

THE REASON WHY "Shiloh" Cures Consumption.

Consumption is not merely a disease of the lungs, as so generally supposed, but before the lungs become affected the blood has—from various causes—been crowded with the bacillus of Consumption. These germs are deposited in the lungs by the blood, causing inflammation, coughing and the spitting up of diseased mucopurulent matter. Shiloh's Cure arrests the ravages of the germs by destroying them—it purifies the blood and enriches it—alays the inflammation and irritation and sets up a healing process, which causes the sore parts to get well and cicatrize. Shiloh's Consumption Cure strengthens and tones up the whole system and makes it particularly repellent to the dreaded germs of Consumption.

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J. H. Caldwell of Malta, Idaho, writes as follows to S. C. Wells & Co., Toronto. "I have used SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE many different times, and always received great benefit from it. I believe it saved my life in a case of congestion of the lungs—and saved me from an attack of consumption, as many people said I had it."

In Canada and United States, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00 a bottle. Great Britain, 1s/6d., 2s/6d. and 4s/6d.

In Another World.

And there shall be no night there.—Revelation, xii., 5.

We are told very little as to the exact conditions under which we shall find ourselves when we wake from the sleep of death. Perhaps it is best so, in spite of our longing to know more about the life which lies just beyond the horizon line, and to which every fleeting day brings us nearer.

If there were no other sentence except that uttered by Christ to the penitent culprit on the cross, "This day shalt thou be with me in paradise," we ought to be satisfied. It contains a clear statement of the fact of immortality, given under circumstances of peculiar impressiveness. It is as though a guide who was leading a poor disheartened pilgrim through that deepest darkness which just precedes the dawn should say, "Patience, poor soul, for yet a little while and we shall see the sun on the hill tops."

The world has advanced toward a new conception of the duties and privileges which await us. The merely political theories of our fathers, in which unnatural and uncongential employments were specially conspicuous, have given way to a larger and more rational view. We no longer dread the future because we shall be strangers there, but, on the contrary, look forward to it because we shall be more at home than it is possible to be here with opportunities which we have hoped for in this life, but have never been able to attain.

The necessity for drudgery, which consumes so much of our time, the struggle to provide for our dear ones and ourselves will lapse with death, and we shall be free to follow the divine ambitions which have during our earthly career been an elusive dream. We shall deal with our souls unhampered by the needs of physical bodies, and can develop ourselves in whatever direction our bent may lie, with an environment which will encourage us to do and be our best.

It is a very rich truth that death takes from us what we can most cherish part with—a body which claims so much of our attention is oftentimes a painful burden, and it is powerless to rob us of mind and heart, which are the basis of all conceivable excellence.

The poor violinist who makes strange music out of a wretched instrument would deem it good fortune to be presented with a Cremona, which would respond to the touch of his finger tips and give forth the sounds which he has only heard in his dreams, but never been able to produce. So, I take it, the soul must be free from the high anticipation to the time when the noblest and purest and truest shall be placed within reach and can be had if he is willing to make the necessary effort.

One thing is certain that death changes nothing except location and standpoint. Personality remains untouched. The grave covers no faculty of the soul. Myself will never go into the tomb. Before my body is taken there I shall leave it, and it will go alone, its duty done, its mission ended. But my body, and my parting will not be as tender associations move me to tears when I move out of an old house in which I have lived for years. But I have my joy also, for I leave a worn-out home for a new and better one.

If I retain my personality then I have all I can ask for. Invincible logic leads me on. My mind, my memory, my affections are part of my personality, and they remain undisturbed. I tenderly keep the past in view, and no future, however glorious, can obliterate my remembrance of it. I keep my love for those who have been left behind, my interest in their welfare, my desire to give them assistance. I am not changed one whit by the simple fact of death, only broadened in my sympathy, while my love becomes more intense than ever and more refined. My farewells were not farewells, for I shall be nearer to my dear ones than before, though we are separated by a mist through which they cannot see, while I shall be able to do so.

All this renders life very beautiful and very grand. A man's usefulness as well as his happiness depends almost wholly on his mental attitude. The difference between being a bit of driftwood, with no origin and no destination, the plaything of fate, and a staunch vessel, which lifts its anchor in one port, faces the storms and waves and comes to anchor in another port—that expresses the difference between a soul with eyes fixed on nothingness and a soul which walks with heaven in full sight.

