehan narrated to our represent tive, add greatly to the interest of the affire.

"I never expected Laura to live till this Christmas," said Mrs. Sheehan. "When the nurse and the doctor in charge at the hospital told me that 'she could not lasticing,' and that 'it would be hard for them to tell what was wrong with her; and when I saw the condition she was in my heart sank. Her tongue and cheeks were swellen so much that the insides of the cheeks and the edges of the tongue were all raw and ragged and bleeding."

"What caused that?" 'quested the report-

and the edges of the tongue were all raw and ragged and bleeding."

"What caused that?" queried the reporter.

"Her teeth." answered Mrs. Sheehan. The tongue and insides of the cheek seemed to get between her teeth. She was too weak to chew her food, and I had to cut it into little pieces. Even then she had the greatest difficulty in swallowing it. All feeling had left her flesh. She could not move a muscle—only roll her eyes.

"The doctor I called in last told me he could do nothing for her, but, agreeable to my entreaties, he consented to treat her for a month. His medicines failed to do her any good. When I was advised to trq Dr. Armold's English Toxin Pills. I was sick of the very narke of pills. I had tried so many kinds of them—had actually deprived my family of ordinary necessaries to buy them—and none heiped her.

"But she hadn't been taking Dr. Armold's English Toxin, Pills wery long before she could talk, and after that her recovery was steady and uniform. People who saw her when she was Hl, can hardly believe it is herself when they see her. Today a lady ran across the street as we passed ber house, to convince herself, she said, that Laura was really better. Dr. Armold's English Toxin Pills saved my daughter's life, after the doctors had given her up. At the hospital the doctor asked her if any of her ancestors had been insane, or died of naralysis. I answered no in each case. They then saked if she ever had St. Vitus dance. She never had. Then they couldn't tell what was wrong. However, Dr. Armold's English Toxin Pills are the ever had St. Vitus dance. She never had. Then they couldn't tell what was wrong. However, Dr. Armold's English Toxin Pills are the ever had St. Vitus dance. She never had. Then they couldn't tell what was wrong. However, Dr. Armold's English Toxin Pills are the greatest medical pleasing of the century. Dr. Armold's English Toxin Pills are the greatest medical pleasing of the century. Dr. Armold's English Toxin Pills are the greatest medical pleasing of the century. Dr. Armold

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CHRIST THE EVERLASTING SONG

The Talented Preacher Shows How He Brings Joy. Peace, Harmony and Melody Into Every Life That He

Washington, April 1. 1 In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how christ brings harmony and melody into every life that he enters; text. Psalm exviii, 14, "The Lord is my strength and song." The most fascinating theme for a

heart properly attuned is the Sav-iour. There is something in the morning light to suggest him and something in the evening shadow to speak his praise. The flower speak his praise. The flower breathes him, the stars shine him, the cascade proclaims him, all the voices of nature chant him. Whatever is grand, bright and beautiful if you only listen to it will speak his praise. So when in the summer time I pluck a flower I think of him who is the Rose of Sharon and the who is "the Rose of Sharon and Lily of the Valley." When I see in the fields a lamb, I say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the

sin of the world."

Over the old fashioned pulpits there was a sounding board. The voice of the minister rose to the ounding board and then was struck back again upon the ears of the peo-ple. And so the 10,000 voices of earth rising up find the heavens a sounding board which strikes back to the ear of all nations the praises of The heavens tell his glory, and the earth shows his handiwork. The Bible thrills with one great story of redemption. Upon a blasted and faded paradise it poured a light of glorious restoration. It looked upon Abraham from the ram caught in the thicket. It spoke in the bleating of the herds driven down to Jerusalem for sacrifice. It put infinite pathos into the speech of uncouth fishermen. It lifted Paul into the third heaven, and it broke upon the ear of St. John with the brazen trumpets and the doxology of the elders and the rushing wings of the

