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Thousands of premising young men have their lives and future usefulness wacked by early indiscretion and private discases. Self Abuse is a terrible habit. The symptoms, until cured, are portrayed or the counterance and in the actions of the vitum if neglected or improperly treated, other organs become affected, and sooner or later impotency or complete Loss of Manhood is the result. Our New Method Treatment will recitively cure these diseases.

ALMOST A SUICIDE-A VICTOR TESTIFIES.

ALMOST A SUICIDE—A Wewen to the wantyfourth street, says: 'I dirlike n 'oriety, but
give this testimony for Drs. Kennedy & Kargan to publish in gratitude to the noble work
done for me by them. I was a physical and
nervous wreek. Belf-abuse was the comresonement of my downfail. At the age of 23
d by reading the "Golden Minitor." I dreaded
dd not face them with my disgrace. I had Var
with dictors in New York, Chicago, Boston and

in my city; I could not face them with the constant of the con

Consultation, Free Books Free. Call or write for Question Blank for Home Treatment, No care, no pay. 16 years in Detroit—160,000 cured.

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If you have this awful disease you are in danger until completely cured; the various syou notice should be a warning to take immediate treatment. Don't put it off until too late, as it continually gets worse. If you have sore throat, patches on tongue or mouth, swollen glands, hair falling out, blotches on body, itching skin, or other signs of mouth, swollen glands, hair falling out, blotches on body, itching skin, or other signs of this awful disease, call on us. We give you a written guarantes to cure you by our LAT-EST METHOD TREATMENT without Mercury or Potassium, and You Pay When Cured. Each time you call you see Dr. Goldberg personally, who has 18 Diplomas, certificates and lieenses received from the various colleges, hospitals and States, which testify to his standing and abilities.

The original testimonials can be seen at our office; \$500.00 reward for any we cannot show: at request of patients we publish only the initials.

The original testimonials can be seen at our office; \$500.00 reward for a we cannot show; at request of patients we publish only the initials.

I am improving every day. I notice if I cut or scratch myself the sore will heal up. I hope you will not stop treating me as long as there is a sign of that terrible disease. I am more alraid of it than death. I believe you have that terrible disease. I feel so thankful to you for the good you the right medicine for the disease. I feel so thankful to you for the good you have done me; I was a perfect wreck when I came to you, and was on the have done me; I was a perfect wreck when I came to you, and was on the verge of suicide. To make a sure thing I would like to continue a while longer, so that it will not return.

Very respectfully yours,

May 21 1900.

Your treatment has helped me wonderfully.

Nov. 18, 1899.

CASE M. 248,116.

I have confidence in you as a doctor, for you help

R. F. M.

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I am happy to say that your medicines helped my trouble in

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THE RISEN SAVIOUR.

A Beautiful Discourse on the Easter Festival.

DOCTRINE OF THE RESURRECTION

Doctrine Which None Can Answer-Three or Four Thing. About the Resurrected Body Which Are Beyond

Washington, April 7. - The great Christian festival celebrated in all the churches is the theme of Dr. Talmage's discourse; I Corinthians xv, 20, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits

of them that slept."
On this glorious Easter morning, amid the music and the flowers, I give you Christian salutation. This morning Russian meeting Russian on the streets of St. Petersburg hails him with the salutation, "Christ is risen!" and is answered by his friend in salutation, "He is risen indeed!" In some parts of England and Ireland to this very day there is the superstition that on Easter morning the sun dances in the heav-ens. And well may we forgive such a superstition, which illustrates the fact that the natural world seems to sympathize with the spiritual.

Hail, Easter morning! Flowers!
Flowers! All of them a-voice, all of them a-tongue, all of them full of speech to-day. F bend over one of the lilies, and I hear it say, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." I bend over a rose, and it seems to whisper, 'I am the rose of And then I stand and listen. From all sides there comes the chorus of flowers, saying, "If God so clothed the grass of the field which to-day is and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not

much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?' Flowers! Flowers! Braid them into the bride's hair. Flowers! Flowers! Strew them over the Flowers! graves of the dead, sweet prophecy of the resurrection. Flowers! Flow-ers! Twist them into a garland for my Lord Jesus on Easter morning, and "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be." The women came to the Saviour's tomb, and they dropped spices all around the tomb, and those spices were the seed that began to grow, and from them came

all the flowers of this Easter morn. The two angels robed in white took old of the stone at the Saviour's tomb, and they hurled it with such force down the hill that it crushed in the door of the world's sepulcher and the stark and the dead must come forth. I care not how labyrinthine the mausoleum or how costly the sarcophagus or however beautifully parthem all broken up by the Lord of he is buried to-day in yonder co the resurrection. They must come out. Father and mother—they must

