

DISFIGURING SKIN HUMOUR

Impossible to Get Employment, as Face and Body Were Covered With Boiling Sores—Scratched Till Flesh Was Raw—Spent Hundreds of Dollars on Doctors and Hospitals and Grew Worse

CURED BY CUTICURA IN FIVE WEEKS

"Since the year 1894 I have been troubled with a very bad case of skin disease which I have spent hundreds of dollars trying to cure, and I went to the hospital, but they failed to cure me and it was getting worse all the time. Five weeks ago my wife bought a box of Cuticura Ointment and one of Cuticura Soap, and I am pleased to say that I am now completely cured and well."

"It was impossible for me to get employment, as my face, head, and body were covered with it. The sores first appeared on the top of my head, and it had worked all the way around down the back of my neck and around to my throat, down my cheeks and around the hips. It itched so I would be obliged to scratch it, and the flesh was raw."

"I would first wash the affected parts with warm water and Cuticura Soap, and then apply Cuticura Ointment and let it remain on all night, and in the morning I would use Cuticura Soap. I am now all well, which all my friends can testify to, and I will be pleased to recommend the Cuticura Remedies to any and all persons who have a speedy and permanent cure of skin diseases."

Thomas M. Rossiter,

290 Prospect Street,

East Orange, N. J.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every

Kind of Skin Disease, from Pimples to Scald Head, Itch, and

all other eruptions. Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills

are sold everywhere. A single bottle cures the most dis-

figuring case when all other remedies fail. Write for

free literature. "Cuticura," Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

"Gentle Soap," "All about the Skin," Soap, and Bath-

ing.

When Webster Was Wrong.

It is easy for even a good man to be

mistaken.

Daniel Webster was a good man. Yet

Daniel Webster was positive that a steam

road could never be made to work.

He was quite willing to concede that

a locomotive might be able to skate

along at a pretty good clip while at-

tached to a string of cars running on

iron or wooden rails.

Not having admitted this much, he

refused to call attention to an insur-

mountable obstacle to the further suc-

cess of the undertaking. He said the

train, once under way, could not be

stopped—that it would keep right on

going and ultimately crash into some-

thing and kill everybody aboard.

Thus we see that even with the best

intentions it is easy to make mistakes.

Daniel Webster didn't own canals.

But he was not for any other

reason reason desirous that railroads

should not come into existence. He

simply was expressing an opinion

about something he had never seen in

operation. And unfortunately for his

reputation as a rail-way expert he saw

things that weren't there. —Detroit

Times.

AT THIS

TIME OF

THE YEAR

Everyone needs something

to create and maintain

strength for the daily

round of duties.

There is nothing better

than an Ale or Porter, the

purity and merit of which

has been attested by

chemists, physicians and

experts at the great exhibi-

tions.

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The best MEATS that

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BORE THE DIVINE IMAGE

HUMAN RACE THE APEX OF GOD'S CREATION OF THE WORLD.

"BEHOLD IT WAS VERY GOOD"

His Own Image Was Not a Material One, But After God's Spirit—Immortality the Root of the God-Like-ness of Man—Once Alive, Man Never Dies, But Is Translated to Another Life—A Wonderful Fact.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Can-
ada, in the year 1906, by Frederick B. Dyer, To-
ronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Nov. 11.—The in-
ferences from the Scriptural statement
that the human race originally bore the
divine image are impressively pointed
out by the preacher in this sermon,
from the text Genesis 1, 27, "So God
created man in his own image."

The first leaf of the world's history
had been turned. The stupendous task
of creation approached completion.
God surveyed it and pronounced it
very good. The illuminating fires had
been kindled, and the command had
gone forth, "Let there be light, and
there was light." The heavens were
hung with tapestries of blue, and the
white clouds of the day were rimmed
with gold and the black curtains of
the night bspangled. Every star was
a gleam. "And God saw the light that
it was good, and God divided the light
day, and the darkness. And God called
the light day, and the darkness he called
night. And the evening and the morn-
ing were the first day."

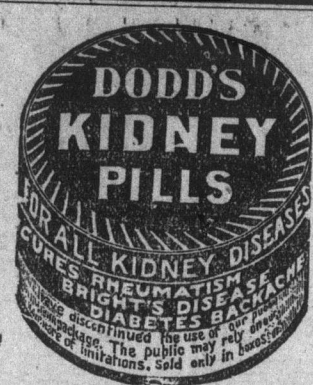
That the deep land might be separated
from the deep seas the waters were
driven back until they crouched and
growled and fawned at the foot of the
mountains. The great hollows were
scoured out of the ocean beds and
tossed into heaps. The rivers were
turned loose and allowed to cut their
way through the valleys and squirm
among the hills and push on and on in
their serpentine windings until they
were lost in the great bosom of the
seas. Then Mount Shasta arose and
stood sentinel over the Pacific. The
Matterhorn was detailed to keep its
eyes upon the Mediterranean, and
Mount Washington was stationed to
watch the Atlantic. Then the volca-
noes had their hemorrhages and breath-
ed forth their hot breath and vomited
in their awful agonies.

