

**Old Men feel young when they start the day WITH Abbey's Effervescent Salt**

A teaspoonful of Abbey's Salt in a glass of water shortly after rising will keep you in perfect health. It purifies the blood, keeps the head clear and stomach sweet. A positive cure for chronic constipation. Recommended by the Medical Profession.

**The "D" Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil**

For Lung Troubles, Severe Coughs, Colds, Emaciation, etc., etc.

See our advertisement in the "D" Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil. It is the most effective and reliable remedy for all the above ailments. It will build up your system and give you a new lease of life. Price, \$1.00 per bottle. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited.

**Don't Wait For a Cold to Catch you**

Have a bottle of **Radley's Cough Balm** in the house to catch and cure the cold. A few drops relieve the cough and allay the irritation. Part of a bottle usually cures. If after using half a bottle it fails to cure, the money will be refunded.

**RADLEY'S** REMEDIES DRUGGISTS, 1000 GERRARD ST. E., TORONTO.

**You May Need Pain-Killer**

For Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Cramps, Diarrhoea, All Bowel Complaints.

It is a sure, safe and quick remedy. There's only one PAIN-KILLER. **FRANK DAVIS**. Two sizes, 50c and 90c.

**NEW LAID EGGS WANTED**

Dried Apples, Poultry, Dairy and Canned Goods, Butter, Honey, Etc. Will buy outright or sell on commission. Correspondence invited.

**JOHN J. FEE**, 66 Front St. East, Toronto, Ont.

**Believe those Inflamed Eyes! Pond's Extract**

Reduced on-half with pure soft water, applied frequently with dropper or eye cup, congestion will be removed and the pain and inflammation instantly relieved.

**CAUTION!** Avoid dangerous, irritating White Hazel preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract which really are not and generally contain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison.

**PUBLIC NOTICE**

By mutual consent the partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned as builders and contractors under the name Cucksey & Pritchard is this day dissolved. All accounts due and owing to the late firm must be forthwith paid to Scann, Houston, Stone & Scann. All liabilities of the firm will be at once adjusted. Dated at Chatham this 1st day of March, 1922.

Witness:  
(Sgd.) Fred. Stone.  
(Sgd.) ROBERT PRITCHARD.  
(Sgd.) ROBERT CUCKSEY.

## DEATH AND VICTORY

A Beautiful Easter Discourse by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

## RESURRECTION OF THE DEAD

The Christian View of Death as the Entrance to a Fuller Life—The Charge of the Black Giant—The Ura or Tomb—Host of the King of Terrors—The Final Victory.

Entered According to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1902, by William Baily, of Toronto, as the Proprietor of Agriculture, Ontario.

Washington, March 30.—The Christian view of death as the entrance to a fuller life is presented in this Easter discourse by Dr. Talmage from the text, I Cor. xv, 54, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

About 1,870 Easter mornings have wakened the earth. In France for three centuries the almanacs made the year begin at Easter until Charles IX. made the year begin at Jan. 1. In the Tower of London there is a royal pay roll of Edward I. on which there is an entry of 13 pence for 400 colored and pictured eggs, with which the people sported. In Russia slaves were fed and alms were distributed on Easter. Ecclesiastical councils met in Pontus, Gaul, in Rome, in Achaia, to decide the particular day and after a controversy more animated than gracious decided it, and now through all Christendom in some way the first Sunday after the full moon happens upon or next after March 21 is filled with Easter rejoicing.

The royal court of the Sabbaths is made up of fifty-two. Fifty-one are princes in the royal household, but Easter is queen. She wears a richer diadem, she wears a more jeweled scepter, and in her smile nations are irradiated. How welcome she is when, after a harsh winter and late spring, she seems to step out of the snowbank rather than the conservatory, to come out of the north instead of the south, out of the arctic rather than the tropics, dismounting from the icy equinox, but high in her right hand she holds the scepter of Christ's sepulchre and holding high in her left hand the key to all the cemeteries in Christendom. My text is an ejaculation, the spirit of the resurrection. Paul wrote right on in his argument about the resurrection and observed all the laws of logic, but when he came to write the words of the text his fingers and his pen and the parchment on which he wrote took fire, and he cried out, "Death is swallowed up in victory!" It is an exciting thing to see an army routed and flying. They run each other down. They scatter every vestige of the enemy. The wheeled artillery; hoof of horse on breast of wounded and dying man. You have heard of the French falling back from Sedan, of Napoleon's track of 90,000 corpses in the snowbanks of Russia, of the retreat of our armies from Vicksburg or of the five kings tumbling over the rocks of Beth-horon with their armies while the hallooms of heaven and the words of Joshua's host struck them with their fury.

