

IS THIS YOUR STORY?

“Every morning I have a bad taste in my mouth; my tongue is coated; my head aches and I often feel dizzy. I have no appetite for breakfast and what food I eat distresses me. I have a heavy feeling in my stomach. I am getting so weak that sometimes I tremble and my nerves are all unstrung, I am getting pale and thin. I am as tired in the morning as at night.”

What does your doctor say?
“You are suffering from impure blood.”

What is his remedy?
Ayer's Sarsaparilla

You must not have constipated bowels if you expect the Sarsaparilla to do its best work. But Ayer's Pills cure constipation.

We have a book on Pale ness and Weakness which you may have for the asking.

Write to our Doctors.

Perhaps you would like to consult eminent physicians about your condition. Write us, free of all charge, for a list of the names and addresses of the best physicians in your case. You will receive a prompt reply.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

DR. TALMAGES' SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "The Christian Home"—A Place For the Genesis and Rounding Out of Character—The Family Circle a Haven of Refuge From the World's Storms.

TEXT: "Let them learn first to show piety at home."—I Timothy v. 4.

During the summer months the tendency is to the fields, to visitation, to foreign travel and the watering places, and the ocean steamers are thronged, but in the winter it is rather to gather in domestic circles, and during these months we spend many of the hours within doors, and the apostle comes to us and says that we ought to exercise Christian behavior amid all such circumstances. "Let them learn first to show piety at home."

There are a great many people longing for some grand sphere in which to serve God. They admire Luther at the diet of Worms, and only wish that they had some such grand opportunity in which to display their Christian prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble, and they only wish that they had some such grand occasion in which to preach righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. All they want is an opportunity to exhibit their Christian heroisms. Now, the apostle practically says: "I will show you a place where you can exhibit all that is grand and beautiful and glorious in Christian character and that is the domestic circle. Let them learn first to show piety at home."

The faithful in an insignificant sphere, he will not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at the gate of the temple, he will never be able to preach 3000 into the kingdom of heaven. If Paul will not take pains to instruct in the way of salvation the jailor of the Philippian dungeon, he will never make Felix tremble. He who is not faithful in a skirmish would not be faithful in an Armageddon. The fact is, we are all placed in just the sphere in which we can most grandly serve God, and we ought not to be chiefly thoughtful about some sphere of usefulness which may after a while gain, but the all-absorbing quest with you amid with me ought to be, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me now and here to do?"

There is one word in St. Paul's adjuration around which the most of our thoughts will revolve. That word is "home." It is a different men's display of that word and they will give you ten different definitions. To one it means love at the hearth, plenty at the table, industry at the work stand, intelligence at the books, devotion at the altar. In that household discord never sounds its wailing whoop, and deception never tricks with its false face. To him it means a greeting at the door and a smile at the chair, peace hovering like wings, joy clapping its hands in laughter, life in a tranquil face. Followed on the ripples sleep the shadows. Ask another man what home is and he will tell it is want looking out of a cheerless grate, gnawing hunger in an empty bread tray. The damp air shivering with cold, the Bible on the shelf, children robbers and murderers in embryo. Or scene songs their lullaby. Every face a picture of ruin. Want in the background and sin staring from the front. No Sabbath-day rolling over that doo-sill vestibule in the pit. Shadows on the walls. Furnace for forging everlasting chains. Fagots for an unending funeral pile. Awful word. It is spelled with curses, it weeps with ruin, it chokes with woe, it stings with the death agony of despair. The word "home" in the Christian means everything bright. The word "home" in the other case means everything terrible.

