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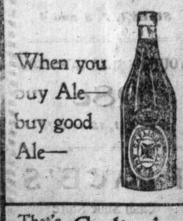
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LEAVING THE OLD HOMESTEAD

Anywhere, Yet It Is Always a Great Distance Away From the Fireside of a Christian Home-Under the Shadow of the Cross.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Can-acia, in the year 1902, by William Baily, of To-ronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Chicago, May 11 .- In this sermon the Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage paints a picture which will be reoguized as familiar in many homes throughout the land. His text was Luke xv, 13, "The younger son gathered all together and took his journey into a far country."

The old homestead is turned upside down. One of the two boys, the younger, is about to leave the parental roof. The eaglet is tired of being warmed by the protecting breasts of the old birds. With ruffled feathers he stands upon the edge of the cyrie ready to fly off. Sad is the disruption of a home. When the children say "Goodby," the families talk and laugh and joke. But they are only laughing to sustain their courage. The wedding bells weep as well as sing. At the marriage the guests may congratulate the parents of the bride upon having gained a son. But the daughter is never the same after the wedding. On that day the bride goes forth to make her own home, build her own nest, rear ber own young and live her own life. Instead of belonging to the parent she becomes another's. Instead of the mother being first now she is

Some years ago I attended the wedding of a very dear friend. The slipper had been thrown, the rice tossed, the farewells shouted. I followed the old gray haired father down to the garden gate. While we stood there in the moonlight he turned to me and said: "Frank, I know she has married a good man I do hope she will be happy. But it is hard, awfully hard, to give her She was my baby girl. She is youngest. It breaks the

my youngest. It breaks the heart. It breaks the heart." Children are born. They pass boy-hood and girlhood days under the parental roof. They grow up into manhood and womanhood. They be-gin to scatter. Death knocks at the front door and summons some. Love hovers among the spring flowers and breathes through the orange blossoms and woos others. Business and professional duties becken to others. At last the old nursery is vacant. Father and mother sit again alone at the dining table as they once did when they themselves were bride and groom. The old homestead is fieserted save by the old folks

text is a tragedy.

The mother did not sleep mu The mother did not sleep much last night. Though she tries to look cheerful, her eyes are red from weep-ing. Every little while she disap-pears into the pantry or goes up pears into the pantry or goes up stairs. She makes an excuse as though she was looking for something. We know she leaves the room for one purpose. She wants to have

a good cry.
The father is giving his last instructions. He is handing the young traveler some letters of introduction to a prominent merchant with whom the son will lodge in the next town. A noise is at the gate. Servants are bringing out the horses and strapping the baggage upon the pack mules. They talk in subdued whispers. Even they feel sorry. The young "master" was a happy, jolly go lucky boy. He always had a kind word for the hostlers. The only happy creature this morning is the happy creature this morning is the dog. He frisks and barks about, expecting to follow the sportsmen for a week's hunt. His hilarity is stopped. Some one shies a stone at the brute and shouts, "Go back to the barn." Slowly the dog turns. His lowered head and tail are the canine signs of abject woe. He stops now and then expecting to hear the and then, expecting to hear the familiar huntsman's halloo. Perhaps he realizes for the first time he is taking a last look of farewell. I al-ways did think that a bright dog

was smarter than a stupid man.
The farewell words are now being said. The father gives his benediction. We must turn our heads away. The mother is having her last convulsive clasp. These are the snapping of the heartstrings. A mother rarely realizes that the baby she once rocked in a cradle can grow in-to a man. He is always her boy. Suddenly the young man breaks away. He leaps into the saddle. away. He leaps into the saddle. The spurs cut deep. Parents and friends shout their farewell to the cavalcade. Then they wave and throw kisses. The old father wipeshis face vigorously with a handker-chief. He scelds the servants. He bids them to be off. He does not

want them to see him cry. The mother has no such pride. As the horses disappear over the last hill the aged wife buries her head upon her husband's breast. She sobs as though her heart would break. The husband tenderly puts his arm about the sad heart. He draws her toward

Siowly they walk up the tree arched path. They stop a moment on the porch to giance down the road. Slowly the sighing father opens the front door. The men go back to the fields, the female servants to the ticker. The domestic machinery is kitchen. The domestic machinery is started. The neighbors, returning to

started. The neighbors, returning to their homes, say, "Is it not too bad that the younger son should gather all together and take his journey into a far country?"

