"DECLARE THE CHRIST"

"CAUSE SINNER TO FALL IN LOVE WITH GOODNESS."

IAN MACLAREN'S MESSAGE

What His Pastorate Taught Him Ought to Be the Chief Aim of the Preachers of the Gospel—Faith as a Power For the Uplifting of the Individual—Action and Reaction on All Planes of Being.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1906, by Frederick Diver, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Feb. 25.—An uplifting sermon, profuse in illustrative incident and suited to the needs of the times, was given by the preacher to-day, who took for his text Matthew ix, 29, "According to your faith be it unto you."

Rev. John Watson, better known to Americans by his literary sobriquet of Ian Maclaren, wrote a powerful paragraph in a retrospect of his life's ministry. This is his message to the preachers of the present day: "The review of the past has convinced me that while preaching his various ends the chief ought to be comfort. It is useful in its way to explain the construction of the book of Isaiah and to give the history of Hebrew literature, but it is better to minister the consolation of Isaiah's fifty-third chapter to the weary heart. No one can blame a preacher for expounding Christian dogma, but his words will be more useful when they declare the Christ himself, of whom dogma at its best is but the garments. The preacher is justified in attacking sin with righteous indignation of soul and with burning invective of words, but perhaps he would come more quickly to his purpose if he turned the sinner from his sin by causing him to fall in love with goodness." In other words, according to Dr. Watson, the chief work of the ministry is not iconoclastic, but constructive. It is not so much to wield the dissecting knife and expose the awful ravages of the disease called sin as it is to lead his congregation out into the flower gardens of God's love and to show his people what is possible for them to attain if they are only willing to drink the water of life, of which, if a man once drinks, he shall never thirst again. I always did believe that the sight of a good man being honored for his virtues had a more beneficent influence upon a community than the sight of a gruesome gallows upon which a murderer had been strangled to explate his crime, and I always did believe that Murillo's "Ascension" and William Strutt's 'A Little Child Shall Lead Them" have had more power to eradicate evil than Michael Angelo's horrible agonies of lost souls, depicted in his great masterpiece of the "Last Judgment."

Thus we turn to my text to-day with feelings of infinite joy. When we study the assurance which Jesus Christ gave to the two blind men of the east, who came to him crying, "Thou son of David, have mercy on us," we do not have to explore with Dante the dark caverns and the lakes of fire of an awful inferno or have John Milton echo for us the despairful calls of his "Paradise Lost" or climb with Ignatius Donnelly the funereal pyre of his "Caesar's Column." But we can walk with Sir Thomas More amid the incense laden avenues of his Utopia. We can watch men by the power of faith lifting mountains; we can see Christians, as mighty reforming chieftains, going forth to conquest, as David, the shepherd boy, went forth to overthrow the gigantic Philistine; we can see men assailed by the hosts of temptations raising high the golden shield of faith so that the fiery darts of Satanic attack fall to the ground with a harmless ring. O faith, thou art not a mere gospel theory! Thou art a mighty workman, able to graft all the powers of the supernatural into our being. Thou art the messenger ready to lift man to God and to bring God down to man. "According to your faith be it unto you," spake Christ to the blind men of old. "According to your faith be it unto you," says Christ to the men and the women of the present day.

In order to make our subject a little more intelligible let me remind you of the blessings of faith from a worldly or a temporal standpoint. Let us, in the first place, try to see what a mighty factor faith can be in developing our physical stamina. Archbishop Temple once said, "Faith is the laying hold of the future in the midst of the present, of the unseen in the midst of the seen." And so faith can so sustain and stimulate the physical powers that a frame weak and feeble and even imperfect can achieve tasks that would tax the powers of a vigorous constitution. Let me illustrate my thought by the scene of my text.

