CRYING FOR HELP.

Lots of it in Chatham but Daily Growing Less.

The kidneys cry for help.

Not an organ in the whole body so delicately constructed.

Not one so important to health.

The kidneys are the filters of the blood.

When they fail the blood becomes foul and poisonous.

There can be no health where there is poisoned blood.

Backache is one of the first indications of kidney trouble.

It is the kidney's cry for help. Heed it.

Doan's Kidney Pills are what is wanted.

Are just what overworked kidneys need.

They strengthen and invigorate the kidneys; help them to do their work; never fail to cure any case of kidney disease.

Read the proof from a Chatham citizen.

Mr. Joseph Winterburn, the well-known blacksmith, of Selkirk street, Ont., says: "I am a blacksmith by trade, and the heavy work I am obliged to do brought on kidney weakness with its attendant backaches and other troubles, among which was an almost constant desire to urinate, accompanied by a burning sensation when voiding the urine.

"My rest was very frequently broken, and I felt tired and weary most of the time. I had tried a great many remedies in the hope of a cure, but without success. I may say that the urine was of a wine color and precipitated a thick cloudy deposit. At last I heard of Doan's Kidney Pills, and went to the Drug store for a box.

"On beginning their use, I felt much relieved. My back ceased to ache, the urine assumed its natural condition, and appearance and I steadily improved in health and strength. My energy and vigor returned, and I am now well and strong. I can say without hesitation that I am completely cured, and have not the slightest pain or ache of any kind.

"I cannot speak too highly in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills, and would advise anyone suffering from kidney trouble of any kind to give them a trial."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents a box or three for $1.25, at all druggists.

There are numerous women inventors, but not one of them has ever been able to invent a bridle that would curb the feminine tongue.

TWO MILLION VICTIMS.

It is estimated that one-third the population of Canada are victims to the pill habit. This should not be so as Merrill's System Tonic tones the liver, restores the natural muscular powers to the bowels and permanently cures habitual Constipation. The result is that dyspepsia, impure blood and nerve troubles disappear. One 50 cent bottle cures. Sold at Central Drug Store.

If a young man is unable to win a girl's affection any other way he should bribe her parents to oppose the match.

ARE KIDNEYS FIT TO EAT?

Many people enjoy stewed kidneys. Did they know that it is the kidney that abstracts all the soluble impurities from the blood they would not eat them. Merrill's System Tonic reconstructs kidney tissue, tones the kidney, and by also acting on the bowels makes a complete cure of all kidney complaints. 50 pleasant-to-take doses for 50c. Sold at Central Drug Store. Descriptive pamphlet free.

There is something wrong somewhere when the night latch fails to yield to a buttonhook at two a. m.

SAVES TIME AND MONEY.

Instead of sitting in a doctor's office for an hour awaiting a consultation, go to the Central Drug Store and ask for a free pamphlet describing the new tonic treatment, called Merrill's System Tonic. Cures by purifying the blood, building up the system, strengthening the nerves and regulating the bowels. Three weeks' treatment for 50c. Sold at Central Drug Store. Descriptive pamphlet free.

It might be well while correcting your disobedient offspring to remember that you did not die young.

DON'T TEAR DOWN—BUILD UP.

The old-fashioned theory of tearing down disease was entirely changed by the advent of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, which cures by creating new, rich blood and nerve tissue. Through the medium of the circulation and the nervous system they strengthen and invigorate every organ in the human body.

On life's highway everybody is not willing but anxious to take the rich man's dust.

WHICH WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

To be a man with a bad, nasty irritating cough with 25c. in your pocket, or the same man minus the cough, minus the quarter, and with only an empty Four T's bottle in the house? One 25c. bottle of Four T's has often cured a whole family of coughs and colds, some recent and others real, old, chronic cases. Try a 25c. bottle. Sold by C. H. Gunn & Co.

A sensible girl has no more use for a fresh young man than for one that is stale.

A Thousand Tongues.

