THE GOOD TIME COMING

STORM STRESS AND ELEMENTAL CONFUSION PRECEDE GROWTH.

TALMAGE'S WORD OF HOPE

cial Disturbances, Upheavals, Labor Strikes, and the Conflict of the "Classes and the Masses" Inevitable Precursors of Orderly National Development-This Also Is Nature's

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Can-ada, in the year 1986, by Frederick Diver, To-zonto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 14.—In this sermon the preacher shows that as storms stress and elemental confusion are the forerunners of growth and orderly development in nature, so social disturbances, upheavals, labor strikes and the conflict of "the classes and the masses" are the inevitable precursors of orderly national development. The text is Proverbs xiv. 4, "Where no over a set the order is the class but much oxen are, the crib is clean, but much

oxen are, the crib is clean, but much increase is by the strength of the ox."
All true lovers of the beautiful should read the messages of its great high priest, John Ruskin. There never lived a man who wielded a poetic-prose pen like his His "Seven Lamps of Architecture" and "Ethics of the Dust" and "Stones, of Venice," his "Sesame and Lilles" and "Crown of Wild Olive," his "Studies of Wayside Flowers" and of "The Cloud Form and the "Relation of Natural Science to Art" offer to the meethetto enthueisat visions of his mesthetic enthusiast visions of this world which cannot be found among the writings of any other writer, living

If you have read John Ruskin care-Tully you may read John Russin carefully you may remember how in one chapter he makes a mighty plea for the mesthetics of life as against the ruthless invasion of commercialism. He demounces in vehement language the mounces in vehement language the medicaless vandalism of the business world which would paint a horrible advertisement of some patent medicine upon the rocks of a majestic palicade or frowning Gibraltar. He bewalls the fact that England's artistic sensibilities are so chilled and dulled that she would allow the manufacturer's wheel to turn into a muddy stream the clear, beautiful water that leap out of the mountains, and he excoriates the iconoclastic brutality of the Tumberman which would bury the axe in the heart of the grand old oaks that for centuries have been lifting up their for centuries have been lifting up their feefly hands to God in an attitude of prayer. But, though John Ruskin, our teacher, our Gamaliel, our aesthetic high priest, who leads us in worship at the altar of the beautiful, makes this plea for the preservation of the woods and the valleys, though he would strike down the hands of the iconoclast who would desecrate the high cliff, yet the whole world knows that if commer-cralism did not shut its eyes at times to the aesthetic our railroads would be unable to turnel under the mountains unable to turnel under the mountains and the farmers could never cover their and the farmers could never cover their fields with grain. In order that the in-creasing human race may live we must cut and tear down and slash. In many senses we must have a chaotic cosmos

If you will turn to my text and read it enterfully, as the inspired penuma. The thought which I am enunclating King Scionom taught in his book of Proverbs thousands of years ago. He goes act one morning, when the complaining farmer enters his burn. Everything there is fifthy and dirty. The great hear he had been as all-mussed up and must be raided out into the barnyard and the stalls cleaned. The chickens have flown into the harymow and scattered the hay. The grain bags have been broken open by the mide. The control of the hard in order to have progression.

If you will turn to my text and read It carefully, as the inspired penman It earefully, as the inspired penman meant it to be read, you will find that the thought which I am enunciating King Solomon taught in his book of Proverbs thousands of years ago. He goes out one morning, when the complaining farmer enters his barn. Everything there is filthy and dirty. The stream hele when which the even slent