The Charge of the Black Giant. It seems that a black giant proposed to conquer the earth. He gathered for his host all the aches and pains and malarial and cancerous and distemper and epidemics of the ages. He marched them down, drilling them in the northwest wind and amid the slush of tempests. He threw up barricades of grave mould. He pitched tent of charnel houses. Some of the troops marched with slow tread commanded by consumptions, some in double quick commanded by pneumonia. Some he took by long besiegement of evil habit and some by the stroke of the baton of casualty. With bony hand he pounded at the door of hospitals and sickrooms and won all the victories in all the great battlefields of all the five continents. Forward, march! ordered the conqueror of conquerors, and all the generals and commanders in chief and all presidents and kings and sultans and emperors dropped under the foot of his war charger. But one Christmas night his antagonist was born.

As most of the plagues and sicknesses and demerits come out of the east, it was appropriate that the new conqueror should come out of the east quarter. Power is given him to awaken all the fallen of all the centuries and of all lands and marshal them against the black giant. Fields have already been won, but the last day of the world's existence will see the decisive battle. When Christ shall lead forth his two legions, the brigade of the risen dead and the brigade of the celestial host, the black giant will fall back and the brigade from the risen sepulchres will take him from beneath, and the brigade of descending immortals will take him from above, and death shall be swallowed up in victory.

The old brag that threatened the conquest and demolition of the planet has lost his throne, has lost his sceptre, has lost his palace, has lost his prestige, and the one word written over all the gates of mausoleum and catacomb and necropolis, on cenotaph and sarcophagus, on the lonely khan of the arctic explorer and on the cataphage of great cathedrals, written in capitals of angels and calls him, written in musical cadence, written in doxology of great assemblages, written on the sculptured door of the family vault, is "Victory." Coronal word, embannered word, apocalyptic word, chief word of triumphal arch under which conquerors return.

Host of the King of Terrors. Victory! Word shouted at Culloden and Balaklava and Dienbien, at Gettysburg and Solferino, at Marathon, where the Athenians drove back the

## BACK-ACHE?

If you have Backache you have Kidney Disease. If you neglect Backache it will develop into something worse—Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is no use rubbing and doctoring your back. Cure the kidneys. There is only one kidney medicine but it cures Backache every time—

## Dodd's Kidney Pills

Mades; at Poitiers, where Charles Martel broke the ranks of the Saracens; at Salamis, where Themistocles in the great sea fight confounded the Persians, and at the door of the eastern cavern of chiseled rock, where Christ came out through a recess and throttled the king of terrors and put him back in the niche from which the celestial Conqueror had just emerged. Ah! When the jaws of the eastern mausoleum took down the black giant, "death was swallowed up in victory." I proclaim the abolition of death.

The old antagonist is driven back into mythology with all the lore about Stygian ferry and Charon with oar and boat. Melrose Abbey and Knellworth Castle are no more in ruins than is the sepulchre. We shall have no more to do with death than we have with the cloakroom at a governor's or a president's levee. We stop at such a room and leave in charge of a servant our overcoat, our overboots, our outward apparel, that we may not be impeded in the brilliant round of the drawing room. Well, my friends, when we go out of this world we are going to a king's banquet and to a reception of monarchs, and at the door of the tomb we leave the cloak of flesh and the wrappings with which we meet the storms of this world. At the close of an earthly reception, under the brush and broom of the porter, the coat or hat may be handed to us better than when we resigned it, and the cloak of humanity will finally be returned to us improved and brightened and purified and glorified.

You and I do not want our bodies returned as they are now. We want to get rid of all their weaknesses and all their susceptibilities to fatigue, to disease, to decay. We want them put through a chemistry of soil and heat and cold and changing seasons, out of which God will reconstruct them as much better than they are now as the body of the rosiest and healthiest child is a bounds over the lawn in Central Park is better than the sickest patient in Bellevue Hospital. But as to our soul, we will cross right over, not waiting for obsequies, independent of obituary, into a state in every way better, with wider room and velocities beyond computation, the dulcet of us into companionship with the very best spirits in their very best mood, in the very purest of the universe, the four walls burnished and paneled and pictured and glorified with all the splendors that the infinite

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

## Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

## ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

will positively cure deep-seated COUGHS, COLDS, CROUP.

the used in all the ages has been able to invent. Victory!

