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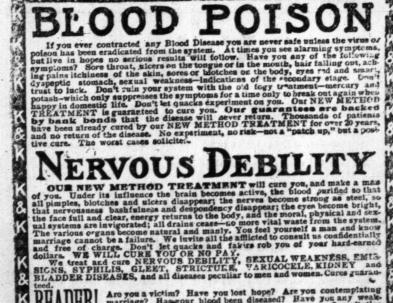
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THE MISSION OF THE SAVIOUR

Washington, Dec. 23 .- In this discourse Dr. Talmage describes in a new way the sacrifices made for the world's disenthrallment and deliverance. His text is I John iv, 16,

"God is love."

Perilous undertaking would it be to attempt a comparison between the attributes of God. They are not like a mountain range, with here and there a higher peak, nor like the ocean, with here and there a proounder depth. We cannot measure infinities. We would not dare to say whether his omnipotence, or omniscience, or omnipresence, or immuta-bility, or wisdom, or justice, or love s the greater attribute, but the one nentioned in my text makes deeper impression upon us than any other.
It was evidently a very old man
who wrote the chapter from which I take the text. John was not in his dotage, as Professor Eichhorn asserted, but you can tell by the repetitions in the epistle and the ramoling style and that he called grown people "little children" that the author was probably an octogenarian. Yet Paul, in midlife mastering an audience of Athenian critics on Mars hill, said nothing stronger or more im-portant than did the venerable John

when he wrote the three words of my text, "God is love." Indeed the older one gets the more he appreciates this attribute. The harshness and combativeness and the severity have gone out of the old man, and he is more lenient and, of his own faults, is more disposed to make excuses for the faults of others, and he frequently ciaculates, "Poor human nature!" The young minister preached three sermons on the justice of God and one on the love of God, but when he got old he preached three sermons on the love of God and one on the

justice of God. Far back in the eternities there came a time when God would express one emotion of his nature which was yet unexpressed. He had made more worlds than were seen by the ancients from the top of the Egyptian pyramid, which was used as an observatory, and more worlds than modern astronomy has catalogued or descried through telescopic lens. All that showed the Lord's al-mightiness, but it gave no demon-stration of his love. He might make 50 Saturns and a hundred Jupiters and not demonstrate an instant of love. That was an unknown passion and the secret of the universe. It was a suppressed emotion of the great God. But there would come a when this passion of infinite love would be declared and illustrat-God would veil it no longer. After the clock of many centuries had run down and worlds had been born and demolished on a comparatively obscure star a race of human beings would be born and who, though so bountifully provided for that they ought to have behaved themselves well, went into insurrection and con spiracy and revolt and war-finite against infinite, weak arm against thunderbolt, man against God. If high intelligences looked down and saw what was going on, they

must have prophesied extermination, complete extermination, of these offenders of Jehovah. But no! Who is that coming out of the throne room of heaven? Who is that coming out of the palaces of the eternal? It is the Son of the Emperor of the universe. Down the stairs of the high heavens he comes till he reaches the cold air of a December night in Pal-estine and amid the bleatings of sheep and the lowing of cattle and the moaning of camels and the ban-ter of the herdsmen takes his first sleep on earth and for 33 years invites the wandering race to return to God and happiness and heaven. They were the longest 33 years ever known in heaven. Among many high intelligences, what impatience to get him back! The Infinite Father looked down and saw his Son slapped and spit on the supperless and hom and then, amid horrors that made the noonday heavens turn black in the face, his body and soul part-ed. And all for what? Why allow the Crown Prince to come on such an errand and endure such sorrow and die such a death? It was to invite the human race to put down its antipathies and resistance. It was

The schoolmen deride the idea that God has emotion. They think it would be a divine weakness to be stirred by any earthly spectacle. The God of the learned Bruch and Schlei-ermacher is an infinite intelligence, without feeling, a cold and cheerless divinity. But the God we worship is one of sympathy and compassion and helpfulness and affection. "God

In all the Bible there is no more consolatory statement. The very best people have in their lives oc-currences inexplicable. They are bebest people have in their lives oc-currences inexplicable. They are be-reft or persecuted or impoverished or invalided. They have only one child, and that dies, while the next door neighbor has seven children, and they are all spared. The unfortun-ates buy at a time when the market is rising and the day after the mar-ket falls. At a time when they need to feel the best for the discharge of some duty they are seized with phy-sical collapse. Trying to do a good and honest and useful thing, they are misrepresented and belied as if they had practiced a villainy. There are people who all their lives have suffered injustices. Others of less talent, with less consecration, go on

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and up, while they go on and down There are in many lives riddles that have never been solved, mysterics that have never been explained, heartbreaks that have never been healed. Go to that man or that woman with philosophic explanation. and you will make matters worse instead of making them better. instead of making them better. But let the oceanic tide of the text roll in that soul and all its worriments and losses and disast will be submerged with blessing, and the sufferer will say: "I cannot un-derstand the reason for my troubles, but I will some day understand And they do not come by accident. God allows them to come, and 'God is lowe.'

