

DO YOU FEEL TIRED IN THE MORNING?

Does Sleep not bring Refreshment? Do you feel wretched, mean and miserable in the mornings—as tired as when you went to bed? It is a serious condition—too serious to neglect, and unless you have the heart and nervous system strengthened and the blood enriched by



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DOANS KIDNEY PILLS

In these days of imitations it is well for everyone to be careful what he buys. Especially is this necessary when a matter of health is involved.

There are so many imitations of Doan's Kidney Pills on the market—some of them absolutely worthless—that we ask you to be particular to see that the full name and the trade mark of the Maple Leaf are on every box you buy. Without this you are not getting the original Kidney Pills, which has cured so many severe cases of kidney complaint in the United States, Australia and England, as well as here in Canada. The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto.

The "Chronicle" is the only 12-page Local Newspaper in Western Ontario.

THE FRIENDS OF LAZARUS.
Rev. Dr. Talmage Discourses on the Rich and Poor.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev. Dr. Talmage preached from the following text: "There was a certain rich man, which was clothed in purple and fine linen, and fared sumptuously every day; and there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at his gate, full of sores, and desiring to be fed with the crumbs which fell from the rich man's table; moreover the dogs came and licked his sores." And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by angels into Abraham's bosom: the rich man also died, and was buried and in hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments, and seeth Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame. But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented. Luke xvi. 19-25.

We stand in one of the finest private houses of olden times. Every room is luxurious. The floor, made of stones, gypsum, coal, and chalk, pounded together, is hard and beautiful. From the roof, surrounded by a balustrade, you take in all the beauty of the landscape. The porch is cool and refreshing, where sit the people who have come in to look at the building, and are waiting for the usher. In this place you hear the crystal splash of the fountains. The windows, reaching down to the floor, and adorned, are quiet places to lounge in, and we sit here listening to the stamp of the blanketed horses in the princely stables. Venison and partridge, delicate morsels of fatted calf, and honey, and figs, and dates, and pomegranates, and fish that only two hours ago glistened in the lake, and bowls of sherbet from Egypt, make up the feast, accompanied with riddles, and jests that evoke roaring laughter, with occasional outbursts of music, on which harps thrum, and cymbals clap, and shepherd's pipe whistles. What a place to sit in!

The lord of the place has been receiving visitors to-day as the doorkeeper introduced them. After a while there is a visitor who waits not for the porter to open the gate, or for the doorkeeper to introduce him. Who is it coming? Stop him there at the door! How dare he come in unheralded! He walks into the room, and the lord cries, with terror struck face, "This is Death. Away with him!" There is a hard thump on the floor. Is it a pitcher which has fallen, or an otzoman which has upset? No. Dives has fallen.

DIVES IS DEAD!

The day of burial has arrived. He is carried down out of his splendid room, and through the porch into the street. The undertaker will make a big job of it, for there is plenty to pay. There will be high eulogies of him pronounced, although the text represents him as chiefly distinguished for his enormous appetite and his fine shirt.

The long procession moves on, amid the accustomed weeping and howling of Oriental obsequies. The sepulchre is reached. Six persons carrying the body go carefully down the steps leading to the door of the dead. The weight of the body on those ahead is heavy, and they hoid back. The relics are left in the sepulchre, and the people return. But Dives is not buried there. That which is buried is only the shell in which he lived. Dives is down yonder in a deeper grave. He who had all the wine he could drink asks for a plain beverage. He wants water. He does not ask for a cupful, or a teaspoonful, but "just one drop," and he cannot get it. He looks up and sees Lazarus, the very man whom he set his dogs on, and wants him to put his finger in water and let him lick it off. Once Lazarus wanted just the crumbs from Dives's feast; now Dives wants just a drop from Lazarus's banquet. Poor as poor can be. He has eaten the last quail's wing. He has broken the rind of the last pomegranate. Dives the lord has become Dives the pauper. The dogs of remorse and despair come not with healing tongue to lick, but with relentless muzzle to tear. Now Dives sits at the gate in everlasting beggary, while Lazarus, amid the festivities of heaven, fares sumptuously every day.