The Ura or Tomb.

This view, of course, makes it of little importance whether we are cremated or sepulchred. If the latter is dust to dust, the former is ashes to ashes. If any prefer incineration, let them have it without cavil or protest. The world may become a vast crematorium and there may be no universal law as well as by general consent. Many of the mightiest and best spirits have gone through this process. Thousands and tens of thousands of God's children have been cremated—P. P. Bliss and wife, the evangelistic singers, cremated by accident at Ashtabula bridge; John Rodgers, cremated by percutaneous; Laurence and Ridley, cremated at Oxford; Potkin and Blansina, a slave, and Alexander, a physician, and their comrades cremated at the order of Marcus Aurelius; at least a hundred thousands of Christ's disciples cremated, and there can be no doubt about the resurrection of their bodies. If the world lasts as much longer as it has thus far, there perhaps may be no room for the large acreage set apart for resting places, but there is plenty of room yet, and the race need not pass that bridge of fire until it comes to it. The most of us prefer the old way. But whether out of natural disintegration or cremation, we shall get that luminous, buoyant, glad, serene, transcendent, magnificent, inexplicable structure called the resurrection body. You will have it; I will have it.

I asked you to-day as Paul said to Agrippa, "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" That far up cloud, higher than the hawk flies, higher than the eagle soars, what is the end of it? Drops of water from a river, other drops from a lake, still other drops from a stagnant pool, but now embodied in a cloud and flung by the sun, if God can make such a luminous cloud out of water drops, many of them soiled and impure and fetched from miles away, can he not transport the fragments of a human body from the earth and make of them a radiant body? Cannot God, who owns all the material out of which bones, muscle and flesh are made, set them up again if they have fallen? If a manufacturer of telescopes drop a telescope on the floor and it breaks, can he not mend it again so you can see through it? And if God drops the human eye into the dust, the eye which he originally fashioned, can he not restore it? Ay, the manufacturer of the telescope, by the use of a new glass and a change of material, can make a better instrument than that which was originally contrived. Why, then, do you not think the fashioner of the human eye will improve its sight and multiply the natural eye by the thousandfold additional forces of the resurrection eye?

The Resurrection. "Why should it be thought with you an incredible thing that God should raise the dead?" Things all around us suggest it. Out of what grew all these flowers? Out of the mold and the cold Resurrection, the radiant butterfly—where did it come from? The loathsome caterpillar. That allatross that smites the tempest with its wings—where did it come from? The scurrying mole. The resurrection, France, in a Celtic tomb under a block, were found flower seeds that had been buried 2,000 years. The explorer took the flower seed and planted it, and it came up. It blossomed in bluebell and heliotrope. Two thousand years ago buried, yet resurrected! A traveler says he found in a mummy pit in Egypt garden peas that had been buried there 3,000 years ago. He brought them out, and on the 13th of June, 1884, he planted them in his garden. They sprang up. Buried 3,000 years, yet resurrected! "Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?" The insects flew and the worms crawled last autumn feebly and feebly and then stopped. They have taken no food. They were dead. They lie dormant and in-sensible, but soon the south wind will blow the resurrection trumpet, and the air and the earth will be full of them. Do you not think that God can do as much for the worms and the spiders and the shells? This morning at half past four o'clock there was a resurrection! Out of the night the day. In a few weeks there will be a resurrection in all our gardens. Why not some day a resurrection amid the graves? Even and anon there are instances of men and women entranced. A trance is death followed by resurrection after a few days; total suspension of mental power and voluntary action. Rev. William Tennent, a great evangelist of the last generation, of whom Dr. Archibald Alexander, a man, far from being sentimental, wrote in most eulogistic terms—Rev. William Tennent seemed to die. His spirit apparently left the body. People came the day after day and said, "He is dead, he is dead." But the soul that fled returned, and Will Tennent lived to write what he had seen while his soul was gone.

