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Incorporated 1891. The Bishop of Nova Scotia, Chairman Board of Trustees. The Bishop of Fredericton, Member of Board of Trustees, ex-officio. (Lady Principal, Miss Gena Smith (late Principal of King's Hall, Comptor, P. Q.) formerly Headmistress of St. Stephen's High School, Windsor, England, assisted by Eleven Resident Experienced Governesses from England; Housekeeper, Matron and Nurse. Extensive buildings, with capacity for 100 Residents, heated by hot water, lighted by electricity. Grounds covering eight acres, with lawns for tennis, croquet, basket ball, hockey, etc., school dairy and laundry. Preparation for the universities.

For calendar apply to DR. HIND.

9-5 d 8i

Auction Sale of Valuable Property

We are authorized by Hedley Bryenton, Esq., to sell by public auction, on Wednesday, Sept. 13th 1905, commencing at 2 o'clock p. m.

His beautiful residence known as Ardgowan, situated on Mt. Edward road, 1 mile from the city, containing eleven and a half acres of land.

Also Lot No 2 adjoining Thomas Ayers, Esq., property containing 1 and ½ acres.

The dwelling house and outbuildings are all in first class repair; this is a very desirable property suitable for market gardening as the land is in a high state of cultivation being dry very early in the spring. This is a chance of a life time to secure one of the most beautiful homes in the suburbs of the city

As Mr. Bryenton and family are leaving the province this sale will be positive. Terms easy and made known at sale. Inspection at any time. The stock, crop, implements and household furniture will be sold later.

For further information apply to Mr Bryenton on the premises or to

BENJ. CARTER & Co.,
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Reopens Sept. 7.

Daily Session from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m

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Warden—The Rev. James Simpson, M. A.

Head Master Senior Department—William T. Suckling, B. A. (King's) Honor graduate Ontario Business College, Belleville; Teacher's Professional Certificate, Nova Scotia.

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In the Junior Department the course begins with the First Primer.

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Information and references given on application to the Rev. James Simpson, or to Mr. Suckling, Box 1016, Charlottetown.

8-17 tts 10i

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Head Office, Toronto,

Some Salient Features from Report of 1904.

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Increase, 26 per cent, $609 958.75
Cash Income, Premiums, Interest, etc., ... $283,546.51
Increase, 26 per cent, $57,500.09
Total Expense, Payments to Policy-holders, etc.. $166,931.1
Interest Revenue alone more than pays Death Claims.
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Average annual Death Rate 14 years, 2½ mos—3 54 per 1000
The lowest rate on record for any company of same age.
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Total Assets for Policy-holders security, bal., $1,253,216.0
$1.67 for every dollar of liability, including Reserve.
Net Surplus on Policy-holders Account $184,141 5
Reserves for seven years on Hm. table Interest at 3½ per cent.
Interest earned on mean Net Assets
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General Agent,
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THEIR HEALTH RESTORED

Happiness of Thousands of Homes Due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's Advice.

A devoted mother seems to listen to every call of duty excepting the supreme one that tells her to guard her health, and before she realizes it some derangement of the female organs has manifested itself, and nervousness and irritability take the place of happiness and amiability.

Tired, nervous and irritable, the mother is unfit to care for her children, and her condition ruins the child's disposition and reacts upon herself.

The mother should not be blamed, as she no doubt is suffering with backache, headache, bearing-down pains or displacement, making life a burden.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the unfailing cure for this condition. It strengthens the female organs and permanently cures all disorders such as this letter describes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:

"Being mother of five children, I have had experience with the general troubles of my sex. I was lacerated when one of my children was born, and from that hour I date all of my afflictions. I found that within a few months my health was impaired, I had female weakness and serious inflammation and frequent flowing spells. I became weak and dizzy, but kept on my feet, dragging through my work without life or pleasure. A neighbor who had been helped by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound insisted that I take at least one bottle. I did so, and felt so much better that I kept on the treatment, and it made me a strong and well woman. The few dollars I spent for the medicine cannot begin to pay what it was worth to me."—Mrs. Anna McKay, 326 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Ont.

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Taken with Cod Liver Oil in the first stages of Consumption, it will be found invaluable.

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McGALE'S BUTTERNUT PILLS FOR YOUR LIVER AND BOWELS.

