Business Cards

Sproule & Ego
MARKDALE ONT
[illegible] Drug Stor[e] [illegible] residence, late V m[illegible] doors above H[illegible]

A. Ego
M D M C P & S O

[illegible] L D S D D S
[illegible] College of Dentis[try] [illegible] Toronto Office [illegible] bank,
[illegible] Falls the 1st [illegible] Holland

[illegible] V. S
[MARK]DALE
[illegible] Col. Veterinary [illegible]

[illegible] HOLMES

[Veter]inary Surgeon
[illegible] Ont.

P. McCULLOUGH
[illegible] Money

[illegible] & Batson

W. [illegible]RATTON

[illegible] & SAMPSON

SPROULE
[illegible] Instrument

[illegible] MARKDALE

THE PERFECT TEA
MONSOON TEA
FROM THE TEA PLANT TO THE TEA CUP
IN ITS NATIVE PURITY.
"Monsoon" Tea is packed under the supervision of the Tea growers, and is advertised and sold by them as a sample of the best qualities of Indian and Ceylon Teas. For that reason they see that none but the freshest leaves go into Monsoon packages.
That is why "Monsoon," the perfect Tea, can be sold at the same price as inferior tea.
It is put up in sealed caddies of ½ lb., 1 lb. and 5 lbs., and sold in three flavors at 40c., 50c. and 60c.
If your grocer does not keep it, tell him to write to STEEL, HAYTER & CO., 11 and 13 Front St. East, Toronto.
For Sale by R. H. Benson Co

Miss Caprice.

BY ST GEORGE RATHBONE.

Author of "Dr Jack," "Dr Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Miss Pauline of New York," Etc.

minder that these Arabs are very particular not to interfere with things that belong to another.

He says no more.

They reach the central room, opening upon the court where plashes the fountain.

The guide stops.

Upon the scented air comes the notes of a musical instrument; a mandolin, and the chords are peculiarly sad and yet so full of music.

Then a voice breaks forth—such singing John has heard only in his dreams. It's a voice of wondrous power, sympathetic and sweet, a voice that would haunt a man forever.

John knows no Moorish maiden can sing that song, and his heart gives [a] wild throb as the conviction is suddenly forced upon him that at last, after these weary years of waiting, after his search over half the world, he is now listening to the voice that lulled his infantile cries, and fell upon his ears like a benison.

No wonder, then, he stands there as if made of stone, stands and drinks in the sweet volume of sound as it floods the Moorish court, until the last note dies away as might the carol of a bird at eventide.

Then he swallows a sob, and braces himself for the coming ordeal. Something behind reaches his ear. He is positive he catches a deep groan as of despair, perhaps it comes from some [illegible] where this Moorish judge has a [illegible] in confinement.

He is not given a chance to speculate upon the subject. His guide touches his arm and pointed. John discovers that his presence has already been made known to the Moor.

He is expected to come forward [illegible] circumstances. The young man [illegible] for delay. That song, that heavenly voice has gone straight to his heart, and he longs to look upon the face of the sweet singer.

So he advances, not slowly and with show of dignity, but in the eagerness that [illegible] to his heart.

He sees a figure in black [illegible] the old Moor, and instantly his eyes are glued upon that face.

Then his heart tells him he now looks upon the face of the mother who has been lost to him so long.

Does she know? Has she received his [illegible] or is her presence here simply the desire of her friend the old Moor? She does not show any intense excitement as he approaches, and this tends to make him believe she has been kept in ignorance of the truth.

The Mohammedan doctor [illegible] his lovely daughter watch his advance with deep interest, for they are human, and [illegible] pleasure in a good deed done. The Koran commends it just as [illegible] as does our Bible. At the same time slaves are in waiting [illegible] armed with deadly cimeters, and should it prove that John has deceived [illegible] the Sister does not greet him with love, but fear because he [illegible] the name of Craig, [illegible] signal [illegible] by the [illegible] of death.

[illegible] honestly upon [illegible] a few secs. He stands [illegible] a yard or so and his eye [illegible] a syllable only waiting [illegible] his burning gaze, his looks of [illegible] and devotion will have a [illegible] effect on his parent.

As he stands thus mutely before her, she [illegible] aware of his presence for the first time. She looks up at his face, the casual glance becomes immediately [illegible], her cheeks grow pale as death, it is evident that something [illegible] of the past and [illegible].

[illegible] arises. Her figure [illegible]. [illegible] written upon her [illegible] in her eyes [illegible] the light of faith that dares to look the whole world in the face. And before a word is spoken John Craig knows his mother has been cruelly wronged in the past, [illegible] in silence because of some too [illegible].

She has gained her feet, and now [illegible] walking like one in a dream, her [illegible] outstretched. No wonder it [illegible] ecstasy this seeing a loved face of the past in the home of a Moor [illegible]. She must indeed think it an illusion.

Now her hand touches John's face. Imagine the intense thrill that sweeps over his frame at the impact. Soul speaks to soul, heart answers heart.

