

WEEKLY FOUNDED 1847 DAILY PUBLISHED 1907

-SATURDAY MORNING-

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., JULY 16, 1904.

-SATURDAY MORNING-

(SINGLE COPY 5 CENTS 25 CENTS PER MONTH)

NOT FAR FROM KINGDOM

Take Steps That will Make you Happier than Worldly Success.

THE SADDEST WORD IS "ALMOST"

"Not Far From the Kingdom" Is Just to be as Irretrievably and Utterly Lost as if you Had Never Heard the Gospel at all - Dangers of Delay Vividly Portrayed by the Preacher.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the Year 1904, by William Kelly, of Toronto, as the Proprietor.

Los Angeles, Cal., July 10.—The preacher in this sermon shows by illustration and incident that true and enduring happiness and satisfaction are not to be found in worldly success, but in embracing the offer of salvation through Christ. The text is Mark xii, 34, "Thou art not far from the Kingdom of God."

What is to you the saddest word in all the English language? Edgar Allan Poe, that brilliant genius of American literature, whose dissipations undugoned him in a chamber of horrors as ghastly as that in which Thomas De Quincey was compelled to live and whose raven of delirium tremens sounded his death knell when he had just reached forty years of age, has made the word "nevermore" awful in its significance. In it we hear the black bird of demoniacal despair croaking a dirge. In it are heard the sobs of breaking hearts and are seen the ghostlike horrors of a living charnel house. "Nevermore! that word will always be the saddest of all words."

Thomas Carlyle, the great English essayist and philosopher, the master of mighty sentences and prose masterpieces, dipped his pen in the reddest of all inks when he wrote the word "ought." The great author of the justly famous philosophical dissertation upon "The French Revolution" declared that the word "ought" is the saddest of all words. It has in it all the harsh and reverberating voices which run the gamut of remorse; Carlyle's conception of the Imperial force of that word "ought" had in it the thunder of Sinai, and to the offender recalcitrant to duty it still sounded, mingled with the taunts of the fiends of the eternal inferno, deriding and mocking the miserable sufferer with the reminders of the bliss he might have enjoyed if he had done as he ought. Some have declared that the saddest of all words is "gone," others "death," others "despair." But to-day I want to call the attention to another word which I think is the saddest word ever uttered by man. It was that which King Agrippa spoke to Paul when on the Roman tribunal of Caesarea. Philippi he said: "Almost! Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Ah, yes, King Agrippa was so near the kingdom of God that just one step forward would have changed him from a pagan into a humble and repentant follower of the Nazarene. But that one step was never taken. King Agrippa was "almost" persuaded to be a Christian, but his "almost" never brought him into safety and eternal life.

To-day I am going to try to help some of you to overcome that saddest of all words, "almost." I am going to show some of you that, like the scribe of my text, you came to the kingdom of God, but I am also going to show you that to be "almost" saved and yet not saved is to be lost completely and utterly lost. As the man whirling down the rapids of Niagara, who just misses by one inch the rope which is thrown for his rescue, so you who miss by a little the offer of redemption are as utterly lost as if you had never heard the offer. Nay, there is in your fate the unutterable sadness of being so near salvation and missing it after all. The loss of your soul is like the loss of life to the hunter whose rifle ball just misses the heart of the tiger that is leaping upon his defenseless body. It is to be lost just as much as was the poor fellows who were imprisoned a few years ago in the iron hulk of the steamers burning at the wharfs of Hoboken, in New York Harbor. Frantically they stood at the barred portholes, frantically they stretched forth their arms through the iron gratings. They could see the blue waters of the harbor. They could hear the calls of the would be rescuers hard at work. But they were lost, entirely lost, though there was "only one step" between them and perfect safety.

Almost saved! Yes, you are. How do I know that? I learn how near you have come to salvation as I look at the entries on these white pages sewed between the Old and the New Testaments of the family Bible. By this record of the family births and deaths I find your father was a Christian. Your sisters and brothers were all Christians. I find also that your parents reconsecrated their lives for God's service when they held you before the sacred altar on the day you were baptized. It is a very easy

matter for you to become a Christian, with such a family history as that. The son of a good doctor, all other conditions being equal, has at least ten years the advantage of a young man entering the medical profession who is not the son of a physician. The child who comes from a Christian home has a far greater chance of being a Christian than one who is not the son of a Christian, or than one who has never been brought by youthful association, in contact with the Christian life.