There is great excitement on the outskirts of Capernaum. Christ has just been working a number of his miracles. The most startling of these was the raising from the dead of the daughter of the ruler Jairus. Of course you can understand the tremendous sensation such an act caused. The news spread like wildfire. The people everywhere were flocking about Jesus. While the multitudes were following him there were two blind men by the roadside. I believe from the construction of this chapter they were beggars. When the crowd surges past them their acute ears hear the commotion. "What is the matter?" they ask. "Oh," some one says, "Jesus, the worker of miracles, is passing by." "Do you believe he can open my eyes?" tremulously asks one of the blind men. "I do not know," is the reply. "You were born blind, were you not? No one that is born blind has ever been known to see." "Yes," says the blind man, "but did not Christ raise the dead daughter of Jairus? I feel, I know he can give us sight." Then the blind men, who could not get near to Christ on account of the crowds, began to shout at the top of their voices, "Thou son of David, have mercy on us!" "Be quiet," says some one. "There is no good of your shouting. Your eyeballs are useless. Christ can do nothing for you." But still the blind men cry more vociferously, "Thou son of David, have mercy on us!" Christ hears their suppliant voices above the cheers of the multitude. He stops and says to them practically this, "Blind men, do you believe I am able to open your eyes?" They answer, "Yea, Lord." Thus Christ says, "According to your faith be it unto you." At first, I think, the blind men could not realize the full import of the sentence; then a smile irradiated their features, and then the curtains of the eyelids parted, and the men saw. That was the reward of their faith. The blessing was limited only by the measure of their belief. "According to their faith," and as they believed for the opening of their eyes, that boon was granted to them.

"Well," says some one to me, "I do not see any connection between the blind men of my text and faith in God giving to a man physical powers to do what God wants him to do." Instances of the stimulus of faith are to be seen in every walk of life. Everywhere you can see men and women of slight physical frames doing the work of giants, because they have faith, triumphant faith. Here comes a frail little body like Frances E. Willard. Why, from the day that she was born she was a physical weakling. She was a frail child. She was a frail girl. She ws a frail young woman. Then came the call to the semi-invalid to go forth as a warrior to fight the curse of the saloon. "Oh, Frances," said her friends, "you have not the physical power for a temperance crusade. You have no chest, no throat. Why, that is the work which calls for the physical stamina of a giant!" But the young, frail looking woman, Frances E. Willard, calmly answers, "If God calls me to this work, God will give me physical strength to do it." Did not God give to her physical strength in proportion to her faith? I tell you that the work Frances E. Willard did was enough to break down the physical resource of a Dumas had she not been re-enforced by divine strength. As an organizer of women she was a marvel. As a public speaker she went up and down this land addressing audiences night after night, year in and year out. The midnight cold sent the shrieking winds against her when she, night after night, had to change cars. Miserable hotel meals, badly ventilated audience rooms, mental strain enough to exhaust the strongest of nerves, were all hers. And yet that frail body went on and on in its herculean tasks supported by faith.

But if triumphant faith is important in reference to the physical body how much more is it important in reference to the mind! If it is important in reference to the action of my lungs and heart, how much more is it important in reference to the action of my intellect! I force my mind to do what I believe I can do, and that as a rule is the limit of the achievements, no more and generally no less. Let me here illustrate my thought by some of the homely incidents of everyday life:

I take the train and go out to the little country town where you were born. We get off at the station and go up the old, familiar street. It is surprising how little some of the old country towns change. There is the same little postoffice, and the same little church covered with the same colored paint. When we walk around it almost seems as though the same chickens were running about the yards as ran there thirty years ago. We enter the old farmhouse where you were born, and I find that the son of your oldest sister, now dead, has it. I turn to him and say: "Harry, what is the good of your burying yourself alive here in the country? You know this farm will never amount to anything. The soil is poor. The great ranchers of the west, with their wonderful implements, are able to raise their wheat far cheaper than you and by the transcontinental railroad lines undersell you in the eastern markets. Why do you not get out of here and go west or go to one of our large cities and make a name for yourself, as your Uncle Henry has done?" The young man looks up at me and says: "Oh, I don't know. I do not believe I could do it. You know, I was born here, and, though I cannot make much out of the farm, at least I am assured of one fact—I can make a living. Better a bird in the hand than two in the bush. Better hold on to an assured little than to reach out after something and perhaps fall entirely." What is the matter with your nephew? He has just as much brain as you, just as much chance to make a great success as you have made. There is just one trouble—he lacks faith—faith in himself. A man without faith in himself has no more chance to forge ahead and accomplish anything for good than a steam engine has to draw a train without water in the boiler or than a furnace is able without fuel for the flames to feed upon to give forth heat.