come out. Brother and sister-they must come out. Our darling childs ferent parts of the body be re-on-ren—they must come out. The eyes tructed in the resurrection? How is that we closed with such trembling that possible?" fingers must open again in the radiance of that morn. The arms we folded in dust must join ours in an embrace of reunion. The voice that was hushed in our dwelling must be returned. Oh, how long some of you seem to be waiting for the resurrection! And for these broken hearts to-day I make a soft, cool

tandage out of Easter flowers. This morning I find in the risen Christ a prophecy of our own resur-Christ a prophecy of our own resur-rection, my text setting forth the idea that as Christ has risen so his people will rise. He, the first sheaf of the resurrection harvest. He, "the first fruits of them that slept." Before I get through this morning I will walk through all the ceme-teries of the dead, through all the country graveyards, where your loved ones are buried, and I will pluck off these flowers, and I will drop a sweet promise of the gospela rose of hope, a lily of joy-on every tomb-the child's tomb, the husband's tomb, the wife's the father's grave, the mother's grave. And while we celebrate the resurrection of Christ we will at the same time celebrate the resurrection of all the good. "Christ, the first

fruits of them that slept." If I should come to you and ask you for the names of the great conquerers of the world, you would say Alexander, Caesar, Philip, Napoleon I. Ah, you have forgotten to mention the name of a greater conqueror than all these—a cruel, ghastly conqueror. He rode on a black horse across Waterloo and Chalons and Atlanta, the bloody hoofs crushing the hearts of pations. It is the conthe hearts of nations: It is the con-queror Death. He carries a black flag, and he takes no prisoners. He

digs a trench across the hemisphers, and fills it with the carcasses of nations. Fifty times would the world have been depopulated had not God kept making new generations. Fifty times would the world have been swung. lifeless through the air—no man on the mountain, no man on the sea, an abandoned ship plowing through immensity. Again and again has he done this work with all generations. He is a monarch as well as a conqueror; his palace a sepulcher; his fountains the falling tears of a world. Blessed be God! In the light of this Easter morning I see the prophecy that his scentre In the light of this Easter morning I see the prophecy that his sceptre shall be broken, and his palace shall be demolished. The hour is coming when all who are in their graves shall come forth. Christ risen, we shall rise. Jesus, "the first fruits of them that slept."

Now, around this doctrine of the resurrection there are a great many mysteries. You come to me and say. If the bodies of the dead are to be raised, how is this and how is that?

The Weak Spot.

waitresses are in attendance, your note now and again some young woman put her hand to her back, and straighten herself up, while her lips are tightened as if by pain. It's backache. Yet all day long she must be on her feet, lifting, carrying, hurrying.

hurrying.

That weak spot, the back, can be made strong by the use of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures the woman diseases which cause headache backache, sideache, nervousness and sleeplessness. It makes weak women strong and sick women

"Favorite Preabsolutely free from opium, co-caine and all other narcotics.

marcotics.

"I wrote you for advice February 4th, 1896," writes Mrs.
Loma Halstead, of Claremore, Cherokee Nat, Ind. Ty, "I was racking with pain from the back of my head down to my heels. Had hemorrhage for weeks at a time, and was unable to sit up for ten minutes at a time. You answered my letter, advised me to use your valuable medicines, viz., Dr. Pierce's Pavorite Prescription, 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets, "also gave advice about injections, baths and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman, and have not had the backache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day at hard work."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser in paper

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And you ask me a thousand ques tions I am incompetent to answer But there are a great many things you believe that you are unable to explain. You would be a very foolish man to say, "I won't believe anything I can't understand." Why, putting down one kind of flower eed, comes there up this flower of this color? Why, putting down another flower seed, comes there up a flower of this color? One flower white, another flower yellow, another flower crimson. Why the difference when the seeds look to be very much alike are very much alike? Explain these things. Explain that wart on the finger. Explain the difference the finger. Explain the difference why the oak leaf is different from the leaf of the hickory. Tell me how the Lord Almighty can turn the chariot of his omnipotence on a rose leaf. You ask me questions about the resurrection I cannot answer. I will ask you a thousand questions about everyday life you

cannot answer. I find my strength in this pussage "All who are in their graves shall come forth." I do not pretend to make the explanation. You go on and say: "Suppose a returned missionary dies in this city. When he was in China, his foot was amputated; he lived years after in England, and there he had an arm amputated; tery. In the resurrection will the foot come from China, will the arm come from England and will the dif-

You say that "the human body changes every seven years, and by 70 years of age a man has had ten bodies. In the resurrection which will come up?" You say: "A man will die and his body crumble into the dust and that dust be taken up. dust, and that dust be taken up into the life of the vegetable; an animal may eat the vegetable; men eat the animal. In the resurrection, that body, distributed in so many diregtions, how shall it be gathered up?" Have you any more questions of this style to ask? Come on and ask them. I do not pretend to answer them. I fall back upon the announcement of God's word, "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

