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are the greatest stomach medicine human skill ever compounded. Don't attempt to cure your stomach by dieting. You will half starve and get little benefit. Give Beecham's Pills a chance and you will again know the pleasures of a sound digestion. Appetite will return and the stomach again work without any discomfort. The skin will clear, the face plump out, while people will remark "How well you're looking." These are facts, not flattery. Prove it yourself.

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BARCLAY'S SERMON A BROADMINDED TRIBUTE FROM A PRESBYTERIAN.

Rev. James Barclay, of St. Paul's, Montreal, on the Achievements of the Pioneers of New France.

Preaching in St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Montreal, Rev. James Barclay, said: It was with a feeling of justifiable pride that Paul in writing to the Philippians claimed to be of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, an Hebrew of the Hebrews. None of us live only in the present—the memories of the past and the hopes of the future are as much a part of our existence as the experiences of the present, and are a powerful factor in conditioning our life and moulding our character. It is this which gives each nation a distinct individuality and life of its own, claiming and taking its place among the administrations of the world and the agents of history. A nation has all the attributes of a person, performing responsible actions, possessing indefeasible rights, making binding engagements, animated by a common consciousness, maintaining its identity from age to age, and this it is which gives not only political but moral continuity. In more than we are apt to think we are debtors to the past, in our knowledge, in our freedom, in our civilization, in our religion. Our inheritance to-day is the result of the strenuous, the tremendous struggles, the defeats, and the victories of those who have gone before us. These have made us what we are to-day, they have fashioned the conditions of our life, whether we will or no, we cannot separate ourselves from them. They have entered into our very life book. We are the children of the fathers, and no richer heirloom can any nation possess than the memory of their great deeds.

HEBREW NAMES. What a power in the lot of the Hebrew has their past been, what a potent factor all through their history have names, names of men and names of places, proved. How often in the darkest and weakest moments of their national life were they arrested in their downward career and re-awakened to nobler purpose and life. What inspiration came to them again and again from memories and names, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Mount Bethel, Peniel, Hebron! Are not all the great steps of progress in every department of life associated with memories and names and inspired by these, all the great achievements of history, of social and political and religious progress have been the result of the life, the thought, and the actions of individuals who seemed to step out of their environments and cannot be explained by their surroundings, who covered the men about them. It is these men, the Moses, the Mohammeds, the Zoroasters, the Pauls, the Luthers, and the like, who have in their regions and in their times, achieved the great movements affecting and influencing millions of men through generation and generation, and it is good for us to read about those men, to remember them, to honor their memory, that we may catch something of their spirit, their entering into their labors carry on the noble work.

VENERATION FOR THE PAST. There is no more remarkable people on the earth to-day than the Jews, and what has given to them and preserved to them their characteristics—I mean their distinctly high characteristics? Undoubtedly, their memory of their past, their history, their Book of Deeds. As has been asked: "What did their book do for them?" It enshrined the Code of their great Lawgiver, it preserved the living words of their mighty prophets, it presented them with a history of their noble deeds, and what but this has preserved their immemorial continuity as the most imperishable of the nations of the world? Why have revolutions thundered in vain over their heads, why has a mighty empire risen and fallen, why has a petty kingdom, hardly more extensive and not nearly so populous as many an English county, yet hers were the covenants, and the law and the prophets and the fathers, the hosts of Assyria trampled her into the mire; Babylonia swept her into dreary exile; Persia imprisoned her in the iron net work of her cruel Satraps; the kings of Syria and Egypt made her the football of their fierce contentions; Republican Rome put her under a procurator who was the son of an Imperial Rome, burnt her temples to ashes and reared a temple to Venus on the platform of the shrine of God. The nations of Europe, with their banners, their Borgias, and iniquitous inquisitions, in Italy, Russia and Spain, tortured and insulted her. The Moslems have held her lands and cities for twelve centuries and a half under their effete and somnolent despotism. But when the enemies? Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, where are they? Even brilliant Greece, with her poetry and art and science, perished with her own lusts. Even Imperial Rome, with her legions and her luxuries, fell. She was the host of corruption. But because Israel had her story, her Bible and clung to it, because, amid all her miserable failings, she was the lighter up to the nations of the banner of righteousness, she remained. And what is true of Israel is true of any nation, it is true of Canada. The man who has no veneration for the past will have little reverence for the present, and that is true of a people as of an individual.

As you all know, a great movement has been inaugurated, whereby Canada is to remember and to know her past, and the Presbytery of Montreal decided upon this day as a fitting time to bring this matter before the congregations within its bounds, with explanatory illustrations showing why. Little can be said, which has not already been said, written and re-written in the columns of our daily newspapers. We are all appealed to bear a share in the erection of a great national park at Quebec as an appropriate memorial of the founding of our Dominion and as a fitting monument to the memory of the daring and heroic pioneers to whom we owe the first beginnings of our great and growing nationality. It should not be difficult to enlist our sympathy in the project so enthusiastically started by our Governor-General and so readily and warmly supported by our gracious King. Interest has been aroused amongst all classes in the old land, and it would be strange were not that interest much greater amongst all classes here.