Now for the other side of this question: Here is a boy born the son of a barber. His mother was a woman of ungovernable temper, who passed the last years of her life in an insane asylum. Poverty ushered him into life. His boyhood days were passed by an unhappy fireside. But one day, while going along the London streets, he looked into the windows of an art store and saw some beautiful pictures. They open to him a new world. He says, "I, too, am a painter." But his genius was not like that of Edwin Landseer, who at fourteen was able to win a prize at the Academy by exhibiting there the picture of a majestic St. Bernard dog. But slowly, painfully, amid ridicule, with an empty purse and an empty stomach, he had to struggle on at his canvas. Every outside influence fought him back. Only the inward consciousness that he was a painter kept him at his task. Then what Boswell was to Samuel Johnson, John Ruskin became to him. Then Ruskin, the matchless art critic, led the English world to his feet. Then came success. William Turner became the most honored colorist of all the British Empire. It was the triumph of faith. Would William Turner ever have accomplished what he did, with the whole world ignoring him for years, had he not been willing to starve and suffer because he believed in himself?

But I find that faith has a broader realm than even its jurisdiction over our physical bodies and our mental successes. It is able to come to us and say: "Man, thou canst use thine own fingers; thou canst cut the curtain which separates the present from the future, but thou canst also make men work for thee, and without me thou canst do nothing as a social organism." "Oh, faith," I cry, "what dost thou mean? Art thou not simply a gospel messenger? Dost thou as an empress swing thy scepter over the busy marts of trade?" And faith answers: "Thou hast well said. I am ruler over all the civilized world. Where commercial man deals with man, or where man is a mound builder, or where man floats a national flag, I am faith, ruling, conquering faith."

Now, my friends, as rational faith is such an essential for man's physical and mental and social development, is it absurd for us to assert that gospel faith is an essential for man's spiritual existence? We have logically proved that when a man lives for himself or when a man walks with other men he has to walk with the evidence of the things not seen. Shall man not walk thus with God? And, my brother, if man, in spite of himself, is compelled to trust man, in order to live in an earthly and social sense, is it absurd for man to trust God in a spiritual sense?

If you have faith in an earthly parent, why should you not have faith in a heavenly Father? Suppose you have been a wayward boy. Suppose you have been a drunkard, a gambler and a libertine. Suppose you have run away from home and not had any relations with the old homestead for months—aye, for years. Then suppose a friend meets you in a distant city and sends back home your address. Then suppose your father sends to you an earnest, loving letter, which goes thus: "Dear Charley—For months and months your mother and I have been trying to find you. Under the awful strain of worry your mother has broken down. The doctors say she can only last a few weeks. Her one cry is: 'My boy, my boy! Oh, why does not my boy come home?' Come home, Charley. Come home to your mother and to me. We will forgive all, if you will only let sin alone and come back to our love." Would you not believe your father? Would you not have faith in his forgiveness? Would you not take the first train back to the old homestead and throw yourself upon your mother's sickbed, just as you used to do when a little boy, and cry: "Oh, mother, mother! Forgive me, mother!" If you have faith that an earthly parent will forgive your sins, then why have you not faith in God? Why do you not throw yourself upon his mercy and cry: "Lord, Jesus, forgive me! Lord, Jesus, same me?" Is the picture which John Bunyan drew of his pardon at the cross of Jesus Christ an absurdity, when he said, "So I saw in my dream that just as Christian came up with his cross his burden loosed from off his shoulders and fell from off his back and began to tumble and so continued to do till it came to the mouth of the sepulcher, when it fell in, and I saw it no more?"

