

Tired Housekeepers.

Disordered Kidneys bring them a multitude of pains and aches.



How often women give out before the day's work is fairly begun and sink into a chair utterly worn out. But the housework must be done even though the back does ache, and the head feels ready to burst. These women can't understand why they are never strong, why the night does not bring rest, why they are always tired, have no appetite and seem to be pained and aches all over.

THE PERFECT TEA

MONSOON TEA
THE FIRST TEA IN THE WORLD
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 quality of Indian and Ceylon Teas. For this reason they see that none but the very finest leaves go into Monsoon packages.

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CRISTING AND CHOPPING DONE
on shortest notice and satisfaction guaranteed.
FLOUR, OATMEAL and FEED
THE SAWMILL
We are now prepared to do all kinds of custom work.
LUMBER, SHINGLES AND LATHS
always on hand.
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A SARNIA LADY
Tells How Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cured Her Nervous Troubles and Strengthened Her Weak System.
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are an inestimable boon to anyone suffering from any disease or derangement of the heart or nerves or whose blood is thin and watery. Mrs. E. Horning, of 115 George Street, Sarnia, Ont., is one of those whose experience with this remedy is well worth considering.
"I am pleased to recommend Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills to anyone suffering from nerve trouble, no matter how severe or of how long standing. For years my nerves have been in a terribly weak condition, but Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, which I got at Geary's Pharmacy, have strengthened them greatly and invigorated my system, leaving me no excuse for not making known their virtues."
"I cannot refrain from recommending these pills to all sufferers as a splendid cure for nervousness and weakness."
The "Chronicle" is the only 12-Page Local Newspaper in Western Ontario.

THE GREAT CONQUEROR

Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Resurrection.

A despatch from Washington says: Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."—John v. 28.

Philosophic speculation has gone through heaven, and told us that there is no God there; and through hell, and told us that there is no fire there; and through Christ, and told us that there is no God there; and through the grave, and told us that there is no resurrection; and has left hanging over all the future, one great, thick London fog.

If I were to call on you to give the names of the world's great conquerors, you would say, Caesar, Alexander, Philip, and the first Napoleon. You have missed the greatest. The conqueror is Death. He carries a black flag and takes no prisoners. He digs a trench across the hemispheres and fills it with carcasses. Had not God kept creating new men, the world, fifty times over, would have swung lifeless through the air; not a foot stirring in the cities, not a heart beating—a depopulated world—a ship a captain on deck, or a crew in the rigging. Herod of old slew only those of two years old and under, but this monster strikes all ages. Genghis Khan sent five millions in the dust, but this, hundreds of thousands of millions. Other kings sometimes fall back and surrender territory once gained; but this king has kept all he won save Lazarus and Christ. The last one escaped by Omnipotent power, while Lazarus was again captured and went into the dust. What a cruel conqueror! What a bloody king! His palace is a huge sepulchre; his flowers the faded garlands that lie on coffin lids; his music the cry of desolated households; the chalice of his banquet a skull; his pleasure-fountains the falling tears of a world.

HEATHEN PHILOSOPHERS. guessed at the immortality of the soul, but never dreamed that the body would get up and join it. This idea is exclusively scriptural, and beyond reasoning. Indeed all analogies fail. You say, as the wheat is put into the ground and comes up, so will our bodies. I reply, if the wheat entirely dies, as in the case of long protracted wet weather, there is no resurrection of it. So the analogy fails. You say that the caterpillar becomes a butterfly, and so our dead bodies may at last take on a splendid exultation. I reply that there is no interregnum of life between the caterpillar and the butterfly; and, therefore, the analogy fails. You say that there is a perfect type of the resurrection in the trees in spring-time. I reply that the tree does not die in winter. It is simply dormant; and, therefore, the analogy fails. The body though cut up by dissecting knives, and burned in a furnace, shall come together.

The objector says, Suppose a man be eaten up by cannibals, how can his body be brought back? I answer, there is no proof that the earthly part of the human body ever can be absorbed in another body. I suppose God has power to keep these bodies everlasting distinct. But suppose that a part of the body was absorbed in another body—could not God make a substitute for the part that had been absorbed in another body? The resurrected part of a good man would rather have a substituted portion of body given it than that part of the body which a cannibal had eaten and digested.