The Christ touches the innermost spirit of humanity when he declares that "I go to prepare a place for you." We want nothing more, for our lives are rounded and complete. We can look through our tears and be glad that our dear ones have escaped further suffering and are at rest. We look forward to the hour when we shall enjoy that rest and surroundings which will purify our hearts and lead us ever onward toward increasing light. GEORGE H. HEPPWORTH.

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ILL-FITTING BOOTS and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN

On What is the Probable Destiny of the British Empire.

Britannia Will Continue to Rule the Sea.

The Right Honorable Joseph Chamberlain in Success:

I read, the other day, that one of your millionaires expressed an ambition to be a member of congress; but, on being invited to express his views by the inevitable reporter, he said he had no such intention, adding that the enjoyments of his private life were such that he was not disposed to exchange them for the turmoil of politics. I do not think that that was a very public-spirited statement. I do not share the opinion that the love of private life is any excuse for shirking public obligations. But it is true that any man who enters public life in this country is a man who is in a position to do good or evil. I am sorry to say that it is now more so in this country than in the United States—must make great sacrifices, and must be prepared to brave not only criticism and abuse as a public man, but also attacks upon his personal honor—attacks which, if he had clung to private life, he would never have been subjected to.

We English have reached a turning-point in our history—a critical time. We are at the parting of the ways. The last chapter has been closed; we are about to commence a new one, and it is not too much to say that the fortunes of the empire and the destinies of our race depend upon its opening words.

What are those words to be? What is to be the heading of this new chapter which will commence with the twentieth century? If I dare to speak for my countrymen, I think that they have already answered the question. I think this new chapter of our history will be rightly entitled "The Unity of the Empire." It is a great work, that will make illustrious the beginning of the coming century. Go back in the history of the country, and what do you find?

You find an older imperialism—based, perhaps, too much upon the Roman model—an imperialism which implied the subjugation of the world by military conquest, which were exploited for the exclusive benefit of what can hardly be called the motherland in such a case, but, rather, the step-mother of a nation. When that policy broke down, as it deserved to do, when the great American Revolution taught this country a lesson, then, I am afraid, we fell into the opposite extreme in colonial management.

Then came a period of reaction and apathy and indifference, in which we looked upon the colonies as encumbrances; then, indeed—to use the expression of a distinguished statesman with whom I do not agree—we flouted the colonies, and regarded them as burdens and impediments. We expected separation; we almost desired it.

Well, that period lasted down almost to the present day. It is only within the last few years that we have got free from that pusillanimous repudiation of national and imperial obligation.

I think myself that it came over the people before it came over our rulers—and now it has come over both. We are imperialists, and we have at last abandoned the chronic fear of being great, which was the disgrace—and I can call it no less—of a previous age.

And now we find that our people—the democracy—understand the nature and extent of the possibilities of this great empire of ours. Think of it—an empire such as the world has never before seen! Think of its area, covering a quarter of the globe! Think of its population, embracing four hundred millions of people of almost every race under the sun! Think of the diversity of its products! Everything that a man can desire, from the raw materials of his industry to the luxuries of his life, is produced under the Union Jack.

Think also of the responsibilities and the obligations which the possession of such an empire entails! We have to bring to all these dependent races as to all kinsmen abroad we have already brought—freedom and justice, and civilization and peace. And we recognize that all these varied peoples have become one of our people, and that their good is ours, and our strength is theirs.

What should we be without our empire? Two small islands, with an overpopulation, and a small navy, and a small fleet, and a small sea, and a small power. What would they be without us? Fragments—nations, indeed, but without the fullness of national life, without the cohesion that enables them to stand together, and to do great things, and to be, by something which, in international and national affairs, is, perhaps, even stronger than material interests—the ties of sentiment, by common ideals and common aspirations. We craved from them, from our kinsfolk, from our fellow-subjects, their affection; we invite their sympathy; we delight in their support.

That does not mean that we are hostile to other nations. On the contrary, we desire their friendship, too. We should be glad to have their approbation if it was not purchased at the cost of more essential objects. We hope that they will reciprocate the friendly feelings which we express and feel for them; but if not, we will humbly submit to our destiny—we will endeavor to do without it, conscious of our rectitude.