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard St., Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"It soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the Universe." So will everyone who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest or Lungs. Price 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottles free at A. I. McCall & Co.'s Drug Store. Every bottle guaranteed.

The more we love, the more we understand and trust each other. — Dr. Pusey.

ALL HEADACHES

from whatever cause cured in half an hour by

HOFFMAN'S HEADACHE POWDERS,

10 cents and 25 cents at all druggists

ETERNAL DARKNESS

A Glimpse of What the Earth Would be Without the Gospel.

The Eminent Divine Vividly Portrays the Gloom of an Infidel World --The Triumph of Atheism Would Mean the Death of Civilization.

Washington, May 14.—In this sermon Dr. Talmage gives a glimpse of what the world would be if the gospel were abolished and the human race left without divine guidance. The text is Acts ii, 20, "The sun shall be turned into darkness."

Christianity is the rising sun of our time, and men have tried with the unrolling vapors of skepticism and the smoke of their blasphemy to turn the sun into darkness. Suppose the archangels of malice and horror should be let loose a little while and be allowed to extinguish and destroy the sun in the natural heavens! They would take the oceans from other worlds and pour them on the luminary of the planetary system, and the waters go hissing down amid the ravines and the caverns, and there is explosion after explosion, until there are only a few peaks of fire left in the sun, and these are cooling down and going out until the vast continents of flame are reduced to a small acreage of fire, and that whitens and cools off until there are only a few coals left, and these are whitening and going out until there is not a spark left in all the mountains of ashes and the valleys of ashes and the chasms of ashes. An extinguished sun! A dead sun! A buried sun! Let all worlds wail at the stupendous obsequies.

Of course this withdrawal of the solar light and heat throws our earth into a universal chill, and the tropics become the temperate, and the temperate becomes the Arctic, and there are frozen rivers and frozen lakes and frozen oceans. From Arctic to Antarctic regions the inhabitants gather in toward the center and find the equator at the poles. The slain forests are piled up into a great bonfire, and around them gather the shivering villages and cities. The wealth of the coal mines is hastily poured into the furnaces and stirred into rage of combustion, but soon the bonfires begin to lower, and the furnaces begin to go out, and the nations begin to die. Cotopaxi, Vesuvius, Etna, Stromboli, California geysers, cease to smoke, and the ice of hailstorms remains unmelted in their crater. All the flowers have breathed their last breath. Ships with sailors frozen at the mast, and helmsmen frozen at the wheel, and passengers frozen in the cabin, all nations dying, first at the north and then at the south. Child frosted and dead in the cradle. Octogenarian frosted and dead at the hearth. Workmen with frozen hand on the hammer and frozen foot on the shuttle. Winter from sea to sea. All congealing winter. Perpetual winter. Globe of frigidity. Hemisphere shackled to hemisphere by chains of ice. Universal Nova Zembla. The earth an ice floe grinding against other ice floes. The archangels of malice and horror have done their work, and now they may take their thrones of glacier and look down upon the ruin they have wrought. What the destruction of the sun in the natural heavens would be to our physical earth, the destruction of Christianity would be to the moral world. The sun turned into darkness!

Infidelity a Tragedy.

Infidelity in our time is considered a great joke. There are people who rejoice to hear Christianity caricatured and to hear Christ assailed with quibble and quirk and misrepresentation and badinage and harlequinade. I propose to-day to take infidelity and atheism out of the realm of jocularity into one of tragedy and show you what infidels propose and what if they are successful they will accomplish. There are those in all our communities who would like to see the Christian religion overthrown and who say the world would be better without it. I want to show you what is the end of this road and what is the terminus of this crusade and what this world will be when atheism and infidelity have triumphed over it, if they can. I say, if they can. I reiterate it, if they can.

In the first place, it will be the complete and unutterable degradation of womanhood. I will prove it by facts and arguments which no honest man will dispute. In all communities and cities and states and nations where the Christian religion has been dominant woman's condition has been ameliorated and improved, and she is deferred to and honored in a thousand things, and every gentleman takes off his hat before her. If your associations have been good, you know that the name of wife, mother, daughter, suggests gracious surroundings. You know there are no better schools and seminaries in this country than the schools and seminaries for our young ladies. You know that while woman may suffer injustice in England and the United States she has more of her rights in Christendom than she has anywhere else.