But come, let us get out of this. I stood on the top of the Catskills one bright morning. On the top of the mountain was a crown of flashing gold, while all beneath was rolling, writhing, contorted cloud. But after a while the arrows of light shot from heaven, began to make the glooms of the valley strike tent. The mists were skurrying up and down like horsemen in wild retreat. The fogs were lifted, and dashed, and whirled. Then the whole valley became one grand illumination; and there were horses of fire, and chariots of fire, and thrones of fire, and the flapping wings of angels of fire. Gradually, without sound of trumpet or roll of wheel, they moved off. Then the green valleys looked up. Then the long flash of the Hudson unsheathed itself, and there were the white rocks of villages lying amid the rick pastures, golden grain-fields, and the soft, radiant cradle of the valley, in which a young empire might sleep.

Walking ten or fifteen miles, we are weary. Lifting a few hundred pounds makes us pant. Unarmed, meeting a wild beast, we must climb, run, dodge, or somehow get out of the way.

EIGHT HOUR'S WORK

makes any man tired. But the resurrected body shall be mighty. God always will have great projects to carry on, and will want the righteous to help. We know not what journeys the resurrected may have to take, or what heavenly enterprises they may have to carry on. I suppose the heavenly city, is more busy than an earthly city and that Broadway at noonday is quiet compared with the business of heaven. Yea, it is noon-day all the time, and all heaven is coming and going. They rest not day nor night, in the lazy sense of resting. They have so many victories to celebrate so many songs to sing! so many high days to keep! They need no night, for their eyes are never weary. They need no sleep, for there is no call for physical renovation. If they sit down under the tree of life, it is not to rest, but with some resurrected soul of earth to talk over old times and rehearse the battles in which they fought shoulder to shoulder. Jacob wrestled with the angel, but was not thrown because the angel favoured him, but Jacob once resurrected, an angel could not throw him. There would be no such thing as wrestling down the giants of heaven. They are strong, supple, unconquerable, immortal athletes.

That kind of a body I want. There is so much work to be done that I now begrudge the hours for sleep and necessary recreation. I sometimes have such views of the glorious work of preaching the Gospel that I wish that from the first day of January to the last day of December, without pausing for food, or sleep, or rest, I could tell men of Christ and heaven. Thanks be to God for the prospect of a resurrected body that shall never weary, and for a service of love and activity that shall never pause and never end.

But my text speaks of the resurrection of damnation. The Bible says but little about it; yet it is probable that as the wicked are, in the last day, to be opposite in character, so will they be, in many respects, opposite in body. Are the bodies of the righteous glorious—those of the wicked will be repelling. You know how bad passions flatten the skull and

DISFIGURE THE BODY. There he comes! out of the graveyard—the drunkard; the blotches on his body flaming out in worse disfigurement, and his tongue bitten by an all-consuming thirst for drink—which he cannot get, for there are no dramshops in hell. There comes up the lascivious and unclean wretch, reeking with filth that made him the horror of the city hospital now wriggling across the cemetery foils—the consternation of devils. Here are all the faces of the unpardoned dead. The last line of attractiveness is dashed out, and the eye is wild, malignant, fierce, malignant; the cheek a flame; the mouth distorted with blasphemies. If the glance of the faces of the righteous was like a new morning, the glance of the faces of the lost will be like another night falling on midnight. If, after the close of a night's debauch, a man gets up and sits on the side of the bed—sick, exhausted, and horrified with a review of his past, or rouses up in delirium tremens, and sees serpents crawling over him, or devils dancing about him—what will be the feeling of a man who gets up out of his bed on the last morning of earth, and reviews an unpardoned past, and instead of imaginary evils crawling over him and flitting before him, finds the real frights, and pains, and woes of the resurrection and damnation?

Between these two styles of rising, choose ye. I set before you, in God's name, two resurrected bodies. The one radiant, glorious, Christ-like; the other worm, blasted, infernal. I commend you to the Lord of the resurrection. Confiding in him, Death will be to you only the black servant that opens the door, and the grave will be to you only the toilet-room where you dress for glory.

May the God of Peace, who brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, the Great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of Everlasting Covenant, make us perfect in every good work to do his will!

ANIMAL GLUTTONS. Most people, if asked what animal eats the most, would probably say the lion or tiger. This is quite a mistake. Thirty to forty pounds of flesh will satisfy a lion, which, as an average specimen weighs over 450 pounds, is by no means extravagant. A bear has much more capacity than a lion and can make away with a pig at a meal, say half a hundredweight of meat. Wolves are amongst the hungriest of the larger carnivora. A wolf will starve for a fortnight, and then eat a third of his own weight at a single meal.

