



For the Spring

Every bit of waste matter your body contains is forming germs constantly. These germs operate on your system until it becomes so weak that you contract fever. What you require is Powley's Liquefied Ozone. If you are at all indisposed, the condensed oxygen will prevent the germ attack and rest your body's organs until they get healthy.

T. WALTON, 23 Beaton Street, Toronto, says:

I have used your Ozone for many ailments and have found it a great benefit, having, after the use of one large bottle, found myself as fresh and vigorous as ever. It seems to put new life into one's system. One thing I must say, it is a sure cure for inflammation of the eyes, having tried almost every well-known remedy for two months. After one week's treatment of Ozone, I found a vast difference, and can now see as well as ever.

50c and \$1.00 a bottle at all of Toronto druggists. Write the Ozone Co. of Toronto, Limited, 48 Colborne St., Toronto, if you want any information regarding the preparation. Your communications are confidential, and will receive prompt attention.

Powley's Liquefied Ozone.

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Choice Millinery for the 24th

We have the most popular style of hats for this season. Also some very fine Straw Braid.

One special line of Trimmed Hats, in all colors, trimmed with silk chiffon lace, velvet ribbon, buckles and flowers, very choice for the 24th of May, at \$3.00.

C. A. COOKSLEY

Opp. Market

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.

AMUSEMENTS OF LIFE

"Let the Young Men Now Arise and Play Before Us."

HEALTHFUL AND HARMFUL SPORT

Dr. Talmage Says the Amusements of Life Are Merely the Orchestra Playing While the Great Tragedy of Life Goes Through Its Five Acts—Infancy, Childhood, Manhood, Old Age and Death.

Washington, May 19.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is in accord with all innocent hilarities, while it reprehends amusements that belittle or deprave; text, II Samuel ii, 14, "Let the young men now arise and play before us."

There are two armies encamped by the pool of Gibeon. The time hangs heavily on their hands. One army proposes a game of sword fencing. Nothing could be more healthful and innocent. The other army accepts the challenge. Twelve men against 12 men, the sport opens. But something went awry. Perhaps one of the swordsmen got an unlucky clip or in some way had his ire aroused and that which opened in sportfulness ended in violence, each one taking his contestant by the hair and with the sword thrusting him in the side, so that that which opened in innocent fun ended in the massacre of all the 24 sportsmen. Was there ever a better illustration of what was true then and is true now—that that which is innocent may be made destructive?

What of a worldly nature is more important and strengthening and innocent than amusement, and yet what has counted more victims? I have no sympathy with a straight-jacket religion. This is a very bright world to me, and I propose to do all I can to make it bright for others. I never could keep step to a dead march. A book years ago issued says that a Christian man has a right to some amusements. For instance, if he comes home at night weary from his work, and feeling the need of recreation, puts on his slippers and goes into his garret and walks lively round the floor several times there can be no harm in it. I believe the church of God made a great mistake in trying to suppress the sportfulness of youth and drive out from men their love of amusement. If God had implanted anything in us, he implanted this desire. But instead of providing for this demand of our nature the church of God has for the main part ignored it. As in a riot the mayor plants a battery at the end of the street and has it fired off, so that everything is cut down that happens to stand in the range, the good as well as the bad, so there are men in the church who plant their battery of condemnation and fire away indiscriminately. Everything is condemned. But Paul the apostle commands those who use the world without abusing it, and in the natural world God has done everything to please and amuse us. In poetic figure we sometimes speak of natural objects as being in pain, but it is a mere fancy. Poets say the clouds weep, but they never shed a tear, and that the winds sigh, but they never did have any trouble, and that the storm howls, but it never lost its temper. The world is a rose and the universe a garland.

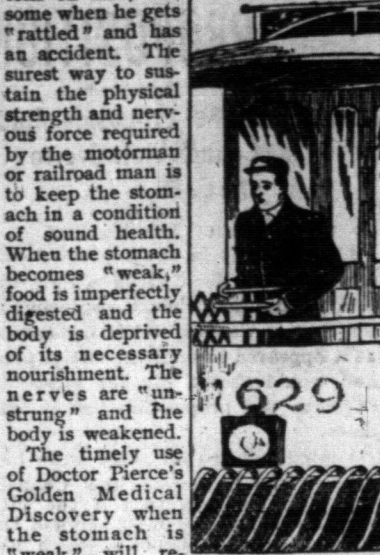
And I am glad to know that in all our cities there are plenty of places where we may find elevated moral entertainment. But all honest men and good women will agree with me in the statement that one of the worst things in their nations is corrupt amusement. Multitudes have gone down under the blasting influence never to rise. If we may judge of what is going on in many of the places of amusements by the pictures on board fences and in many of the show windows, there is not a much lower depth of profligacy to reach. At Naples, Italy, they keep such pictures locked up from indiscriminate inspection. Those pictures were humped from Pompeii and are not fit for public gaze. If the effrontery of bad places of amusement in hanging out improper advertisements of what they are doing night by night grows worse in the same proportion, in 50 years some of our modern cities will beat Pompeii.