Woman and Christianity.

Now, compare this with woman's condition in lands where Christianity has made little or no advance—in China, in Barbary, in Borneo, in Tartary, in Egypt, in Hindustan. The Burmese sell their wives and daughters as so many sheep. The Hindoo Bible makes it disgraceful and an outrage for a woman to listen to music or look out of the window in the absence of her husband and gives as a lawful ground for divorce a woman's beginning to eat before her husband has finished his meal. What mean those white bundles on the ponds and rivers in China in the morning? Infanticide following infanticide. Female children destroyed simply because they are female. Woman harnessed to the plow as an ox. Woman veiled and barricaded and in all styles of cruel seclusion. Her birth a misfortune. Her life a torture. Her death a horror. The missionary of the cross to-day in heathen lands preaches generally to two groups—a group of men who do as they please and sit where they please; the other group, women hidden and carefully secluded in a side apartment, where they may hear the voice of the preacher, but may not be seen. No refinement. No liberty. No hope for this life. No hope for the life to come. Ringed nose. Cramped foot. Disfigured face. Embruted soul. Now, compare those two conditions. How far toward this latter condition that I speak of would woman go if Christian influences were withdrawn and Christianity were destroyed? It is only a question of [illegible] if an object be lifted to a certain point and not fastened there and the lifting power be withdrawn, how long before that object will fall down to the point from which it started? It will fall down, and it will go still farther than the point from which it started. Christianity has lifted woman up from the very depths of degradation almost to the skies. If that lifting power be withdrawn, she falls clear back to the depth from which she was resurrected, not going any lower, because there is no lower depth. And yet, notwithstanding the fact that the only salvation of woman from degradation and woe is the Christian religion—and the only influence that has ever lifted her in the social scales is Christianity—I have read that there are women who reject Christianity. I make no emark in regard to those persons. In the silence of your own soul make your observations.

Society Demoralized.

If infidelity triumph and Christianity be overthrown, it means the demoralization of society. The one idea in the Bible that atheists and infidels most hate is the idea of retribution. Take away the idea of retribution and punishment from society, and it will begin very soon to disintegrate and take away from the minds of men the fear of hell, and there are a great many of them who would very soon turn this world into a hell. The majority of those who are indignant against the Bible because of the idea of punishment are men whose lives are bad or whose hearts are impure and who hate the Bible because of the idea of future punishment for the same reason that criminals hate the penitentiary. Oh, I have heard this brave talk about people fearing nothing of the consequences of sin in the next world, and I have made up my mind it is merely a coward's whistling to keep his courage up. I have seen men flaunt their immoralities in the face of the community, and I have heard them defy the judgment day and scoff at the idea of any future consequence of their sin, but when they came to die they shrieked until you could hear them for nearly two blocks, and in the summer night the neighbors got up to put the windows down because they could not endure the horror.

I would not want to see a rail train with 500 Christian people on board go down through a drawbridge into a watery grave; I would not want to see 500 Christian people go into such disaster, but I tell you plainly that I could more easily see that than I could for any protracted time stand and see an infidel die, though his pillow were of elder down and under a canopy of vermilion. I have never been able to brace up my nerves for such a spectacle. There is something at such a time so indescribable in the countenance. I just looked in upon it for a minute or two; but the clutch of his fist was so diabolic and the strength of his voice was so unnatural I could not endure it. "There is no hell, there is no hell, there is no hell!" the man had said for 60 years, but that night when I looked in the dying room of my infidel neighbor there was something on his countenance which seemed to say, "There is, there is, there is, there is!" The mightiest restraints today against theft, against immorality, against libertinism, against crime of all sorts—the mightiest restraints are the retributions of eternity. Men know that they can escape the law, but down in the offenders' soul there is the realization of the fact that they cannot escape God. He stands at the end of the road of profligacy, and he will not clear the guilty. Take all idea of retribution and punishment out of the hearts and minds of men, and it would not be long before our cities would become Sodoms. The only restraints against the evil passions of the world today are Bible restraints.