You have noticed, I suppose, reading the story of the resurrection that almost every account of the Bible gives the idea that the charac teristic of that day will be a great sound. I do not know that it will be very loud, but I know it will be

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ABSOLUTE

where silence has reigned a thousand years that voice must penetrate. In the coral cave of the deep that voice must penetrate. Millions of spirits will come through the gates of eternity, and they will come to the tombs of the earth, and they will cry, "Give us back our bodies; we gave them to you in corruption; surgave them to you in corruption; surrender them now in incorruption."
Hundreds of spirits hovering about the fields of Gettysburg, for there the bodies are buried. A hundred thous-and spirits coming to Greenwood, for there the bodies are buried, waiting for the reunion of body and soul, for the reunion of body and soul,
All along the sea route from New
York to Liverpool, at every few
miles where a steamer went down,
departed spirits coming back, hovering over the wave. There is where
the City of Boston perished. Found
at last. There is where the President
perished. Steamer found at last.
There is where the Central America
went down. Spirits hovering, hun-There is where the Central America went down. Spirits hovering, hundreds of spirits hovering, waiting for the reunion of body and soul. Out on the prairie a spirit alights. There is where a traveler died in the snow. Crash goes Westminster Abbey, and the prets and the craters come forth. the poets and the orators come forth; wonderful mingling of good and bad. Crash go the pyramids of Egypt, and

the monarchs come forth.

Who can sketch the scene? I suppose that one moment before that general rising there will be an entire silence, save as you hear the grind-ing of a wheel or the clatter of the hoofs of a procession passing into the cemetery. Silence in all the caves of the earth. Silence on the side of the mountain. Silence down in the valleys and far out into the sea. Silence. But in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, as the archangel's trumpet comes pealing, rolling, crashing, across the mountain sea, the earth will give one terrific shudder, and the graves of the dead will heave like the waves of the sea, and Ostend, Sebastopol and Chalons will stalk forth in the lurid air, and the drowned will come up and wring out their wet locks above the billows, and all the land and all the sea become one moving mass of life—all faces, all ages, all condi-tions, gazing in one direction and upon one throne—the throne of resur-rection. "All who are in their graves shall come forth."

"But," you say, "if this doctrine of the resurrection is true, as pre figured by this Easter morning, can you tell us something about the resurrected body?" I can. There are mysteries about that, but I shall tell you three or four things in regard to the resurrected body that are beyond guessing and beyond mistake.

In the first place, I remark in re gard to your resurrected body, will be a glorious body. The body we have now is a mere skeleton of what it would have been if sin had not marred and defaced it. Take the most exquisite statue that was ever made by an artist and chip it here and chip it there with a chisel and batter and bruise it here and there and then stand it out in the storms of a hundred years and the beauty would be gone. Well the human body has been chipped and battered and brusied and damaged with the storms of thousands years-the physical defects of other

generations coming down from generthe infelicities of past generations. But in the morning of the resurrec-tion the body will be adorned and beautified according to the original model. And there is no such difference between a gymnast and an ema ciated wretch in a lazaretto as there will be a difference between our bodies as they are now and our resurrected forms. There you will see the perfect eye after the waters of death have washed out the stains of tears and study. There you will see the perfect hand after the knots of toil have been untied from the knuckles There you will see the form erect and elastic after the burdens have gone off the shoulder—the very life of God in the body. In this world the most impressive thing, the most expressive thing, is the human face, but that face is veiled with the griefs of thousand years. But in the resurrection morn that veil will be taken way from the face, and the noonday sun is dull and dim and stupic compared with the outflaming glories of the countenances of the saved. When those faces of the righteous, those resurrected faces, turn toward the gate or look up toward the throne, it will be like the dawning of a new morning on the bosom of everlasting day. O glorious, resurrected

But I remark also, in regard to that body which you are to get in that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be an im-portant body. These bodies are wasting away. Somebody has said that as soon as we begin to live we begin to die. Unless we keep put-ting the fuel into the furnace the fur-ace dier out. The blood yessels are nace dies out. The blood vessels are canals taking the breadstuffs to all parts of the system. We must be re-constructed hour by hour, day by day. Sickness and death are all the day. Sickness and death are all the time trying to get their pry under the tenement or to push us off the embankment of the grave. But, blessed be God, in the resurrection we will get a body immortal. No malaria in the air, no cough, no neuralgic twinge, no rheumatic pang, no fluttering of the heart, no short-ness of breath, no ambulance, no dispensary, no hospital, no invalid's chair, no spectacles to improve the dim vision, but health, immortal health! O ye who have the aches and pains indescribable this morning we who are never well. ing, ye who are never well, ye who are lacerated with physical distress,

are lacerated with physical distress, let me tell you of the resurrected body, free from all disease. Immortal! Immortal!