It is a plain question, and therefore I ask it. In the tenth chapter of Jeremiah God says he will pour out his fury upon the land that call not upon his name. Oh, parents, when you are dead and gone and the moss is covering the inscription of the tombstone, will your children look back and think of father and mother with gladness? Will they take the mark of their tears of contrition and tears of consoling promise wept by eyes long before gone out into darkness? Oh, if you do not inculcate Christian principle in the hearts of your children, will they ever be against evil, and you do not in their holiness and to God, and they wander off into dissipation and into infidelity, and at last make shipwreck of their immortal soul, on their deathbed and in the day of judgment, will they turn to you and say, "Father and Mother, I thank you for the register of the stove, what if on the wall should come out the history of your children? What a history—the mortal and immortal life of your loved ones! Every parent is writing the history of his children. It is not a composing it into a song or pointing it with a gourd. One night, lying on my lounge when very tired, my children all around about me, I full rump and hilarity and laughter—in dream, I saw and heard and heard—I dreamed this dream. I was in a factory. It was not Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities. It was not the tropics, although more than tropical fruitfulness filled the gardens. It was not the land of the living, although softness filled the air. And I wandered about looking for thorns and nettles, but I found that none of them grew there. And I saw the sun rise, and I watched to see it set, but it sank not. And I saw the people in holiday dress, and I thought, "Where will they put off this and pat on workmen's garb, and again delve in the mine and sweater at the forge?" But they never put off the holiday attire.

And I wandered in the suburbs of the city to find the place where the dead sleep, and I looked all along the line of the beautiful hills, the place where the dead might most peacefully sleep, and I saw towers and castles, but not a mausoleum, or a monument, or a white slab, or a white stone. And I went into the chapel of the dead, and I said, "Where do the poor workmen and where are the hard benches on which they sit?" And the answer was mad, "There is no poor in this country." And I went on and I saw the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but not a tear could I see, not a sigh could I hear. And I was bewildered, and I sat, and I saw a branch of a great tree, and I said, "Where am I, and whence come all this scene?" And then out from among the leaves and up the flowery path and across the broad streams there came a beautiful group thronging all about me, and I saw the faces of the men and women, and I saw their faces, and as they shouted I thought I knew their voices, but then they were so gloriously arrayed in apparel such as I had never before witnessed that I bowed as stranger to stranger. But when again they clasped their hands and shouted "Welcome, welcome," the mystery all vanished, and I found that time had gone and eternity had come, and we were all together again in our new home in heaven, and I looked around and I said, "Are we all here?" and the voices of many generations responded. "All here." And while tears of gladness were running down our cheeks, and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clasping their hands, and the waters of the great city were chiming their welcome, we all together began to leap and shout and sing, "Home, home, home!"

Dominion Parliament to Meet.
The Canadian Parliament has been summoned to meet at Ottawa, Ont., on March 18.

A TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRINK EVIL MADE MANIFEST IN MANY WAYS.

An Apostrophe to Water—A Chicago Journal Declares That Nine-tenths of Our Law-breaking is Done in the Saloons—At the Root of All Evil.

What falls from Heaven refreshingly?
Not wine, but water clear.

What drapes with bride-like veil the mountain side?
Not wine, but water clear!

What gently drops from sympathetic eyes?
Not wine, but water clear!

What bears rich laden ships from land to land?
Not wine, but water clear!

In baptism's holy rite bedews the brow
Rejoice, or water clear?

Thank God, a Kipling song shall cheer
And cheer!

Not wine, but water clear!
—E. C. Martin.

A Stern Indictment.

The presiding judge of one of the Chicago courts said recently to an Inter Ocean interviewer:

