

## When You're Tired

OF USING POOR TEA, TRY

"SALADA"  
CEYLON TEA

A teapot test is the most convincing proof of its delicious quality.

Lead Packets Only. All Grocers. Blacked or mixed.

## My Charming Lodger

By Mrs. Lynn Linton.

To a young curate, not long from college, and accustomed to a home, that remote Fellside parsonage at Brigend was essentially exile, hard enough to bear, if not quite as bad as Siberia. I had no one to whom I could fall back as a companion. My sister was bound to remain at home with my mother; and she and I composed the family. For her own part, my mother was too delicate to undertake the long journey from London to the North, or to endure the roughness inseparable from such a place as Brigend when she got there. We were eight miles from a station, and the road we had to travel over was more like the dry bed of a river than a civilized highway which had once been macadamized, and was presumably still kept in repair by the ratepayers and occupiers.

Things being so, and the long autumn evenings daily deepening and lengthening, with the prospect of that dreary, lonely winter before me, I determined to advertise for some young man to whom plain living and high thinking, with plenty of leisure and little to pay, would be powerful inducements to come—thus sharing while lightening my solitude, as well as halving the very moderate expenses of my house-keeping. Moderate, however, as they were, my exiguous stipend could hardly meet them, and a Co. in the weekly bills would be a gain.

I therefore put into the paper an advertisement for a paying companion, and in due course received a reply. He was the only one I did receive I had no difficulty in making a choice, and was thus spared both trouble and responsibility. After the interchange of a few letters, settling times and terms, the die was cast, and things were arranged, and Mr. Montgomery Somerset was booked to come on the 21st of October—which day, pace the Thirteen Club, I well remember fell on a Friday. Meanwhile I undertook to meet him at the station—with some difficulty securing a fly for his transit to the parsonage. The roads were so bad that few jobmasters cared to send their cabs alone, and the fact added to the desolation of the place.

Unpunctual as usual, and a good half hour late, the train drew up at the little Fellside station which served this desolate tract. The solitary first-class passenger alighted. I was pleasantly impressed by his appearance. Tall, good-looking, well-dressed, he was also good-mannered—in a way that was wholly and passably. He was a trifle nervous, for I noticed how sharply he looked about him, and how rapid but eager the glances which he scanned the carriages behind his own and the other side of the platform. Even Bob Lant, the stolid old constable of the district, came in for a look which seemed to take him in from his helmet to his boots. Of the two, I thought at the time that Mr. Montgomery Somerset was more of a detective than our own local Sherlock Holmes, and more likely to track a criminal and hunt him down. Be that, however, as it may, in a short time we were both seated in the trap, and old shandydrian, which was all that Fellside had to offer, and jolting over the dry water course to the isolation of Brigend.

As the days passed by I had cause to congratulate myself on my good fortune; though, indeed, it was so good as to make me wonder how it ever came about. My lodger was simply charming, always good-humored, companionable, contented. He was not perhaps so well educated as might have been expected, and knew less than an ordinary gentleman of classics, mathematics and the rest of the subjects known as of course and of necessity. In fact, he knew nothing at all of these things, and his reading was not above the average of a schoolboy's blundering pronouncement. He explained this by saying that he had never been sent to any good school at least, not for long together. His father had been in the army; he was the only child, and parental foresight, for neither father nor mother would part with him. Hence his education had been desultory—and he had learnt nothing from the root upward, having forgotten, indeed, all that he had ever acquired. As he was anxious to know more than he could, his ignorance was not so much a barrier as a spur, and we passed the long evenings in study, which I strove to make as interesting and little irksome as I could.

Meanwhile, I was glad to see how, under the regular regime and brisk Fellside air, my lodger's nervousness gradually subsided, and he became less watchful, more composed, and as one might say, sleeker altogether than he had been when he came.

One thing struck me—Montgomery receiving no letters, and he had not had one since his letter. He seemed to think I must find this strange, for one day, when the bag had brought me two letters from home and others from friends, besides circulars and papers, he said, with a laugh, "Do you notice I never have a letter from anyone?"

"Yes," I answered frankly; "why is it?"

"Shall I tell you?" he asked, a queer, quizzical kind of expression about his

mouth, but his eyes were not quizzical. They were too searching, too anxious, to do with the "wreathed smile" about those thin and mobile lips.

"Certainly, yes; tell me. I see there is a story to it," I answered, laughing, too.