Then Flora rambled forth to cover up
the ghastly wounds of a suffering
world, with her bandages of green and
yellow and white. She planted the
crocus at the foot of the snow bank, and
scattered her seeds far and wide in the
valleys. Then, chasing the shadows
from under the trees, she sprang forth
from the lowlands and climbed the lofty
cliffs, clutching here and nestling there,
until at last the rocks, like Jacob's fa-
vorite son, stood bedecked in garments
of many colors. The garden of Eden
was a bloom. The desert was blossom-
ing as the rose. The white lily and the
red rose and the blue forget-me-not, as
high priestesses before the altars of the
mountains, were swinging their fan-
ciful of praise: "And the earth brought
forth grass and herb, yielding seed af-
ter its kind, and the tree yielding fruit
whose seed was in itself after its kind,
and God saw that it was good. And the
evening and the morning were the third
day."

Then God reached forth his hand and
touched the waters, and the mighty
leviathans of the deep began to move.
The golden swam among the entan-
gled thickets of kelp. The speckled
trout leaped from the eddy. The won-
derful aquariums of the seas had their
myriads of inhabitants. Then God
touched the land, and the woods were
turned into a great menagerie, and the
valleys became a great pasture field,
filled with browsing herds. Then he
touched the air, and the heavens were
filled with vibrating wings and made
melodious with songs of the prima
donnas of the skies. And God saw that
all the works of his hand were good.
"And the evening and the morning
were the fifth day."

Everywhere we turn we see the bless-
ing of God's creation. No grass could
be greener, no sky could be bluer, no
seas could be sweeter. All the seas
and the lands and the skies were filled
with glories. Thus all things were
ready for man's advent. The curtain
of the world's drama was lifted for the
chief actors about to perform their
parts. Two mighty thrones of power
were pushed forward, upon which were
to sit the twin who were created only
a little lower than the angels. So on
the sixth day "God created man in his
own image; male and female created
he them. And God blessed them. And
God said unto them, Be fruitful and
multiply and replenish the earth and
subdue it, and have dominion over the
fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the
air, and over every living thing that
moveth upon the earth. And God saw
everything that he had made, and, be-
hold, it was very good. And the even-
ing and the morning were the sixth
day."

Now, what does the word "image" in
the great climax of God's creation
mean? When God says, "I have made
man in my own image," does it mean,
as a great author suggests, that God
intended to say that he was only "a
magnified man"? "Oh, no," you an-
swer; "that is not the meaning of that
passage. The catechism tells us that
God is a spirit, infinite, eternal and un-
changeable. The idea of worshipping
God as a physical body is a material-
ism little different from that of the
savage. If we do this, we can now be-
fore any painted idol just as the heath-
ens have their hideous painted images,
before which they kneel." That is
true, my friend; that is absolutely true.
If we are going to worship God simply
as a physical being, we are in ex-
actly the same position as some of the
Asiatic worshippers, who used to bring
food every night and lay it upon the
altar of their idol for their god to eat.
Then because the rats in the night
came and stole the food they thought
their god ate it. Furthermore, they
would not believe their idol did not



eat this food until a northern con-
queror lifted his battleaxe and smote
the idol and broke it and pointed to the
rats scurrying out of its ruins as they
flee from a sinking ship. Thus when
we say, "God made man after his own
image," we mean, "Man was created
after the spirit of God." We are all
ready to grant that. One little drop
of water is like unto all the great wa-
ters of the mighty deep. Thus, as an
infinitesimal drop of water, man was
created like unto the infinite spirit of
God. Now, let us study for a little
while in what sense man was created
in the image of God.

The first god-like quality which over-
whelms the students of eschatology is
the fact that man is an immortal be-
ing. Though we may open the Bible
and write up the family records and
say my father was born Jan. 7, 1832,
we have no right to say that he died
April 12, 1902. We may speak of
him as having been born into this
world on a certain hour of a certain
day; but, once born, that child will
never die. He may die to our sight,
but he is not really dead, but he is trans-
lated to another life. He will never
die. He will live on, as the monarchy
of a European throne lives on. No
sooner did Queen Victoria of England
breathe her last than the Prince of
Wales became king. As a man shall
live on longer than that. He will live
on through the centuries and the mil-
lenniums and the ages. He will live
until the constellations of the heav-
ens shall be snuffed out. He will live
on until the very rocks under our feet
crumble into dust with age and the
mountains above us are incinerated
and scattered to the four corners of
space. Still man will live on. He will
live forever and ever. He will never
die. When God created man he made
him immortal, as he is immortal.

