

FATHER'S LONG SEARCH.

Seeks His Children Who Were Kidnapped by Mother.

Campbellton, N. B., Sept. 20.—In a case which promises to be one of the greatest sensations ever heard in a Restigouche court, the marital troubles of W. H. Stewart, an American journalist and his wife, will be heard at Dalhousie in the near future. The case is one in which Mr. Stewart seeks to have returned to his custody his 14-year-old daughter, Winnie, now in the care of Rev. Mr. Bates, rector of the Episcopal Church at Dalhousie.

Mr. and Mrs. Stewart, who were married about 15 years ago in Ontario, lived happily during the greater part of their union, but a little over two years ago were divorced, he being granted the care of the children. The couple were then living in New York, where the husband was on the staff of a paper. Stewart went to Los Angeles and engaged in magazine writing.

One day while at his office the children were kidnapped by Mrs. Stewart. He succeeded in getting the youngest, and after a weary search located the other child in Dalhousie. The minister, however, refused to give her up and ordered Stewart from the house. The latter engaged counsel, who are now working on the case. The minister also entered a charge against Stewart for trespass.

Stewart is tired out as a result of his anxious search. He was at one time on the staff of The Montreal Star. Mrs. Stewart is a native of Toronto, where her mother lives. After kidnapping the children she took them to her mother's home for a while, and it was there the husband found the younger girl.

OVERTAKEN BY NAUSEA.

"You don't know if it's going to stay down or come up. You feel like thirty cents and look even worse. If one thing is quicker than another, it's 'Nervine.' Ten drops in sweetened water gives relief instantly. Almost like magic is the change you experience. The cause of the nausea is removed, every symptom of vomiting and indigestion is cured within ten minutes. When Pilon's Nervine is so trustworthy and economical, a bottle at home wouldn't be amiss. Large ones for a quarter at all dealers."

Smallpox at Oakville.

Oakville, Sept. 20.—There are five cases of smallpox in town, but all have been quarantined in a tent on the outskirts, and thanks to the prompt action of Dr. Williams, medical health officer, further cases are not expected.

The patients are an Indian, a milkman named Kelly, two children named Johnson, and a child named Holland.

The source of the outbreak is not known.

ALMOST DEAD OF BRONCHITIS.

Few people have suffered more than John P. Taylor, of Dymont, P. O., Ont. To-day he is well and writes, "I must tell you how much Catarrh-ozone has been to me. I was so bad with bronchitis sometimes that I thought it would soon be over with me. A spell of choking would come on that left me prostrated and weak. Since using Catarrh-ozone I have had no trouble at all. It strengthened my throat, stopped the cough, gave me free breathing and entirely cured." Just the usual experience. Catarrh-ozone invariably cures whether bronchitis, asthma or Catarrh. Two sizes, 25c. and \$1.00, at all dealers.

AN EXTREMIST.

Flubdub nearly always goes to extremes. Yes, he says every time he gets a headache his corns hurt him.

What a splendid type of tireless activity is the sun as the psalmist describes it issuing like "a bridegroom from his chamber and rejoicing like a strong man to run a race." Every man ought to rise in the morning refreshed by alumber and renewed by rest, eager for the struggle of the day. But how rarely this is so. Most people rise still unrefreshed, and dreading the strain of the day's labors. The cause of this is deficient vitality and behind this lies a deficient supply of pure, rich blood, and an inadequate nourishment of the body. There is nothing that will give a man energy and strength, as will Dr. Parce's Golden Medical Discovery. It does this by increasing the quantity and quality of the blood supply. This nourishes the nerves, feeds the brain, builds up enfeebled organs and gives sense of strength and power which makes the struggle of life a joy. The "good feeling" which follows the use of "Golden Medical Discovery" is not due to stimulation, as it contains no alcohol. The ingredients are plainly stated on the bottle-wrappers. It does not "brace-up" the body, but it up into a condition of sound and vigorous health.

He who gains time gains everything.

Experience cannot be bought.

SECRET OF GLADNESS

IS FOUND IN SUBMISSION TO THE LAWS OF GOD.