The woman begins to tremble. The [look] of frightened wonder upon her face gives way to one of astonishment.

"It is no illusion! Alive! Oh, what does this mean? Where am I? Who [are] you?"

Thus the broken sentences fall from her lips, as though she hardly knows what she says.

[illegible] think of one reply, and [illegible] out his hands; his whole [illegible] is concentrated in the whispered [illegible].

"[illegible] my mother!"

[illegible] the spell. In [illegible] she has eagerly clasped [illegible] around his neck.

"Heaven is praised; my prayer is [answered]. My child has sought me [illegible] power of love."

[illegible] face tells his great joy. Words [illegible] for some little time, [but] with brimming eyes they gaze into each other's face.

"Oh, mother, I have searched for you in many lands. For years I have [longed] to see you, to tell you that my [heart] believed in you. By the kindness of Heaven, that time has come."

"And you, my own boy, you believe [me] innocent, worthy of your love, [though] the world called me guilty." [illegible] murmurs.

"Yes, because of the great love I bear you, I would believe it against all. Oh, my mother, how barren my life has been without your companionship, your love. Many, many nights I have wept bitter tears of anguish to think of you somewhere upon the face of the earth, wandering alone, because of circumstantial evidence."

Again from the darkness beyond the [court] comes that deep, terrible groan. The old Moor turns his head as though he does not understand it; but the [scene] in front is too dramatic to be lost.

"I began to believe I should have to quit this world of woes without seeing you, for though I do not wish to disturb your happiness, my dear boy, you must see from my looks that I am fading like a flower in the fall; that the monster, consumption, is sapping my life. Still, I may live some years to enjoy your love; be of good cheer. How strange to see you a man grown, you whom I left almost a babe. And, John, you so closely resemble, as I knew him then, your father, my poor, deceived Duncan, whom Heaven knows I have never ceased to remember with love, who wronged me terribly, but the circumstances were fairly against [him]. Heaven has purified my heart by suffering."

"I can stand this no longer!" cries a voice, and a man rushes into view, advancing until he stands before them. "My eyes have been opened to the truth. In bitter tears I repent the sorrowful past. Blanche, behold your husband unworthy to kiss the hem of your garment."

CHAPTER XXIV.

John has been so amazed at the sight of this newcomer that he can not move hand or foot. He immediately recognizes his father of course, but the fact of Duncan Craig being present in this place is what temporarily paralyzes him.

The coming of the other creates a decided sensation; it can be easily understood. Upon the unfortunate wife and mother the effect is most marked.

Many years have passed since [she] saw [illegible] her husband. Circumstances [illegible] to incur his apparently [illegible] anger, to be sent out into the world as one unworthy to bear his name.

All this she has borne meekly, doing good wherever Heaven chose to send her. The terrible infliction has tried her [illegible] and she has been purified as by fire.

After this life of suffering, she now finds this husband at her feet. His proud spirit is broken, and he seeks forgiveness.

She has long since learned to put away the ordinary small feelings that [illegible] so many of her sex, but [illegible] still human. She cannot but feel gratified at the [illegible] that this is come.

John holds his breath and awaits the outcome of this strange event. He remembers the sudden rage of the Moor on the previous occasion when he [illegible] be was a Craig, and [illegible] expects to hear something from the same quarter.

Nor is he [illegible].

Ben Taleb has been listening intently, and not a word of what has passed escapes his [illegible] the confession of the man who [illegible] him[self], and his eyes blaze.

Almost immediately he claps his hands, and half a dozen armed retainers make their appearance, springing from some unknown quarter.

"You have dared enter my house, [Dunca]n Craig, who brought years of suffering upon the woman we revere. It is well. Allah has sent you here. Mohammed is satisfied to leave you to our hands. I will be merciful, as the Koran is merciful. Instead of having you torn to pieces, I will order you shot. You will learn that a Moor knows how to avenge the wrongs of one for whom he entertains feelings of gratitude."

His words are cutting and crisp and John, expecting every second to see the slaves make their savage assault upon his father, holds himself in readiness to jump forward and assist him.

The situation is indeed critical.

It looks as though a very tragic [illegible] would [illegible] in which deadly weapons must be used.

Duncan Craig has made a terrible mistake in his past. He has been known [as] a cold, proud man, though much of this has been assumed in order to deceive himself. Yet no one ever called him a coward.

He knows that deadly danger menaces him, and as a soldier his spirit is at once in arms.

Springing to his feet, he faces the old Moor.

His arms are folded. Upon his face can be seen a defiant light.

"I have entered your house, Ben Taleb, unarmed, bent upon a mission of love. To humble myself. You may have the power to crush me. I have done what I believed to be right as soon as the light of truth entered my soul. The consequences may be disastrous, but I am ready to meet them."

The old Moor is struck by his manner, but still moved by the passion that swept over him at mention of that name he does not allow his anger to abate a particle.