Well, you see a man may be beggared for this life, but be a prince in eternity. A cluster of old rags was the entire property of Lazarus. His bare feet and ulcered legs were an invitation to the brutes—his food the broken victuals that were pitched out by the housekeeper, half-chewed crusts, rinds, peelings, bones, gristle

scared in that way. I will not be afflicted by any future punishment. You are quite mistaken. I can frighten you half to death in five minutes. As you are walking along the streets, let me pull down the house-scaffolding, weighing two or three tons, about your head, and you will look as white as a sheet, while your heart will thump like a trip-hammer. Now, if it is not ignoble to be affrighted about a falling scaffold, is it ignoble to be affrighted by a threat from the omnipotent God, who with one stroke of his right hand could crush the universe? You ask how God, being a father, could let us suffer in the future world? I answer your question by asking how God, being a father, can let suffering be in this world? Tell me why he allowed that woman to whom I administered the holy sacrament this afternoon to have a cancer; tell me why children suffer such pains in teething; the lancet striking such torture in the swollen gums. You fail to explain to me suffering in the present time; be not surprised if I fail to explain to you suffering in the future.

On the way to reject the doctrine of future punishment, men begin by rejecting the idea of material fire. In a few years, while they admit future punishment, they deny that it is eternal. A few years after that they cast out the whole idea of future punishment, and let all the thieves, pickpockets, and debauchees of the universe go into glory. As far as I can understand the modern popular theory of future punishment, it is that a man goes down and sits on a hard-bottomed-chair for a little while, and after he gets tired of roughing it, goes up to sit on cushions in glory. I will give you my idea of future suffering. I do not ask you to take my theory. I am not your pope; I am your pastor. I believe that there is an eternal hell, and I believe that there is literal fire.

Would not a common-sense man not prejudiced in the case take this to be fire? Literal fire? An all-sweeping fire? An eternal fire? Let you should dispute it, it tells what the fire is to keep in.

IT IS A FURNACE OF FIRE.

Let you should say that it is a different kind of fire from that which we know about it, it says, "Its smoke ascendeth up for ever." Ah! your father and mother who adopted this literalism, were not such big fools as you make out. They studied their Bibles more than we do, and read less of the human criticisms that have stopped over on the pure page. All the engines of the nineteenth century have turned their nose towards putting out this fire. But still, it has burned on, and will burn for ever. It is a great stubborn, overwhelming fact that all the ingenuity of men and devils may war against, but cannot destroy. There is not so much evidence that there was a raging fire a few weeks ago in Chicago as that there is to-night a fire in hell; for the one information we have on human authority, the other by the mouths of evangelists and of prophets, and of the Lord Jesus the-Son of God.

God deals with this world in two ways—by treaty and by cannonade; by treaty, in which, for the sake of Jesus Christ, and by the surrender of our hearts to him, He will be at peace with us, or by the opening of the smoking batteries of hell fire, by which He will hurl upon his enemies a horrible tempest; and he who will not be drawn by love shall be crushed under His wrath.

See also, from this subject, that heaven is not a myth or an abstraction, but a place of warm personal intercourse. Lazarus was carried up to the bosom of Abraham, one of the glorious old patriarchs. I suppose Abraham happened to meet him at the gate. And so, after death, we will be greeted into glory. Our departed friends will be at the door. They have been waiting for our coming. Count up their number if you can. Your father is there. Your mother is there. Your children are there. Your old neighbours are there. Many of the friends with whom you used to attend church, or do business, are there. They have been dead these five, ten, or twenty years, and have been waiting within the veil. There is no clock in heaven, because it is an everlasting day; yet they keep an account of the passing years, because they are all the time hearing from our world. The angels flying through heaven report how many times the earth has turned on its axis, and in that way the angels can keep a diary; and they say it is almost time now for father to come up, or for mother to come up. Some day they see a cohort leaving heaven, and they say, "Whither bound?" and the answer is, "To bring up a soul from earth;" and the question is asked, "What soul?" And a family circle in heaven find that it is one of their own number that is to be brought up, and they come out to watch, as on the beach we now watch for the sail of a ship that is to bring our friends home. After a while, the cohort will leave in sight, flying nearer and nearer, until with a great clang the gates hoist,

and with an embrace, wild with the ecstasy of heaven,
OLD FRIENDS MEET AGAIN.

I see a mother and her child meeting at the foot of the throne after some years absence. The child died twenty years ago, but it is a child yet. I think the little ones who die will remain children through all eternity. It would be no heaven without the little darlings. I do not want those that are in heaven to grow up. We need their infant voices in the great song. And when we walk out in the fields of light, we want them to run ahead, and clap their hands, and pick out the brightest of the field flowers. Yes, here is a child and its mother meeting. The child long in glory, the mother just arrived. "How changed you are my darling!" says the mother. "Yes," says the child, "this is such a happy place, and Jesus has taken such care of me, and heaven is so kind, I got right over the fever with which I died. The skies are so fair, mother! The flowers are so sweet, mother! The Temple is so beautiful, mother! Come take me up in your arms as you used to do."