Both races and all creeds. It is a movement in which both races and all creeds cordially join. The memorial is meant to be a tribute alike to French and British heroism and enterprise. It would be easy to arrest your attention and stir your enthusiasm by a recital of some of the deeds of daring and the feats of endurance of the early pioneers in the making of this country. I would rather know where to begin and where to end. We might speak of Jacques Cartier to whom we owe the name of our city—the hardy adventurer from St. Malo, and the real discoverer of Canada. We might speak of La Salle, sacrificing himself in devotion to his King—travelling with indomitable unweariness, amid hardships and dangers and privations over thousands of leagues of country hitherto unknown, among savage and cannibal tribes, fighting his way with conspicuous bravery, with but a handful of men—travelling mostly on foot, reduced ever and anon to extremity of fatigue, without repose, without recreation, frequently without provisions, yet pursuing with hope, the enterprise to which he and his companions were solemnly consecrated at High Mass in the venerable cathedral of his native place.

We might speak of Frontenac, a noble specimen of heroic chivalry, ready for any perilous enterprise and fighting hard till he was nearly eighty to keep for France the colony she had won. WOLFE AND MONTCALM. We might speak of Wolfe, a name imperially associated with the annals both of the old land and of the new. What can we say of that noble spirit, utterly undaunted by disaster, rising superior to all physical weakness and suffering? Can we not recall him as he awaited his supreme effort—repeating Gray's Elegy, conscious that he was entering one of those paths of glory that lead but to the grave, with the shadow of anticipated death hanging over him—we can hear him calmly saying: "I would rather have written these lines than take Quebec to-morrow." We can see him struck by a bullet that shattered his wrist, but still gallantly leading the way to victory—pierced by a second bullet, in his side, yet still cheering on his men, with a third bullet lodged deep in his breast, we can see him staggering into the arms of an officer, yet entreating them to hold him up so that his brave followers might not know and be disheartened, and then in a final effort, with the smile of duty accomplished on his face, we can hear his last words: "Now God be praised, I die content."

We might speak of his brave and generous foe Montcalm. We scarcely think of these to-day as foes, but as gallant and noble comrades in one great campaign of loyalty and duty. If one was a hot-hearted Briton, the other was a high-souled Frenchman, a man of imperishable courage, and of incorruptible patriotism, a man who as an example of disinterested honor which may well be recalled as a lesson to men in public positions to-day; whilst others were draining for selfish aggrandizement the lifeblood of the colony, he was giving lavishly of his own resources, dedicating his life on its behalf. His warrior spirit keenly felt the prospect of inevitable defeat and he was glad to die before he had to witness the surrender of the city which he had so gallantly defended, and he closed a noble career in a singularly noble way, paying as he passed away a generous tribute to the valor of the foe who had defeated him.

record an interesting, thrilling story, they present us with a picture of him in a lonely post on the edge of a savagely wilderness, the weather intensely cold, bleak winds howling through his wooden sheds and the snow drifting through the crevices, himself and his companions shivering over their scanty fires, his companions discontented and dejected, a ready prey to a disease which was constantly threatening them, one after another succumbing to it.

But in the little company one heart remained strong and true—Champlain never for a moment lost courage, but with cheerful and brave companions.

The story further pictures him after experiences that would have broken down most men, undauntingly trying to hold a continent with only twenty-eight men, fearlessly fighting against savage Indians, and when beaten, equally fearlessly living amongst them, sharing in their councils, their hunts, their feasts, from day to day carrying his life in his hand; and yet never despairing.

And we must not forget his devoted wife, who came from France to share his arduous lot, and gave herself with a wholehearted enthusiasm to the instruction of the Indian children, and by her beauty, her kindness and her piety won their hearts.

A MAN TO HONOR. We may well honor the memory of Samuel Champlain—few men have exhibited such a combination of courage, of daring, and business capacity and religious zeal. In a time when the standard of morality was far from high he lived a singularly pure, honest and upright life, with a stern sense of justice, his acts were yet tempered with mercy; faithful to the masters in France, who commissioned him, he won the unflinching confidence of the natives with whose customs and that chapter in his career might with advantage be printed on the doors of our parliaments and city councils, our business exchanges and emporiums.

In the midst of his military and political career he never forgot his faith, his zeal for Christianity was intense, leading him to declare that the salvation of one soul was of more importance than the founding of an empire. Twenty times in furtherance of his mission he crossed the Atlantic, ships devoted to comfort and far from seaworthy, and worse, infected with loathsome disease. He died as he had lived, ending weakness and suffering with calm resignation, his body was buried beneath the cliff which overlooks the scene of his indefatigable enterprise. We can all unite in doing honor to the memory of such men as these of whom I have spoken.