The far country of my text is the land of sin. Where it is we do not geographically know. The far country may be in the rural regions, among the farmhouses. People make a great mistake in supposing that the only place in which sin thrives is

Disease. A well-known doctor has said, "I never amination in a case of death from Heart Disease without finding the kidneys wereatfault." The Kidney medicine which was first on the market, most success-ful for Heart Disease and all Kidney Troubies, and most widely imitated is

Dodd's Kidney Pills

a large city. Sin loves to smell the wild flowers and lie down in the haywild flowers and lie down in the hay-mow as well as to tramp the streets of a busy metropolis. I have preach-ed in the country and know of what I speak. There is loathsome drunk-enness in a crossroad tavern as well as in a corner saloon. Many a young country girl has disgraced the family. Farmers' boys and girls do not all attend the country revivals in order to hear the preaching. The farcountry of sin can be located in the city. Sin is not proportionally more prevalent in the city than in the village, but it is better able to conceal its tracks in a wilderness of rock than in a country town. Many a letter have I received which went thus: "I am a farmer's wife. I have a boy in the great, wicked city of Chicago. I fear he is not doing right. You may be able to save him. He has written me that he has attended your church. Will you pray for him?" The far country of sin is sometimes found among the evils of political life, in the legislative halls of the states and the national capital. Sometimes sin is intrenched in a pulpit of the land where a minister has become an apostate and, Judaslike, has sold his Christ for thirty pieces of silver. Wherever the far country of sin may be there it is the place where the nobler and purer and better parts of

a man's life are being strangled. Though the far country of sin may be anywhere, yet it is always a great distance away from the fireside of a Christian home. As soon as the younger son determined to revel in sin he wanted to get away from the presence of his aged Christian fa-ther. He practically said: 'Father, give me the share of money which will come to me when you are dead, dependently. I do not want to see your loving eye and feel the kiss of holy affection upon my lips. I want to go with evil companions and not associate with you, even though you are my father." The Christian home ought to be the happiest place on earth to a child. It is a happy place if the child wishes and tries to do right. But the Christian home is a repulsive place to live when the boy wants to do those things which should be left undone. When a boy or a girl does not wish to stay at home at night with the rest of the family or finds other companionship more desirable than that of mother

or father, look out-beware! "Where are you going, Charlie?"
said a mother to her son, who was putting on his coat and hat, preparing to leave the house. "Oh," answered the young man, "the firm wants me to collect a few bills. I will be home early, mother. Do not be anxious, or sit up for me if I am detained." The young man passed down the street. He sounded a low whistle. A couple of other young men met him at the corner. "Boys," men met him at the corner. "Boys," he said, "mother is becoming suspicious. She did not want me to leave home, I must be more careful. Come, let's have some fun." That night in a place of evil resort this group of young men gambled and smoked and sang their lewd songs. It was great sport! They did not cease their carousal until the morn-

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few years later in an eastern city in a noted murder case the jury brought in the verdict of murder in the first degree. When the judge asked the defendant why sentence should not be passed upon him, a should not be passed upon him, a young man arose. He turned a pale face toward the judga. As he began to speuk we see he was the same young man of whom I have just spoken. "Your honor," said he, "I am not afraid to die. If I committed murder in that drunken row a few months ago, I should be put to death. But, sir, before sentence is passed upon me I should like to speak a word to the young men crowding this courtroom. I would like to tell them that I started on the road which will lead me to the gailows when I used to leave my home at night to go out with evil companions. When I went out thus, I always directly or indirectly had to deceive my mother." The far country of sin may seem to be only a step to the corner saloon. as far away as if it was ten thousand miles away from the fireside of

as well as the young can have a satanic guide lead them into the valley of death if they are willing to be led, but it is especially easy for the younger members of a family to fling themselves over the precipice of eternal death. When the older children were young, in all probability the father was having hard work to make financial ends meet. He had to work day and night and night and day. He economized wherever possible. But after awhile the father got a foothold in a business or a professional career. Then the money commenced to flow into the family treasury. Then servants were able to be hired to do the work of the mother and sisters. Then the younger son was able to have his spending money and drive a horse and go with the young scions of the wealthier fam-Then it was easy for him to ilies. buy a through ticket and go by the fast express to the far country of

Mr. Moody well said: "This father of the parable ought to be censuled. We cannot help but blame him. When the son said, 'Father, divide and give me my portion,' the father should have said: 'You show a bad spirit. I will make you go without your share, That father could not have done a greater unkindness to the boy than to give him his goods and money and let him go. Altrue father would have said to such a contemptible filial spirit, 'Go and earn your own portion by the sweat of your own brow."

Parents, your very kindnesses and self sacrifices may be the cause of your younger children's destruction. You have no right to give your

ounger son plenty berty to do wrong. It is your busito know how your children pend their money. It is your duty o know where your younger son

asses his nights. The far country is the place where he younger son spent his all. can readily picture this young man when he first left home. He had plenty of money. The tavern keepers bowed and smiled at his approach. They regretted when his party The gay young folks of the region to which he went felt proud to be seen in public by his side. His bachelor apartments were furnished the most expensive style. The banks would honor any drafts he made upon them. He was a hale fellow well met. He was as much intoxicated with flattery as with wine. The gold which he held in his opened hand was just as yellow and hard as if he was living off of his interest in-stead of the principal. His health was robust and strong. He had not yet undermined his physical constitution by excesses. But new the rosy check pales. The steady nerve trembles. The mortgage is placed up-on the furniture. He sells some of his diamonds. There are but two horses now in his stable instead of ten. After awhile he begins to run up bills. Not being able to pay his bills, as of yore, the creditors became anxious and demand payment and full payment at once. What happens? Why, the story of the prodi-gal son then tells us that there was a famine in that land. As soon as a

sinner's money is gone his sinful friends immediately leave him. The bright winged humming hirds have little use for the rosebush when the flowers are gone. This younger son began to be in want. He became helpless and friendless. To earn food enough to sustain life he tended a herd of swine. This social condition was the worst to which a Jew could ever sink. He was flat upon his back in the lowest pit of despair.