If the pardon of sin through the blood of the atoning Lamb is not an absurdity, why should it be an absurdity that with God to help you there is nothing too great for you to do? We again follow the same analogy. Suppose an earthly parent should come to you and say: "My son, I am thy father. I want you to go forth on a mission in my name. All that I have shall be given to you for help. I will support you; I will protect you; I will care for you as long as you are true to me." Suppose your father should thus speak to you. "Why," you answer, "if my father spoke thus I know he would spend his last cent to help me and, if necessary, pour forth his last drop of blood for my protection." Then, my friend, if you have this faith in your earthly father's promise of help why will you not trust your heavenly Father? Why will you not feel that all the re-enforcements of heaven are thine and all the powers of God are thine to do his work if you will only surrender your life to his service? Listen. I will quote to-day from Christ's very words, "If ye had faith as a grain of mustard seed ye might say unto this sycamore tree, Be thou plucked up by the root and be thou planted in the sea, and it should obey you." And in Matthew we can read about the same promise where Christ says, "All things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive." Oh, my brother, will you not to-day become one with God? Will you not make his supernatural power yours? Will you not take God at his word, as by faith you would accept an earthly parent's promises?

But some one says to me, "I am ashamed to come to Christ. I have lived such an awful life of sin. I have neglected so many of his invitations. I am in exactly the same position as a man who has cheated a business partner or one who has been untrue to his best friend." Ah, my friend, I am glad to have you speak thus. Say on. Pile up your sins mountain high. Then after you had finished, I would pile your sins up higher than the clouds. Then upon the top of these mountain ranges of sin I would place the cross of Jesus Christ. And I would ask you this one blunt question, "Though your sins be as high as zenith and as low as the nadir and as wide as space itself and as black as the darkest hour of the night, was not the sacrifice of the son of God big enough to atone for them all?" Oh, why wilt thou refuse submission to God's will, when thou dost begin to fathom the depths of God's sacrifice in Jesus our Lord? Wilt thou not let his blood cleanse the awful record?

The words of my text are a promissory note. It has unlimited possibilities at the Bank of Grace. It has the name of the Lord God Almighty at the bottom of it. Indorsed it is by the blood of a resurrected Christ. It does not read, "I hereby promise to pay to a repentant sinner $100 or $1,000," but it reads, "I promise to pay to a repentant sinner anything and everything that his gospel faith is able to carry away with him." Will you come to this Bank of Grace to-day? Will you make your requests as big as the mercy of God, as big as heaven? "According to your faith be it unto you." "Faith, oh thou glorious and triumphant faith."

Ignorance may sometimes be bliss, but it's never profitable.

Opportunities are never advertised in the Lost and Found column.

To the Lungs.

Do you go to New York to reach Victoria? No. There's a better and more direct way. Then why try to reach your lungs by way of your stomach? Don't. Better go straight to the lungs at once. Just light the vaporizer and breathe in the healing, soothing vapors of Cresolene. The medicine goes exactly to the right place. Your lungs quickly heal and your cough disappears. For whooping-cough it's simply perfect.

Vapo-Cresolene is sold by druggists, or sent express prepaid on receipt of price. A Vapo-Cresolene outfit including a bottle of Cresolene, complete $1.50. Send for free illustrated booklet. LEEMING, MILES CO., Ltd., Agents, 388 St. James Street, Montreal, Can.