"Because of the past you shall suffer. You have ruined the life of this woman, whose only fault was in loving you, a base, heartless dog. Say your prayers, wretched man, for you have [but] a few minutes to live."

The terrible sentence has awakened [one] who seemed about to be [illegible]. Sister Magdalen arouses herself. The old [illegible] within her heart are not dead; they have only been slumbering all this while.

She steps between Duncan Craig and the Moor, her face shining with a new light. She raises her hand as if to ward off the impending blow, and her voice is sweet and gentle.

"Ali Ben Taleb, great is thy house and the blessings of Allah hang over it. [I] understand the motive that prompts you to thus undertake to avenge what you think are my wrongs. But you must halt. I demand a hearing."

"Speak on; my ears are open to you. You saved my child from the [illegible] that stalketh at noonday, and the heart of Ben Taleb has [been full of] gratitude ever since," replies the dignified native doctor.

"First, then, hear that, though I thought I should die when I no longer had a home in my husband's house, my eyes were speedily opened, and I saw that Heaven was using me as an instrument to bring about good. So I learned to be patient. Confident of my innocence, I could calmly await the time when the truth would be made known. That hour, Ali Ben Taleb, has come.

"The second point which I particularly desire to impress upon your mind is this: You are pleased to say that I was instrumental in snatching your beloved child from the jaws of death. Be it so. Consider, then, what would have been the result had this misfortune never happened to me, if I had always remained in my husband's home."

"Great is Allah and Mohammed is his prophet, but I fear I should have lost my child," declares the Moor.

"You see the ways of Allah are past finding out. I have long since learned to trust myself to the guidance of a power stronger than human arms.

"You talk of avenging my wrongs, but time has already done that. The result you see here in the actions of my husband. If I forgive him freely, and fully, what right have you or any other person to hate him and declare vengeance? Does your Koran teach that; did Mohammed propagate such doctrines?"

The old Moor hangs his head.

"It is not for Ben Taleb to go against the will of the one who saved his child. Take, then, his miserable life, oh, remarkable woman; and as for me, I have learned a lesson."

Again he claps his hands, and the armed retainers disappear. Peace once more smiles upon the scene.

Sister Magdalen turns to her husband, and they converse in low tones, yet with an earnestness that leaves no room for doubt of their sincerity.

Presently John sees his father motion, and he joins them.

"My boy, your mother has forgiven me. Heaven knows I do not merit such action, but she is an earthly angel. And I want to ask you if you can also forgive me, because through my actions you have all these years been deprived of a mother's love?"

His contrite manner, his dejected attitude, these things would go far to ward influencing John were his heart hardened toward the unfortunate author of all his misery, which it is not.

"Ah! father! with such an example before me, how could I entertain hard feelings? The past is gone. Why should we live in it? Better that we look forward toward the future and endeavor to find happiness. You know Heaven works in a mysterious way, and much good has come to the world at large through our suffering."

"Then you do forgive, my boy?"

"There is nothing to forgive, sir. Let us strive to forget the past and hope that years of happiness may be before us."

"Ah! John, you have her spirit," sighs his father, as he wrings his boy's hand.

Sister Magdalen smiles sweetly and sadly, for she knows full well that their time together in this world will be short. She does not wish to cast a damper on their present joy, however, and hence says nothing.

The Moor has been greatly impressed by all this. He learns a lesson in life, for, as a rule, the female element in Oriental circles has very little to do with the events that occur from day to day, and never engage in any of the discussions upon the leading questions of the hour.

Later on the little party leave the house of Ali Ben Taleb. Their passage through the streets is accomplished in safety, for the Moor sees to it that all are well disguised.

John never learns the truth about the coming of his father. He has reason to believe that Musapha Cadi, [illegible], entered into some arrangement with the elder Craig, after hearing his story, although the stolid face of the Arab never betrays his secret.

When Lady Ruth learns that the end has come and John's quest is at an end, she rejoices with him.

Another day in Algiers.

Then a steamer will be due upon which they can take passage for France and later on reach America.

Duncan Craig is very subdued, and intensely devoted to his recovered wife. They have long conversations alone, and all that has passed in the years of their separation is told. Craig opens his heart and reveals his inmost feelings. He tells how he suffered in spirit while showing a proud face to the world, and finally how he came to learn the truth.

John becomes interested in the courtship of Sir Lionel, who, finding his ardent affection returned, [illegible] with such intensity of purpose that he wins.

Seeing them [illegible] that afternoon, Doctor Chicago [illegible] [illegible] learns that a [illegible] has just been performed that effectually removes both of them from the track.

When he tells this to Lady Ruth, the lively young lady is greatly pleased, and laughs again and again. Thus all obstacles crumble before the path of true love. Their skies are sunny and bright with hope.

Duncan Craig's wife has not been [illegible] with an order in which that [illegible] indissoluble. She changes her garb, but her heart has become so wedded to the work that the probabilities are she will finish her life in the sweet services of charity; and Craig, filled with [illegible] and newly awakened love, will be only too glad to follow her every wish, seconding by his money her efforts.