"You may ransack the pigeon holes all over the city and country, and look over such annual reports as are made up, but they will not tell half the truth. Not only are the saloons of Chicago responsible for the cost of the police force, the fifteen justice courts, the county jail, a great portion of Joliet State prison, the long murder trials, the coroner's office, the morgue, the poorhouse, the reform schools, the mad-houses, do any where you please, and you will almost invariably find that whiskey is at the root of all evil. The gambling houses of the city, and the bad houses of the city, are the direct outgrowth of the boon companions of Chicago, responsible for the cost of the police force, the fifteen justice courts, the county jail, a great portion of Joliet State prison, the long murder trials, the coroner's office, the morgue, the poorhouse, the reform schools, the mad-houses, do any where you please, and you will almost invariably find that whiskey is at the root of all evil. The gambling houses of the city, and the bad houses of the city, are the direct outgrowth of the boon companions of Chicago, responsible for the cost of the police force, the fifteen justice courts, the county jail, a great portion of Joliet State prison, the long murder trials, the coroner's office, the morgue, the poorhouse, the reform schools, the mad-houses, do any where you please, and you will almost invariably find that whiskey is at the root of all evil. The gambling houses of the city, and the bad houses of the city, are the direct outgrowth of the boon companions of Chicago, responsible for the cost of the police force, the fifteen justice courts, the county jail, a great portion of Joliet State prison, the long murder trials, the coroner's office, the morgue, the poorhouse, the reform schools, the mad-houses, do any where you please, and you will almost invariably find that whiskey is at the root of all evil."

Riding in the wind and dust roughens the face and often causes painful chapping and cracking of the skin. Those who are so affected should use a pure soap. Ivory Soap is made of vegetable oils that are soothing in their nature; it can be used freely even on tender faces, for there is nothing in it to irritate or injure.

IVORY SOAP IS 99 44/100 PER CENT. PURE.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory;" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

Copyright, 1902, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.

\$16.95 ONLY ONE DOLLAR DOWN

Get this ad-out and send to the with \$1.00, state whether Gents' or Ladies' and we will send you this HIGH GRADE JEWEL BICYCLE. The ACME press, U. S. D. subject to examination. The bicycle has a high grade \$40.00 ACME JEWEL as represented, and the greatest connections, full ball bearing, two-piece hanger, high grade tires, high grade equipment throughout, finest finish, enameled black, silver or chrome, handsome nickel or brass fenders. YOU CAN SEE ONE A WEEK FOR \$5.00 A WEEK. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (INC.), CHICAGO, ILL.

“I know whereof I speak; 'This saloon,' 'that saloon,' 'the other saloon'—saloons, saloons, saloons—figured constantly and unrelentingly in the trials. Conspirators met in saloons; dynamite was discussed in saloons; bombs were distributed over saloons; armed revolutionists were drilled above, under, or in rear saloons in the United States, and notably in the larger cities. These saloons pests harbor thieves, thugs, house-breakers, anarchists, robbers and murderers. Nine-tenths of the law-breaking in America is done in saloons, and the admitted fact is palliated by the fact that saloons are headquarters for town, city, and even national gerrymandering. The liquor counter is the scaffold on which a half-hundred beautiful, vital American things are assassinated, which scores of horrid plagues are glorified.”

A Physician's Experience With Alcohol.

I had never been much in sympathy with any temperance movement until I served as an interne in an alcoholic ward of a large city hospital, writes a physician in the New York Sun. He has inquired into the habits of many alcoholics and the circumstances of their intoxication.

I have come to believe restraint is imperative. Lessen the opportunities offered for alcoholic intoxication by progressive saloons. Saloons should pay for a year or two a license tax for the first or second year as an initial step. Then take your soundings.

Let benevolent men or the city found twenty-four "Cooper Unions" as "working-men's clubs," more, perhaps fifty—in different parts of the city for hall-room dwellers and others, and you will deprive the saloon of a large share of its patronage.

Fractical agitation for legal redress will receive the support of alcoholics themselves. Class legislation, even against saloon keepers, is always odious, and justly so. Agitation from the person's study is foolish. Too many clergymen know nothing of the saloons under which fifty per cent of the population of this nation live. Physicians who, during their college years and after graduation, have worked among the poor and for them know of their nakedness and starvation and alcoholic indulgence, both by men and women.

"No Drink While on Duty."

Close upon the abolition of the "on-duty" in the army comes the cutting off of Jacky's official "grog" by the Navy Department. Both these moves are in response to the elaborate experiments that were made by the military and naval experts of the great European war establishments. They are also in line with the rules now rigidly enforced by every great corporation forbidding their employes to drink while on duty.