OBEEDIENCE IS NOT A BURDEN

Songs of Encouragement—David's Use of God's Statutes—Made a Living Power—Happiness of Childhood Days—Value of Earnest Prayer—Memories of Home Life—Key-notes of Eternal Praise.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1907, by Frederick Dyer, Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 15.—In this sermon the preacher shows that to the man or woman who is living aright and in harmony with God's laws those laws are no longer a burden, but are transformed into a continual song of encouragement. The text is Psalm cxix, 54, "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

Never did sculptor's chisel create two statues of more opposite character than are Michael Angelo's "Moses" and "David." When you study these two wonderful figures it does not seem possible that the same human brain could conceive both. They are different as the storm cloud and the sunshine, as the rumbling on-rushing avalanche breaking loose from its anchorage and the bubbling, laughing, leaping, happy brook gurgling down the mountain side. They are different as the shrieks and the groans of the carnage of battle and the soft cooing lullabies of a mother rocking her baby to sleep. In other words, the one statue represents power and the other love. The one represents the crags and the cliffs and inaccessible heights of old Sinai, with its bare rocks indented by the sword cuts of the lightning, and the other represents the melodious harp of the young shepherd boy singing to his sheep among the wild flowers of the valley and the dreamy relaxation of the poet while, lying upon a couch of softest leaves, he watches the parent birds feed their young among the swaying branches overhanging his noontide resting place.

But, though we have a perfect right to think of David the musician, David the poet, David the imaginative youth, who is always singing the praises of God, I wonder if we have not sometimes overlooked the fact that David sang his songs of triumph under the shadow of old Mount Sinai and that he had but a vague and shadowy idea of the tenderness of the cross of Jesus Christ. The poetic eyes of David in the statue may not search us from out of deep sockets or do from overarching forehead, as do the penetrating eyes of Moses the law-giver, but the same thought that seemed in the brain of Moses lived and throbbed in the brain of David. All through the Psalms I find that the Ten Commandments of Mount Sinai are the skeletons upon which David the psalmist based his praises. When David writes his most beautiful songs he seems to be echoing in rhyme what Moses, the great law-giver, had written 500 years before in the books of the Pentateuch. David's poetry is only Moses' laws and commandments set to music.

It was so with the other poets whose compositions are in that great hymnal. Turn almost anywhere in the Psalms and you can find this fact illustrated. What is the burden of the One Hundred and Nineteenth Psalm? It is the law, the rock ribbed law of God. "Oh, how I love thy law! It is my meditation day and night, it is the song. What is the burden of the Thirty-seventh Psalm and the Forth Psalm and the Seventy-eighth Psalm? It is the law of God. And to-day in the words of my text the shepherd poet tells us that the statutes of God have been his songs in the house of his pilgrimage all through his life. The law of Moses is here found to be the theme of the sweetest ever Israel ever produced.

Did you ever stop to think that the laws of God could be set to music? Oh, how prosaic a book of common law is to the average man! When my brother was a young student in the law college he one day came to my father and placed before him the lawbook and said, "Father, read that. Did you ever read any set of rules so dry or so uninteresting?" Truly, for a young man a lawbook is a dry and uninteresting book, but when the young man has mastered those dull codes and uses them in his practice they are changed from dry skeletons to those legal enactments are the great barriers by which the rights of men are protected against the assaults of evil-doers. So with David. When he mastered the principles of God's laws he was able to clothe them with poetic imagery. He saw the far-reaching effect of those laws. Instead of being a collection of skeletons bleaching in a cemetery they became to him a living power. As living principles they welcomed him at the cradle. They guided him through childhood's hours. They led him forth into the struggle of young manhood. They were the crown of glory of his old age. Thus as an aged servant of God he gleefully braves the glory of old Mount Sinai as he sings, "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

Now let us try to understand how God's laws have become the key-notes of David's songs. In the first place the statutes of the Lord were the psalmist's cradle songs. They were the lullabies with which his mother used to sing him to sleep. They were the divine promises with which God adopted him as his child. The covenant with which Abraham's children and children's children became part of God's great redemption braves the Christians enter into adoption with which God's children. And they are the same divine promises with which our children enter into covenant relations with God.