Free to You, My Sister

Free to You and Every Sister Woman Suffering from Woman's Ailments

I will mail, free of any charge, my **home treatment** with full instructions to any sufferer from woman's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—**you**, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men **cannot** understand woman's sufferings. What we women **know from experience** we know better than any doctor. I **know** that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for **Leucorrhœa** or **Whitish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement** or **Falling** of the **Womb, Profuse, Scanty** or **Painful Periods, Uterine** or **Ovarian Tumors** or **Growths**, also **pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused** by **weaknesses peculiar** to our **sex.**

I want to send you a **complete ten days treatment entirely free** to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember that **it will cost you nothing** to give the treatment a complete trial and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. **Just send me your name and address,** tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment, for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you **free of cost,** my book **"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER,"** with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to **think for herself.** Then, when the doctor says—"You must have an Operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures **all, old or young.**

To mothers or daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and painful or irregular menstruation in young ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality, who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this **Home Treatment** really **cures** all women's diseases, and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. **Just send me your address,** and the free ten days treatment is yours, also the **book.** Write to-day, as you may not see this offer again. Address

MRS. M. SUMMERS
Box 4 Windsor, Ont.

RHEUMATISM FLIES

IN ONE TO THREE DAYS

WHAT A "HEAVEN BEGUN BELOW" IT WOULD BE TO MANY A WEARY SUFFERER FROM RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA AND ALL THE KINDRED AILMENTS, IF FAITH WOULD TAKE HOLD OF AND USE SO RADICAL A CURE AS THE GREAT

South American Rheumatic Cure

Why, its very nature makes it the most natural and easy cure that human intuition and diligence have discovered. Its wonderful power is in its simplicity; its effectiveness is in its going right to the seat of the trouble, dispelling the causes that "bode evil," give pain, stiffen joints, distort limbs, twist muscles, and when it reaches vital spots, ofttimes cause death. South American Rheumatic Cure is as harmless as milk. One of its marvels is the rapidity with which it effects a cure and the testimony of the thousands who have "thrown away their crutches" and climbed from the valley of suffering to the mountain top of health would fill a book.

Don't be incredulous. Encouragement comes with the first dose no matter of how long standing.

ALL DRUGGISTS AND MEDICINE DEALERS HAVE IT.

SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE for all stomach and nerve troubles.
SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE is a wonder worker. South American Kidney Cure gives relief in six hours in all kidney troubles.

SOLD BY W. W. TURNER AND C. H. GUNN AND CO.

ORIGINALITY IN HATS.

The Charm of Lace, Old or New—A New Plumage Fad.

Charming lingerie hats owe their beauty partially to the exquisite bits of old lace displayed on either the brims or crowns. The hat illustrated has a crown of white tulle plaitings edged with real valenciennes, and a ruffle of old valenciennes lace, in the deep cream that age alone can give, falls over a brim of malines folds. A mauve feather forms part of the trimming, and pansies are massed on the back bandeau.

A hat in which a modern lace is used is made or two ruffles, up and down, and of princess lace, with a black velvet ribbon tied in a smart little bow at the left of the crown, keeping the lace ruffles upright. The top of the crown is formed by a medallion of duchess lace mounted over gold cloth shot with pink, and under the ruffles across the back bandeau are poppies in the same pinkish gold. Between the lace ruffles are single plaitings of white tulle, which gives a greater transparency to the lace, and at side and back is a third lace brim ruffle.

Vogue, from which the foregoing is reproduced, says also in its Paris correspondence:

There is a perfect craze for materials in their natural conditions, for the unpolished and the uncurled and the unstiffened, in jewels, in feathers, in quills and in silks. Stones are not the only things that are irregular in shape, and there is an apparent absence of balance in the arrangement of trimming, apparent only, for the true feeling of design really prevails in the best feminine costume. One slanting line is offset by another, and a lopsidedness in one portion of the toilet is made decoratively correct by a proper mass or tone in another part of the ensemble.

In the midst of the ultra refinements of highly searched effects some bit of

LINGERIE HAT.

decoration snatched from the very bosom of Nature startles with its naivete. Take, for example, these enormously long ostrich plumes that are being worn just as they are plucked from the bird, their long, stringy fronds of purest, most dazzling white at the stem, but deepening to a soft canary yellow at the tip. One of these feathers is about all a hat can stand, and it is placed in a huge arch from the front to the back of the hat, the stem fastened with a rose over the face, swooping above the crown, its tip caught lightly to the edge of the upslanting back brim, the straggly strands dripping like fringes all over the hat and down upon the hair at the back.