Johnny [illegible] to fling his shingle [illegible] breeze and start upon the road of life as a full-fledged doctor. His German education will push him forward, for their system is more thorough than the American and few there are who can [illegible] at twenty-three.

He will be separated from Miss [illegible] twelvemonths, but she's coming over to see the world's fair, and [illegible]. Thus Chicago gains though England loses.

With their departure from Algiers, the steamer, we may as well bid them adieu. On board they meet Sir Lionel and his wife, of whom he is at pains [illegible] proud, but they keep by themselves, for each has a secret that is not for the other to know.

THE END.

Start at the Bottom, Boys.

Many a young fellow will turn up his nose at a five-dollars-week job, who will soak his living out of the old folks for a year at a time, waiting for a better one. The man who faithfully performs his duty for $5 a week is right in line for the six, seven, eight, nine and ten-dollar jobs. And he is the fellow who gets them, too. No man wants to hire a loafer. Employers generally prefer to do their own loafing, if it must be done.

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Are largely due to the lack of knowledge of business methods. A Business Course at the
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There's a Remedy that will make you strong; give you vitality and energy; invigorate the heart; enrich the blood; make the pale cheek rosy.
It's Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.
Mrs. Mehlenbacher, who lives at 29 Ann St., Berlin, Ont., made the following statement: "I have suffered from nervous prostration and general debility for the past four years, often despairing of a cure.
"Since I have taken Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, however, the future looks bright to me. I have taken four boxes of them and the benefit I derived is wonderful. They have made my nerves strong, restored their elasticity and given me physical strength to a greater degree than I could have anticipated. Beyond doubt, they are the best restorative for nerve trouble, weakness, debility, etc., in existence, and I heartily recommend them to all who suffer as I did."
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure Palpitation and Throbbing, Dizziness, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Loss of Appetite, Pale and Sallow Complexion, Anæmia, Debility, General Weakness or any condition arising from a Weak Heart, Disordered Nerves or Impoverished Blood. Sold by druggists at 50c. a box.

RAILROAD.... KIDNEY
A Disease Peculiar to Railroad Men, which is readily Cured by
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Did it ever occur to you that most railroad men die of kidney disease?
Such is the fact, however, and the disease is known among railroaders as "railroad kidney."
The first and most marked symptom is a weak, lame and aching back. You may think at first that you are only tired; but as this trouble increases day by day, kidney disease, with all its terrors, is fast claiming you as a victim.
Mr. Geo. Cummings, for over 20 years engineer on the Grand Trunk running between Toronto and Allandale, says: "The constant duty with my work gave me excessive pains in my back, racking my kidneys. I tried several remedies until I was recommended by my fireman, Mr. Dave Conley, to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Two boxes have completely cured me and I feel to-day a better man than ever. I recommend them to all my friends."
Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

ALL MUST BE WEIGHED

Human Lives and Actions to be Weighed in the Divine Scales.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches on Personal Responsibility, Taking His Text From the Handwriting on the Wall of Babylon.

Washington, May 21.—In these days of [illegible] awakening this [illegible] sermon by Dr. Talmage on personal responsibility [illegible] before God will be read with a [illegible] solemn interest; text, Daniel v, 27, "Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

Babylon was the paragon of cities. [illegible] and dwelt out [illegible] [illegible] buildings of modern times [illegible] only the evidence of her [illegible]. [illegible] having been selected for the city, 2,000 [illegible] men were employed in the rearing of her walls and the building of her works. It was a city 60 miles in circumference. There was a trench all around the city from which the material for the building of the city had been digged. There were 25 gates on each side of the city, between every two gates a tower of defense springing into the skies, from each gate on one side a street running straight through [to] the corresponding gate on the other side, so that there were 50 streets, each 15 miles long. Through the city ran a branch of the river Euphrates. This river sometimes overflowed its banks, and to keep it from ruining the city a lake was constructed into which the surplus water of the river would run during the time of freshets, and the water was kept in this artificial lake until time of drought, and then this water would stream down over the city. At either end of the bridge spanning this Euphrates there was a palace—the one palace a mile and a half around, the other palace [illegible] miles around.

The wife of Nebuchadnezzar [had] been born and brought up in the country, in a mountainous region, and she could not bear this flat district of Babylon, and so, to please his wife, Nebuchadnezzar built in the midst of the city a mountain [illegible] high. This mountain was built out into terraces supported on arches. On the top of these arches a layer of flat stones, on the top of that a layer of reeds and bitumen, on the top of that two layers of bricks closely cemented, on the top of that a heavy sheet of lead and on the top of that the soil placed—the soil so deep that a Lebanon cedar had room to anchor its roots. There were pumps worked by mighty machinery [fetching] up the water from the Euphrates to water this hanging garden, as it was called. There were fountains spouting into the sky. Standing below and looking up it must have seemed as if the clouds were in blossom or, as though the sky leaned on the shoulder of a cedar. All this Nebuchadnezzar did to please his wife. Well, she ought to have been pleased. I suppose she was pleased. If that would not please her, nothing would. There was in that city also the temple of Belus, with towers—one tower the eighth of a mile high, in which there was an observatory where astronomers talked to the stars. There was in that temple one image which would cost what would be our $52,000,000.