BRITAIN'S GREATEST GAME

RULERS AND POTENTATES WHO ARE "UNEASY" POLITELY SCARED.

"Show-off" Department Very Complicated, But Effective—Shah of Persia a Victim of the "Impressionists"—Oom Paul Kruger Skeptical.

All countries have their "show-off" department of the public service. By that is meant a system by which foreign rules are impressed with the military and naval strength of the country they are visiting. This is for the purpose of letting the royal guest know that the country he is temporarily inspecting is ready for any trouble. Of all "show-off" departments perhaps England can boast of the most effective. That country has so many potentates hanging around her foreign possessions that it becomes a matter of necessity to occasionally impress her neighbor who may have warlike intentions that she is able to hold her own against all comers.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

This is usually done by a polite invitation for the uneasy potentate to visit England, and make a friendly social call. There's the Shah of Persia, for instance. His country, as is well known, abuts on the English Indian Empire. He could give John Bull a lot of trouble if so disposed. Some years ago, when he began to be somewhat belligerent, it was determined by the English Government that the best way to pacify him, was to send him an invitation to come and make a visit, and do a little "showing off." Having no clear conception of England's war power, on land and sea, the British Minister at the Court of Persia's ruler, gently hinted that England was a very nice place in which to spend a few weeks, and that the Queen would be very glad to entertain him as a guest. This little ruse captivated the Shah, and he went to London in great state.

The first ceremonies of greeting being over, and a few banquets held in his honor, the Shah was given over to the care and attention of a very clever diplomat, reinforced by a couple of Dukes or so, and he was taken, with a grand flourish of trumpets, to Aldershot. There he was shown a great mass of troops—as many as could be mobilized during the time at their disposal. The Shah was greatly moved at this magnificent show of military strength, as he said to the diplomat that he had no idea there were so many people in all England. He was told that these troops were merely a handful kept at this station as a mere matter of form; that the real army was scattered all over the British possessions; these were merely a sample. This made the Shah very thankful. The next day another officer of the "show-off" department took him in tow, and packed him off to Portsmouth in great shape.

A NAVAL REVIEW.

Here they gave him a naval review with plenty of cannon firing, cutlass drill and the rest of it. It was then explained to him how tens of thousands of soldiers could be easily shipped to any part of the world under convoy of these terrible ships of war. This information, taken into conjunction with the spectacle he had just witnessed, made him still more thoughtful and abstracted. With a final grand-stand play in the shape of a miniature bombardment the greatly impressed ruler of Persia was packed back to London to banquet some more. Here again, other "show-off" officers took him in charge and filled him full of such information as they thought he stood in need of. But the Shah is shrewd. He asked: "What would you do if Russia invaded India from the north?" The Commander-in-Chief of the army, who was in attendance, replied: "There are only two roads into India, and we have in that country now more men than are necessary to hold both roads. In the meantime our fleet would sink every ship in the Russian navy, and then destroy all Russia's coast towns."

A few days later the Shah went back to his own dominions as peaceful as a little lamb, and has not been uneasy since. **SERVICE COMPLICATED, BUT EFFICIENT.** The workings of the "impressionist" service are complicated and efficient. As soon as it is known that any foreign monarch intends visiting England, or is asked for the purpose, his peculiarities are studied at once, and not only he, but all of his suite, are taken in hand and politely scared. Young and old men, each having their parts to act, get everything ready to impress their guest. The arsenals are overhauled, garrisons "re-stocked," men on leave recalled, and the word goes out that everybody must, so to speak, look fierce and do their best. The consequence is that the foreigner, though treated with charming politeness and royally feasted and amused, sees to right and left of him the teeth of the enemy. If he is intelligent enough to understand them, the latest inventions and explosives are set to work for him. If he is a savage, such as the Zulu

WHAT IS DONE WITH THEM.

Weapons Used to Attack Heads of States Invariably Destroyed.

It would seem that there are only a comparative few people who know that all weapons raised, whether with deadly effect or the reverse, against the heads of states and royalties—as in the recent case where the Prince of Wales nearly became a victim—are universally on the Continent of Europe destroyed utterly, so that no fragment remains, if possible.