"A highly romantic story, you bet you bottom dollar on that!" he said. "I am a fugitive."

"Mercy!" I cried, startled. "A fugitive from what—justice?"

"An old lady," he said.

I suppose he looked puzzled, for he went on to say: "An old woman—at least, she is old to me, as I am only 30, and she is past 50. Well, that old woman, as I would call her, Lady Asplin, has done me the honor to take a fancy to my unworthy person. She has persecuted me for more than a year now, insisting on my taking her presents, masses of them, and her hospitality, on my attaching myself to her service. I give you my word, I no more saw her little game, at the first, than I see now into the middle of next week. I took it all as the innocent maternal love of an old lady," he said.

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(To be Continued.)

## An Important Office.

To properly fill its office and functions, it is important that the blood be pure. When it is in such a condition, the body is almost certain to be healthy. A complaint at this time, a cold, a fever, a headache, a slight cold develops the disease in the head. Droppings of corruption passing into the lungs bring on consumption. The only way to cure this disease is to purify the blood. The most effective cases of catarrh yield to the medicinal powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla as if by magic, simply because it reaches the seat of the disease, and by purifying and vitalizing the blood, it removes the cause. Not only does Hood's Sarsaparilla do this, but it gives renewed vigor to the whole system, making it possible for good health to reign supreme.

Incomplete—Tommy goes to church for the first time, and is looking about him as though searching for something to say. "What is it, darling? Tommy—I can see the organ, but—Mother—But what? Tommy—Show me where the grinder is."

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. Sold by W. T. Strong and B. A. Mitchell.

A Highlander was once asked how he had employed himself lately. After considering for a while he said: "I was for three years a herring-fish, and I was for four months or three months a broke stevedore on the road."

Five Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removes the corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

When a man asks you for a candid opinion of his novel, or his picture, or his new baby, he generally means a sugar-candied opinion; and if you want to be popular, it won't be wise to forget this little fact.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles! SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, mostly at night, continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals the ulceration, and most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents. Old Jock (who has been a hero in the football game about his adventures in days gone by)—Ah! there never was such times! Mrs. Dunkler (quietly)—I quite believe that.

CATARRH RELIEVED IN 10 TO 30 MINUTES. One puff of the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. 50 cents. At W. T. Strong's and B. A. Mitchell's.

CHILDREN LIKE USING ODORO MA, thus forming habits that will insure them good sound teeth the rest of their lives.

Fifty-dollar Parlor Suites reduced to \$35. These are the best value ever offered. Keene Bros., 127 King street, opposite Market House.

## ALL THIS WEEK.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett &amp; Co., 169 Dundas St.

## We are Cooking with Cottolene

Drop in and have lunch with us. We are sure you will be pleased.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett &amp; Co.

## City Water Supply.

The Redmond Pond in London Township.

"Botanical Water Commissioners" Criticised by Dr. Gardiner.

The Scheme to Add the Pond to the City Supply.

A Vigorous Description of the Swamp and its Surroundings.

To the Editor of the "Advertiser":

Wintergreen, Little, Pitcher, Plant Cowan, Cranberry Judd and Huckleberry Moore have in their united wisdom, after taking a small botanizing trip over the hills of London township, discovered a subterranean passage for the water of the Redmond Pond, and have proposed to add it to the city supply. This same person vouchsafed me the information that a traveler of world-wide experience told him that he believed there was a subterranean passage for the water of the Redmond Pond, and have proposed to add it to the city supply. This same person vouchsafed me the information that a traveler of world-wide experience told him that he believed there was a subterranean passage for the water of the Redmond Pond, and have proposed to add it to the city supply.

Where is this wonderful pond? I should judge about one and a half miles northwest of the pumpkin house, and is a small swamp, a cranberry marsh, and a bog hole combined. And I have no doubt our musical commissioners were reminded of the song, "Fishing for Eels in the Old Bog Hole," when circumnavigating its shores. It is of about 60 acres in extent, commencing as a tamarack swamp, which, as it gets moister and moister, becomes a bog hole, and finally ends up in a few acres of boggy water in the center. And, as I stated in the commencement, it is wonderfully rich in all kinds of aquatic plants, and is a veritable Eden of the water world.

Now as to a test of this pond. A drain to the river will cost much more than \$500, and a pumping test, unless continued for a long time, will give very erroneous results, for the ground is completely water-soaked, and this soaking would have to be allowed for, as well as the surface of the water, which is always water, its value as a permanent source of supply for the city could be computed.

