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MEMORIAL SERMON BY REV. FRANK DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

GREAT DIVINE AS SON SAW HIM

the Jefferson Park Presbyterian church the Rev. Frank Talmage, D. church the Rev. Frank Talmage, D. D. delivered a sermon. in which he paid a touching and timely tribute to his late distinguished father. The text was I. Kings xix, 20, "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father."

Affection's most sacred form of salutation is a kiss. We bow to an acquaintance, we shake hands with a friend, but we press the lip against the lip of one whom we love. This statement is especially trus when applied to Elisha, the son of Shaphat, who was about to leave home and go forth into the great wide world. Elisha was summoned to carry on the work of Elijah. Already the horses were being harnessed to the chariot of fire for the old prophet's famous journey from earthly struggle to heavenly triumph. His successor, starting out on his arduous task, desires first to imprint on his

gie to heavenly triumph. His successor, starting out on his arduous task, desires first to imprint on his father's face the kiss of farewell.

The salutation of the kiss is even more sacred when used by one who is standing by the open casket of a father whose eloquent tongue has often spoken the golden words of the gospel to countless throngs — who, with a pen guided by a spirit sprinkled with the blood of the Lamb, has every week proclaimed the divine message to millions upon millions of readers who were wearied with sin and heavy with trouble. My father's

and heavy with trouble. My father's work for nearly twenty years has been the pillar of cloud by day and the pillar of fire by night to guide great multitudes through the vilderness of earth toward brightness of the promised land.

Many pens are writing eulogies upon the lifework of Rev. T. De Witt
Talmage. Perhaps a few words may
be welcome from his son. I speak as
one having authority. For over twenty years I was his constant combanion. When his was at harmon ty years I was his constant companion. When he was at home, I rarely left his study until after the midnight hour. Twice with him I visited the European cities. Once we circled the globe. Together we sallied forth from the Golden Gate of the Pacific. Side by side we have seen the light at the entrance of New York harbor beckon us into the Narrows, welcome to us as was the Star of Bethlehem to the three astrologers wandering over the sea of sand. But no more will we have sweet companionship. The world becomes instantly changed to the son who is compelled to let his parent sleep among the flowers and who bears a summons to more strenuous service. Before I start forth anew for my life's work I would, with filial emotion, ask a moment for the tribute of personal affection, as Elisha spake to Elijah in reference to Shaphat: "Let me, I pray thee, kiss my father. Then I will follow thee."

My father was the most original

and yet the most natural man I ever knew. Original in the sense that he always did everything in a way dif-

and yet the most natural man I ever knew. Original in the sense that he always did everything in a way different from any one else. He wrote differently, he lectured differently, he preached differently. If two persons stood before him at the nuptial altar, his marriage ceremony was unique. It was impossible to compare him to any one else. The mold used for the formation of his character was a special one. There has never been another like unto it since he lay in his humble cradle in the Bound Brook farmhouse.

Yet my father was natural in the sense that he never strove to be original and different from every one else. It was in his personality that he was different. He was the same in the home as in the pulpit, on the street as upon the lecture platform, He was the same original and yet natural character when writing to one of his children as he was when penning an article for the press. He uttered the message which was given to him as naturally and yet with the dissimilarity that characterizes the notes of the birds of the forest. As the brown winged thrush lifts his treble note when he is awakened by the rising sun, as a goldinch chirrups when hopping between the garden rows, as a Baltimore orlole sings when he swings backward and forward upon the tree branch which overhangs the brook, each bird is melodious in his own way, yet each singing a different song. He was so different from other men that for many years the American pulpit could not understand him. Under the crutinizing eye of the theological critic there could be found no heretical flaw in his sermons. When he arose to preach, a solemn stillness like the expectant hush of the coming judgment day silenced his auditors. Every eye was focused upon that tall, straight form and broad, massive brow Each ear was alert to catch the first word which fell from those wonderful lips. But though the buildings in which he preached in our own and other lands were always crowded to hear him, though great multitudes were brought to decision for Christ under his pre

Man.

With one wave of his hand he swept away all the cobwebs which had accumulated around the traditional methods of sermonic oratory. With his mighty original personality he broke the shackles of ecclesiasti-



and permanently. Many diseases, seemingly remote from the stomach, have their origin in a diseased condition of the ergans of digestion and nutrition. "Golden Medical Discovery" cures through the stomach diseases which have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach, and hence diseases of liver, lungs, heart and other organs are cured by use of the "Discovery," It contains no alcohol, neither opium, cocaine, or other marcotic. It is a true temperance medicine.

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"I was a total wreck—could not sleep or eat."

yers and budding statesmen who maintain that the oratorical art is a divine gift which has no need for struggling upon the rough mountain side of drudgery. What a clarion note it is, summoning all men and women to do their best under all conditions. The lesson is as powerful for the merchant of ten talents as for the clerk of two talents. To him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.

There is, however, a warning that comes from my father's intense application to work which deserves the attention of all those who are bending their physical, mental and spiritual energies to accomplish something in life's struggle. About twenty-five years ago the first danger signal was lifted when insomnia, like a hideous spectre, sat at the foot of his bed and refused to let him sleep. Night after night he would be up four and five times walking the floor. After awhile the children became used to it. We would greet him at breakfast, saying, "Father, how did you sleep?" and when he answered, "Not very well," he would look so fresh and vigorous that we, too, were deceived, and we would hope that he had slept better than he thought he did. But he could not be induced to spare himself. He overestimated his reserve of strength. My father ought to have lived with that magnificent body at least fifteen years longer. Had he economized his strength the best years of his life might have been those last fifteen years. He died from overwork.