seraphim. Instead af waiting until you get sick and worn out before you sing the praise of Christ, while your heart is happiest and your step is lightest and your fortunes smile and your pathway blossoms and the overarching heavens drop upon you their benediction, speak the praises of Jesus.
The old Greek orators, when they
saw their audiences inattentive and slumbering, had one word with which they would rouse them up to the greatest enthusiasm. In the midst of their orations they would stop and cry out "Marathon!" and the people's enthusiasm would be unbounded. My hearers, though you may hate heep horne down with sin. may have been borne down with sin, and though trouble and trials and temptation may have come upon you, and you feel to-day hardly like looking up, methinks there is one grand, royal, imperial word that ought to rouse your soul to infinite rejoicing, and that word is "Jesus!"

speak to you of Chris I remark, in the first place, that Christ ought to be the cradle What our mothers sang to us when they put us to sleep is singing yet. We may have forgotten the words; but they went into the fiber of our soul and will forever be a part of it. It is not so much what you formally teach your children as what you sing to them. A hymn what you sing to them. A hymn has wings and can fly everywhither. One hundred and fifty years after you are dead and "Old Mortality" has worn out his chisel recutting your name on the tombstone your great grandchildren will be singing great grandchildren will be singing the song which last night you sang to your little ones gathered about your knee. There is a place in Switzerland where, if you distinctly utter your voice, there come back ten or 15 distinct echoes, and every Christian song sung by a mother in the ear of her child shall have 10,-000 echoes coming back from all the gates of heaven. Oh. if mothers only knew the power of this sacred spell, how much oftener the little ones would be gathered, and all our would chime with the songs of We want some counteracting influ

ence upon our children. The very street he steps into the path of temptation. There are foul mouthed children who would like to besoil your little ones. It will not do to keep your boys and girls in the house and make them house plants. There and make them house plants. They must have fresh air and recreation. God save your children from the scathing, blasting, damning influence of the street! I know of no counteracting influence but the power of Christian culture and example. Hold before your little ones the pure life Let that name be the word that shall exercise evil from word that shall exercise evil from their hearts. Give to your instruction all the fascinations of music morning, noon and night. Let it be Jesus, the cradle song. This is important if your children grow up, but perhaps they may not. Their pathway may be short. Jesus may be wanting that child. Then there will be a soundless step in the dwelwill be a soundless step in the dwelling, and the youthful pulse will begin to flutter, and little hands will be lifted for help. You cannot help. And a great agony will pinch at your heart, and the cradle will be empty, and the nursery will be empty, and the world will be empty, and your soul will be empty. No little feet standing on the stairs. No toys scattered on the carpet. No toys scattered on the carpet. No quick following from room to room. No strange and wondering questions. No upturned face with laughing blue eyes come for a kiss, but only a grave and a wreath of white blossoms on the top of it and bitter desolation and sighing at nightfall with no one to put to bed. The heavenly Shepherd will take that

lamb safely anyhow, whether you have been faithful or unfaithful, but would it not have been pleasanter if you could have heard from those lips the praises of Christ? I never read anything more beautiful than this about a child's departure. The ac-count said, "She folded her hands, kissed her mother goodby, sang her hymn, turned her face to the wall, said her little prayer and then died. Of, if I could gather up in paragraph the last words of the little ones who have gone out from all these Christian circles, and I could picture the calm looks and the folded hands and sweet departure, methinks it would be grand and beautiful as one of heaven's great doxologies! In my parish in Philadelphia a little child was departing. She had been sick all her days and a cripple. was noonday when she went, and, as the shadow of death gathered on her the shadow of death gathered on her eyelid she thought it was evening and time to go to bed, and so she said, "Good night, papa! Good night, mamma!" And then she was gone! It was "good night" to pain and "good night" to tears and "good night" to death and "good night" to earth, but it was "good morning" to Jesus—it was "good morning" to heaven. I can think of no cradle song more beautiful than