Charles Large Property

not the treats and the sundrops and the soft white quilts of smow flung over our lawns and the spring freshets benefactors instead of curses? I enter the silent American forests in January. There I find everything lifeless and still. Here and there I may see the track of a doe or a wild rabbit. There I may hear once in awhile a squirrel chattering and scolding at me. But for the most part the paths of the woods are deserted and everything is still. I so up to one of the grand old trees and pat its sides and sympathetically say: "Poor fellow? How cold you must be. How you must long again to be dressed in your beautiful robes of green, How bitter you must feel at these blizzards which chill you and stop your sap from flowing, as they are ow trying to congeal my blood by freezing it in my veins." But, much to my surprise, the old oak is not satisfied with my sympathy. "No, no man!" it answers sharply: "The frost is not my enemy, but my friend. It comes to me as a lover and puts its white arms about me and says: Tree, I want thee to live a hundred years. I want thee to grow thousands upon thousands of leaves. But in order to do this I must husband thy strength. I must give thee an annual rest. I must enrich the soil where thy roots are buried. Trust me. Believe me. I am thy friend, for the deeper I pile the snowbanks about thy trunk the richer the food thou shalt have to live upon when the warm summer sun comes back from its journey on the other side of the equator and kisses thy cheeks." The frost is my friend and not my enemy."

I turn from the forests and enter the valleys. There I find the corn and the

The frost is my friend and not my enemy."

I turn from the forests and enter the valleys. There I find the corn and the wheat and the vegetables growing everywhere. It is now July instead of January. I have foolishly gone out without my heavy boots and mackintosh. My wife warned me that it might rain when I started out, but I heeded not her advice. The dark clouds were even then gathering. Suddenly there sounds a muttering of thunder. Then the lightnings flash and a tree is shattered by my side. Then comes the rain does not matter much to me, because I know that if I walk briskly and keep my blood in circulation I shall not does not matter much to me, because I know that if I walk briskly and keep my blood in circulation I shall not catch cold! The poor corn! They seem to be almost human. They seem to hang their heads as though they do not want the water to spatter into their faces. "Poor things, poor things!" I says. But almost instantly a mighty chorus of protest sounds from the fields. "We are not poor things," they answer. "We are parched, and God has sent us this rain to quench our thirst. We are flithy, and God has sent us this shower bath to cleanse us. We would die of hunger, but God, by this rain, has swelled the brooks until they come leaping down the mountain sides to irrigate the valleys that our food may be moistened so that our roots can suck it up. God has sent us this atmospheric disorder that we may grow strong and feed a hungry world. The rain is just as essential to our lives as the sunbeam." Wonderful and true answer that. When I tramped home I did not find fault with my wet garments. I knew that the rain, as truly as the sunshine, was sent as a messenger of divine love. "Where no oxen are the crib is clean, but much increase is by the strength of the ox." Do you not grasp the sublime proverb as applied to the physical or natural life?

But we can have "a staggeting cos-mos" in our mental life as well as in our physical or lower entities. The man who physically basks under the

Boils and

Red Rash, Eczema, in fact any skin disease, disfigures the complexion because the bowels are constipated—or because the kidneys do not rid the system of waste—or because the skin itself is unhealthy.

Ointments, salves and soaps are Because the trouble is with the blood.

Owing to defective action of bowels, kidneys or skin, the blood becomes laden with impurities. It is these impurities—deposited by the blood—that make boils, pimples, and painful, disfiguring skin diseases. It is because the trouble is with the bowels, kidneys or skin, that FRUIT-A-TIVES cure these diseases

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act directly on the eliminating organs—

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tal progress is like the commotion and disorderer waters of a brook. There the waters are pure and sweet, because one moment they are tumbling over a cascade, the next they are being dashed into foam against some bowlder, and the next they are as a waterfall leaping over some cliff. They are never still. They are always moving, always readjusting themselves to new condi-

As I note the restless commotions of the individual mind, so I note also the restless conditions of the social world and the conflict of the classes against the masses. The socialistic upheavals of the present time are not a sign that of the present time are not a sign that our present governmental life is to be destroyed. They are a sign, and a sure sign, that out of these upheavals there shall come forth a better truth, a better honesty, a purer social life. How many wrongs there are to be righted on both sides! Capital, with its vast

FOR FOUR YEARS

Whole Foot Nothing But Proud Flesh - Tried Different Physicians and All Kinds of Ointments - Could Walk Only With Crutches - Ohio Man Says :