Handwriting on the Wall.

Oh, what a city! The earth never saw anything like it, never will see anything like it. And yet I have to tell you that it is going to be destroyed. The king and his princes are at a feast. They are all intoxicated. Pour out the rich wine into the chalices! Drink to the health of the king! Drink to the glory of Babylon! Drink to a great future! A thousand lords reel intoxicated. The king seated upon a chair, with vacant look, as intoxicated men will—with vacant look staring at the wall. But soon that vacant look takes on intensity, and it is an affrighted look, and all the princes begin to look and wonder what is the matter, and they look at the same point on the wall. And then there drops a darkness into the room that puts out the blaze of the golden plate, and out of the sleeve of the darkness there comes a finger—a finger of terror, circling around and circling around as though it would write, and then it comes up, and with sharp tip of finger inscribes on the plastering of the wall the doom of the king. "Weighed in the balances and found wanting."

The bang of heavy fists against the gates of the palace is followed by the breaking in of the doors. A thousand gleaming knives strike into a thousand quivering hearts. Now death is king, and he is seated on a throne of corpses. In that hall there is a balance lifted. God swings it. On one side of the balances are put Belshazzar's opportunities; on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's sins. The sins come down. His opportunities go up. Weighed in the balances and found wanting.

There has been a great deal of cheating in our country with false weights and measures and balances, and the government, to change that state of things, appointed commissioners whose business it was to stamp weights and measures and balances, and a great deal of that wrong has been corrected. But still, after all, there is no such thing as a perfect balance on earth. The chain may break, or some of the metal may be clipped, or in some way the equipoise may be disturbed. You cannot always depend upon earthly balances. A pound is not always a pound, and you may pay for one thing and get another, but in the balance which is suspended to the throne of God a pound is a pound, and right is right, and wrong is wrong, and a soul is a soul, and eternity is eternity. God has a perfect bushel and a perfect peck and a perfect gallon. When merchants weigh their goods in the wrong way, then the Lord weighs the goods again. If from the imperfect measure the merchant pours out what pretends to be a gallon of oil and there is less than a gallon, God knows it, and he calls upon his recording angel to mark it, "So much wanting in that measure of oil." The farmer comes in from the country. He has apples to sell. He has an imperfect measure. He pours out the apples from this imperfect measure. God recognizes it. He says to the recording angel, "Mark down so many apples too few—an imperfect measure." We may cheat ourselves, and we may cheat the world, but we cannot cheat God, and in the great day of judgment it will be found out that what we learned in boyhood at school is correct—that 20 hundredweight makes a ton and 120 solid feet make a cord of wood. No more, no less. And a religion which does not take hold of this life as well as the life to come is no religion at all.

Weighing Principles.

But, my friends, that is not the style of balances I am to speak of to-day; that is not the kind of weights and measures. I am to speak of that kind of balances which weigh principles, weigh churches, weigh men, weigh nations and weigh worlds. "What!" you say, "is it possible that our world is to be weighed?" Yes. Why, you would think if God put on one side of the balances, suspended from the throne, the Alps and the Pyrenees and the Himalayas and Mount Washington and all the cities of the earth, they would crush it. No, no! The time will come when God will sit down on the white throne to see the world weighed, and on one side will be the world's opportunities and on the other side the world's sins. Down will go the sins, and away will go the opportunities, and God will say to the messengers with the torch: "Burn that world! Weighed and found wanting!"

So God will weigh churches. He takes a great church. That church, great according to the worldly estimate, must be weighed. He puts it on one side the balances and the minister and the choir and the building that cost its hundreds of thousands of dollars. He puts them on one side the balances. On the other side of the scale he puts what that church ought to be, what its consecration ought to be, what its sympathy for the poor ought to be, what its devotion to all good ought to be. That is on one side. That side comes down, and the church, not being able to stand the test, rises in the balances. It does not make any difference about your magnificent machinery. A church is built for one thing—to save souls. If it saves a few souls when it might save a multitude of souls, God will spew it out of his mouth. Weighed and found wanting!

So we perceive that God estimates nations. How many times he has put the Spanish monarchy into the scales and found it insufficient and condemned it! The French empire was placed on one side of the scales, and God weighed the French empire, and Napoleon said: "Have I not enlarged the boulevards? Did I not kindle the glories of the Champs Elysees? Have I not adorned the Tuileries? Have I not built the gilded opera house?" Then God weighed the nation, and he put on one side the scales the Emperor, and the boulevards, and the Tuileries, and the Champs Elysees, and the gilded opera house, and on the other side he puts that man's abominations, that man's libertinism, that man's selfishness, that man's godless ambition. This last came down, and all the brilliancy of the scene vanished. What is that voice coming up from Sedan? Weighed and found wanting.