Cogs' tails, quills and long tail feathers of all kinds are to all appearances snatched from the bird with haste that brooks no delay, being ragged, irregular and carelessly bunched.

A charming affair seen already in a smart shop is a small cap, almost like a Henry II., having a narrow brim of quilled velvet that encircles the head. Its crown of velvet or lace is plaited into this, so that it forms an upstanding mobcap of small dimensions, and to one side there is posed a clump of small tips.

Early Colonial Tables.

The earliest colonial tables were made with a leg at each corner and braces near the floor. Then a drawer was added. When drop leaves were invented an extra leg was arranged to pull out to sustain them. All of these styles are still in demand, but are so scarce that only the copies may be secured for the modern home.

A Manicuring Hint.

If you are troubled about the skin adhering to the nails or if the nails are brittle make a practice of rubbing vaseline, cold cream or cocoa butter into them all about the roots. Do this every night, and in a few weeks you will see a great improvement.

Household Brevities.

Grape fruit is quite often served before the soup at a formal luncheon.

Pie and cake tins when greased and then dusted with flour give a better crust, which does not stick to the pan, says a cook.

To prevent clinkers forming in the stove or furnace throw a few oyster shells into the fire.

A tiny lump of butter dropped into the stewpan will prevent almost any liquid from boiling over.

Spinach contains more iron than almost any other vegetable or fruit and offers it in a most agreeable form. Eaten frequently, spinach is sure to tone up the system.

Nothing brings more dirt into a house than ripping old clothes and making new ones, and the careful housewife will plan for the spring sewing to be finished before house cleaning begins.

Raisins may be easily seeded if boiling water be poured over them for a few minutes before using. Then cut them open and press out the seeds between the finger and thumb.

... TRY ...
"SALADA"

Ceylon Natural Green Tea once and you will never turn to the adulterated teas of Japan.

LEAD PACKETS ONLY. **25c, 30c, 40c, 50 and 60c per lb.** AT ALL GROCERS.

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

Gasoline Stove Explodes.

Windsor, March 2.—The tailoring shop of William Francis was gutted by fire yesterday afternoon. The fire was started by the explosion of a gasoline stove upon which Mrs. Francis was cooking dinner. Mrs. Francis ran screaming into the street, her dress a mass of flames. Two men passing by rolled her in a blanket, and smothered the fire, but not until the woman had been severely burned. She will recover.

BROKEN SLEEP — TIRED NEXT MORNING.

Sleep not only rests, but builds up the body. Cut down the hours of sleep, and you cut down health in the same proportion. Rebuilding then ceases, nerves go to smash, you grow tired, weak and wretched.

To restore sleep you must get more bodily strength, more nutritious blood, healthier nerves. Ferrozone solves the whole problem, makes you sleep soundly, gives endurance, vim, ambition. No more morning weakness—instead the fire of youth will run in your veins, supplying abundance of energy and vigor. Witchery expresses the instant effect of Ferrozone; try it.

Butcher Badly Injured.

Hamilton, March 2.—Jas. Black, Elfrida, a wholesale butcher, was very badly injured last evening. About a mile back of Cotter's Hotel his horses ran away, throwing him out. He was picked up unconscious and taken to St. Joseph's Hospital. At a late hour last night he had not shown any signs of consciousness.

SELL YOUR COLD FOR $1?

You surely won't stop at a dollar bill to cure that horrid, sniffling cold? Go to any druggist and get Catarrhozone and your cold will be a thing of the past. There is almost witchery in the swift way Catarrhozone kills colds. But when you consider the penetrating, healing and antiseptic qualities of Catarrhozone perhaps it's not so wonderful. Certainly there is no remedy half so prompt for colds and catarrh as Catarrhozone. Refuse a substitute and insist on having only "Catarrhozone."

Man Found Half-Frozen.