The complicated and exacting machinery of modern civilization calls for complete presence of mind at all times in all of its directors, high and humble. There can be no confusion, no slipshod work, no mixture of business and pleasure. There must be alertness, attention, clear-headedness—the best service from every muscle and faculty.

"No drink while on duty" is an axiom not of morals but of sagacious prudence.

—New York World.

A Good Book Worth a Dozen Drinks.

Of this you may be sure: Your best thoughts and your best moments are free from alcoholic stimulus. And the young man who wants to get on and win in the fight into which he was born need not complain if he drugs and dulls himself into even a greater inferiority than he got at birth. A good book is worth a dozen of the cups that cheer. A good friend, sober, quiet, intelligent, is worth more than hogshead full of cheering cups.—New York Journal.

"Don't Hide Your Light Under a Bushel." That's Just Why We Talk About

SAPOLIO

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Regulate the Liver and Digestive Organs. The safest and best medicine in the world for the

CURE

of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Loss of Appetite, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing

Practical agitation for legal redress will receive the support of alcoholics themselves.

Dr. SETHARNOLDS' COUGH KILLER

CURES WHEN OTHERS FAIL

Send Postal for Premium List to the Dr. Seth Arnold Medical Corporation, Woonsocket, R. I.

GOOD ENOUGH FOR UNCLE SAM

And good enough for you. There is more of Carter's Ink used by the U. S. Government than of all other makes put together. It costs you no more than the poorest—ask for it.

Funny booklet "How to Make Ink Pictures" free.

CARTER'S INK CO., Boston, Mass.

Happy Pills

The greatest remedy for MALARIA, CHILLS & FEVER, Grippe & Liver Diseases.

KNOWN ALL DRUGGISTS. 35c.

FOR 14 CENTS

We wish to gain this year 200,000 new customers, and hence offer 1 lb. of each of the following:

- 1 lb. Early Rippe Cabbage, 10c
- 1 lb. Long Light Green Cucumber, 10c
- 1 lb. Early Red Best, 10c
- 1 lb. Saler's Best Lettuce, 10c
- 1 lb. California Fig Tomato, 10c
- 1 lb. Early Dinner Onion, 10c
- 1 lb. Brilliant Flower Seeds, 10c

April 1st to 15th, for 14 cents. Above 14c, worth 10c, we will mail you free, together with our 1 lb. of each of the above, upon receipt of this notice & 14c postage. We invite your trial, and know when you order Saler's seeds you will never get along without them. Get our guarantee and set up a lb. of Potatoes at \$1.25. JOHN A. SALER SEED CO., LA CROIX, WIS.

A GOOD GARDEN

is a pleasure and a profit. Gregory's seed book directs a right beginning. Gregory's Seed insures the most successful sowing. Get the book now it's free. James J. H. Gregory & Son, Marblehead, Mass.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY

gives relief in 10 to 15 minutes. Cures dropsy in all cases. Book of hints on dropsy, and all cases. Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S HOME, Box D, Adams, Wis.

FRONSTEDT, ETC. Cure guaranteed. By mail, 30c. FRONSTEDT CO., Roselle, N. J.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTS. NY-10

THE DIAGNOSTICIAN

or Know Thyself

A 94-page pamphlet by a Humanitarian and eminent medical author.

This is Gregory's "Vade Mecum of Medical Science" for MEN ONLY, whether married, unmarried, or about to marry; young, middle-aged or old. Price 25 cents by mail, sealed; sent free for 60 days. Address The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass. Chief Consulting Physician, Late Surgeon 5th Mass. Reg. Vols., the most eminent specialist in all cases. Consultation in person or by letter, from 9 to 6, Sundays 10 to 4.

The fame of the Peabody Medical Institute has attracted has subjected it to a test which only a mortally honest institution could undergo.—Boston Journal. The Peabody Medical Institute has many limitations, but no equal.—Boston Herald.

WILLSON'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Tissue Food. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALLSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

Excites Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in its first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by druggists everywhere. Large bottles 60 cents and \$1.00.