DIVINE CALL OF LOVE

Finds the Lukewarm in Religion Hard to Reach—The Church at Laodicea

Outward Appearance Reasonably Fair, But Not One of the Seven Churches in Asia Was More Excoriated Than this Church for Systematic Indifference—Modern Laodiceans of Lukewarm Christianity.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by Frederick Diver, of Toronto, at the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 27.—In this sermon the preacher takes to task the spiritual indifference of professors of religion and shows the evil results of their example in social and business life. The text is Revelation iii, 15, "I would that thou wert cold or hot."

God is love. The Bible declares it. Whether the divine Father's children are saints or sinners they are still enshrined in his parental affections. God's love is like unto that of the earthly parent who one day overheard his little girl saying to her brother, "Now, Charley, be a good boy or papa will not love you." With that, the father answered: "No, Nellie, you must not tell your brother that. I do not love you children because you are good or hate you because you are bad. I love you, whether you are good or bad, because you are my children. When you are good, then you make me very happy. When you are bad, then you make me very sad. But I still love you just the same." God loves his prodigals, though they are prodigals, but he loves his saints with a delighted joy.

But, though God loves all his children, there is one class about whom he is especially concerned. As the worried mother four or five times during the night lights her lamp and goes to look at the little sick patient and to feel the brow of the fevered child God again and again turns his anxious eyes toward certain of his wayward ones. And where do you think these divine eyes are most pleadingly looking? Toward the social outcasts? Oh, no! Toward the drunkards who are staggering and hiccoughing toward their filthy tenements. No. Toward the murderers in the criminal dock about to be tried for their lives? No. Toward the thief who in the evening hours knocks down the pedestrian or toward the safe-breaker who with his dark lantern is making his way through the cellars of the bank he intends to rob? No, no, no! These sinners by the very enormity of their crimes may be led to the mercy seat if we only go after them in the right way. God's most yearning looks are not turned toward those who are in open rebellion against his name, but toward those who are chronically and systematically indifferent. Those who are simply negative to the divine call of love are harder to reach than those who deride God or curse him. Can you make any other deduction than this from Christ's message to the church members at Laodicea? Of all the seven churches in Asia there was not one more excoriated in Revelation than was this church. Of all the eastern churches there was not one from outside appearance whose transgressions were not more heinous.

Modern Laodiceans, these sinners of lukewarm Christianity and tepid morality, at a distance can be likened to a beautifully polished mahogany or rosewood table. To the casual observer it seems to be worth almost its weight in gold, but when you closely examine the same you find it is simply veneered with rosewood or mahogany, cut as thin as paper. They are like contrary winds, tantalizing the sea captain becalmed near the equator. Here it is a little puff of wind, yonder it is a little puff, off to the west is another little puff. All these little puffs come from different directions. But before the ship's sail can be trimmed and filled, like the cheeks of a schoolboy blowing soap bubbles, these puffs of wind die away and the ship's keel moves not. They are like people of shallow Christian experience whom Christ describes under the figure of grain growing on stony ground which, on account of the scarcity of soil covering the roots, dies before the meridian has been reached by the sun in the heavens. Now, the purpose of this sermon is to describe some of the causes of the languid condition of these modern Laodiceans. I am not to-day going to preach to the great sinners or to the great saints, but to those who are simply lukewarm or negative or appallingly indifferent to God's love and God's commandments. May God help me to move some out of their sinful lethargy. May he fire with holy zeal the lukewarm hearts of our modern Laodiceans, whom Christ denounces with God's bitterest contempt and scorn and opprobrium.

The appalling negativeness of my text can well be applied, in the first place, to those of weak kneed theology. It can be applied to those who cannot quite make up their minds whether Christ is God or a very good man, whether Christ is "the only begotten Son of the Father" or merely one of many different manifestations of God's love of whom Mohammed and Confucius and Buddha and Vishnu are other manifestations and almost as good. With the old southern mammy's ideas of Christ they are in heartiest sympathy. When her young mistress' little child died and the frantic mother thought her daughter was lost forever, the old slave said: "Honey, darlin', ye ain't right. Dar's a dreffuI mistake somewhar. Why, de Lord ain't like what ye think. He loves ye, honey. Why, jes see how I loves ye, an' I ain't better'n him as made me. Dar jes' ain't but one t'ing to come to, an' dat ar's Jesus. Jes' come right down to whar dis pore old darky has to stay allers. It's a good place, darlin'. Look right at Jesus. Dar's a God ye can love." Oh, yes, these men of weak kneed theology can look at Jesus and love him like that, but the trouble is that is not the place to stop. They go a little further and still a little further and say, "Jesus is so good that he saves us whether we love and honor him or not."