Now, the great practical question which comes before us to-day is, How can a child of Christian parents become a child of the covenant? In the old dispensation the rite of circumcision made a child a partaker in the covenant. Abraham was a child of God. He was to inherit Palestine, and, besides this, he was to have the divine protection. His descendants were to enjoy the same privilege so long as they obeyed God's law. The promises of God were to be continued from one generation to another to all of Abraham's descendants who fulfilled the obligations of the covenant. It was a bargain, and the seal of it was the outward rite which marked the child as an heir of the covenant. In other words circumcision in the old dispensation was the sealing of a parental compact with God. Let me illustrate. You come to me and want to buy a tract of land for \$10,000. I say, "Mr. Jones, why are you buying this land?" "Oh," you answer, "I am buying this land for a homestead where I can live and my children can live after me, generation after generation." "All right," I say, "I can sell you the land, but you will have to pay the taxes and fulfil your obligations to the country, and your children will have to do the same when they inherit it." You understand that, and I say, "Then in consideration of \$10,000 I will give you a deed of that land for yourself and your heirs forever. That deed will seal the bargain." Just so the descendants of Abraham entered into covenant with God. They were under obligations of which the rite counted for nothing if the obligations were not fulfilled. The later history of Abraham's descendants proved that the real condition was obedience and that when this was not rendered the outward sign was not accepted. It became a mockery when it no longer represented a change of heart.

But the statutes were more than the guardians of the law. They sang the songs of the Nativity over the manger of Bethlehem of Judea. They sang for David the happy songs of childhood. The statutes became songs of rejoicing. They were the conditions of sonship and inheritance which it was a joy to fulfil. They were the sweetest recollections of the old homestead when he was a growing boy. They were the songs which made his father when he was a mother and brothers one at the family altar. They were the songs which taught him how to say his evening prayers at his mother's knee. They were the songs which made him as a child study the old Mosaic laws. They were the songs by which he was corrected when he did wrong. And they were the songs which taught him faith in God as well as faith in his fellow men. In other words, they were the same laws by which you and I as boys and girls were developed in a Christian home for our life's struggle. If you did not learn these statutes of God when you were young, then you are poor indeed. If you did learn the laws of God when you were young, then the memory of them makes you rich indeed.

The happiness of our childhood days was not dependent upon the size of our father's pocketbook. But to a great extent it was dependent upon whether our parents obeyed and made us obey the statutes of our Lord in the house of our pilgrimage. Some time ago a sorrowing son was on the way back to the village of his boyhood to bury an aged parent. "How much was your father worth when he died?" asked one of his friends. "Nothing," I think he was worth less than nothing. I suppose I shall have to bury him." But the day after the funeral the young man was going down the village street. As he walked along he met an old man, who held out his hand and said: "God bless you, my boy. Jim, you had a good father. I knew him for over forty years and I never knew him to do one act which did not stamp him as a noble, brave Christian hero." And a little further on a young girl stopped him and said: "Jim, your father was the best friend my mother ever had. When papa died he gathered in all our harvests and has made it possible for us to live." A little further on he met another man, who said, "Jim, there is not a man, woman or child in this whole region who has not been brought nearer to God by seeing the noble life of your father." When the young man turned his steps toward the old home he said to himself: "Well, my father did not have much money, but he was rich. He lived rich in God's grace, and he died triumphant in God's love, and I guess I have inherited as much good as any boy could receive from any parent."

Why, as he listens he can hear all the redeemed of heaven singing their songs of triumph. Yes, the statutes of the law have been his song so long that he can catch the songs of the heavenly lands.

A Legal Wit.
Lord Young was a famous Scotch lawyer. Once a little advocate who was slightly misshapen heckled the great lawyer beyond what his patience would stand and finally pinned him on the exact meaning of a mark of interrogation. "I would call it," said Lord Young, fixing his eyes on the questioner, "a little crooked thing that asks questions." Looking across the table at a public dinner at the over-ribose cheeks and fishy eyes of his opposite neighbor, he inquired who the owner of the vinous countenance might be and was told he was the president of a water trust. "Aye," said Lord Young, "well, he looks like a man that could be trusted with any amount of water." Some one told Lord Young that the House of Lords had on appeal affirmed a decision of his. "It may be right, after all," was his lordship's reply.

boys went, but not you. Oh, how strict those old folks were! Why, your mother would not even let your sister wear a low necked dress, because she said it was immodest. But tell me, do you not to-day glory in those strict ways of your old home? Those old folks were so strict that they would never do anything they thought the statutes of the Lord forbade them to do. But did not those strict laws of God bring a peace to your old homestead which not any of the so called liberal ideas of the present time have ever produced? Yes, I think we have a right, like David, to sing, "Thy statutes have been my songs in the happy days of my childhood."

But the statutes of the Lord were more than a sacred memory of the scenes of David's boyhood. They were the songs by which the young man and the middle aged man kept step in the journey of life.