My father was a gospel minister of unbounded cheerfulness. He believed

and the missaure of time fluids, you can be seen to be

Woman's Veakness

Dodd's Kidney

would take a lecture trip the people would crowd about him by the thousands, uttering such greetings as "I read your sermon upon 'Recognition of Friends In Heaven' to my mother when she was dying:" 'I read this or that when I was in a certain trouble, and the sermon brought light to my soul." Let no hearer or reader of this sermon think for one instant that my father's work was a man made work. My father's work was a divinely inspired werk. He was called as certainly to do his work as Paul and Peter and John were called to do theirs. He was inspired by prayer and communion with God, and just as certainly may we in our work be inspired if we plead for the gift of the Hely Spirit. Would you go with me into the death chamber? His passing away was as he himself would have had it if his own wish had been consulted. He practically died in the harness. One Sunday he was preaching in Mexico, the next on his deathbed. For five long weeks he lingered, but God mercifully benumbed the wornout and tired brain. He suffered not at all. He awoke long enough to recognize and at times call for his wife and children But conversation was an impossibility between him and the members of his family during the weary days and nights he was sick. We were all there, all except those of the family who had preceded him to the other side and who were waiting to give him a welcome. We repeated the old verse so

E adoption of the cocks

can wear a crekade, although their servants cannot.

"Cockade," or, rather, the French equivalent of it, made its first appearance in the phrase "bonnet a la coquarde" of Rabelais. About sixty years after Rabelais's death, Randle Cotgrave, author of the first Anglo-French dictionary, defined "coquarde," now "cocarde," as "a Spanish cappe or fashion of bonnet, used by the most substantial men of yore—also any bonnet or cappe worn proudly or peartly on the side." But the most plausible origin given of the cockade of to-day is that it was derived from the tuft of cock's plumes worn by the Croatian soldiers, who in the seventeenth century served under France, and introduced the cravat to the world of fashion. At any rate, in 1888, men of fashion. At any rate, in 1888, men ambitious to become soldiers of France received cockades of paper; hence the received cockades of paper; hence the expression, "prendrel a cocarde," meaning "to enlist." Cockades appear to have fallen into innocuous desuetude, so far as France was concerned, until the Revolution, when the "cocarde tricolor" must have become obligatory, for, just before the fall of Robespierre, arrests were med for not wearing it. for, just before the fall of Robespierre, arrests were made for not wearing it. The black cockade, now worn in England, was originally the distinctive badge of the House of Hanover, as the white cockade was that of the House of Stuart. It is said white was adopted by the adherents of the Stuarts because it was the emblem of the kings of France, who supported the Stuarts against the Hanoverians. The cockade worn by servants of the British royal household is a large British royal household is a large naif-disk which projects above the hat. Servants of naval officers wear a disk servants of naval omcers wear a disk not projecting above the hat; those of army officers and other persons con-sidering themselves entitled to carry cockades are fan-shaped, with a but-ton, and they reach above the hat. The cockades of the servants of di-

ton, and they reach above the hat. The cockades of the servants of diplomats are in the colors of the country their masters represent, and many noble houses on the continent of Europe make their servants wear cockades matching their livery in color. When, many years ago, the war as to whose servants were entitled to a cockade was raging in England, the facts discovered were that no orders regulating their use were known to exist, but it was recorded that servants of onicers of the London City Light Horse, a volunteer regiment, did not wear them. The conclusion arrived at was that the cockade was originally purely a military distinction; that the reason it was worn by servants of field officers was that, in former days, these servants had served in the army, that it was later adopted by servants who had never been in the army, and afterward by servants of naval officers.

There being no set rule in any country from which we have been in the habit of adopting social customs, it remains for us to follow the law that

There being no set rule in any country from which we have been in the habit of adopting social customs, it remains for as to follow the law that usage and good form has laid down. They have prescribed that the servants of ambassadors and foreign ministers of the United States abroad shall wear cockades, like the servants of foreign diplomats accredited to this country, the cockades of the coachman and footman giving the carriages a certain right of way. Ambassadors and ministers are entitled to the cockade after they have retired from the diplomatic service. But consuls are not members of the diplomatic service; they are merely commercial agents. Neither our consuls abroad nor consular representablees to this country have the right to the cockade, as consuls. Its adoption by an American citizen who represented a foreign country as consular agent in this city was authorized neither by usage nor good taste. That his family should continue to use it after his death is ridiculous vulgarity. Servants of officers of the United States army and navy, both regular and volunteer, are also entitled to wear the cockade.—Town Topics.

Eggs for The British Museum

Eggs for The British Museum.

A notice of the collections recently bequeathed by the fate Mr. Philip Crowley to the natural history branch of the British Museum appeared a few days ago in the "Times." A very important portion of the bequest is the collection of eggs, from which 15,200 specimens have been added to the series previously possessed by the museum. Among the gems in the Crowley cabinet are an egg of the great auk and one of the extinct pied Labrador duck. Both these specimens were acquired by Mr. Crowley from Canon Tristnam. The great auk's egg is one of the last "batch" despatched in 1844 from Iceland to Demmark. The two specimens in the museum previous to this addition were both cracked and in otherwise poor condition. An interesting item in the collection is the number of clutches of eggs of various species of birds with a cuckoo's egg among tham. The Crowley collection has added about 15 per cent. to the species of birds represented by their eggs in the museum, the increase being especially marked in Australian forms, in which the national collection was previously weak.

The Conscience Fund.

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