If we cannot persuade them, then we must be isolated; but, if, even then, we are surrounded and threatened by these groups of sister nations, I say, in the words of the Canadian statesman, our isolation will be a splendid isolation. I do not say this in any spirit of vulgar ostentation. I do not think that the view I am putting before you is an ignominious view of our national destiny. No, it is better for all of us; it widens our horizon and broadens our view to be free men in a company of nations, to be citizens of no mean city. We have the comfort of knowing that, if even the worst of disasters were to overtake this country; if we were to be, as is now prophesied by our enemies, a fallen state; or if, by some physical convulsion of nature, we were to sink like a volcanic island in the seas that have been ruled so long, even then we should leave behind kinsfolk across the Atlantic and in the Pacific seas, and they would carry to distant ages and to unknown heights the acceptor of our great dominion.

These are hypotheses. We see no sign of all this. To us, at any rate, the signs of our decadence are invisible. It is not as for a fallen state, or for an exhausted and effete civilization, that I invoke the obligations of unity. No, Britannia still rules the sea, and I think that she will continue to do so. Even on land, where it was beforehand certain that the difficulties of an unprecedented war under circumstances absolutely novel would reveal deficiencies which it is our business to correct—even on land, we have done what no other nation could have done—shown vitality, actual power, and potential re-

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JOHN MERRITT, M.D., of Brooklyn, in the N. Y. Medical Record.

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sources which must be most impressive.

What an army was that which we sent to South Africa—not merely in its numbers, but in its composition also. We sent out from these shores a larger force than has ever before been sent for a similar purpose before—five times, at least, as large as the force we sent to win the battle of Waterloo! We have sent a force from our regular army which no one who knew the organization of our system ever expected could be sent.

And then, there is the greatest feature of all in this eventful modern history. Look at the action of the colonies, the self-governing colonies—in the period of trouble and trial which came upon the motherland! What sympathy have they shown! How practically they have shown it! How universal has been the sentiment!

I speak of the self-governing colonies because, under the circumstances, it was the aid only that we could expect. For political reasons, we were unable to accept the offers that crowded upon us from every dependency of the queen, and above all others, from the federated princes, who own the beneficent suzerainty in our great dependency of India.

Confining myself to the self-governing colonies, what have they done for us? At the first threat of war, they hastened spontaneously. It was not our suggestion, but was their own good thought to offer their aid, and they have given us their best and bravest. They have fought and some of them have died, to maintain the honor of the flag and the interests of the empire. They have done something more—they have given us their moral support, the support of great, free, independent nations, proud of their liberty, and able to take an impartial and judicial view of the merits of the struggle in which we were engaged.

I do not think that anything could have been more grateful to the people of this country, more useful with regard to our position with other nations, than the sight of the colonies of Great Britain, the sons of Great Britain, hastening freely to give their support to the motherland in a cause which they themselves must have considered and believed to be just.

In view of all this, is it too much to say that, in this last twelvemonth, the empire has been born anew? The empire now is certainly not the empire of England alone, but the empire almost of the world—all our possessions, of all our dependencies. It must be borne in mind, in future, that we recognize in them absolute equality of right and possession in all that we claim in regard to ourselves. I believe that this

new feeling is compensation for the war.

Our trial our hands were stayed by our colonies, as the hands of Moses were stayed by Aaron and Hur, till victory waited on the army. Shall we ever forget it? Will anyone ever again dare to say that the colonies are an encumbrance to the empire which they have done so much to maintain and support? This is the new situation. This is the new imperialism which has been so grossly misrepresented, but which is, nevertheless, so well understood, and which has received the overwhelming support of the majority of this country, without reference to party lines or division. It is full promise for our descendants, if not for us.

I do not think that there is any fear now that we shall not hand down those great possessions unimpaired and strengthened, as we received them from our ancestors, and I am sanguine enough to look forward to a future even greater than the present. I believe that, as this progress has been made in so short a time, in the future still greater progress will be made. I think I am not wrong in seeing in the federation of Canada, and in the indissoluble union of the Commonwealth of Australia, a sign and an example to our possessions in South Africa, and a foreshadowing of that great Federation—the federation of kindred nations which will realize the dream of every patriotic man, and will so strengthen the foundations of the empire that, in the good providence of God it will continue to flourish, long into the future, its destined mission—justice, civilization and peace.

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