This immortality of man is the most
wonderful fact to me about man, for
when I try to fully grasp what that
one word "immortality" means I feel
as though mighty mountain ranges
were towering one above another in an
endless space. When I try to conceive
that man, with all his powers of love
and hate, joy and suffering, will live
on and on forever, then I say, "Now I
realize why the salvation of man is so
important that Christ came here to
suffer and die to achieve it." Immor-
tality: Oh, what a word! As a bird it
can fly swifter than the light; yet its
wings never tire. Those wings will
continue to fly on forever and ever.
"The wandering Jew" that Eugene Sue
pictures was condemned on account of
a past sin to live on until he outlived
all his generation. He lived on, suf-
fering the agonies of remorse, until he
begged God to let him die. But man
does not live on as did the great char-
acter of the French novelist. If man
sins and is condemned for his sins, he
must suffer an eternal punishment. He
may plead with God to let him die, as
the wounded soldier sometimes pleads
with his comrades to shoot him to
end his agony, but man by his inherent
nature can never die. Man is immortal.
Man will live on and on forever.

To prove to you that man is immortal

we do not have to turn the leaves of
the Bible alone. We find that this in-
finite truth is born in every human
heart. We wander among the tombs
of the ancient Greeks, and what do we
find? A piece of coin placed in the
mouths of the dead to pay their way
over the river Styx, for the ferryman
of the river of Death was supposed to
be paid, like every other ferryman. We
go among the ancient Arabs, and what
do we find? The mourners about this
corpse are not saying, "He is dead," but
"He is alive." We pass to the inhabi-
tants of the islands of the seas, and to
the old mound builders of America,
and everywhere we find the universal
belief that the grave does not end all.
Now, my friends, do you believe that
this universal belief of the human race
in the immortality of man is a mere
superstition. Listen to these words of
Henry Ward Beecher: I would have
each one of them burn itself into your
soul: "I never saw a man who did not
believe in the immortality of love when
the body of a loved one was laid in the
grave. I have seen men under the most
trying circumstances that did not believe
in it, but I never saw a man who, when
he stood looking upon the form of one
he really loved stretched out for bur-
ial, did not say to himself, 'The hours of
his life will be with me again; it has
all come to that. The hours of
sweet companionship, the wondrous in-
terlacing of congenial souls, the joys,
the hopes, the trusts, the unutterable
yearnings—there they all lie! No man
can stand by and look on a coffin upon
the body of a fellow creature and remem-
ber the flaming intelligence, the blooming
love, the whole range of divine
faculties, which so lately animated
the cold clay, and say, 'These have all
collapsed and gone.' No person can
witness the last sad ceremonial which
are performed over the remains of a
human being, the sealing down of the
unpardonable lid, the following of the
burial, the setting of the dust down
into the dust, the falling of the earth
upon the hollow coffin, with those
sounds which are worse than thunder,
and the placing of the green sod over
the grave, no person, unless he be a
beast, can witness such things and
then turn away and say, 'I have buried
my wife; I have buried my child; I
have buried my sister, my brother, my
love.' No, no. No man can say that.
He may say in his heart there is a
divine truth calling which cannot be
stilled." At the brink of the grave,
above all places, we know it. Man,
like God, is immortal. Suns may rise
and set, but man shall live. Stars may
live forever and ever, but man shall live.

But man is made in the image of
God in another respect. The great
Creator of the universe has made man
a ruler and a creator also. In his own
heart man is like a king upon his
throne. He is the free agent. He can
rule his own domain. He can govern
or he can be governed. He can build
or he can destroy. In a figurative
sense, no one can say him nay. Let
me try to put the thought by which
some of the ordinary happenings of
everyday life.

Man is a ruler in a material sense.
You cannot think of a king without a
material kingdom. Man, the ruler, has
dominion over the throne. God gave him
dominion over the earth, the sea, over
the fowls of the air and over every liv-
ing thing. Literally, has not this con-
ception been fulfilled? Has not man
become master of all that flies in the
air, the land, the sea, and walks
upon the four legs? Has not man
learned how to make the wheels of
his chariot, the wheels of his steam
locomotive, the wheels of his motor car,
fulfill his purposes? The mammoth is
stronger, but man is his king. The
tiger is swifter, the fox shrewder, the
hawk keener eyed; the eagle, with flap
of wing mounts and disappears into
the blue abyss above, but man is king.
The mighty limbed African lion, with
wild roar, makes the forest echo and
all the inhabitants of the jungle crouch
and tremble. But the lion retreats be-
fore the advance of man, for man is
king.

