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 lof-ty peak overlooking the Yosemite valley and for his theme the vivid im-pressions awakened by his inspiring surroundings. The text is Psalm xlv, 4, "The 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 a 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 long, seventy-two mile drive to this Song, seventy-two mile drive to this wonderful place. It was a day passing Sescription and crowded with marvel-ous memories. Sometimes, during that long, twelve hours' ride, we could pick whole bouquets of wild flowers. The

whole bouquets of wild nowers. The flora of a luxuriant springitine was idding us welcome. Then the storm uds shut us in and the sun disap-red. Then, as we climbed up and the jeights of the Sierra Nordas, shive ed and shook, first in a rain-lyrm, ag. in in a hallstorm and then be blinding spoystorm. Our limbs blinding snowstorm. Our limbs imost stopped, but on and on and went until it drew near to the ag hour. Then the storm cleared God littled the curtains of the is, and suddenly the grandest view panoramaed before mortal eyes

mine.

There," said the driver, "is Yosem-Valley!" "Then," said I, "one of y dreams of my life is fulfilled." But bugh I have dreamed many wondered dreams, though I have seen many the wonder scenes of the world, lever dreamed of or saw a sight like at. Chaos and cosmos, love and hate d eauty and revolting hideousness, sum-aer and winter, hoary headed moun-cains with their snowcaps of spottess rewhite and with their limbs lined knee white and with their limbs lined knee deep in wild flowers; appalling precipices and lovers' attreats; roaring, rushing cataracts, with their "spirits of the evil winds," and rainbows playing smid the mists, and as passementaries coloring the nether robes of the different falls; repulsions and fascinations—ad seemed to be there. They were stretching out their hands toward me and calling, "Come, brother, come and it at my feet. Come, and I will hard three storn yonder ciffs and upon they poor mangied body I will let the vultained and the wild beasts hanquet. Come, and I will show thee sights and wonders of which thou hast never conceived. Come, some!" Amid 16,000 diffesent voices in the great chorus. "Come, come, conse!" Amid 16,000 diffesent voices in the great chorus. "Come, come, conse!" Amid 16,000 diffesent voices in the great chorus. "Come, come, conse!" Law the calls as from great squading boards. "Come: Come! Come! Breat those strange, weird, conflicting voices calling me. Oh, the many canotone 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 ciffs 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 paradislacal gates of pearl were opening for my celestial entrance. Michael Angelic painted both heaven and hell in one picture, Yosemite Valley is a "Last Indement". deep in wild flowers; appalling preci-

one picture, Yosemite Valley is a "Last Judgment." b

Everywhither I turned joy and sorrow, peace and anguish, happiness and terror, celestial Gabriels and demoniac Frankensteins, white winged hopes and raven garmented messengers of de-spair, side by side as cliff dwellers, were inhabiting the dark caverns of

those rocks, or were waving to me from those dizzy heights, or were hovering under those tents of snow 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 worshiping suppliants within at prayer and saying, "These robes, O weeping mortals, are for you as soon as your earth-

tals, are for you as soon as your earth-ly work is done and you shall come to dwell with Christ forever."

ly work is done and you shall come to dwell with Christ forever."

Here the rocks seemed to be great avalanches of snow or overtopping glaclers 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 belened 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 unscalable heights erected as walls about a huge prison for lost souls. While there, again, a sin Sentinel rock, they seemed to be signal stationa, lifting themselves high above the clouds to put us in touch with other worlds and with God? Thus these walls the clouds to put us in touch with other worlds and with God! Thus these walls of rook, these fortresses of rock, these mighty obelisks and pyramids of rook, these great sheets of rock upon which God had registered the histories of the ages, seemed to be ebject lessons. It was as though the Creator had opened his treasure vaults just a little that we might peer in and see his unlimited resources. The psalmist's words, spoken thousands of years ago, were my words in the darkness of that night, and they are my words how. "The strength of are my words now, "The strength of the hills," or, as the revised version puts it, "The heights of the hills are his also."

puts it, "The heights of the hills are his also."

As I climbed the awful, dizzy 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 leoked 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 green snake, beautuft, but green. Its surface 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 mile I kept looking down no to that awful precipice—looking down not nallisted on deep that I second to mile Then, while I kept looking down into that awful precipics—looking down into that awful precipics—looking down a palisade so deep that I seemed to be looking into space itself—a still small voice Seemed to talk to me. When God called to Samuel, he called at night. To me, standing there upon the pulpit of Glacier Point, it seemed that he called in the daytime. That voice was so real to my imagination that I turned to my wife and asked, "Wene you speaking?" "No; did you hear any one talking?" she replied. "Yes," I answered; "I thought I heard a visice and that it must be the voice of the Lord."

Tes, I answered, "I thought I heard a vaice and that it must be the voice of the Lord."