I think what I have said is borne out by Mr. Keag's report. And Prof. Harrison does not speak at all favorably of the purity of the water there. Without analysis, common sense will tell all that such an immense mass of rotting timber, decaying vegetable refuse, and mud remains of I do not know what, is sure to give very impure water. To remove all the decaying material would be a contract too great even for our ambitious water commissioners, and without its removal the water must always be impure; and suppose it could be removed, and the pond purified, and the pond made into a storage basin, the expense would be so great that it would not pay the bill. Water commissioners, beware! You have escaped being crushed by the gravel beds of the south in your attempt to get water out of gravel beds there. Do not tempt the fateful northern shores, and add to the already tragic history of these banks and dunes, and put red remains of I do not know what, is sure to give very impure water. To remove all the decaying material would be a contract too great even for our ambitious water commissioners, and without its removal the water must always be impure; and suppose it could be removed, and the pond purified, and the pond made into a storage basin, the expense would be so great that it would not pay the bill.

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J. H. GARDINER, M.D.

## PRETTY PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

William Welsh, M.P. for Queens, P. E. I. Indorses Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

One of the genuinely pretty sections of the Dominion is Prince Edward Island. Those who have not had an opportunity of visiting there, hope that it may be counted in their vacation. Queen's County is represented in the House of Commons by Mr. Wm. Welsh, one of the many others who have used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and from away off this pretty section of the Dominion he very cheerfully proclaims to all concerned that he has used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and knows whereof he speaks, when he prescribes it as a remedy for catarrh or cold in the head. Ten minutes is all the time required for it to give relief. It quickly cures.

Sample bottle and Blower sent by S. and Detchon, 44 Church street, Toronto, on receipt of two three-cent stamps.

NOTICE—If you want good and proper work done to your watches and clocks, without pretense, take them to T. C. Thornhill's, 402 Talbot street, who has had over twenty years' experience. All work guaranteed satisfactory, because he understands cylinders, duplex, chronometers, striking repeaters, levers, Swiss, English or American.

Everything in nature indulges in amusement. The lightning plays, the wind whistles, the thunder rolls, the snow flies, the waves leap and the fields rustle. Even the buds shoot, and the rivers run.

Karl's Clover Root Tea. A sure cure for headache and nervous diseases. Nothing relieves so quickly. For sale by W. T. Strong.

## THE BUSINESS SITUATION

As Reported by Bradstreet's and Dun &amp; Co.

Mild Weather and Elections Interfere With Trade—Lower Prices in Many Products Prevail.

New York, Nov. 8.—Bradstreet's Review says of the business situation in Canada:

Large Canadian cities—Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, Winnipeg and Halifax—report \$23,500,000 bank clearings this week, an increase of 14 per cent over last week, but a decrease of more than 1 per cent from the total in the first week of November last year. Compared with the corresponding week in 1913, this week's Canadian bank clearings total show a gain of 11 per cent, and as compared with 1912 the gain is 4 per cent.

General trade at Montreal continues quiet, owing to the prevalence of mild weather, noticeably in drygoods and woollens. Jobbers in groceries and hardware report a decreasing interest.

Toronto jobbers complain of the effects of mild weather.

Advices from St. John, N. B., report business quiet, and that mill owners expect an average lumber cut.

Large shipments of potatoes and oats have been made from Prince Edward Island, but the demand is slight.

There are 39 business failures reported from the Canadian Dominion, against 45 last week, and 49 in the week last.

## OVER THE LINE.

Bradstreet's says: The interruption to general business throughout the country incident to the election has been emphasized by unusually mild weather, which checks the demand for clothing, heavy-weight textiles and other seasonal goods. Except for iron, steel and cotton the larger portion of advances in prices of commodities reported since January last week has disappeared, but every wave of increased demand since the tide began to rise in March has resulted in net gain. The sentiment of traders generally is that the outlook promises an active spring trade, and that the holiday season will prove satisfactory. Bank clearings throughout the United States this week aggregate \$1,121,000,000, a gain of 3.5 per cent over last week. It is 17 per cent higher than the first week of November, 1914. Total exports of wheat from both coasts of the United States this week, for instance, amount to 2,596,000 bushels, against 2,743,000 bushels last week, and 2,689,000 bushels in the week of a year ago. Business failures this week aggregate 29, against 299 last week, and 241 in the corresponding week last year.