I remark, in the first place, that you can judge of the moral character of any amusement by its healthful result or by its baneful reaction. There are people who seem made up of hard facts. They are a combination of multiplication tables and statistics. If you show them an exquisite picture they will begin to discuss the pigments involved in the coloring. If you show them a beautiful rose they will submit it to a botanical analysis, which is only the post mortem examination of a flower. They have no rebound in their nature. They never do anything more than smile. There are no great tides of feeling surging up from the depths of their soul in billow after billow of reverberating laughter. They seem as if nature had built them by contract and made a bungling job out of it. But, blessed be God, there are people in the world who have bright faces and whose nature is a song, an anthem, a psalm of victory. Even their troubles are like the vine that crawl up the side of a great tower on the top of which the sunlight sits and the soft airs of summer hold perpetual carnival. They are the people you like to have come to your house; they are the people I like to have come to my house. If you but touch the hem of their garments you are healed.

Now, it is these exuberant and sympathetic and warm-hearted people that are most tempted to pernicious amusements. In proportion as a ship is swift it wants a strong helmsman, in proportion as a horse is swift it wants a stout driver, and

"Don't Speak

To the motorman," is a sign to be seen on the front platform of many cars. It is his thought, all his energy and all his strength to pilot his car through crowded streets. The strain "battled" and has



When the stomach becomes "weak," food is imperfectly digested and the system is deprived of its necessary nourishment. The nerves are "unstrung" and digestion and nutrition, nourishes the nerves and purifies the blood.

"I suffered for four years with pain in my stomach so that at times I could not eat," writes Mr. Frank Smith, of Granite, Chaffee Co., Colo. "I wrote to you about my ailment and you told me your medicine, which I did with good results. I only used two bottles of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and must say that I am entirely cured, and feel like a new man, and I can highly recommend your medicine to any suffering."

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay for postage and mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

These people of exuberant nature will do well to look at the reaction of all their amusements. If an amusement sends you home at night nervous, so that you cannot sleep, and you rise up with the morning not because you are slept out, but because your duty drags you from your slumbers, you have been where you ought not to have been. There are amusements that send a man day to day to work with his eyes bloodshot, yawning, stupid, nauseated, and they are wrong kinds of amusement. They are entertainments that give a man disgust with the drug-gery of life, with tools because they are of romance and thrilling adventure, like that takes poison and shoots itself, moonlight adventures and hairbreadth escapes, you may depend upon it that you are the sacrificed victim of unsanctified pleasures. Our recreations are intended to build us up, and if they pull us down as to our moral or as to our physical strength you may come to the conclusion that they are obnoxious.

There is nothing more depraving than attendance upon amusements that are full of innuendo and low suggestion. The young man enters. At first he sits far back, with his hat on and his eyes closed, fearful that somebody there may know him. Several nights pass on. He takes off his hat earlier and puts his coat collar down. The blush that first came into his cheek when he entered the place, now comes no more to his cheek. Farewell, young man! You have probably started on the long road which ends in consummate destruction. The stars of hope will go out one by one until you will be left in utter darkness.

Still further, those amusements are wrong which lead you into expenditure beyond your means. Money spent in recreation is not a loss. It is all folly for us to come from a place of amusement feeling that we have wasted our money and time. You may say it has made an investment worth more than the transaction that yielded you him hundreds of thousands of dollars. But how many properties have been riddled by costly amusements.

I saw a beautiful home, where the bell rang violently late at night. The son had been off in sinful indulgence. His comrades were bringing him

home. They carried him to the door. They rang the bell at 1 o'clock in the morning. Father and mother came down. They were waiting for the wandering son, and then the comrades as soon as the door was opened threw the prodigal headlong into the doorway, crying: "There he is, drunk as a fool! Ha, ha!" When men go into amusements that they cannot afford, they first borrow what they cannot earn, and then they steal what they cannot borrow. First they go into embezzlement and then into lying and then into theft, and when a man gets as far on as that he does not stop short of the penitentiary. There is not a prison in the land where there are not victims of unsanctified amusements.