Ottawa, March 2.—Harry Nevins, a railroader, returning to the city from Gatineau Point Wednesday night, sat down at Rockliffe to await a car. He was found early yesterday morning unconscious and nearly frozen to death, having sat for hours in a temperature 7 below zero.

YOUR WORN-OUT STOMACH

What it needs is the strengthening influence of Dr. Hamilton's Pills — they work marvels where the stomach and digestion are poor. In one day the appetite increases and the whole system is rapidly strengthened. No stomach specialist could write a better prescription than Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. At all dealers in a yellow box, price 25c., or five boxes for one dollar.

Powder Keg Explodes.

Ayton, March 2.—A serious explosion occurred last evening when the large general store of Aaron Wenger was almost completely destroyed by the accidental explosion of a keg of powder from which Alex. Wender, a clerk, was weighing some out. Wender is seriously hurt.

WHY DO WOMEN SUFFER?

Such pain and endure the torture of nervous headache when 25c. buys a sure cure like Nerviline. A few drops in sweetened water brings unfailing relief. You feel better at once; you're braced up, invigorated, headache goes away after one dose. The occasional use of Nerviline prevents indigestion and stomach disorders; keeps up health and strength. Every woman needs Nerviline and should use it, too. In 25c. bottles

Heat-Proof Glass.

Glass that can be heated white-hot, and then plunged into cold water without breaking, would seem an impossibility, but it has been recently made an accomplished fact. It is made from Brazilian quartz pebbles, heated red-hot, and then thrown into distilled water. Then the purest pieces are selected, welded together with the oxo-hydrogen blowpipe into long stems like straws, from which glass vessels of any shape can be made.

Fairville, Sept. 30, 1902.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs,—We wish to inform you that we consider your MINARD'S LINIMENT a very superior article, and we used it as a sure relief for sore throat and chest. When I tell you I would not be without it if the price was one dollar a bottle, I mean it.

Yours truly,

CHAS. F. TILTON.

RAILWAYS

CANADIAN PACIFIC

GOING EAST	GOING WEST
† 7 a. m. daily ex. Sunday	*1.03 a. m.
*3.18 a. m. Express	*1.13 a. m.
*3.32 p. m. "	*9.50 p. m.

† This train runs daily except Sunday. Starts from here and remains over night.

WABASH

GOING WEST	GOING EAST
No. 1 6.45 a. m.	No. 2—12.23 p. m.
3—1.07 p. m.	4—11.19 p. m.
13—1.25 p. m.	
5—9.38 p. m.	6—1.32 p. m.
9—1.13 a. m.	8—2.49 p. m.

J. A. RICHARDSON,
Dist. Pass. Agent, Toronto and St. Thomas
J. C. PRITCHARD,
Station Agent.
W. E. RISPIN,
W. P. A. 115 King St., Chatham.

GRAND TRUNK

WEST

† 8.30 a. m. for Windsor, Detroit and intermediate stations, except Sunday.
* 12.52 p. m. for Windsor and Detroit.
† 4.18 p. m. for Windsor and Detroit.
* 9.19 p. m. for Detroit, Chicago and west. International) Limited daily.
† Mixed 2.30 p. m.

EAST

† 8.37 a. m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Buffalo.
† 2.00 p. m. for London, Toronto, Montreal, Buffalo and New York.
* 5.18 p. m. for London, Hamilton, Toronto, Montreal and East.
† 9.00 p. m. for London and intermediate stations.
†Daily except Sunday. *Daily.

PERE MARQUETTE

BUFFALO DIVISION

Leave Chatham FOR	Express	Express
Blenheim and West	7.35 a.m.	4.20 p.m.
Blenheim and East	8.55 a.m.	5.35 p.m.
Sarnia	8.55 a.m.	6.45 p.m.
Arrive in Chatham From		
Walkerville	10.15 a.m.	8.05 p.m.
St. Thomas	8.55 a. m.	6.45 p.m.
Sarnia	8.55 a. m.	5.35 p.m.

All trains run by Eastern Standard time.
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W. M. HOOD Frt. Agent, Chatham.
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