I go further and say in regard to that body which you are to get in the resurrection, it will be a vigorous body. We walk now eight or ten miles, and we are fatigued; we lift a few hundred pounds, and we are exhausted; unarmed, we meet a wild beast, and we must run or flee or climb or dodge because we are incompetent to meet it; we toil eight or ten hours energetically, and then

"As Goldis to Silver" so is

Ceylon Green tea in comparison to Japan tea. It's as far ahead of Japan tea as "SALADA" black is ahead of all other black teas.

tion we are to have a body that never gets tired. Is it not a glorious

thought? Plenty of occupation in heaven. I suppose Broadway, New York, in the busiest season of the year at noonday is not so busy as heaven is all the time. Grand projects of mercy for other worlds. Victories to be celebrated. The downfall of despo-Great songs to be learned and sung. Great expeditions on which God shall send forth his children. Plenty to do, but no fatigue. If you are seated under the trees of life, it will not be to rest, but to talk over with some old comrade old times—the battles where you fought shoulder to should-

Sometimes in this world we feel we would like to have such a body as that. There is so much work to be done for Christ, there are so many tears to be wiped away, there are so many burdens to life, there is so much to be achieved for Christ, we sometimes wish that from the first of January to the last of December we could toil on without stopping to sleep or to take any recreation or to rest or even to take food—that we could toil right on without stopping a moment in our work of commend-ing Christ and heaven to all the peo-ple. But we all get tired. It is a characteristic of the human body in this condition; we must get tired. Is it not a glorious thought that we are going to have a body that will never grow weary? O glorious resur-rection day! Gladly will I fling aside this poor body of sin and fling it into the tomb if at the bidding I shall have a body that never wear

O blessed resurrection! Speak out, sweet flowers, beautiful flowers! While you tell of a risen Christ tell of the righteous who shall rise. May God fill you this morning with anticipation!

I heard of a father and son who among others were shipwrecked at sea. The father and son climbed into the rigging. The father held on, but the son after awhile lost his hold on the rigging and was dashed down. The father supposed he had gone hopelessly under the wave. The next day the father was brought ashore rigging in an exhausted from the state and laid on a bed in a fisherman's hut, and after many hours had passed he came to consciousness and saw lying beside him on th same bed his boy. Oh, my friends, what a glorious thing it will be if we wake up at last to find our loved ones beside us, coming up from the same plot in the graveyard, coming up in the same morning light-the father and son alive forever, all the loved ones alive forever, never more to weep, never more to part, never

more to die.

May the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant make you perfect in every good work, to do his will, and let the associations of this morning transport our thoughts to the grander assemblage before the throne. The one hundred and forty and four thousand and the "great multitude that no man can number," some of our best friends among them, we after awhile to join the multitude. Glorious anticipation!

Blest are the saints beloved of God; Washed are their robes in Jesus blood. Brighter than angels, lo, they shine,

Their wonders splendid and sublime. My soul anticipates the day, Would stretch her wings and soar To and the song, the palm to bear, And bow, the chief of sinners, there,

Gentlemen,-While driving down Gentlemen,—While driving down a very steep hill last August, my horse stumbled and fell, cutting himself fearfully about the head and body. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT freely on him, and in a few days he was as well as ever.

J. B. A. BEAUCHEMIN.

Sherbrooke.

Some men find it so hard to get enough to drink that they don't bo-ther about anything to eat. Putnam's Coin Extractor

Doesn't lay a man up for a week but quietly and surely goes on doing its work, and nothing is known of the operation till the corn is shelled. Plenty of substitutes do this. Some of them are dangerous, no danger from Putman's except to the corn. At all druggists.

A man is apt to believe that there is sincerity even in lying when he hears a suburbanite describing the pleasures of a winter residence in the country.

McConnell's Park

Onty a few words about dishes. McConnell, Park street, will sell for cash, Saturday, March 16th. (This is for one day only.)

Saturday, April 13

Three dinner sets for \$6, regular price, \$7; three tea sets, regular \$3, for \$2.60; three chamber sets, \$1.75 each. I will only sell the above number of sets at the price named. China and glassware also will be sold at 10 per cent off regular price.

GROCERIES. 5 lbs. Prunes, 25c.
6 lbs. Figs, 25c.
Al Pickles, 10c a bottle.
6 bars Sweet Home Soap, 25c.
7 lbs. rolled wheat, 25c.
Sunset Brand Broiled Mackerel, 15e

ser can.

Matches, 10c. package for 8c.

4 lbs. Dried Apples, 25 cents.
Clothes pins, 1 cent per doz.

The above are bargains you should take advantage of.

John McConnell





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