"This true," says some young man to me, "I was born in a Christian home. I am not near, however, but very, very far from the kingdom of God. Why, after I left my Christian home I seemed to be possessed not with seven devils, but seventy times seven devils. No sooner did I leave home and go away from mother and father and I plunged into a life of dissipation. I drank, I gambled, I blasphemed. I did everything I ought not to have done, and I left undone everything I ought to have done. It is said that when Lysimachus was fighting against the Getae he was entrapped by his enemies in the desert sands. His thirst became so great that he offered his whole kingdom for a drink of water, as Esau sold his birthright for a mass of pottage. But no sooner had Lysimachus slaked his thirst than he cried: 'Ah, wretched me, who for such a momentary gratification should have lost so great a kingdom.' Though I have been brought up in a Christian home, for the momentary satisfying of my evil desires I have stifled all those pure influences of the past. I am like a man who, to quench his thirst, has done more than to barter away a kingdom. I have bartered away my life. The chalice of sin which I have lifted to my lips was of poison. I feel it now, dulling my brain, dulling my heart, dulling my moral sensibilities. I feel as if I were already dead, for my nobler self has perished. Eternal life is lost to me."

Not so fast, brother; not so fast. You have flung yourself into the quagmire of sin, but by your very words of despair I know you are near to the kingdom. I have had in my time much experience with young men, and I have sometimes found that, like the prodigal who left his father's home for the far country, many young men reared in the best of homes have flung themselves into the seething whirlpool of sin. But these young men were like the prodigal also in that they came back to their father's home after they had spent their all. The golden cords of parental prayer are now tugging at your heart. Vilest of sinners you may have been; most heartless of wayward boys may have been your history, but to-day God is calling: Your dead mother, your redeemed mother, is calling; your broken hearted father is calling: "Come, come home! Oh, sinner, come home! Will you hear the cry? Way off in that far country of sin, 'thou art not far from the kingdom of God.' Thou art not far from Christ, but near, on account of your early Christian home training.

Almost saved! Yes, you are. I know it by the unhappy looks that are chiseled in the wrinkles of your face. When you started out in life you thought the height of a man's happiness could be estimated by the length of his bank account. You thought the worldwide area of his joy could be always circumscribed only by the hemispheric spread of his fame. But now by bitter experience you know that wealth and fame only bring added cares. You know that if a man lives for himself alone, if he does not seek the higher joys of the soul, if he does not live for Christ, seeking also the welfare of his brother man, he can find no happiness on earth at all.

You think worldly success can bring true happiness? If it could, why did it not bring happiness to James G. Blaine, the "Henry Clay" of the latter part of the past century. Murat Halstead relates how he went to see Mr. Blaine in the Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York. The death pallor was on his cheek. In a few weeks his broken heart was to cease to beat. Mr. Blaine sat looking into the blazing fire. Murat Halstead could not say a word. His heart was too full. After the two friends sat thus for a short time, Mr. Blaine heaved a deep sigh as he said: "Oh, Halstead, I wish I could have stood it all if I had not lost my two boys." He was finding then, as Hanna found, and as a host of famous men have found, that happiness and true satisfaction cannot be obtained from the world. The world misrepresents them, ridicules them and deceives them, and, whether it gives them its prices or not, it

sounds and tortures them. Oh, rich man! I appeal to your experience. Have you not realized that happiness is not in wealth? Have there not come times in your life when you have felt that money and honor and power alike fail to give you satisfaction? You are disappointed with your life. Turn to Christ, who says to such as you, "He that drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst again." Come to him. Thou art not far from the kingdom of God.

Almost saved! Yes, I know it. Why? For weeks, perhaps, you have been lying prostrate with a dangerous sickness near the dividing line, the crossing of which means the recreation and the spiritualization and the redemption of your life. That sick bed means to you in a spiritual sense what an invalid's bed meant in a physical sense to him sick of the palsy who was laid at Christ's feet. In the second chapter of Mark we read about the wonderful incident which took place in Capernaum. No sooner did the people of that city hear that Jesus had come than the multitude began to gather about him. They crowded into the room where he was. They crowded the front yard of his residence. On the outskirts of the crowd we see a couple of men carrying between them one who was sick of the palsy who was laid at Christ's feet. "If we can only bring our brother to Christ, he will cure him." I think, from reading between the lines of this chapter, that the invalid himself did not care whether he saw Christ or not. He was too sick to care. His limbs hung limp and heavy. His eyelids dropped; the eyes were glassy. His skin was flabby and almost dead. But because the invalid was nintenths dead that made no difference to the two friends. As they could not push through the crowds who were jostling about the front door they climbed up to the roof of the house. They then let down the ropes and pulled the sick man up, bed and all. Then with their axes they broke open the door and lowered the sick man down through the roof to the feet of the Saviour, who seeing their faith, said unto the sick of the palsy, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." And he arose. The loose muscles stiffened. The eyes became

(Continued on page 12.)

HAD TO BE TAPPED.

Terrible Suffering of a Montreal Man before he Cured his Dropsy with Dodd's Kidney Pills. Montreal, Que., July 11th.—(Special).—After having to be tapped to relieve the terrible pain and swelling of Dropsy, Geo. Robertson, 382 St. James Street this City, was completely cured by using Dodd's Kidney Pills. "My feet were so swollen from Dropsy," says Mr. Robertson, "that when I got out of bed in the mornings I could hardly put them on the floor. My arms would swell at times till I could not put my coat on. I had to be tapped to relieve me of the severe pains. "Before I had used the second box of Dodd's Kidney Pills I began to feel better. Seven boxes cured me completely."