I next speak of Christ as the old man's song. Quick music loses its charm for the aged car. The school-girl asks for a schottish or a glee, but her grandmother asks for "Balerma" or the "Portuguese Hymn." Fifty years of trouble have tamed the spirit, and the keys of the music board must have a solemn tread. Though the voice may be tremulous, so that grandfather will not trust it in church, still he has the psalm book open before him, and he sings with his soul. He hums his grandchild asleep with the same tune he sang 40 years ago in the old country meeting house. Some day choir sings a tune so old that the young people do not know it, but it starts the tears down the cheek of the aged man, for it reminds him of the revival scene in which he participated and of the radiant faces that long since went to dust and of the gray-haired minister leaning over the pulpit and sounding the good tidings

of great joy. I was one Thanksgiving day in my pulpit in Syracuse, and Rev. Daniel Waldo, at 98 years of age, stood be-The choir sang a tune. side me. The choir sang a tune. I said, "I am sorry they sang that new tune; nobody seems to know it. "Bless you, my son," said the old man, "I heard that 70 years ago.

There was a song to-day that touched the life of the aged with holy fire and kindled a glory on their vision that your younger eyesight cannot see. It was the song of salvation-Jesus, who fed them all their lives long; Jesus, who wiped away their tears; Jesus, who stood by them when all else failed; Jesus, in whose name their marriage was consegrated and whose resurrection has poured light upon the graves of their de-"Do you know me?" the wife to her aged husband who was dying, his mind already having gone out. He said, "No." And the son said, "Father, do you know me?" He said, "No." The daughter said, "Father, do you know me? He said, "No." The minister of the gospel standing by said, "Do you know Jesus?" "Oh, yes," he said, know Jesus?" "I know him, 'chief among 10,000, Taking the suggestion of the text, the one altogether lovely! the Bible in which spectacled old age reads the promise, "I will never leave you, never forsake you!" Blessed the staff on which the wornout pilgrim totters on toward the welcome of his Redeemer!

I speak to you again of Jesus as the night song. Job speaks of him who giveth songs in the night. John Welch, the old Scotch minister, used to put a plaid across his bed on oold nights, and some one asked him why he put that there. He said, 'Oh, sometimes in the night I want to sing the praise of Jesus and to get down and pray. Then I take that plaid and wrap it around me to keep myself from the cold." Songs in the night! Night of trouble has come down upon many of you. Commercial losses put out one star, slanderous abuse puts out another star, domestic bereavement has put out 1,000 lights, and gloom has been added to gloom and chill to chill and sting to sting, and one midnight has seemed to borrow the fold from another midnight to wrap itself in more unbearable darkness, but Christ has spoken peace to your heart, and you

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour! Hide
Fill the storm of life is past,
Safe into the haven guide:
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the sick, who have no one to turn the hot pillow, no one to put the taper on the stand, no one to put ice on the temples or pour out the soothing anodyne or utter one cheerful word. Yet songs in the night! For the poor, who freeze in the winter's cold and swelter in the summer's heat and munch the hard crusts that bleed the sore gums and shiver under blankets that cannot any longer be patched and tremble because rent day is come and they may be set out on the sidewalk and looking into the starved face of the child and seeing famine there and death there, coming home from the bakery and saying in the presence of the little famished one, "Oh, my God, little famished one, "Oh, my God, flour has gone up!" Yet songs in the night! Songs in the night! For the widow who goes to get the back pay of her husband, slain by the sharpshooters, and knows it is the last help she will have, moving out of a comfortable home in desolation, death turning back from the exhaustdeath turning back from the exhausting cough and the pale cheek and the lusterless eye and refusing all relief. Yet songs in the night? Songs in the night? For the soldier in the field hospital, no surgeon to bind up the gunshot fracture, no water for the hot lips, no kind hand to brush away the flies from the fresh wound, no one to take the loving farewell, the groaning of others poured intehis own groan, the blasphemy of