No sinner was ever saved from eternal death except by the divine atonement. Now, my friends, it is about time for some of you to stiffen up the backbone of your theology. It is about time for some of us to realize that only the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse us as white as the driven snow. There is a stream in Corsica called the river Restonia, which has the remarkable power of turning white everything which is dropped into its clear waters. The cane which falls from your hand into it becomes a white stick. The watch which slips out of your pocket into it becomes a white metal. A traveler tells us that an iron bar dropped into those waters at once becomes white as a silver scepter. So every one who is really cleansed by Christ's blood becomes, as in the river Restonia, white as the driven snow. But, mark you, as the old southern mammy said, "It is only by looking to Jesus, who is a God to love," that you and I can become purged and cleansed and washed until we become whiter than snow. It is surely time for some of us to centre our hopes upon the cross, which alone can save us from eternal death.

Many years ago the British Admiralty sent the man-of-war Thetis to Mediterranean waters to hunt up a shoal or reef or bank that had been reported by some fishermen off the coast of Italy and mark it upon the chart. The vessel sailed back and forth without being able to locate the dangerous reef. The captain returned to England and declared no such rocks existed, but the first lieutenant of the Thetis thought differently. He begged the privilege of continuing the investigation. He labored on until at last he located those rocks, and was promoted for the service he had done the world's shipping. The old captain of the Thetis obsinately declared that these rocks were purely chimerical and never existed. "If I ever go near their supposed site I shall sail over them to prove I am right," said he. A few months later the Thetis was conveying the British Ambassador to the city of Naples. One stormy night the captain found that he was near this supposed reef. He headed directly toward it as he said, "Now, I will prove that lieutenant a fabricator!" The ship sailed on for a few hours, then came the grating sound of shallow water, then a crash! The Thetis was a helpless wreck. Most of the crew were saved, but the foolish captain would not allow himself to be saved, to meet certain disgrace. "He perished," said Dr. Stoughton, "a victim to his own unbelief." Thus thousands upon thousands of immortal souls will perish on account of their lukewarm acceptation of the Cross. They are not directly enemies of Jesus Christ. They belong to what is called the liberal order of Christians. They believe Christ was born, that Christ died, that Christ rose again from the dead, but they do not believe that Christ is the only begotten Son of God and the only way of eternal life. And "Except ye believe ye shall all likewise perish," for the Bible distinctly declares the necessity of believing in Christ as a Saviour and in Christ alone.

But we also find these modern Laodiceans wonderfully negative in reference to their business principles. Every Sunday morning they may be found wending their way to their church pews. Every Wednesday evening they may attend the midweek prayer meeting. But the way they act inside the church and outside of the church may have no more similarity than the nature of a striped furred leopard can be compared to the affectionate whinny of the Shetland pony whom your children are petting at the barn door. Now, I am not asserting that these modern Laodiceans have no business principles. I am not asserting that these men are any worse than their business associates, but I do assert that they will be just as dishonest as they can be in their financial affairs and yet preserve their social respectability.

What is true of some dishonest business men is absolutely true in reference to some dishonest political candidates. I see the political strife going on in a large city. One of the parties has fallen into such disrepute that in order to win at the polls its leaders decide to nominate as a candidate one who is not of their kind. So they go and offer the nomination to a well known Christian church member. In nine cases out of ten what does that nominee do? Does he go to the polls and bribe voters? Oh, no. That would not be honest. But he does commit a crime in the sight of God which is just as heinous. Instead of coming out flatfooted for an honest election he becomes a modern political Laodicean. He shuts his eyes to the dishonesties that are being done in his name. He says, I am not responsible because I simply remain silent at this political corruption." Now, my friends, these teachings of my text practically mean this. A man must be positively honest in all his financial dealings. He must be positively honest in seeing that all those who work in his name are acting honestly, else God will have none of him. Mere negative respectability in God's sight does not measure up to his standard.

I find, too, that the appalling spiritual negativeness of the modern Laodicean is most frequently demonstrated in man's relation to the amusement question. Where there is one lukewarm Christian who will dishonor Christ in his financial dealings there are five, ten, fifteen or even twenty who will dishonor him when the day's work is done or when out on a summer vacation. And the amusement sins of the American Laodicean at home are as nothing compared to those American Laodiceans' sins when they are traveling in Europe or Asia or in Africa or in any foreign land. Let me illustrate my thought to you in a practical way.