Not only is man a ruler in the material
sense; he is also a king in a personal
sense. He has absolute control over
his own actions. He is a free agent.
God endowed him with this freedom,
warning him of the consequences of
using it to do wrong. Yet how have
men abused it! It is as when a boy
leaves his father's house and goes out
into the world. His father might keep
him at home under the parental restraint,
but that would not be the way to make
a man of him. He must go out and
learn to resist temptation. Sometimes
he learns only by bitter experience what
the consequences of yielding. So
God left man free, and the first use he
made of his freedom was to disobey.
God says to him: "Man, you are a free
agent. You can do as you will. I have
made thee ruler over the beasts of the
fields and over the birds of the air and
the fish of the sea and over every
living thing. You are made after my
own image. You are independent being
in your own domain or sphere. You
are independent as long as you live on
earth, but do not forget that there is
a day of judgment."

But, though God has made us free
agents, he has not left us without guid-
ance. He has put within each one of
us a moral and spiritual compass.
This moral and spiritual compass is
called conscience. It tells us what we
ought to do. It distinguishes for us
the difference between wrong and
right. And, like every other compass,
it will keep us off the rocks of evil,
and guide us to the safe haven of
purity and truth. God puts within
each one of us a moral and spiritual
compass which shows us when we do
wrong, for we are made after God's
image. Therefore God has given to

us the means to be just and true and
good, as he is just and pure and true
and good.

But, alas, alas! Instead of following
the leadings of our conscience we have
wandered off into the paths of sin. We
have done what our conscience has
warned us not to do. To-day our con-
science is pleading with us to do right,
as a loving mother would plead with
a wayward child. It is taking us by
the hand and saying: "Won't you give
up your sins? Won't you try to undo the
wrong you have done others? Won't
you follow the leadings of Jesus
Christ? That conscience of ours will
never stop its pleadings with us to do
right. It has, too, the power to punish.
It is said that when Prof. Webster of
Harvard college was awaiting his trial
for killing a brother professor, he called
into his cell one day the warden of
the jail and said: "Cannot you stop the
other prisoners from insulting me? Every
little while one of them keeps
calling 'Webster, you are a murderer.'
You are a bloody man." The warden
made an investigation. He said "I will
stop it." But he could not stop it.
For the words which Webster heard
came not from the other prisoners'
cells, but were spoken by his own con-
science. So all about us we hear the
words of our conscience pleading with
us to avoid evil and repent of our sin.
Our conscience finds a voice in the
street flaggards and the walls and the
bedposts and the windows, which is call-
ing to us, as it did to Prof. Webster,
the Boston jail, saying: "You are a sin-
ner. You must repent and renounce
your sin. You must come to Christ."
We are made in God's image. God has
put conscience within us for a purpose.
We should obey it, for we can never
be truly happy until we are pure and
true and good and just, as God is pure
and true and good and just. Are you
ready to-day to obey the pleadings of
your conscience?

Now, my friends, are we ready to
obey God's will and become like unto
himself through the redemption and
the blood of Jesus Christ? We have
been talking about man as God first
created him in his purity and simpli-
city. But sin has come into the world,
and so malformed us that we are far
from perfect. The divine image is soil-
ed and incriminated with the mire of
sin. As we say of a man who has yielded
to the power of drink that his mother
would scarcely recognize him in the sodden,
blotched visage the face of the child
she cherished in infancy, so we do not
see God's image in the sinful man; but,
as Paul said to the people whom he
had led to Christ, "Such were some of
you, but ye are washed, but ye are
sanctified, but ye are justified." And
he says, too, that they who behold "As
in a mirror the glory of the Lord are
changed into the same image," so the
image that is overlaid or lost is re-
stored or brought to light by Christ.

Christ says, "Ye are my friends if ye
do whatsoever I command you." That
means, "You shall again be stamped in
my image if you will accept my atone-
ment and my love and sacrifice." Will
you do it? Will you to-day throw your-
self upon his mercy and become pure,
as he is pure, and dwell with him on
earth and dwell with him forever and
ever? Jesus said, "I am the way."
Will you take that way to become like
unto himself and dwell with him in
heaven as his friend throughout eter-
nity? The opportunity is yours if you
will accept him, for God will recreate
you in his own spiritual image. "So
God created man in his own image."

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