"CUTICURA REMEDIES THE BEST ON EARTH."

right foot was cut off from the little toe down to the heel, and the physician who had charge of me was trying to sew up the side of my foot, but with no success. When he found out that wouldn't work, he began trying to heal the wound with all kinds of ointment, until at last my whole foot and way up above my calf was nothing but proud flesh. I suffered untold agonies for four years, and tried different physicians and all kinds of ointments. I could walk only with crutches. It is sirteen months ago since I began

different physicians and all kinds of ointments. I could walk only with crutches. It is sixteen months ago since I began using Caticura Soap and Ointment for my limb and foot. The first two months the Cuticura Remedies did not seem to work, but I kept on using them both. In two weeks afterwards I saw a change in my limb. Then I began using Cuticura Soap and Ointment often during the day and kept it up for seven months, when my limb was healed up just the same as if I never had trouble.

"It is eight months now since I stopped using Cuticura Remedies, the best on God's earth. I am working at the present day, after five years of suffering. The cost of Cuticura Ointment and Soap was only \$6; but the doctors' bills were more like \$600. You can publish my name and refer any one to write to me about Cuticura Remedies. I will answer all letters if postage is enclosed. John M. Lloyd, 718 S. Arch Ave., Alliance, Ohio, June 27, 1905."





Ask for Minard's and take no other,

resources and machinery, frequently has more mercy upon its from and steel bars and its leather bands and its huge pile drivers than upon the bone and sinew and muscle of its workmen. Capital does not say to itself, "How much can I make these goods for and sell them at a fair rate of profit, that the people may buy them the cheapest and yet I get a fair return for my money?" No, Capital does not say that, Capital says, "How can I make these goods the cheapest and sell them the dearest? How can I decrease my expenses at home and yet sell at the maximum price the needy people will pay?" Ah, there is something commercially wrong about such a condition as that. Capital, by her own actions, stands as a confessed usurer and extortioner. Her motto often is, "Squeese the last drop of blood out of the people. Do not run a business for a fair competence, but run it to get every cent of profit out of the human race that we can."

On the other hand, Labor is just as

On the other hand, Labor is just as or the other hand, Labor is just as cruel and selfish an extortioner as Capital when she gets the chance. In a famous bookstore of Chicago there was one corner which went by the name of "Saints and Sinners." Books of all creeds were placed there side by side. There infidel and atheist and minister would sometimes meet for a quiet chat There infidel and athelst and minister would sometimes meet for a quiet chat in a Monday symposlum. But in the social world, taken as a whole, there are no "saints." Too often we find both Capital and Labor robed in the black garments of selfshness instead of the white robes of altruism. Their motto becomes, not "Live and let live," but "Live ourselves and get all we can at the other man's expense." Of course I am not now talking of the capitalist and the laborer as individuals, Yes, Capital to-day cannot be proud

and the laborer as individuals.
Yes, Capital to-day cannot be proud of her past record. She has a heart of stone. Neither has Labor to-day anything to be proud of in her past actions. She has an adamantine heart of selfishness and greed. But when I look upon the struggles of these two mighty social factors I am not a pessimist, for in the social storms, in the strikes and recriminations in the blows which are recriminations, in the blows, which are now falling thick and fast, in the wars and rumors of wars, in the universal social disorder, I see a bright day comsocial disorder, I see a bright day coming. Peace and prosperity and universal brotherhood shall yet be evolved
out of the present social chaos. No
"stagnating social cosmos" is here. All
these social upheavals are only rainbow signs in the heavens that the social wars shall soon cease. "Where no
oxen are, the crib is clean, but much
increase is by the strength of the ox."
What is true of the mental, physical
and social realms is emphatically true
of the spiritual life. It is not by a
life of spiritual ease that we are going
to receive God's true messages. It is
only by struggle, only by prayer, only

to receive God's true messages. It is only by struggle, only by prayer, only by agony, only by wrestling, as Jacob wrestled with the angelic messenger through the long, dark night, that Christ reveals his face to us in the "beauty of holiness". We must do as Jesus did. We must spend forty long days in the wilderness before we can come to our true spiritual cosmos and walk hand in hand with God.