D. C. Dun & Co. say: It has been a broken week, and just before and after elections in the most important States no operations of much significance have taken place. The price of Bascom pig is lower, \$14.75 at Pittsburgh, and billets are lower, because there is scarcely any demand for rails at the combination price. Structural contracts are now few, and the demand for wire and wire nails has been curtailed by the Nall Trust's advance of prices—175 per cent in four months. The anthracite combination seems ready to make higher prices. The United States Leather Company, holders of great quantities of leather, have stopped production for 60 days, in order to control the market. Rough calf is 2 cents lower this week, with other kinds unchanged. Meanwhile the great boot and shoe manufacture is embarrassed, even to the stoppage of very many works by the refusal of jobbers to purchase in the belief that leather and shoes must decline in accord with hides. Woolen mills are also closing, to wait for orders, though the demand is fairly satisfactory for some dress goods and worsteds, and the Washington mills open clay worsted at 10 cents advance. The reaction from speculative prices of wool abroad and the stiffness of speculative and country holders here reduces sales to 5,622,300 pounds for the week, against 6,175,000 for the same week of 1912, but stocks of foreign wool are very large.

Wheat falls back with great reluctance from its summer rise of 20c, but has declined 1-1/2c for the week, with receipts being 8,019,919 bushels, against 8,345,032 for the same week last year. Belief in a crop much smaller than last year's tends to resist actual receipts of 45,725,368 bushels in this week, against 30,449,065 last year, and Atlantic exports have been only 9,093,424 bushels, four included, against 13,347,619 last year. The reports of winter wheat from some States are also better. Corn comes forward largely, receipts being more than double last year, and nearly a million bushels went abroad. The rapid marketing of supplies of wheat from Russia and Argentina, and the larger exports of corn to this country tend to lessen the future demand for American wheat.

## ANOTHER MILITIA SCANDAL.

Serious Charge in Connection With the Nineteenth Battalion, Winnipeg.

Winnipeg, Nov. 8.—The Nineteenth Battalion difficulties are growing serious. Color Sergeant Thomas, leader of the group who refused to sign the roll book, and who has been put in the roll book, men who have not put their names in the roll book, are threatened with court martial. He in turn threatens to make startling disclosures if brought to light. Thomas has already intimated the nature of the revelations he can substantiate. He says there are names of many men on the pay sheet, who are not on the roll book, men who have not put their names in the roll book. As Thomas himself made out the pay sheet he knows whereof he speaks and gives the names of four men on the pay sheet for his own company who are not on the roll book. The officers of the battalion deny all the allegations of Thomas and promise to clear the matter up on investigation, which cannot now be avoided.

## Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

## Children Cry for

Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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## CONSUMPTION CONQUERED.

A P. E. Island Lady Restored to Health.

Attacked With a Hacking Cough. Loss of Appetite and General Feeling of Lassitude—Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctors Failed.

(From the Charlottetown Patriot.)

Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimonials telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much-respected and Christian woman, Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlottetown, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family, and although never enjoying a robust constitution, had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin, and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family and friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough—at first inconstant, but afterwards almost constant, especially at night—set in, doctors were summoned and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose



"Joking their Mother on her Appetite."

days appeared to be numbered. Her appetite was almost completely gone. Food was partaken of without relish, and Mrs. Strickland, although the mother of a family, lighter work of the household. She became greatly emaciated, and in order to partake of even the most dainty nourishment a stimulant had at first to be administered. While this gloom hung over the home and the mother sorrowfully thought of how soon she would have to say farewell to her young family, she was induced by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Though utterly discouraged, she yielded more in a friendly way than in a hopeful spirit. After using the pills for a short time a gleam of hope, a wish to get well again, a possession of her, and the treatment was cheerfully continued. It was no false feeling, but a genuine effort nature was making to re-assess itself, and before many boxes were used the family were joking their mother on her appetite, her disappearing cough and the fright she had given them. The use of the Pink Pills was continued for some time longer, and now Mrs. Strickland's elastic step and good appetite, her excellent health would lead you to imagine that you were gazing upon a different woman, not one who had been snatched from the very jaws of death. She was never in better health and spirits, and no matter what others say, she is firm in her belief that Pink Pills saved her life and restored her to her wonted health and strength.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves, and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like the above related. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, of six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

## THIRTY-SEVEN VICTIMS.

Results of the Detroit Disaster—Arrest of the Engineer Ordered.