Then the mysterious voice seemed to address me in these words: "When you go 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 east you can see the sunbeams of the carly moraing burning themselves into the golden auggets of many orange orchards. You can hear the mowing machines fighting their way through the havest fields at your feet. But remember underneath you is the same rock, the same depths of rock, the same immensities of rock you now see from Glaciar Point in Yosemite Valley. Remember, O man, that I put those rocks underneath thee that the waters of the Pacific might be an aquarium for thee and that the fields might feed thee and that the public reads. for thee and that the fields might feed thee and that thy 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 Point it seemed to speak to me of the

divine love when I stood in old Yosem But the heights of the hills and the depths of the valleys of Yosemite teach more than the ever present, sustaining 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 anciest lexandria and Nineven and Babylon. We have heard that these ancient becks were so many that in Alexandre alone it took six months to destroy part 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 stone exhumed from amid the ruins of were to me libraries of the past cen-turies and of the millenniums. You

stone shumed from amid the ruins of an ancient Troy. He is looking at a greater library than all the books of Nineveh, Babylon or 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 Valley do not teach us that God as an author has been living centuries and allienniums. turies upon centuries and millenniums upon millenniums ago and that he will also live and work through the cen-

and he and work through the cen-turies and the millenniums to come, then I say the Yosemite 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, 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

Mariposa Grove, which grows just outside of this valley and practically inder the shadow of El Capitan, as living orators teach the eternal pur poses and workings of the Divine Fa poses 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 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," "Haverford," "Mariposa," "Wawona." "Callfornia," "Telescope," "The Three Graces," are some of the modern names given to these famous trees. Some of given to these famous trees. Some of them are over 300 feet tall. One is 194 feet in circumference and 33 feet fro side to side. Ope 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 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 tourists. So huge, so gigan ic is "Old Grizziy" 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 felt its size almost passed human concep-

under this nuge monster it lifted itself so high and so wide that I felt its size almost passed human conception. Why, a wart on one of "Old Grizzly's" checks would be large enough to be used for an Indian wiswam. A goler on his neck would be big enough to house a whole family of white folks and give to them a cellar, parlor and bedroom floors, attle and a cupola besides. And ke myriads of 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 torreadoes have they defield What strength of a thousand Herculeses is in these from backbones! What unconquerable beights have they! What forest fires have they endured! But, after all, the most impressive fact to me about these trees is not they great that

Grizziy's" cheeks would be large enough to be used for an Indian wigward. A gol er on his neck would be big enough to house a whole family of white folks and give to them a cellar, parlor and bedroom floors, attle and a cupola besides. And ke myrials of roois are almost smough to fence in the fields of an erdmary farm.

The trees of Mariposa Grove, grand old veterans are they? No other living warrfors have fought so many battles. What mignity tornedoes have they defied! What strength of a thousand Herculeses is in these tree have they defied! What strength of a thousand Herculeses is in these tree have they what forest fires have they! What forest fires have they endured! But, after all, the most impressive faot to me about these trees is not their great girth nor their great is not their great girth nor their great is hut hat they are hiving frees. They are not mummified trees found among the cometeries of deed trees. What is the greatest faot that impresses you about the big trees? I asked a gentleman. "That they are alive, for the sphinx of the Egyptian Jesset, but you can fell in the lades have been burned by forcest fires. In the Haverford tree the wood burned out of one side has left a cavity large enough to shelfer from the great when you work a better man, because the Christs of the Nazarene twenty horses or head of cattle from the control of the Christs of the Nazarene twenty horses or head of cattle from the control of the Christs of the Nazarene twenty horses or head of cattle from the control of the Christs of the Nazarene twenty horses or head of cattle from the control of the Christs of the Nazarene twenty horses or head of cattle from the control of cattle from the control of the Christs of the Nazarene twenty horses or head of cattle from the control of the Christs of the Nazarene twenty horses or head of cattle from the control of the cattle 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 tree is alive. The great Telescope tree had forest fires eat into its sides and had forest ares eat 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 allye and still grow-ing. The six hundred trees of Mari-

sa Grove are emphatically alive. As I stood with uncovered head amid he huge trees of Mariposa Grove "Old trizzly," the greatest of the group, if Grizzly," the greatest of the group, if he could have spoken might have sald: "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 or hear though they may live to be as eld as Methuselah. My ears have heard the birth cries and the seath ratiles not of generations, but of species. When I had been living theusends of years I heard the click of the trowels and the groanings of the machinery that lifted the rocks and laid the capsione 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 Judgea. I whave seen. Athens rise in her power and the Grecian scuiptors 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 call was heard among the hills or the grizzly bear growled at the Indians who afterward took their name I lived. Grizzly," he could have spoken might have said

Tiny Babies

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

mother's milk. Write for a FREE SAM-PLE-enough for 8 meals. THE LEEMING, MILES CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL.