Merchant, is there a disarrangement in your accounts? Is there a leakage in your money drawer? Did not the cash account come out right last night? I will tell you. There is a young man in your store wandering off into bad amusements. The salary you give him may meet lawful expenditures, but not the sinful indulgences in which he has entered, and he takes by theft that which you do not give him in lawful salary.

How brightly the path of unrestrained amusement opens! The young man says: "Now I am off for the good time. Never mind economy. I'll get money somehow. What a fine road! What a beautiful day for a ride! Crack the whip, and over the top! Come, boys, fill high your glasses. Drink! Long life, health, plenty of rides just like this!" Hard-working men hear the clatter of the hoofs and look up and say: "Why, I wonder where those fellows get their money from. We have to toil and drudge. They do nothing. To these men life is a thrill and excitement. They stare at other people and in turn are stared at. The watch chain jingles. The cup foams. The cheeks flush. The eyes flash. The midnight hours hear their gut-faw. They swagger. They jostle decent men off the sidewalk. They take the name of God in vain. They parody the hymn they learned at their mother's knee, and to all pictures of coming disaster they cry out, 'Who cares?' and to the counsel of some Christian friend, 'Who are you?'

Your sports are merely means to an end. They are alleviations and helps. The arm of toil is the only arm strong enough to bring up the bucket out of the deep well of pleasure. Amusement is only the bower where business and philanthropy rest while the day's way to stirring achievements. Amusements are merely the vines that grow about the anvil of toil and the blossoming of the hammers. Alas for the man who spends his life in laboriously doing nothing, his days in hunting up lounging places and loungers, his nights in seeking out some gaudy foolery! The man who always has a game in the pocket and is ready to hunt for game in the mountains of fish in the brook, with no time to pray or work or read, is not so well off as the greyhound that runs by his side or the thrifty bait with which he whips the stream. A man who plays if God had intended us to do nothing but laugh he would not have given us shoulders with which to lift and hands with which to work and brains with which to think. The amusements of life are merely the orchestra playing while the great tragedy of life plunges through its five acts—infancy, childhood, manhood, old age and death. Then exit the last curtain, and the over-whelming realities of an eternal world."

I go further and say that all these amusements are wrong which lead into bad company. If you go to any place where you have to associate with the intemperate, with the unclean, with the dissipated, however well they may be dressed, in the name of God quit it. They will debase your nature. They will undermine your moral character. They will drop you when you are destroyed. They will not give you one cent to support your children when you are dead. They will weep not one tear at your burial.

I was summoned to the deathbed of a friend. I hastened. I entered the room. I found him, to my surprise, lying in full everyday dress on the top of the couch. I put out my hand. He grasped it excitedly and said, "Sit down, Mr. Talmage, right there. I sat down, my mother, who has died dead 20 years, and she sat just where you sit now. It was no dream. I was wide awake. There was no delusion in the matter. I saw her just as plainly as I see you. With me, I wish you would take these strings off me. There are strings all around my body. I wish you would take them off me." I saw it was delirium. "Oh," replied his wife, "my dear, there is nothing there, there is nothing there." He went on and said: "Just where you sit, Mr. Talmage, my mother sat. She said to me, 'Henry, I do wish you would do better.' I got out of bed, put my arms around her and said: 'Mother, I want to do better. I have been trying to do better. Won't you help me? Do better? You used to help me. No mistake about it, no delusion. I saw her—the cap and the apron and the spectacles, just as she used to look 20 years ago. But I do wish you would take these strings away. They annoy me so! I can hardly talk. Won't you take them away?' I knelt down and prayed, and was conscious of the fact that he did not realize what I was saying. I got up. I said: 'Good-bye. I hope you will be better soon.' He said, 'Good-bye, good-bye.'"

That night his soul went up to the God who gave it. Arrangements were made for the obsequies. Some said: "Don't bring him in the church; he is too dissolute." "Oh," I said, "bring him in. He was a good friend of mine while he was alive, and I shall stand by him now that he is dead. Bring him to the church."

As I sat in the pulpit and saw his body coming up through the aisle I felt as if I could weep tears of blood.