Thus I have set before you light and darkness, joy and sorrow, victory and defeat, the rewards of Lazarus, and the overthrow of Dives.

Choose ye between the angelic escort and the parbed tongue, between the fountains of God and the waterless desert, between a glorious heaven and a burning hell.

In the name of my God, and with reference to my last account, I have set before you two words. CHOOSE YE!

A DISPLAY OF "MOBILITY."

Without waiting for applause or rest at Kimberley he pushed back to

SILK FROM A SPIDER WEB.

Folks in Madagascar think they have Found a Valuable New Fibre.

One of the most novel exhibits at the Paris Exposition is a complete set of bed hangings manufactured in Madagascar from silk obtained from an enormous spider known as the halaba, that is found in great numbers in certain parts of the island. The French have been investigating the value of this fibre at their technical school at Antananarivo and have reached the conclusion that the production of silk from this spider is worthy to become an important industry.

Mr. Nogue, the head of the school, says that each spider yields from 500 to 400 yards of silk thread. After the thread has been taken from the spider it is set free and ten days later is ready to furnish another supply. The silk is of a brilliant golden color and is finer than that of the silk worm, but its tenacity is remarkable. It can be woven without the least difficulty.

ASIA'S GREAT SINK-HOLES.

While Asia has the loftiest mountains in the world, it also possesses the deepest and most extensive land depressions, several of them, as is well known, sinking below sea-level, so that if the ocean could flow into them they would be filled to the brim. In the deepest parts of most of them water now stands, forming salt seas. Others are destitute of water. Among these is the Lukchun depression in Central Asia, concerning which General Tille writes, in the "Proceedings of the Russian Geographical Society," that in places it sinks as much as 400 feet below sea-level. This sink-hole in the middle of the largest of the continents is also remarkable for its meteorological features, the yearly amplitudes of the barometer being greater than are recorded anywhere else on earth. In summer the temperature rises to 80 degrees Fahrenheit being obtained in July, while the air is of desert dryness.

THOMAS JOGGED HIS MEMORY.

A certain elderly gentleman suffered much from absent-mindedness, and was frequently compelled to seek the assistance of his servant. Thomas, he would contently say, I have just been looking for something, and now I can't remember what it is, whereupon the obliging Thomas invariably made suggestions. Was it your purse, or spectacles, or cheque book, sir? and so on, till he hit on the right object.

One night, after the old gentleman had retired, the bell rang for Thomas, and on reaching the bed room he found his master rambling restlessly about the room.

Thomas, Thomas, he said, I came up here for something, and now I've forgotten what!

Was it to go to bed, sir? suggested his faithful retainer.

Ah! the very thing—the very thing! Thank you, Thomas. Good night!

ALL THAT WAS NECESSARY.

Pa I made a nice speech when gave m' teacher those flowers.

What did you say, Tommy?

Well, pa, when I handed 'em to her I made a low bow an' then, pa, I said: Mrs. Jones, I'm me' you.

SWITZERLAND'S LITTLE ARMY.

The Large Number of Men She Can Put into the Field at Small Cost.

There is no country in Europe, with the exception of the little governments of Monaco and San Marino, which spends less for military purposes than Switzerland. The annual cost of its army is only about \$500,000, and yet, in case of necessity, it can put into the field within two days 100,000 trained soldiers and retain at the same time another 100,000 as reserves in addition to its militia, numbering 270,000 men.

In Switzerland young men are trained to become good rifle shots, and there is not a hamlet in the country without a volunteer association formed for this purpose. Military service is also compulsory from the twenty-second to the thirty-second year, forty-five days' service being required during the first year and sixteen during every subsequent year. The soldiers keep their weapons and uniforms at their own homes and are held responsible for them by the government, which inspects them carefully once a year.

CONVENIENCE.

I reckon we'd better get up some agitation on de subject, said Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

What's de subject? inquired Mr. Aluminum Thompson.

Dese yere eclipses. Whenever dar's an eclipse dey tells me all de chickens goes to roos', right in de middle er de day. An' if dat's de case les' hab' mo' eggshells. I's tired o' dis waitin' round' till I an' 2 o'clock in de mawnin'.

HE TOOK THE HINT.

It is my aim in life, he said, to make men happier.

Why not women? she asked

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