The far country is never so

The far country is never so far away but that the penitent prodigal can find his way back from it to the heavenly homestead. When the younger son became so poor that he had no decent clothes for his back, so friendless that not one of his old companions would speak to him, when he would feigh have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat, then he thought of his father's past love. 'Surely,' said he, 'father will give me enough to eat. He will care for me as much as he would for one of his hired serready to do more than that. No sooner did the younger son come within sight of the old homestead than the father ran to meet him. He fell on his son's neck and kissed him. He kissed him in the same man-ner the Divine Father is ready to ner the Divine Pather is ready to greet everyone of his wayward children. He gave a loving kiss of eternal pardon. He kissed him, as God will kiss us if we will only come back to Jesus' side and stand under the shadow of the atoning cross.

Boy, sitting before me to-night, I

marks of dissipation upon your brow. I see that you have been crying dur-I see that you have been crying during this sermon. I fear you are the younger son of my text. As I catch one of your falling tears I would like to describe a vision which came to me last winter about you. Where was the scene? No, it was not in Chicago, not in that low saloon or cheap theatre or in that hall where you spent last night playing billiards and gambling away your soul. The scene was way back in the couniry. You remember the old farm, the white house, the pillared porch, the big barn in the rear, the woodthe hig barn in the rear, the rile to the left of the kitchen The hens were running around clam-oring for food because the earth was a frozen tomb. The worms had gone to sleep for their winter nap. was about evening. An old gray haired woman was cooking over the than when you saw her last.

neighbors say she is aging very rapidly and will not live long.

Just then an old man came in. He stamped the snow off his great boots. This gray haired woman looked up and said: "Pa, have you brought a letter? Have you been to the postfor the younger members of the family than for the older sons and daughters. Easy is it for every one to go to destruction unless sustained by the grace of God. The old as well as the young can have a satanic guide land. ther, that is a fine call we have there in the barnyard. She is getting fatter each day. We must kill her soon. Perhaps we can have a big feast when our boy comes home. sat by the fire a little while after the dishes were wiped. The old folks were too tired to stay up late. They

were too tired to sleep.

They took down the old Bible. The mother said: "Pa, won't you read that story of the prodigal son? Somehow I never can hear it enough. You read it last night. in the fifteenth chapter of Luke, Read about the younger son went away and starved and was too proud to come home." Then the old folks knelt. As they prayed the little candlelight began to flash in sym-pathy. The tears trickled through he four withered hands. There the two tired, heart sick parents stayed upon their knees, pleading with God for the return of their wayward boy, until an angel in heaven could bear their grief no longer. He fluttered away and whispered to me the second that I am now fulling My son cret that I am now telling. My son, will you not go home? Before old folks are dead do so home. Leave this far country of sin.

thaid Whoels Still Popular. The day of chain-driven wheels is not yet over. The bevel-gear chaincas is recommended by some as beng worth much more than its addiwhich has performed such excellent service in the past is, as made tolay, more capable of good work than ever before.

WORLD OF SPORT

*** LAWN BOWLING.

The bowling lawn is in capital condition, and the bowlers are enjoying some splendid practices. An invitation from the St. Thomas bowlers has been received to play a match there on the 26th, and it will probably be accepted.

LACROSSE.

During the past week the officers of the lacrosse club have solicited contributions for the season's expenses and have been most cordially received About sixty dollars is the total amount subscribed, and this, with what was previously in the treasury, makes up a bank account of some seventy-five a bank account of some seventy-five dollars. It is said that never before in the history of the Kents has the club met with such liberal financial aid. Among the contributions are the names of all our prominent citizens and of John Lee, ex-M. P. P. The boys intend to give the contributors the worth of their money by winning the leaves championship. Blenheim the league championship.—Blenheim News.

It is now fully expected that the Kents will play two games on May 26th. Word was received from the head office of the railway company on Tuesday saying that a single fare rate to St. Thomas would be given for the lacrosse club and its supporters on May 26th, and that a stopover would be allowed at Rodney. One game will be played at Rodney in the forenoon and another at St. Thomas in the

BASEBALL.

Dutton baseball club has organized

Dutton baseball club has organized for the year with the following officers: Hon. President, Jas. Pool; president, W. H. Barnum; manager, H. W. Bodman; sec.-treas, A. J. McWilliam; captain, P. Duncanson; press reporter, A. Toms.

The baseball boys are practicing nightly when weather permits. There are a number of good players developing. The management have signed Sidney Cook; a pitcher from Wallaceburg, who comes highly recommended as a twirler of above the aver "Joker" Hicks, a first-class all-reman, has also been secured and negonial control of the secured control of the secured and negonial control of the secured he would for one of his hired ser-vants, even though I have done wrong." But the good father was ready to do more than that. No ment would appreciate a prompt response to their appeal for funds. Good baseball men cannot be secured on wind.—Dresden Times.

Our hearts shall be all satisfied.
—Susan Coolidge

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