Personal Application.

But I must become more individual and more personal in my address. Some people say they do not think clergymen ought to be personal in their religious address, but ought to deal with subjects in the abstract. I do not think that way. What would you think of a hunter who should go to the Adirondacks to shoot deer in the abstract? Ah, no! He loads the gun, he puts the butt of it against his breast, he runs his eye along the barrel, he takes sure aim, and then crash go the antlers on the rocks! And so, if we want to be hunters for the Lord, we must take sure aim and fire. Not in the abstract are we to treat things in religious discussions. If a physician comes into a sickroom, does he treat disease in the abstract? No; he feels the pulse, makes the diagnosis, then he writes the prescription. And if we want to heal souls for this life and the life to come, we do not want to treat them in the abstract. The fact is, you and I have a malady which, if unaided by grace, will kill us forever. Now, I want no abstraction. Where is the balm? Where is the physician?

People say there is a day of judgment coming. My friends, every day is a day of judgment, and you and I to-day are being canvassed, tested, weighed. Here are the balances of the sanctuary. They are lifted, and we must all be weighed. Who will come and be weighed first? Here is a moralist who volunteers. He is one of the most upright men in the country. He comes. "Well, my brother, get in—get into the balances now, and be weighed." But as he gets into the balances I say, "What is that, you have along with you?" "Oh," he says, "that is my reputation for goodness and kindness and charity and generosity and [illegible]." "Oh, my brother, we cannot [illegible] that; we are going to weigh you—you. Now stand in the scales—you, the moralist. Paid your debts?" "Yes," you say, "paid all my debts." "Have you acted in an upright way in the community?" "Yes, yes." "Have you been kind to the poor? Are you faithful in a thousand relations in life?" "Yes." "So far, so good. But now, before you get out of this scale, I want to ask you two or three questions. Have your thoughts always been right?" "No," you say. "Put down one mark. "Have you loved the Lord with all your heart and soul and mind and strength?" "No," you say. Make another mark. Come now, be frank, and confess that in ten thousand things you have come short—have you not?" "Yes." Make ten thousand marks. Come, now, get me a book large enough to make the record of the moralist's deficit. My brother, stand in the scales; do not fly away from them. I put on your side the scales all the good deeds you ever did, all the kind words you ever uttered, but on the other side the scales I put this weight, which God says I must put there—on the other side the scales and opposite to yours I put this weight, "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." Weighed and found wanting.

Balances of the Sanctuary.

Still the balances of the sanctuary are suspended, and we are ready to weigh any who come. Who shall be the next? Well, here is a formalist. He comes, and he gets into the balances, and as he gets in I see that all his religion is in genuflections and in outward observances. As he gets into the scales I say, "What is that you have in this pocket?" "Oh," he says, "that is Westminster Assembly Catechism." I say: "Very good. What have you in the other pocket?" "Oh," he says, "that is the Heidelberg Catechism." "Very good. What is that you have under your arm standing in this balance of the sanctuary?" "Oh," he says, "that is a church record." "Very good. What are these books on your side the balances?" "Oh," he says, "those are 'Calvin's Institutes.'" "My brother, we are not weighing books; we are weighing you. It cannot be that you are depending for your salvation upon your orthodoxy. Do you not know that the creeds and the forms of religion are merely the scaffolding for the building? You certainly are not going to mistake the scaffolding for the temple. Do you not know that men have gone to perdition with a catechism in their pocket?" "But," says the man, "I cross myself often." "Ah, that will not save you." "But," says the man, "I am sympathetic for the poor." "That will not save you." Says the man, "I sat at the communion table." "That will not save you." "But," says the man, "I have had my name on the church record." "That will not save you." "But I have been a professor of religion 40 years." "That will not save you." Stand there on your side the balances and I will give you the advantage—I will let you have all the creeds, all the church records, all the Christian conventions that were ever held, all the communion tables that were ever built, on your side the balances. On the other side the balances I must put what God says I must put there. I put this million pound weight on the other side the balances, "Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof." Weighed and found wanting.

The Last Scrutiny.

But I must go faster and speak of the final scrutiny. The fact is, my friends, we are moving on amid astounding realities. These pulses which are now drumming the march of life may after awhile call a halt. We walk by a hair-hung bridge over chasms. All around us are dangers lurking, ready to spring on us from ambush. We lie down at night, not knowing whether we shall arise in the morning. We start out for our occupation, not knowing whether we shall come back—crowns being burnished for thy brow or bolts forged for thy prison; angels of light ready to shout at thy deliverance or fiends of darkness stretching out skeleton hands to pull thee down into ruin consummate!