others plowing up his own spirit, the condensed bitterness of dying away from home among strangers.
songs in the night! Songs is night! "Ah," said one dying soldier, "tell my mother that last night there was not one cloud between my soul and Jesus." Songs in the night! Songs in the night! I say once more Christ is the ever-lasting song. The very best singers sometimes get tired, the strongest, throats sometimes get weary, many who sang very sweetly do not sing now, but I hope by the grace of God we will after awhile go up and sing the praises of Christ where we will never be weary. You know there are some songs that are especially appropriate for the home circle. They stir the soul, they start tears, they turn the heart in on itself and keep sounding after the tune has stopped, like some cathe dral bell which, long after the tap of the brazen tongue has ceased, keeps throbbing on the air. Well, it will be a home song in heaven, all the sweeter because those who sang with us in the domestic circle on earth shall join that great harmony.

Jerusalem, my happy home, Name ever dear to me; When shall my labors have an end In joy and peace in thee?

On earth we sang harvest songs as the wheat came into the barn and the barracks were filled. You know there is no such time on a farm as when they get the crops in, and so in heaven it will be a harvest song, on the part of those who on earth sowed in tears and reaped in joy. Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let the sheaves come in!
Angels shout all through the heavens, and multitudes come down the hills 'Harvest home! Harvest

There is nothing more bewitching to one's ear than the song of sail-ors far out at sea, whether in day or night, as they pull away at the ropes—not much sense often in the words they utter, but the music is thrilling. So the song in heaven will be a sailor's song. They were voyagers once and thought they could never get to shore, and before they could get things snug and trim the cyclone struck them. But now they are safe. Once they went with damaged rigging, guns of distress pilot came aboard, and he brought them into the harbor. Now they sing of the breakers past, the light houses that showed them where to sail, the pilot that took them through the straits, the eternal shore on which they landed.

Aye, it will be the children's song, You know very well that the vast and it is estimated that sixteen thousan'l millions of the little ones are standing before God. When they shall rise up about the throne to sing, the millions and the millions of the little ones—ah, that will be music for you! These played in the streets of Babylon and Thebes; these plucked lilies from the foot of Olivet while Christ was preaching about them; these waded in Siloam; these were victims of Herod's massacre these were thrown to crocodiles or into the fire; these came up from Christian homes, and these were foundlings on the city commons-children everywhere in all that land, children the towers, children on the seas of glass, children on the battle ments. Ah, if you do not like chil dren, do not go there! in vast majority. And what a song when they lift it around about the

throne! The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in Thomas Hastings will be that song. Lowell Mason will be there. Peethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temples will be there. The 40,000 harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The 200 singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amid thrashing floors, shepherds who watched amid Chaldean hills, prophets who walked, with long beards and coarse ap-parel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song! It came to John upon Patmos, it came to Calvin in the prison, it dropped to Ridley in the fire, and sometimes that song has come to your ear, perhaps, for I really do think it sometimes breaks

over the battlements of heaven.

A Christain woman, the wife of a minister, was dying in the par-sonage near the old church, where on Saturday night the choir used to assemble and rehearse for the following Sabbath, and she said: "How strangely sweet the choir rehearses to-night. They have been rehearing there for an hour." "No," said some one an hour. No, said some one about her, "the choir is not rehearsing to-night." "Yes," she said, "I know they are. I hear them singing. How very sweetly they sing!" it was not a choir of earth that she neard, but the choir of heaven. I think that Jesus sometimes sets ajar the door of heaven, and a passage of that rapture greets our ears. The minstrels of heaven strike such a tremendous strain the walls of jasper

cannot hold it. I was reading of the battle of Agincourt, in which Henry V. figured, and it is said after the battle was won, gloriously won, the king wanted to acknowledge the divine interposition, and he ordered the chaplain to read the Psalm of David, and when he came to the words "Not unto us O Lord, but to thy name be the praise," the king dismounted, and all the cavhost, officers and men, threw them-selves on their faces. Oh, at the story of the Saviour's love and the Saviour's deliverance shall we not

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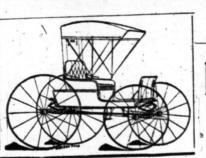
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