Though I have lived at least 5,000 years in the past, I am living still. Furthermore, I will continue to live centuries upon centuries after your volce has died away. I shall speak to your great-gre do not preach to us the eternal pur-poses of God er of God working 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 night. If the trées 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 wondermest upon some of the vases or the household pottery used by the American or Marican aborgines. You say, "They were heated in first thousands of years ago." heated in fires thousands of years ago."
Yes, but have you ever stopped to think
when the fires were lighted by the
hands of God which hardened yonder
rocks? - Have you ever stopped to
reckon how old must have been these
pencils of ice which wrote yonder
chapters upon those hillsides and
which, millenniums ago, as glacters,
ollehed those walls until today they polished those walls until to-day they reflect the light of the rising sun as burnished mirrors? Can you see with naked eye the star as a signal fire ourning on the picket line at the far thermost outer edge of all stars? you, at a mere haphazard guess, state the direct distance between this earth and that star? Can you go up and up in imagination until you see the zenith for a footstool and the nadir for a bright jewel in your coronet. Then, it

bright jewel in your coronet. Then, it you can, you may estimate how long it took God, in his eternal purpose, to produce younder rocks and how long that eternal purpose shall live after the Yosemita Valley itself shall be gremated in the furnace of the carth's last configgration. If these rocks teach us that thousands and militions of years in

home and my own work, a better man, because the Christ of the Nazarene actions, he cannot altogether 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 She Cured Her Stomach Troubles by Using Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets,

How many people are simply "troubled with their stomachs." They hardly recognize their complaint under the pretentious title of Dyspepsia, but they do know beyond a doubt that they have hours of discomfort and 'that the stomach is the cause. To those 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,

LATER YOUNG

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 mo tionless on the table whose inclination s but slight.

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



MAKING THE GLASS SLIDE.

vill then start to move, as if under the influence of some mysterious mechan

sm. This is what takes place: The air co tained in the glass at the commence-ment of the test expands under the in-fluence of the heat and raises it slightly, but the water with which the edges have been wet prevents its escape, and the glass, no longer resting directly up-on the marble, but upon a thin film of water, slides down the incline of the

CAKE SHOP.

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 louse on a rainy afternoon or in the evening when you have a party of your little friends present. There is elenty 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.

and call in the buyer. She, not know ing which child will respond, oalls out, perhaps, "I want some jelly cake!" and the one in the circle who is "jelly cake" runs 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 voice comes from or who gave it power 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 gard the still, small voice which is always with him and which someti 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 Occoocoo, 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 game for their first Thanksgiving spread heard the Occoocoo calling in the familiar tones of our domest in the familiar tones of our domesticated 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.

would taste as sweet.

"Well, Glen," said Mrs. White 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 begin today.
But now what troubles me is thist
I 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.

BLACK, MIXED or Sealed Packets Only NATURAL GREEN 60, 50, 40, 30, & 25c a LB-

No place is sacred to the rat. From a 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 ele 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 the rhinoceros, too, for regularly the keepers used to find flattened rats where the rhinoceros had been lying

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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 head ache billiousness and stomach disache, biliousness and stomach dis-orders. No griping pains, 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 natur

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 night all the summer time, and even the robin that gathers the early worm for his breakfast from your garden will show fight when anothe 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 year previous.

THAT PALE, TIRED GIRL

She is in society, in business, at She is in society, in business, at home, everywhere you see her, but always worn and fatigued. She has not heard of Ferrozone or she would be perfectly well. How quickly sit strengthens — what an appetite it gives—what a glow it brings to pal-lid cheeks! The nutriment contained. lid cheeks! The nutriment contained 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 w, "you ought to go and see the ne 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.

Somewhat Mixed. married was very nervous and while asking for information as to how he must act put the question, "Is it kissomary to cus the bride?"-Brooklyn ----

A SUCCESSFUL HORSEMAN

Never allows his horse to suffer Never allows his horse to suffer pain. He always uses Nerviline, which is noted for curing stiffness, rheamatism, swellings and strains. Nerviline is just as good inside as outside. For cramps, colic, 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 1809, copies of the Canadian Almanac for the years 1885 to 1896, a bound volume of The Globe for the years 1876-7-8-8, old maps of Hamilton and Ottawa, and one of the C. P. R., showing the original proposed route between Montreal and Winnipeg. THIS MEDICINE IS BREATHED

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 "Catarrhozone" to fill, as any dootor 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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ONE WAY TRIP, THURSDAY, leaving Chatham 9.30 a.m., returning leave Detroit. Friday 9.00 a.m. Chatham 'ime or 8.00 a.m. Detroit time. Single Tickets, 50 Gents Return, 60 Cents. JOHN ROBKE, Capo

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'The YELLOWSTONE, NATIONAL PARK

Is something absolutely unique in this world."-

The popular route to this delightful spot, is via Union Pacific to Monida, thence by stage to all points in the park. The stage ride from Mo-

nida, by the splendid Concord Coaches of the Monida & Yellowstone Stage Co., through scenery hardly inferior to the bark itself.

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