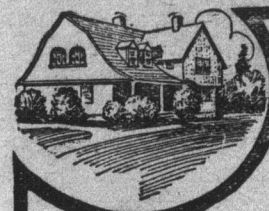
In David's journey of life the laws of God were the songs by which he kept step after he had left the old homestead.

In the first place, there was that overwhelming bugle call by which David was set aside when yet a mere lad as the future king of Israel. Oh, could David ever cease to praise the law of God for that tremendous day in his history when Samuel came into the home of his father Jesse and poured the anointing oil upon his head? For days and weeks and months do you not believe he pondered over his coming glory? When he was an aged king, with his hair white as the almond tree in blossom, do you not still believe he gloried in the fact that God had set him aside as one to fill a throne? And yet has there no anointing come to us? Has not each one of us been set apart to do some special work which cannot be done by any one else? We have not been called to fill a throne, but we have been called, as David, to serve our generation and to testify to others that it is good to obey the statutes of God.

Then, like David, we should glory in the fact that God has not only detailed us for an especial work of life, but also because God has cared for us and guided us and protected us while we are doing that work. That would be a careless father who would tell a son to go and do something and then look on for the welfare of the child while he was carrying out the parental orders. So God's divine protection during all of David's life and during all of our lives has been hovering over us and helping us upon our feet when we have fallen and bringing us back to the straight path of virtue when we have wandered away and been caught in the snarled thickets of sin. Do you wonder that David gloried in the old divine commandment which said, "This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth, but thou shalt meditate therein day and night that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein, for thou shalt make thy way prosperous and then thou shalt have good success."

And to-day I would specially impress upon the young the fact that God still protects and cares for those who obey his laws. Sometimes the young are so nearsighted that they cannot understand this. Life in its earlier days seems to be such a struggle for most young people that at times they do not think it pays to be good. Thus sorrow down in King Achish's court. But, my young friend, I have a wide and varied experience, and I want to tell you that it never pays to break one of God's laws. And I also want you to know that some of the trials and troubles of life of which you are now complaining are yet to be the keynotes which are to sound forth your most glorious and happy songs of praise.

But there is one word in reference to my text to which I want to draw your attention. It is the last word: "Thy statutes have been my song in the house of my pilgrimage." Now, what is the pilgrimage? "Oh," you answer, "a pilgrimage is a journey; it is a long tramp; it is a long, wearisome, tiresome trip." Is that your definition of a pilgrimage? Then, my friend, it is a wrong definition, for you have only told me half the truth. 'Tis true, a pilgrimage is a journey. But it is distinctly a journey to a shrine. Now, what was the sacred place toward which the pilgrimage of David was heading? Why, there is only one rational answer: It is the sacred place of heaven. It was toward the sacred place where Christ and all David's dear ones were to greet him. It was not a pilgrimage which began at the cradle and ended at the grave, but it was a pilgrimage which began at the cradle and ended at the great white throne of God. Oh, was it not a glorious destiny toward which the ancient Psalmist was heading? It was to enter the presence of the God whose statutes had become songs to him. That is the man who will enjoy heaven. Not the man to whom the laws of God are burdensome and painful, but he whose delight it is to obey and serve God. To him, even in this world, there come echoes of the songs of heaven. His ears acquire a miraculous power.



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DISTRICT

ZONE CENTRE.

The farmers here are nearly through fall seeding.

Mrs. Geo. Schott is the guest of friends in London.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Tinney are spending a few weeks with relatives in Northern Michigan.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Lidstar attended the funeral of the latter's uncle at Wallaceburg Wednesday.

Mr. J. W. Vanhorn intends moving to his farm near Louisville this fall.

Mr. T. Baker, of London, was the guest of friends here on Labor Day.

Mrs. Randall, of the Northwest, visited her sister, Mrs. Joseph Eberle, last week.

Mr. John Lidstar and daughter

Lillie took in the London Fair last week.

Mr. Peter Johnson and friend, of West Lorne, spent Sunday with Mrs. George Tinney.

On Thursday, while Mr. Bert Bedford was moving his threshing outfit on the Moravian Reserve, for some unaccountable reason the big wheel on the engine went to pieces, one portion striking him on the head and instantly killed him. Bert was 30 years of age and lived with his parents on the River Road, Zone. He was an expert engineer and a young man of an exemplary character. His sad and sudden death has cast a gloom over the whole community. The funeral, which was an exceptional large one, was held at his home on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 15. He was a member of the Baptist church, Thamesville. Geo. H. Lidstar, Township Treasurer, made a business trip to Chatham Saturday last.

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