But for this divine feeling I think our world would long ago have been demolished. Just think of the organized wickedness of the nations! See the abominations continental! Behold the false religions that hoist Mahommed and Buddha and Confucius! Look at the Koran and the Zend-Avesta that would crowd out of the world the Holy Scriptures Look at war, digging its trenches for the dead across the hemispheres! See the great cities, with their holocaust of destroyed manhood and womanhood! What blasphemies assail the heavens! What butcheries sicken the centuries! What processions of crime and atrocity and woe encircle the globe! If justice had spoken, it would have said, "The world de-

serves annihilation, and let annihilation come." If immutability spoken, it would have said: "I have always been opposed to wickedness and always will be opposed to it. The world is to me an affront infinite, and away with it." If omniscience had spoken, it would have said, "I have watched that planet with minute and all comprehensive inspection, and I cannot have the offense longer continued." If truth had spoken, it would have said, "I declare that they who offend the law must go down under the law." But divine love took a different view of the world's obduracy and pollu tion. It said: "I pity all those woes of the earth. I cannot stand here and see no assuagement of those sufferings. I will go down and reform the orld. I will medicate its I will calm its frenzy. I will wash off the pollution. I will become incarnated. I will take on my and upon my brow and into my heart the consequences of that world's behaviour. I start now and between my arrival at Bethlehem and my as cent from Olivet I will weep their tears and suffer their griefs and die their death. Farewell my throne, my crown, my sceptre, my angelic gov-ernment, my heaven, till I have finished the work and come back ! God was never conquered but once and that was when he was conquer ed by his own love. "God is Iove."

In this day, when the creeds of churches are being revised, let more emphasis be put upon the thought of my text. Let it appear at beginning of every creed and at the close. The ancients used to tell of a great military chieftain, who, about to go to battle was clad in armor helmet on head, and sword at side, and who put out his arms to give farewell embrace to his child, and the child, affrighted at his appearance, ran, shrieking, away. Then the father put off the armor that caused the alarm, and the child saw who he was and ran into his arms and snuggled against his heart. Creeds must not have too much iron in their make up, terrorizing rather than attracting. They must not hide the smiling face and the warm neart of our Father, God. Let nothing imply that there is a sheriff at every door ready to make arrest, but over us all a mercy that wants to save, and all and around us all a mercy that wants to save, and save now.

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If one paragraph of the creed seems to take you, like a child, out of the arms of a father, let the next paragraph put you in the arms of a mother. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Oh, what a mother we have in God! And my text is the lullaby sung to us when we are ill, or when we are maltreated, or when we are weary, or when we are trying to do better, or when we are bereft, or when we ourselves lie down to the last sleep. We feel the warm cheek of the mother against our cheek, and there er against our cheek, and there sounds in it the hush of many moth-

ers: "God is love."

The world needed no Bible to tell it of God's wisdom, for everything, from a spider's web to the uphoistery of a summer's sunset, from the globe of a dewdrop to the rounding of ... world, declare that. But there was one secret about God that was wrapped up in a scroll of parchment, and it stayed there until apostolic hand unrolled that scroll and let out upon the world the startling fact, which it scald power have surpless. it could never have surmised, never guessed, never expected, that he loved our human race so ardently that he will pardon sin and subdue the offender with a divine kiss and turn foaming malefactors into worshipers before the throne. Oh, I am so glad that the secret is out and that it can never again be veiled! Tell it to all the sinning, suffering, dying race; tell it in song and sermon on canvas and in marble, on arch and pillar; tell it all around the earth—"God is love."

Notice that the wisest men of the

nations for thousands of years did not, amid their idolatries, make something to represent this feeling, this emotion. They had a Jove, re-presenting might; Neptune, the god of the sea; Minerva, the goddess of wisdom; Venus, the goddess of base appetite; Ceres, the goddess of corn, and an Odin, and an Osiris, and Titan, and a Juggernaut, and whole pantheons of gods and goddesses but no shrine, no carved image, no sculptured form has suggested a god of pure love. That was beyond human brain. It took a God to think that, a God to project that, a God let down from heaven to achieve

Fear is the dominant thought in all false religions. For that the devotees cut themselves with lances and swing on iron hooks and fall under wheels and hold up the right arm so long that they cannot take it down. Fear, brutish fear! But love is the queer in our religion. For that we build For that we kneel at our altars. For that we contribute our For that martyrs suffered at Brussels market place and at Luck now and Cawapur and Pekin. That will yet bejewel the round earth and put it an emerald on the great warm, throbbing heart of God.