This rule has obtained for a great number of years, and the origin of it was, presumably, that there should not remain in existence any article that might serve as a reminder to people of badly balanced minds. Anyhow in Russia, France, Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain important Government functionaries have, in quite modern times, been told off to personally see that murder weapons used upon the heads of states should be pounded to pieces with a steam hammer, or should be dissolved in acids, or should be melted in furnaces.

OOM PAUL KRUGER

The most difficult and pig-headed man to deal with was Kruger, when he visited England a few years ago. The fleet he saw, but did not trouble about, as he knew it was powerless to touch him. The "impressionists" worked hard, but somehow nothing could efface from the old man's mind the reverses of Majuba Hill, and the surrender that followed. Still, he was largely impressed, and would not have entered on the South African war but for the hope of help from outside. His weakness was not believing what he was told.

"I might mention," said the head "show-off" to Kruger, when they were reviewing some soldiers, "that we have a little matter of some scores of thousands of discharged soldiers who would be ready within a few days for anything that might turn up,—the Reservists. The old Boer shook his head solemnly, and that made the point blank assertion that he did not believe it. This was not only rude, but wrong, as he has since learned to his cost by the recent reverses his army has suffered, ending in the occupation of their last ditch, the said-to-be wonderful stronghold of the city of Pretoria, by General Roberts. It cost Paul his country, and likely his personal freedom, by not being sufficiently impressed by England's "impressionist service."

FOUND AT LAST.

The Ax With Which Charles I. Was Beheaded.

The vexed question, so much in evidence in the papers recently, "Where is the present location of the ax with which King Charles I. was beheaded?" has finally been answered. The famous relic now reposes in the Museo Borbonico, at Naples, Italy. One who has rummaged much among the archives of the British Museum furnishes these particulars regarding it: The executioner of Charles, Giles Dekker, survived the monarch 36 years, dying in 1685. His claim to the ax, which he appears to have regarded as his perquisite, was, after considerable discussion, granted by Parliament, and it remained his until his death. He always refused to make an exhibition of the instrument, but his son, however, devoid of such scruples, placed it on show at his tavern in Lambeth, and this coming to the new King's ears, a raid was made, the ax was confiscated and James II. became its custodian. When compelled to fly from the kingdom in 1688 he took it with him to France, and at St. Germain it remained until his death, in 1701. Louis XIV. became its next possessor, and later on the Regent Duke of Orleans, who parted with it for a "consideration" to Ferdinand, King of Naples. Treasured by that family for upward of 60 years, it was finally deposited in the Naples Museum.

ANTIDOTES FOR CARBOLIC ACID.

Alcohol and vinegar are effective antidotes for carbolic acid poisoning, doctor announces. Whatever quantity of the poison has been swallowed, four times as much whiskey or five times as much vinegar should be administered immediately. No oil of any kind should be given. "Thus treated early enough," he adds, "all cases will recover."

FELT RELIEVED.

My dear, began the extravagant young wife, I've got several things I want to talk to you about. Ah! that's a relief, exclaimed the husband. What is? To be assured you're got the things you want to talk about. You generally discourse upon things you need.

DRS. K. & K.
The Leading Specialists of America
20 Years in Detroit.
250,000 Cured.
WE CURE STRICTURE
Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. They may have a smarting sensation, small, twisting stream, sharp cutting pains at times, slight discharge, difficulty in commencing, weak organs, emissions, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you. CUTTING, stretching, or tearing you. This will not cure you, as it will re-ignite the disease. Our NEW METHOD GREATLY absorbs the stricture tissue; removes the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The stricture is removed, and the bliss of manhood returns.
WE CURE GLEET
Thousands of young and middle-aged men are having their sexual vigor and vitality continually sapped by this disease. They are frequently unconscious of the cause of these symptoms. General Weakness, Unnatural Discharges, Failing Manhood, Nervousness, Poor Memory, Irritability, at times Smarting Sensation, Sunkon Eyes, with dark circles, Weak Back, Genesey they may have a smarting sensation, small, twisting stream, sharp cutting pains at times, slight discharge, difficulty in commencing, weak organs, emissions, and all the symptoms of nervous debility—they have STRICTURE. Don't let doctors experiment on you. CUTTING, stretching, or tearing you. This will not cure you, as it will re-ignite the disease. Our NEW METHOD GREATLY absorbs the stricture tissue; removes the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The stricture is removed, and the bliss of manhood returns.
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We treat and cure: EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECRET DRAIN, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, ES, KIDNEY and BLADDER DISEASE, CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.
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