If Atheism Triumphed.

Suppose now these generals of atheism and infidelity got the victory and suppose they marshaled a great army made up of the majority of the world. They are in companies, in regiments, in brigades—the whole army. Forward, march, ye hosts of infidels and atheists, banners flying before, banners flying behind, banners inscribed with the words: "No God! No Christ! No Punishment! No Restraints! Down With the Bible! Do as You Please!" The sun turned into darkness!

Forward, march, ye great army of infidels and atheists! And first of all you will attack the churches. Away with those houses of worship! They have been standing there so long deluding the people with consolation in their bereavements and sorrows. All those churches ought to be extirpated they have done so much to relieve the lost and bring home the wandering, and they have so long held up the idea of eternal rest after the paroxysm of this life is over. Turn the St. Peters and St. Pauls and the temples and tabernacles into clubhouses. Away with those churches!

Forward, march, ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next of all they scatter the Sabbath schools filled with bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked little ones who are singing songs on Sunday afternoon and getting instruction when they ought to be on the street corners playing marbles or swearing on the commons. Away with them! Forward, march, ye great army of infidels and atheists, and next of all they will attack Christian asylums, the institutions of mercy supported by Christian philanthropies. Never mind the blind eyes and the deaf ears and the crippled limbs and the darkened intellects. Let paralyzed old age pick up its own food and orphans fight their own way and the half reformed go back to their evil habits. Forward, march, ye great army of infidels and atheists, and with your battleaxes hew down the cross and spit up the manger of Bethlehem.

Army of Destruction.

On, ye great army of infidels and atheists, and now they come to the graveyards and the cemeteries of the earth. Pull down the sculpture above Greenwood's gate, for it means the Resurrection. Tear away at the entrance of Laurel Hill the figure of Old Mortality and the chisel. On, ye great army of infidels and atheists, into the graveyards and cemeteries, and where you see "Asleep in Jesus" cut it away, and where you find a marble story of heaven blast it, and where you find over a little child's grave "Suffer Little Children to Come Unto Me" substitute the words "delusion" and "sham," and where you find an angel in marble strike off the wings, and when you come to a family vault chisel on the door, "Dead once, dead forever."

But on, ye great army of infidels and atheists, on! They will attempt to scale heaven. There are heights to be taken. Pile hill on hill and Pelion upon Ossa, and then they hoist the ladders against the walls of heaven. On and on until they blow up the foundations of jasper and the gates of pearl. They charge up the steep. Now they aim for the throne of him who liveth forever and ever. They would take down from their high place the Father, the Son, the Holy Ghost. "Down with them!" they say. "Down with them from the throne!" they say. "Down forever! Down out of sight! He is not God. He has no right to sit there. Down with him! Down with Christ!"

A world without a head, a universe without a king. Orphan constellations. Fatherless galaxies. Anarchy supreme. A dethroned Jehovah. An assassinated God. Patricide, regicide, deicide. That is what they mean. That is what they will have if they can. I say, if they can. Civilization hurled back into semi-barbarism and semi-barbarism driven back into Hottentot savagery. The wheel of progress turned the other way and turned toward the dark ages. The clock of the centuries put back 2,000 years. Go back, you Sandwich Islands, from your schools and from your colleges and from your reformed condition to what you were in 1820, when the missionaries first came. Call home the 500 missionaries from India and overthrow their 2,000 schools, where they are trying to educate the heathen, and scatter the 100,000 little children that they have gathered out of barbarism into civilization. Obliterate all the work of Dr. Duff in India, of David Abeel in China, of Dr. King in Greece, of Judson in Burma, of David Brainerd amid the American aborigines, and send home the 3,000 missionaries of the cross who are toiling in foreign lands, toiling for Christ's sake, toiling themselves into the grave. Tell these 3,000 men of God that they are of no use. Send home the medical missionaries who are doctoring the bodies as well as the souls of the dying nations. Go home, London Missionary Society. Go home American Board of Foreign Missions. Go home, ye Moravians and relinquish back into darkness and squalor and death the nations whom ye have begun to lift.