MISS J. J. JOHNSON, Inistat, Alta., says I was troubled with Earache for a long time, and nothing helped me until I used Haggard's Yellow Oil, which cured me completely. "Do you love, babies' Maid—Not at three dollars a week, mum." Minard's Liniment Relieves Neuralgia. "You must come and see us, my dear," said a lady to a little girl of her acquaintance. "Do you know the number?" "Oh, yes," responded the innocent child. "Papa says you always live at sixes or sevens." Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff. Is it not true that Kipling is now writing another poem about Adam-Zab, the bear that runs like a deer. Laxa-Liver Pills are the ladies' favorite cathartic, as they do not grip or pain, taken or worn or mass the slightest inconvenience. Price 25c., all druggists. As soon as Russia gets the Japanese lured to St. Petersburg she'll proceed to show them what's what. Minard's Liniment Cures Burns etc. If the Czar doesn't go to the front pretty soon, their won't be any front to go to. Stupifying headaches are cured, the need cleared, and the brain brightened by Milburn's Sterling Headache Powders. They do not weaken the heart. Price 10c and 25c. A fisherman who has been dead and in his grave for two years has been summoned for salmon poaching at Berwick-on-Tweed.

CONROY, THE SHOEMAN, Sunnyside, Ch'town. I buy the best Footwear gold will purchase and sell at the lowest prices in the city. Call and see.

THE MIDLAND RAILWAY. Until further notice, trains will run as follows: LEAVE ARRIVE Truro 7.00 a.m. Windsor 9.05 a.m. 2.45 p.m. 5.00 p.m. Windsor 7.40 a.m. Truro 9.55 a.m. 9.50 a.m. 1.50 p.m. 5.15 p.m. 7.25 p.m. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday only. H. V. HARRIS, GENERAL MANAGER. 6 17 dw 17r

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THE POSTMASTER GROWS EMPHATIC

Believes Dodd's Kidney Pills the Right Medicine for Kidney Trouble.

T. H. Belyea, Postmaster of Lower Windsor, N. B., Endorses an Opinion Popular in all parts of Canada.

LOWER WINDSOR, Carlton Co., N. B. July 15.—(Special).—T. H. Belyea, postmaster here, has come out with an emphatic statement that is heartily endorsed by the great majority of people of this district.

"I believe," says the postmaster, "that Dodd's Kidney Pills are the right medicine for Kidney Trouble and will do all that is claimed for them. "I had been bothered with Kidney Trouble for years and tried several kinds of plasters and other medicines but did not get much lasting benefit. Then I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills and would say they seem to have made a complete cure as I feel as well as ever I did. There are numerous people prepared to make statements like that of Postmaster Belyea, but the case of Kidney Disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure has yet to be reported.

The Little One's Outlook.—Flossie six years old. "Mamma," she called one day, "if I get married will I have to have a husband like pa?" "Yes," replied the mother, with an amused smile. "And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?" "Yes."

"Mamma"—after a pause—"It's a rough world for us women, ain't it?" All the lung healing properties of the pine are bottled up in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. It is the most satisfactory remedy for coughs and colds of all kinds. Price 25c.

How doth the busy Japanese Improve each waklike minute By loading up his little gun And handing out wads in it. Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

Mr. Uppman—I must tell you, Delia that I was displeased at your entertaining that pallooman in the kitchen last night. Delly—Falth, O! did ax him into the parlour, as 'am, but he wouldn't go.

INSTANT RELIEF. Mr. Ebbt. Jennings, Mansfield, Ont writes: "I have used one bottle of Dr. Low's Koochache Gum for severe toothache and received instant relief. Besides this it acted as a splendid temporary filling. Price 10c.

"I wonder why people always speak of Earth as ash?" "It's natural enough. Nobody knows exactly what her age is."

EARACHE CURED. Miss J. J. Johnson, Inistat, Alta., says I was troubled with Earache for a long time, and nothing helped me until I used Haggard's Yellow Oil, which cured me completely.

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DOES CHILDREN GOOD. Mrs. Joseph Langtry, Brookville, Ont "I have used Dr. Low's Worm Syrup in my family, and it has always been reliable and has done the children good. I can highly recommend it.

Rocky Point Ferry Time Table, 1904. The Steamer "ELFIN" will ply between Prince Street Wharf and Rocky Point, Daily, for the Summer Season, commencing 1st June, as follows: Will leave Ch'Town Will leave Rocky Pt. 8.30 a.m. 9 a.m. 9.30 a.m. 10 a.m. 11 a.m. 12.30 p.m. 3 p.m. 3.30 p.m. 4 p.m. 5 p.m. SUNDAY TIME TABLE. Will leave Ch'Town Will leave Rocky Pt. 9 a.m. 10 a.m. 12.45 p.m. 2.30 p.m. 3 p.m. 3.30 p.m. 4 p.m. 5 p.m.

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