THE FIRST MISSIONARIES. If in some of the early pioneers we have a rich inheritance of soldierly bravery, and in others of commercial and political integrity, there are others through whom we have a rich inheritance of Christian devotedness, and on such a day as this, and in such a place as this it is perhaps fitting that we should emphasize this last.

There are no nobler pages in Canadian history than those which tell us of the lives and labors of the first Christian missionaries who came to our Dominion. It may have been the enterprise of commerce that first brought Europeans to Canada, but the enterprise of religion was not long in following—even in Jacques Cartier's early expeditions religion played an important part—but the names that stand out conspicuously and which can never be forgotten in the history of our land are those of Le Jeune, Daniel Brebeuf and Jogues. These men came to the land inspired with a glorious ambition—they aimed at the conversion of a continent. From their dingy hovel on the St. Charles they surveyed a field of labor whose vastness might "tire the wings of thought itself," and their lives attest the earnestness of their faith and the intensity of their zeal.

Their motto was, and they were unflinchingly true to it "Ad maiorem Dei gloriam." They did not act or walk, dare, suffer and die in unquestioning submission to the authority of the superior in whom they recognized the agent of Divine authority itself. We are constrained to admire the dauntless determination of these men to master the difficulties of their enterprise. We may pity their superstition and lament their errors, but cannot but pay a tribute of honor to their self-sacrifice and unsparring devotion.

They believed they were face to face with the innermost stronghold of Satan and they resolved to storm it. It is a picture of which, no matter how many shadows of superstition and terror darken it, of which any Frenchman, and Canadian, any Christian, may be proud. Of only two prizes could these men be sure, danger and death, and in the name of God they faced the issue. There was a noble heroism in these men which we do well to borrow, and the fruits of their heroism was a blessing to the land. They introduced a genuine civilization if not an altogether genuine Christianity. As has been said, whilst the Spaniard crushed the Indian and the Englishman scorned and neglected him, the French embraced and cherished him. No doubt there were errors and evils in their systems, errors and evils incompatible with true enlightenment and progress, errors and evils from which Canada still suffers, but there is the sincerity of the martyr and the self-devotion of the saint. We cannot forget the tribute Champlain paid to these men when he introduced them to the Hurons: "These are our fathers—we love them more than we love ourselves—their whole French nation honors them. They do not go among you for your furs, they have left their friends and their country to show you the way to Heaven."

Whilst we seek to do honor to the pioneer soldiers, statesmen and traders,

Advertisement for Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt, featuring a portrait of a woman and text describing its benefits for complexion and hair.

SUNSHINE FURNACE And Coal Economy

COMBUSTION taking place in the dome or top chamber of furnace fire-pot is the result of air and heat mingling with fumes. This combustion produces heat-energy, which the radiating surfaces above and around fire-pot absorb or draw in and then deflect or throw off. Incoming cold air receives this heat-energy, the result being heated air. Now, if the combustion takes place at a faster rate than the radiating surfaces can absorb and deflect, the surplus heat-power will pass up the chimney or into cellar—a waste of coal.

There is no waste of coal in "Sunshine" Furnace. Circuit of radiator is so complete, and air-circulating space so large, that every bit of heat-energy is quickly absorbed and quickly deflected on the circulating cold air, which is thus quickly heated and ascends through the hot-air pipes to rooms above. The check-draft of a furnace is situated on the smoke-pipe. When this draft is closed—especially on an "ordinary" furnace—hot particles can escape up chimney. When check-draft is opened the incoming cold air from the cellar drives still heat particles back into furnace proper. If the grates and fire-pot of furnace are not constructed properly, there's a clogging and gathering of ashes, and fire does not burn up readily. If no provision is made for gas escape, the check-draft must be left closed indefinitely—a waste of coal.

There is no waste of coal in "Sunshine" Furnace. No clogging can take place in the 4-piece grate, no ashes can gather on the straight fire-pot walls, and the Automatic Gas Damper makes every provision for the escape of gas; consequently, check-draft can be opened shortly after cooling and all heat-energy saved for radiation.

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of Canada, surely we will not withhold our tribute of recognition from the patience, the kindness, the integrity, the whole-souled, disinterestedness of those splendid men who risked their lives among wayward savages, and won their hearts, those splendid soldiers of the cross, who walked in the shadows of perpetual peril, the tomb-like gleaming above their heads, the deadly ambush lurking for their lives, undismayed by danger, undaunted by hardship; undeterred by threatening look and muttered curse, they calmly went on their way of mercy. The hearts of these men never quailed, they were ready, if it were God's will, to water even with martyr blood, the seed of God, and this they were determined to do. It becomes us to honor their passionate charity, their enthusiastic love for souls, their stand in the front ranks of those

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