The world has had many speci-

mens of slandered men and women,

their motives slandered, their habits slandered - slandered until they got out of the world, and then perhaps honored by elaborate eulogium and tall shaft of granite, all four sides chiseled with the story of how good and great they were. But no one under the heavens or over the heavens has ever been so much slandered as God. Bad men have fought against him and have thought they heard his voice in have not seen him in the sunshine of the spring morning. They have blamed him for wrongs which they had done themselves. The sight of a church building excites their disgust. They like the madrigal of a saloon better than the doxology of a temple. They do not want to live with him in heaven, but would prefer on leaving this world to go into some realm where God has abdicated the throne and from which he is exiled forever. The reason is, they do not know him. They do not realize the fact that God is the best friend this world ever had or ever will have and that he would do more for their happiness than any one in wide universe; that he would help them in the wear and tear and of this life, that he would hush their sorrows; that he would help cure the evil habits with which they sometimes struggle; that he they sometimes struggle; that he would at their request not only forgive but forget the wrong things in their life. Yes, forget! And that is

and their iniquities will I remember no more. What do the Bible and the church liturgies mean when they say, "He descended into hell?" They mean that his soul left his sacred body for awhile and went down into the prison of moral night, and swung back its great door, and lifted the chain of captivity, and felt the awful lash that would have come down on the world's back, and wept the tears of an eternal sacrifice, and took the bolt of divine indignation against sin into himself, and, having vanquish-ed death and hell, came out and came up, having achieved an eternal rescue if we will accept it. Read it slowly, read it solemnly, read it with tears, "He descended into hell." He knew what kind of pay he would get for exchanging celestial splendor for Bethlehem caravansary, and he dared all and came, the most illus-trous example in all the ages of dis-

the only thing that God ever does

best memory in the universe is God's

memory, and he remembers all that

has transpired in all time and in all

eternity save one kind of occurrence

That passes completely out of his memory. He declares, "Their sins

forget-pardoned transgression.

interested love.

Yea, it was most expensive love. There is much human love that costs nothing, nothing of fatigue, nothing of money, nothing of sacrifice, nothing of humiliation. But the most expensive movement that the heavens ever made was this expedition salvatory. It cost the life of a King. It put the throne of God in bereavement. It set the universe aghast. It made omnipotence weep and bleed and shudder. It taxed the resources of the richest of all empires. It meant angelic forces detailed to fight forces demoniac. It put three worlds into sharp collision—one world to save, another to resist and another ta destroy. It charged on the spears interested love.

A Young Girl

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and rang with the pattieaxes of he man and diabolic hate. Had the exedition of love been defeated the throne of God would have fallen, and Satan would have mounted into supremacy, and sin would have forever triumphed, and mercy would have been forever dead. The tears and blood of the martyr of the heavens were only a part of the infinite expense to which the Godhead went when it proposed to save the world. Now, the only fair thing for human hearts to do is to echo back that sovereign love. You and I have stood in mountainous regions where, uttering one distinct word, the echoes would come back with a resonance startling and captivating, and from all our hearts there should ound unto the heavens responses glorious and long continued. Let the world change its style of pay-ment for heavenly love. No more payment by lances, by hammers; no

more payment by blows on the cheek and scourging on the back, and hooting of mobs, but payment in ardors of soul, in true surrender of heart and love to the God that made us and the Christ who ransomed us and the eternal spirit who by regenerating power makes us all over again. Leander swam across the Hellespont guided by the light which Hero

the fair held from one of her tower earthly struggle can we not breast as long as we can see the torch of divine love held out from the tower windows of the King! Let love of God to us and our love to God clasp hards this minute. O ye dissatis-fied and distressed souls, who roam the world over looking for happines and firding none, why not try this love of God as a solace and inspir-ation and eternal satisfaction? When a king was crossing a desert in caravan, no water was to be found, and man and beast were perishing from thirst. Along the way were strewn the bones of caravans had preceded. There were harts or reindeer in the king's procession, and some one knew their keen scent for water and cried out, "Let loose the harts or reindeer!" It was done. and no sooner were these creatures oosened than they went scurrying in all directions looking for water and soon found it, and the king and his caravan were saved, and the wrote on some tablets the king words which he had read some time before, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God,"

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