I called at my friend's house one summer day. I found the yard all piled up with rubbish of carpenter's and mason's work. The door was off. The plumbers had torn up the floor. The roof was being lifted in cupola. All the pictures were gone, and the paper hangers were doing their work. All the modern improvements were being introduced into that dwelling. There was not a room in the house that I could live in at that time, although a month before when I visited that house everything was so beautiful I could not have suggested improvement. My friend had gone with his family to the Holy Land, expecting to come

back at the end of six months, when the building was to be done. And, oh, what was his joy when at the end of six months he returned and found the old house had been enlarged and improved and glorified. This is your body. It looks well now—all the rooms filled with health, and we could hardly make a suggestion. But after awhile your soul will go to the Holy Land, and while you are gone the old house of your tabernacle will be entirely reconstructed from cellar to attic, and every nerve, muscle and bone and tissue and artery must be hauled over, and the old structure will be burned and adorned and raised and cupolaed and enlarged, and all the improvements of heaven introduced, and you will move into it on resurrection day. "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The Final Victory.

And so when the world's last Easter morning shall come the soul will descend, crying, "Where is my body?" And the body will ascend, saying, "Where is my soul?" And the Lord of the resurrection will bring them together, and it will be a perfect soul in a perfect body, introduced by a perfect Christ into a perfect Heaven. Victory!

Do you wonder that on Easter day we swathe our churches with garlands? Do you wonder we celebrate it with the most consecrated voice of song that we can invite, with the dearest fingers on organ and cornet and with doxologies that beat the air with the billows of sound as the sea smites the basalt at Giant's Causeway? Only the bad disappearance of the resurrection. A cruel heathen warrior heard Mr. Moffatt, the missionary, preach about the resurrection, and he said to the missionary, "Will my father rise in the last day?" "Yes," said the missionary. "Will all the dead in battle rise?" "Yes," said the missionary. Then said the warrior: "Let me hear no more about the resurrection. There shall be no resurrection; there shall be no resurrection. I will slay thousands in battle. Will they rise?" Ah, there will be more to rise on that day than those whose crimes have never been repented of will want to see! But for all others who loved Christ to give him their pardon and their life and their resurrection it will be a day of victory.

The thunders of the last day will be the salvo that greets you into harbor. The lightning will be the torches of triumphal procession marching down to escort you home. The burning worlds will be the rockets celebrating your coronation on thrones where you will reign forever and forever and forever. Where is death? What have we to do with death? As your reunited body and soul swing off from this planet on that last day, you will see deep gashes all up and down the hills, deep gashes all up and down the valley, and they will be the emptied graves, they will be the abandoned graves, they will be the rough ground tossed on each side of them, and slabs will lie uneven on the rent hillsides, and there will be fallen monuments and cenotaphs, and then for the first time you will appreciate the full exhilaration of the text, "Death is swallowed up in victory."

Hail the Lord of earth and heaven! Praise to thee by both be given. These we greet triumphant now; Hail the resurrection thou!

## AMAZING USE OF TIMBER.

Some Astonishing Figures of the Consumption of Wood Per Year in the United States—Mr. Oswald's Calculations.

James Oswald of Madison, Wis., is said to be a great authority on timber and the lumber trade, and in a recently published article he gave some figures showing how great is the consumption of wood per year in the United States. Over 4,000,000,000 feet of pine lumber is used annually for matches, the equivalent of the product of 400 acres of virgin forest. On American railroads about 620,000,000 cross ties and renewals are required annually. The amount of lumber used every year for ties is equal to 8,000,000,000 feet of lumber. In that country there are now standing nearly 7,500,000 telegraph poles. The average life of a pole is ten years, so that about 750,000,000 are required every year for renewals. These figures do not include telephone poles or railway telegraph poles. The amount of timber consumed annually for poles and ties is equivalent of the timber grown on 100,000 acres of virgin forest. For making box posts every year the amount of timber used is equal to the second growth of 8,500 acres of hardwood land. Laths and boot trees require about 500,000 cords of wood. Although the making of paper from wood pulp is a comparatively new process, the annual consumption of wood for this purpose is equal to over 800,000,000 board feet of lumber, for which it would be necessary, were the trees all growing together, to cut about 80,000 acres of forest. They are now using in America for the lumber and paper trade about 40,000,000 feet of lumber a year, which is equivalent to about 4,000,000 acres of virgin forest, an acre equal to Rhode Island and Connecticut. These figures do not include wood used for fuel, which is four and one-half times as much.