Suddenly the judgment will be here. The angel, with one foot on the sea, and the other foot on the land, will swear by him that liveth forever and ever that time shall be no longer. "Behold, he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him." Hark to the jarring of the mountains. Why, that is the setting down of the scales, the balances. And then there is a flash as if from a cloud, but it is the glitter of the shining balances, and they are hoisted, and all nations are to be weighed. The infidel [is] given get in on this side the balances. They may have weighed themselves and pronounced a flattering decision. The world may have weighed them and pronounced them moral. Now they are being weighed in God's balances—the balances that can make no mistake. All the property gone, all the titles of distinction gone, all the worldly successes gone; there is a soul, absolutely nothing but a soul, an immortal soul, a never dying soul, a soul stripped of all worldly advantages—a soul on one side the scales. On the other side the balances are wasted Sabbaths, disregarded sermons, 10,000 opportunities of mercy and pardon that were cast aside. They are on the other side the scales, and there God stands, and, in the presence of men and devils, cherubim and archangel, he announces, while groaning earthquake and crackling conflagration and judgment trumpet and everlasting storm repeat it, "Weighed and found wanting."

All Must be Weighed.

But say some who are Christians: "Certainly you don't mean to say that we will have to get into the balances? Our sins are all pardoned; our title to heaven is secure. Certainly you are not going to put us in the balances?" "Yes, my brother, we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and on that day you are going to be weighed. Oh, follower of Christ, you get into the balances! The bell of the judgment is ringing. You must get into the balances. You get in on this side. On the other side the balances we will place all the opportunities of good which you did not improve, all the attainments in piety which you might have had, but which you refused to take. We place them all on the other side. They go down, and your soul rises in the scales. You cannot weigh against all those imperfections. Well, then, we must give you the advantage and on your side the scale we will place all the good deeds you have ever done and all the kind words you have ever uttered. Too light yet! Well, we must put on your side all the consecration of your life, all the holiness of your life, all the prayers of your life, all the faith of your Christian life. Too light yet! Come, mighty men of the past, and go in on that side the scales. Come, Payson and Doddridge and Baxter, get in on that side the scales and make them come down that this righteous one may be saved. They come and they get in the scales. Too light yet! Come, the martyrs, the Latimers, the Wycliffs, the men who suffered at the stake for Christ. Get in on this side the Christian's balances and see if you cannot help him weigh it aright. They come and get in. Too light. Come, angels of God on high. Let not the righteous perish with the wicked. They get in on this side the balances. Too light yet! I put on this side the balances all the scepters of light, all the thrones of power, all the crowns of glory. Too light yet! But just at that point Jesus, the Son of God, comes up to the balances, and he puts one of his scarred feet on your side, and the balances begin to tremble from top to bottom. Then he puts both of his scarred feet on the balances, and the Christian's side comes down with a stroke that sets all the bells of heaven ringing. That Rock of Ages heavier than any other weight!

Christ Outweighs All.

But says the Christian, "Am I to be allowed to get off so easily?" Yes. If some one should come and put on the other side the scales all your imperfections, all your envies, all your jealousies, all your inconsistencies of life, they would not budge the scales with Christ on your side the scales. Go free! There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Chains broken, prison houses opened, sins pardoned. Go free! Weighed in the balances and nothing, nothing wanted. Oh, what a glorious hope! Will you accept it this day? Christ making up for what you lack, Christ the atonement for all your sins. Who will accept it? [illegible] Will not this whole audience say: "I [am] insufficient, I am a sinner. I am lost by reason of my transgressions, but Christ has paid it all. My Lord and my God, my life, my pardon, my heaven. Lord Jesus, I hail thee!"

We go [illegible] off, or back into history to get some illustration by which we may set forth what Christ has done for us. We need not go so far. I saw a vehicle behind a runaway horse dashing through the street, a mother and her two children in the carriage. The horse dashed along as though [illegible] hurl them to death, and a mounted policeman, with a shout clearing the way, and the horse at full run, attempted to seize those runaway horses to save [the] family, when his own horse fell and [illegible] over him. He was picked up half [dead]. Why were our sympathies so stirred? Because he was badly hurt and hurt for others. But I tell you today of [the] Christ, the Son of God, on the blood [red] horse of sacrifice, came for our rescue and rode down the sky and rode unto death for our rescue. Are not your hearts [illegible]? That was a sacrifice for you and me. O thou who didst ride on the red horse of sacrifice, come and ride through this world on the white horse of victory!

Women Need Not Suffer
From those terrible side aches, back aches, headaches and the thousand and one other ills which make life full of misery.
Most of these troubles are due to impure, imperfectly filtered blood—the Kidneys are not acting right and in consequence the system is being poisoned with impurities.
DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS
are daily proving themselves woman's greatest friend and benefactor.
Here is an instance:
Mrs. Harry Fleming, St. Mary's, N.B., says: "The use of Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to complete health. The first symptoms I noticed in my case were severe pains in the small of my back and around the loins, together with general weakness and loss of appetite.
I gradually became worse, until, hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box from our druggist.
I am pleased to testify to their effectiveness in correcting the troubles from which I suffered.