Detroit, Mich., Nov. 8.—Since last report for dead bodies have been taken from the ruins of the Journal building, making a total of 35 recovered and 37 known dead. The one still missing is James B. Thomas, machine man, who was killed by a falling beam. An additional list of dead: Geo. J. Hiller, Chas. Lind, Lizzie Weidbusch, Anna Uniak. A body under heavy machinery was recovered shortly after noon, but was crushed and mangled, and was identified by the clothing as that of Chas. Lind. With the exception of Annie O'Donoghue, who is still in a critical condition, all of the injured are doing well and will recover.

The prosecuting attorney has ordered that Engineer Thompson, who was in charge of the boilers of the Journal building, be kept under police surveillance.

## Brains Not Supplied.

Speaking of the Double Chloride of Gold treatment for alcoholism, the remark is sometimes heard: "Oh, the Gold Cure may be all right for some men, but it will not cure everybody. I know a man who took it every day, and he is drinking as badly as ever." The accuracy of the first proposition depends upon the institution where the treatment is administered, for there are Gold Cures and so-called Gold Cures. It has not so far been alleged, truthfully, that the treatment given at Lakeside Institute, Oakville, has failed in any case to effect a cure. The second proposition is undoubtedly true, but it is also true that every one of the few who have resumed drinking after having taken the Oakville treatment, attributes his condition to his own folly or carelessness. So long as the world revolves alcohol will, from its very nature, make men drunk if they drink it. So will poison kill if introduced into the system in sufficient quantities. The treatment restores to a healthy condition, but does not supply brains, and only those having them should undertake it. Toronto office, 28 Bank of Commerce Building. Phone 1,163.

Blinks (meditatively)—What a greedy world this is; the great majority of people always after money. Hardup (sadly)—Yes; and a long way after it, too.

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cured in one to three days. Its action upon the system is remarkable, and mysterious. It removes at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by W. T. Strong and B. A. Mitchell, druggists.

New Mistress—Don't forget, then, Mary Ann, that your master is a soldier, ma'am.

Maid—My mistress cured Diphtheria.

Painless extraction of teeth. Gold and porcelain crowning. Dr. ZIEGLER, 128-1-3 Dundas street.

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON VII, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, NOV. 17.

Text of the Lesson, I Sam. xv, 10-23—Memory Verses, 10, 11—Golden Text, I Sam. xv, 22—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

10, 11. "It repenteth Me that I have set up Saul to be king, for he is turned back from following Me and hath not performed My commandments. When the kingdom was given to Saul, both he and the people were reminded by Samuel that if they would only obey the Lord and serve Him in truth all might be well (chapter xii, 14, 24). But Saul had only reigned two years when he proved disobedient and was told that the kingdom would be given to another, even a man after God's own heart (chapter xiii, 1, 13, 14). In the chapter for today another act of disobedience is recorded, which brings matters to a crisis. As to the Lord's repentings so often referred to, we must remember that He never changes His mind, nor is sorry for anything He does (verse 29; Num. xxiii, 19), but when He comes to a point where He seems to us to make a new departure, which from eternity He knew that He would just at that point, He is said to repent. See Acts xv, 18.

12. "Hast thou him up a place." Or, as in II Sam. xviii, 18, a pillar after his own name. It was not, as in chapter xiv, 35, an altar unto the Lord, but something to magnify himself. Jesus never magnified Himself, but always His Father (John xvii, 4). Paul determined that Christ should be magnified in his body either by life or death (Phil. i, 20).

13. "Blessed be Thou, Lord, I have performed the commandment of the Lord." When we compare verses 8 and 9 of this chapter, we wonder how Saul could say that he had performed the commandment. Either he misunderstood the command, or perverted it, or deliberately lied. There is a generation that are pure in their own eyes, but whose conduct is wrong. See I Sam. xviii, 27; xxviii, 13, 18. Unless we have a heart right with God and honestly seek only His pleasure the devil will make us believe that black is white (II Thess. ii, 10, 11).

14. "What meaneth then this bleating of the sheep in mine ears, and the howling of the oxen which I hear?" It is an old word, but true as God Himself, "Be sure your sin will find you out" (Num. xxiii, 23). The word was to smite Amalek and utterly destroy all that they had (verse 8). Dead sheep and oxen tell no tales, but these were telling that Saul had not obeyed God.

15. "The people spared the best of the sheep and of the oxen to sacrifice unto the Lord thy God." Under