A Nefarious Plot.

Oh, my friends, there has never been such a nefarious plot on earth as that which infidelity and atheism have planned. We were shocked a few years ago because of the attempt to blow up the Parliament Houses in London, but if infidelity and atheism succeed in their attempt they will dynamite a world. Let them have their full way, and this world will be a habitation of three rooms—a habitation with just three rooms, the one a madhouse, another a lazaretto, the other a pandemonium. These infidel bands of music have only just begun their concert—yes, they have only been stringing their instruments. I to-day put before you their whole program from beginning unto close. In the theatre the tragedy comes first and the farce afterward, but in this infidel drama of death the farce comes first and the tragedy afterward. And in the former atheists and infidels laugh and mock, but in the latter God himself will laugh and mock. He says so. "I will laugh at their calamity and mock when their fear cometh."

From such a chasm of individual, national, worldwide ruin, stand back. Oh, young men, stand back from that chasm! You see the practical drift of my sermon. I want you to know where the road leads. Stand back from the chasm of ruin. The time is going to come (you and I may not live to see it, but it will come; just as certainly as there is a God it will come) when the infidels and the atheists who openly and out and out and above board preach and practice infidelity and atheism will be considered as criminals against society, as they are now criminals against God. Society will push out the leper, and the wretch with soul gangrened and ichorous and vermin covered and rotting apart with his beastiality will be left to die in the ditch and be denied decent burial, and men will come with spades and cover up the carcass where it falls, that it poison not the air, and the only text in all the Bible appropriate for the funeral sermon will be Jeremiah xxii. 19, "He shall be buried with the burial of an ass."

Victory for Christianity.

A thousand voices come up to me this hour, saying: "Do you really think infidelity will succeed? Has Christianity received its deathblow? and will the Bible become obsolete?" Yes, when the smoke of the city chimney arrests and destroys the noonday sun. Josephus says about the time of the destruction of Jerusalem the sun was turned into darkness, but only the clouds rolled between the sun and the earth. The sun went right on. It is the same sun, the same luminary, as when at the beginning it shot out like an electric spark from God's finger, and to-day it is warming the nations, and to-day it is gliding the sea, and to-day it is filling the earth with its light. The same old sun, not at all wornout, though its light steps 190,000,000 miles a second, though its pulsations are 450,000,000,000,000 undulations in a second. The same sun with beautiful white light made up of the violet, and the indigo, and the blue, and the green, and the red, and the yellow, and the orange—the seven beautiful colors, now just as when the solar spectrum first divided them.

At the beginning God said: "Let there be light," and light was, and light is, and light shall be. So Christianity is rolling on, and it is going to warm all nations, and all nations are to bask in its light. Men may shut the window blinds so they cannot see it, or they may smoke the pipe of speculation until they are shadowed under their own vaporing, but the Lord God is a sun! This white light of the gospel made up of all the beautiful colors of earth and heaven—violet plucked from amid the spring grass, and the indigo of the southern jungles, and the blue of the skies, and the green of the foliage, and the yellow of the autumnal woods, and the orange of the southern groves, and the red of the sunsets. All the beauties of earth and heaven brought out by this spiritual spectrum. Great Britain is going to take all Europe for God. The United States are going to take America for God. Both of them together will take all Asia for God. All three of them will take Africa for God. "Who art thou, O great mountain? Before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." "The mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Hallelujah, amen!

Christian Women,

in the old Roman days of Nero, were cast into the dens of lions where they died a horrible, but fortunately speedy death. The world has progressed, but ignorance still condemns thousands of innocent women to an equally painful and more lingering death.