I was never more impressed with this thought than some time ago, when I was reading "The History of a Preacher's Life," by Dr. Rainsford, late rector of St. George's Episcopal church of New York City. Dr. Rainsford had been preaching the gospel for many years. He was at that time one of the most prominent preachers of Canada.

most prominent preachers of Canada. Suddenly there came a time when his old theology was passing away. He could not see things as he once saw them. Try as he would, he could not see them with the old eyes. Like Samson, he seemed to be shorn of his strength. His audience left him. His son, he seemed to be shoth of his strength. His audience left him. His power seemed to be gone. But he kept bravely on in his spiritual struggle. He prayed. Oh, how earnessly he prayed! Then one day the new light came. He was praying in his study and reading the parable of the prodigal son when the new gospel truth dawned upon his. He said: "That prodigal son went away from God, but he never ceased to be a son of his Divine Father. Some of the may wander far, far away, but we are all God's children. He never ceases to love us. He is ready to receive and forgive all of us if we only come back to the Divine Father's love?" At once Dr. Rainsford's old faith was revived; the theological mysteries passed away; from the chaos, the disorder of his religious hopes, there came the cosmos of the faith of a

teries passed away; from the chaos, the disorder of his religious hopes, there came the cosmos of the faith of a simple child.

Friend, I would look into your eyes to-day. You are worried. You are like Martha, troubled about many, things. But you are not like Mary's ester, worried about a heavenly feast. You are worried about your relationship to God. Ch. I thank Jesus to-day that your theological crib is disordered. You are miserable; you are distressed; you are anxious, but this is well. It is out of such distress that you come to eternal rest and peace. The danger is when a man is content with himself, when he is indifferent and untroubled. That is when the crib is clean. The way to happiness is through the turmoil that is hard to bear while it lasts, but afterward brings the peaceable fruit of righteousness. No "stagnating spiritual cosmos" its yours. Reach up. Reach on. In thy dastness keep on stumbling. Pray, Diligently search the Scriptures. Keep on, Eesp on, After awhile thy hand will touch a spiritual signboard. It will be the signboard of the cross. Then Jesus shall be yours. Keep on, brother. Struggle on, sister. "Were no oxen are the crib is clean, but much increase is by the strength of the Ox." the crib is clean, but much incre by the strength of the ox."

LEWIS IN COURT.

Magistrate Refuses Bail-Mr. Kingsford Will Hear Charges.

Will Hear Charges.

Toronto, Oct. 19.—Thomas Lewis appeared in the Police Court Wednesday morning to answer to the formal charge preferred against him, of perjury in connection with his testimony in the London bribery investigation. Mr. Robinette urged that, in the indictment brought against Lewis, no specific offence was set forth, and was assured by Mr. Armour, for the crown, that any particulars required would be forthcoming.

The prisoner, who pleaded not guilty, elected to be tried by a jury. On Mr. Robinette's asking for ball, Magistrate Denison replied that, so far as he was concerned he would not allow any, "I'm tired of this continual perjury," he commented.

A remand till Monday was given.



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The "Grand Peninsular" is my ideal of what a perfect cast-iron range should be. It is the most reliable cooker of its kind-because the oven is built exactly like the oven of an expensive steel range.

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after spending a month with friends near Welland.
Leonard Clinkersmith sold avaluable horse this week.
Mrs. Vickory left on Tuesday for Walkerville, where she will make her home.
John Wardell was an Orford visitor this weeek.
Walter Christner, Dresden, visited

Mr. and Mrs. J. Secord were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. D. Macpherson on Wednesday.

Mrs. Moore has returned home home. John Wardell was an Orford visitor this week. Walter Christner, Dresden, visited his cousins, Messrs. Ellis, on Monday.

It is disgraceful to stumble thrice at the same stone.



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