WEAK AND.... PUNY CHILDREN
Become Strong and Healthy by using Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food.
Children are frequently left weak and sickly as an after result of measles, scarlet fever, etc., and in this state are easy prey to such disorders, rickets, spinal disease, or consumption, diseases which do not affect robust, healthy children.
The blood is weak and watery and the nerves improperly nourished. Feed the blood and nerves with Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food and the pale, pinched faces will soon become rosy and plump, and tiredness and weakness will give way to strength and animation.
Mr. E. W. Day, 62 Close Avenue, Toronto, writes: "My eldest daughter, aged [illegible], became very much run down. Her frail, nervous, sleepless condition greatly alarmed her parents. She was taken from school, and in spite of the best nursing, she then weakened, bloodless face grew painfully worse. Fortunately we used Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. An improvement became apparent in a few days, it continued, and in a few weeks she returned to school built up anew, and greatly to our joy fully restored to health."
Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

[illegible]'s Consular System.

In The [illegible], Mr. George McA[illegible] [illegible] the results of the State Department's [illegible] into the consular system of [other] countries, and compares that system with our own—not at all to our advantage.

The system [illegible] outlined, says Mr. McAneny, is common to every nation of Europe except, possibly, Turkey. Outside of Europe it is established in Brazil and Argentina, and, among the independent states [illegible] Japan. It is lacking in the minor South American republics, in Persia, [illegible], in Morocco, Mexico and the [United] States.

In [illegible] an organization, as in our own, [illegible] the division [illegible] [illegible] classes, and into grades [illegible] general, consul, vice [illegible] consul, and commercial or [illegible] agents. The salaried officers [illegible] are usually subjects of the Government [illegible] which they are [illegible] are not permitted to engage in [illegible] business. The unsalaried [consuls] [illegible] who are compensated wholly [illegible] by allowances, are relieved [illegible] restrictions, and are very [illegible] merchants. The [illegible] as well as agents, are selected [illegible] the superior consul in the district [illegible] responsible to their acts, and [illegible] controls their tenure. It is [illegible] class only [illegible] [illegible] through there is [illegible] other pattern [illegible] of correct methods of [illegible] corresponding [illegible] own service that calls for [illegible].

[illegible] Cathedral.

The [illegible] of Canterbury [illegible] distance [illegible] town [illegible] walls, and [illegible] [illegible] the city [illegible] [illegible] where [illegible] [illegible] English [illegible]. [illegible]

The Self-Made Man.

Great deal of truth is contained in this old refrain, but not all the truth. It is well to be self-reliant, and to have confidence in one's ability to accomplish the labors and duties of life, but the best of us are, to a great extent, dependent upon the help, support and comforts of others. Man, in spite of his oft-boasting, is a very helpless animal when he attempts to stand alone. From the cradle to the grave, there are times when even life itself lies in hands of our fellowmen.

"I can take care of myself," says some starting out in life. Blessed with God-given health, and a certain amount of ability and perseverance, he pushes out into the stream of life with confidence. With ambitious strokes he turns his boat into the current and glides swiftly onward.

His clear intellect and physical force enable him to pass others less favored. The praise and adulation of the onlookers reaches his ears and he plumes himself on his great ability, while his heart surely hardens against the weak and sorrows of his brother. He admires himself as "a self made man."

So the years flow on. By the world he is called "a successful man." When his attention is called to the wrecks that lie on the rocks that abound in the river of life, he has no word or thought of pity for the unfortunate.

"There's no use in helping those fellows," he answers. "Set them afloat and put them back into the current to-day, and they'll be back on the rocks to-morrow. Look at me! I had no one to help me. I'm a self made man."

How much better it is to be a God-made man. To be able to say with Paul: "I can do all things through Christ." He who relies on self through life surely finds it a poor support in the hour of death.

[illegible]

MACAO [illegible] DAYS.

Slaves Bearing Lanterns Led the Elegant [illegible]

[illegible]

That Was [illegible]

[illegible]

Nature's Own Dyspepsia Cure
Nature's remedies are not like man's: they never fail. Of the many remedies intended to cure dyspepsia, sour stomach, distress after eating, [illegible] wind on the stomach, loss of appetite, dizziness, [illegible] impoverished blood, catarrh of the stomach, [illegible] similar results of indigestion, only one [illegible] [illegible] successful—that is nature's own remedy, [illegible]
DR. VON STAN'S PINEAPPLE TABLETS.
The pineapple contains a large amount of Vegetable Pepsin, nature's most potent aid in digesting food. Mix [illegible] and agitate the mixture at a temperature of 103°, and the pineapple will completely digest the meat.
Take two of Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets after your meals and they will digest your food without aid from the stomach. This, of course, rests, strengthens and heals the stomach. [These] tablets will cure the most chronic case of dyspepsia. They give immediate relief. Take them for a short time and your stomach will be as strong and hearty as that of a farmer.
They are as pleasant to the palate as candy.
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