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"SALADA"

Ceylon Green Tea while of the same flavor as Japan is much more delicious and is absolutely pure. It is as far ahead of Japan tea as "SALADA" black is ahead of all other black teas.

I told the people that day: "This man had his virtues, and a good many of them. He had his faults, and a good many of them. But if there is any man in this audience who is without sin, let him cast the first stone at this coffin lid." On one side the pulpit sat that little child, rosy, sweet faced, as beautiful as any little child that sat at your table this morning. I warrant you. She looked up wistfully, not knowing the full sorrows of an orphan child.

"Oh, her countenance haunts me today, like some sweet face looking upon us through a horrid dream. On the other side of the pulpit were the men who had destroyed him. They sat, hand visaged, some of them pale from exhausting disease, some of them flushed until it seemed as if the fires of iniquity flamed through the cheek and crackled the lips. They were the men who had done the work. They were the men who had bound him hand and foot. They had kindled the fires. They had poured the wormwood and gall into that orphan's cup. Did they weep? No. Did they sigh repentingly? No. Did they say, 'What a pity that such a brave man should be slain?' No, no; not one bloated hand was lifted to wipe away a tear from a bloated cheek. They sat and looked at the coffin like vultures gazing at the carcass of a lamb whose heart they had ripped out. I cried in their ears as plainly as I could, 'There are a God and a judgment day.' Did they tremble? Oh, no, no. They went back from the house of God, and that night, though their victim lay in Oakwood cemetery, I was told that they blasphemed, and they drank, and they gambled, and there was not one less custom in all the houses of iniquity. This destroyed man was a Samson in physical strength, but Delilah sheared him, and the Philistines of evil companionship dug his eyes out and threw him into the prison of evil habits. Back in the hour of his death he rose up and took hold of the two pillars of curses of God against drunkenness and uncleanness and threw himself forward until down upon him looked the companions there came the thunders of an eternal catastrophe.

Again, any amusement that gives you a distaste for domestic life is bad. How many bright domestic circles have been broken up by sinful amusements! The father went off, the mother went off, the child went off. There are to-day fragments before me of blasted households. Oh, if you have wandered away, I would like to charm you back by the sound of that one word, "home." Do you not know that you have but little more time to give to domestic welfare? Do you not see, father, that your children are soon to go out into the world, and all the influence for good you are to have over them you must have now? Death will break in on your conjugal relations, and alas if you have to stand over the grave of one who perished from your neglect.

Ah, my friends, there is an hour coming when our past life will probably pass before us in review. It will be our last look at it from our death pillow. We have to look back and see a life spent in sinful amusement, there will be a dart that will strike through our soul sharper than the dagger with which Virginus slew his child. The memory of the past will make us quake like Macbeth. The iniquities of rioting through which we have passed will come upon us, weird and skeleton as Meg Merrilies. Death, the Old Shylock, will demand and take the remaining drop of flesh and the remaining drop of blood, and upon our last opportunity for repentance and our last chance for heaven the curtain will drop forever.

Sheldon's Opinion. Leamington, Ont., May 20. — Mr. Sheldon states that for two years he unsuccessfully sought a remedy to cure his son of Catarrh, but permanent results were not attained until Catarrhzone was used. It cured his little boy like magic, and he has been quite free from Catarrh ever since. Catarrhzone cures all forms of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Throat Irritation, Coughs and Colds. No remedy like it. Quick to relieve, pleasant to use, guaranteed to cure. Clears throat and nose at one breath. Try Catarrhzone, 25 cents and \$1. Druggists or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

APHIL ADMIRATION. "Say, that girl in a pink hat is as pretty as a peach." "Oh, prettier than that; she's as pretty as a peach-tree in full bloom."

Doctored Nine Years for Tetter. — Mr. James Gaston, merchant, of Wilkesbarre, Pa., writes: "For nine years I have been disfigured with Tetter on my hands and face. At last I have found a cure in Dr. Agnew's Ointment. It helped me from the first application, and now I am permanently cured."—135 Sold by J. W. McLaren, Chatham.

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Fourteen Young Women

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Young people are foolish to spend the best part of their lives learning Latin, French and the dead languages, when a few months spent in our Commercial or Shorthand Department will fit them to earn salaries like the above. Eighty-seven per cent. of all our students who have written on the examinations of the Business Educators' Association of Canada this year have been successful. Send for Catalogue. H. T. GOUGH, Principal.

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