It will thus be seen that, without taking any account of the forests destroyed by fire or by insect, or the present annual demand in the neighboring republic reaches the enormous sum of 800,000,000 acres—an area equal to Nova Scotia and a half times the size of New

## Two Lindsay Doctors

## Couldn't Cure Mr. Murdock

His Case a Severe One—Pain so Intense Morphine has to be Administered—No Control of His Bladder—Wife Thought He Would Die.

Doctors Failed to do Him any Good—One Bottle of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets Kased the Pain and Allowed Him Sleep—Two Bottles Cured Him.

Mr. E. Gregory, the Well-Known Lindsay Druggist Endorses Mr. Murdock's Statement of his Case.



MR. JAS. M. MURDOCK.

Everybody in Lindsay, Ont., knows Jim Murdock, who has been engaged in the cartage and delivery business in that town for some years past, and latterly has been in the employ of the Rathbun Co.

A few months ago his friends were well aware that he was in a very serious condition, due to trouble with his kidneys and bladder, and many had grave apprehensions as to the ultimate outcome, as he was rapidly going down hill, despite the efforts of two of Lindsay's best physicians to cure him.

He was confined to his bed for six weeks, and the severe pain in his back and in the region of his bladder made it excruciating agony for him to move. In fact the pain became so intense at times that large doses of morphine had to be administered to give him some relief. He was very feeble and unable to get to sleep without the aid of an opiate. Besides this, he had lost control of his bladder, and the frequent urination added to his misery. He had a doctor in attendance constantly, who said he suffered from ulcer on the neck of the bladder, took bottle after bottle of his medicine, but got little relief, and he was given up as a lost case.

He had a doctor in attendance constantly, who said he suffered from ulcer on the neck of the bladder, took bottle after bottle of his medicine, but got little relief, and he was given up as a lost case. A friend visiting him one day happened to tell him of Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets, and the great things they were doing for people suffering from kidney and bladder disease. He sent to Mr. Gregory's drug store and got a bottle—the first few doses gave him ease from the awful disease. When the bottle was finished he felt wonderfully improved, and by the time the second bottle was taken, Mr. Murdock was a cured man.

MR. MURDOCK'S STATEMENT. "I was laid up in bed for over six weeks, suffering from a severe attack of kidney and bladder trouble. The pain in my back and across my bladder was so severe that the doctors were obliged to give me morphine. I had two of them in attendance at different times, but although they did their best for me, I kept getting worse. "They said I had ulcer on the neck of the bladder, and did not think I could be cured without an operation. I lost control of my bladder, and the water kept coming away every little while and distressed me greatly. "I took a great deal of doctors' medicine, and although it was very expensive, it did not help me. was

E. GREGORY. (Sgd.) Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets are prepared from the formula of Dr. Zina Pitcher, M. D., formerly Professor of Materia Medica and Genito-Urinary Diseases, Michigan College of Medicine, Detroit, Mich. They are the most effective, scientific treatment for backache, lame or weak back, puffiness under the eyes, swelling of the feet and ankles, dizziness, mist before the eyes, bloating, gravel, stones in the bladder, high colored urine, sediment, scalding or smarting, irritability of the bladder, frequent calls during the day or night, pains in the joints or muscles, uric acid in the blood, kidney troubles of women, bed-wetting of children, and all forms of kidney, bladder or urinary troubles of young or old.

There is no other remedy as good as Dr. Pitcher's Backache Kidney Tablets. Every tablet touches the right spot, and you feel every dose doing you good. Price 50 cents a bottle or 3 bottles for \$1.25, at all druggists or sent by mail by addressing the Dr. Zina Pitcher Co., Toronto, Ont.

## Yolk Baking Powder

Leaves no after-taste in the most delicate foods. For tea biscuits and cakes it cannot be excelled.

Sold only in 10c, 15c and 25c tins

SOLD BY MASSEY &amp; KNIGHT, SOLD ONLY IN 10c, 15c and 25c CANS.

TEA and TEAS Glenn &amp; Co's., William St. Import direct from London, England, the finest Ceylon, Assam and China Teas. Try our English Breakfast Tea 35c and 40c.

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