The woman who day after day is tortured by headaches, despondency irritability, nervousness, lassitude, weak back, pains and dragging sensations in the abdomen and similar symptoms, suffers a martyrdom that not even a Nero could invent. Not one doctor in a thousand will attribute these troubles to the right cause—weakness or disease of the sensitive feminine organs, yet almost without exception there lies the trouble. And there is just one known remedy that reaches and cures every case.

It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes women young again. It gives new strength and virility to the organs long harassed by weakness and disease. It promptly heals inflammation and ulceration, stops weakening drains and restores the health and vigor of youth. It fits for wifehood and prepares for motherhood. It banishes morning sickness and other discomforts of ante-maternity. It makes "new women." One letter among thousands says:

J. S. Carlisle, Esq., of Manchester, Coffee Co., Tenn., writes: "I am superintendent of the Coffee County Poor-house and Asylum combined. Your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Pleasant Pellets' are the best medicines for the diseases for which they are recommended, that I ever used. They saved my wife's life at the time of 'change of life.' I also cured the worst case of lunacy that we ever had with your 'Favorite Prescription.' The case had been under a doctor's care three years."

If baby dies before the doctor comes, you will wish you had sent for Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser. In paper cover 31 one-cent stamps, the cost of customs and mailing. Cloth binding, 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

SOCIETY GOES TO

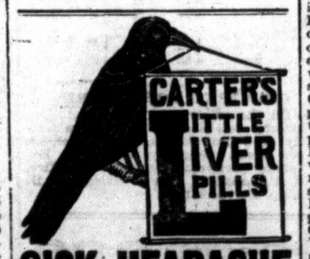
The French Opera on Saturday Night in New Orleans Because

Its Grandfathers Handed the Custom Down to it—This is the Scene of the Creole Belles' Social Debut.

"Society goes to the French opera on Saturday night because its great-grandfathers handed the custom down to it," writes Harrydele Hallmark in The Ladies' Home Journal. "So established is this custom that no social function is ever prepared for Saturday evening during the season. The family that gives out an invitation for that night is immediately classed as not versed in the usages of society and not worthy to be known. This is so deep-rooted in Creole life that such an invitation would be jeered at as if coming from a barbarian.

"The best singers save their voices for this crowning night, and the house is like a private ballroom, where the guests visit and laugh and chat from the balconies of the boxes as they do from the little iron balconies that connect their houses. If one does not go to the opera on Saturday night through lack of invitation or money one is very careful not to be seen elsewhere giving out the suggestion that sickness or trouble impelled one's absence. The proud Creoles of the French set, some of them in grinding poverty, ignore all the Mardi Gas festivities, ignore all that costs a picayune, in order to save the amount to appear at the opera on Saturday night.

"No debutante of New Orleans enters society in the correct and approved manner unless she make her debut in a box on this particular evening. If the social aspirant has sufficient money and tact to secure the good-will of a leading family to invite her debutante daughter into its box, this daughter has received the most precious hall-mark of society. If a man who owes a social call pays the call to his friends in their box at the opera it is just the same as if he called at their house. The centre boxes are reserved for the debutantes. There they receive the homage due them; there they are wooed and sometimes won, but certainly there they make or mar their chances for bellehood. Some of the debutantes may wear the simplest of muslin gowns, but the simplicity of their costumes never counts against the fact that they are there."



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Ask for Carter's,

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ALEX. GREGORY, Sec.

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THOMAS SCULLARD —Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public, etc. Office on ground floor, Eberts' block, Chatham, Ont.

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JOHN S. FRASER,
EDWIN BELL, LL. D.

WM. THORNBURN—Barrister, Solicitor of the Supreme Court, Conveyancer, etc. Money to Loan. Office—Merchants Bank Building, Chatham, Ont., Telephone 102. tf

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Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Marshall, having been appointed Organist and Choirmaster of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, will receive pupils in singing, voice development, piano and organ. Classes in sight singing and church psalmody, on and after Sept. 4th.

Residence, Park street, directly opposite Dr. Battisby's residence.

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A LIGHT IN CANADA

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