We are American tourists in Spain, or, bringing the statement a little nearer home, in Mexico. Sunday morning has rolled around. What are you going to do? Will you attend the Protestant Church, as you would do if a home? 'No," you say, "I guess not. I have tickets for the bullfight. Why, one of the finest metadores in the world is going to fight to-day. I will never get another chance to see him." Is that so? What if you do not get another chance. Ought you to go and see one of the most brutal exhibitions in the world, where men and horses are often horribly mangled? Because other people do wrong in Spain and Mexico can you afford to do wrong on the question of your vacation amusements?

Sunday at home comes around. The communion of the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated at your church. A party of friends is going down to the beach. What are you going to do? Stay away and go to church, as you ought, or go off on Sabbath desecration? I know of an elder of one of the largest Presbyterian churches of the west not only staying away from church on the Sabbath day, but when the members of his church were assembling for communion he rode past that church on the top of a tallyho to take some of his eastern friends out to see the city sights. As a church officer, do you ever sin thus? Wednesday evening comes around. It is prayer meeting night. A card party or a dance is to be given the same evening. Which will you choose to attend? These illustrations are not imaginary. These conditions meet us as church members almost every month of our lives. In deciding how we shall solve the amusement question, nearly all of us decide whether we will be positive Christians or negative modern Laodiceans, cursed by a lukewarm allegiance to God.

Lastly, I remark that the lukewarm Christianity of our modern Laodiceans is demonstrated in reference to the professed disciples of Jesus Christ, neglecting to win their brethren from their sins. If the negative Christians are spending an evening with a party of friends, they may not tell the lewd story themselves, but they will not rebuke that story when they hear some one else telling it. If they see another traveling the crowded paths of sin, they may not follow, but they do not go forth and as a Christian friend say: "Brother, this is not the way to Christ. Let me lead you into the right path." In other words, in their friendship to Christ they are like a chameleon—changing their colors to suit their surroundings.

The religion of these modern Laodiceans is like the wavering friendship of Marie Louise, one of the most contemptible characters of all history. The second wife of Napoleon Bonaparte clung to no one. She had a heart of putty. As soon as she left her father's palace she forgot her father, her brothers and sisters and her stepmother. When her husband was dethroned, Napoleon Bonaparte at once passed out of her life. She had no further use for him and almost immediately formed an affection for Count Neippert, one of Napoleon's bitterest foes. She would not write to her exiled husband, and when Napoleon returned from Elba she was in mortal terror lest her sins should find her out. When the King of Rome, her only son, was dying, his mother cared no more for him than if he had been a peasant's child. When Count Neippert died, Marie Louise almost at once formed a sinful alliance with another member of the Austrian court. Her heart seemed to have turned from a heart of putty to one of stone. Her affections were as the waters of the shallowest of brooks, which could gurgle and smile no matter what sun shone upon them. Her loving power was as dead as is the heart of a dried up mummy which has been buried a thousand years in one of the Egyptian pyramids and is now put under a glass case in the Cairo museum. So with some of us. Like Marie Louise, we smile on God when we are with God; we smile on God's enemies when we are with God's enemies. We are never God's true, firm disciples. We never uphold him. We never fight for him. We are never ready to die for him as Christ died for us. Oh, that we might be faithful to God in rebuking the sins of others as well as true to him in reference to the personal actions of our own lives!

Would that we might be as true to God's love in every way as Dr. Joseph Leidy, the great naturalist, was true in his noble affection for dumb brutes. Some years ago Dr. Leidy was lecturing on natural history to the students of Swarthmore College, about ten miles out of Philadelphia, where he lived. To illustrate his subject he took into the classroom three little mud turtles out of a nearby pond. After the lecture he locked these little turtles up in his laboratory, intending to turn them loose next day. That night Dr. Leidy was summoned to Germany by cable. He had to catch the early boat for New York next morning. There was no train out that night to the college town. So, rather than let his little friends, the mud turtles, starve to death in the closet of which he only had the key. Dr. Leidy walked over the Pennsylvania hills to the college town and then walked back and caught the early morning train for New York. "Ah," said he to the college janitor, "I could not go away and sail for Europe, and think of those little turtles starving to death in my closet."

"A little thing," you say. Yes, it was a little act, but it was a noble act, which showed a tender heart. Thus may our love to Christ be demonstrated. May it be a positive love. May we be true to him in our pleasures. Last, but not least, may we be true to Christ in rebuking sin wherever it is found. And in our rebukes, may we strive to lead the sinner into the spirit of Christ's sacrifice.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.

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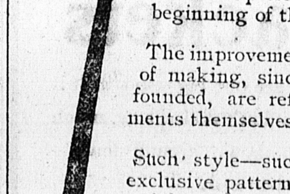

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