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### HEAVENLY MANSIONS

Dr. Talmage On The Glories of Heaven

#### ROOMS FOR THE ELECT

The Rapture With Which Relatives and Friends Will Meet in Heaven.

Washington, Nov. 5.—In a unique way the heavenly world is discoursed upon by Dr. Talmage in this sermon under the figure of a home; text, John XIV, 2.—In my Father's house are many rooms.

Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure all. The disciples were sad, and Christ offered heaven as an alternative, a stimulant and a tonic. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text, the translation of which is a little changed, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says, "In my Father's house are many rooms."

This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room, that is George's room, that is Henry's room, that is Flora's room, that is Mr. J.'s room, and the house is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world and build their own homes, and the daughters are married and have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. And after awhile the father and mother

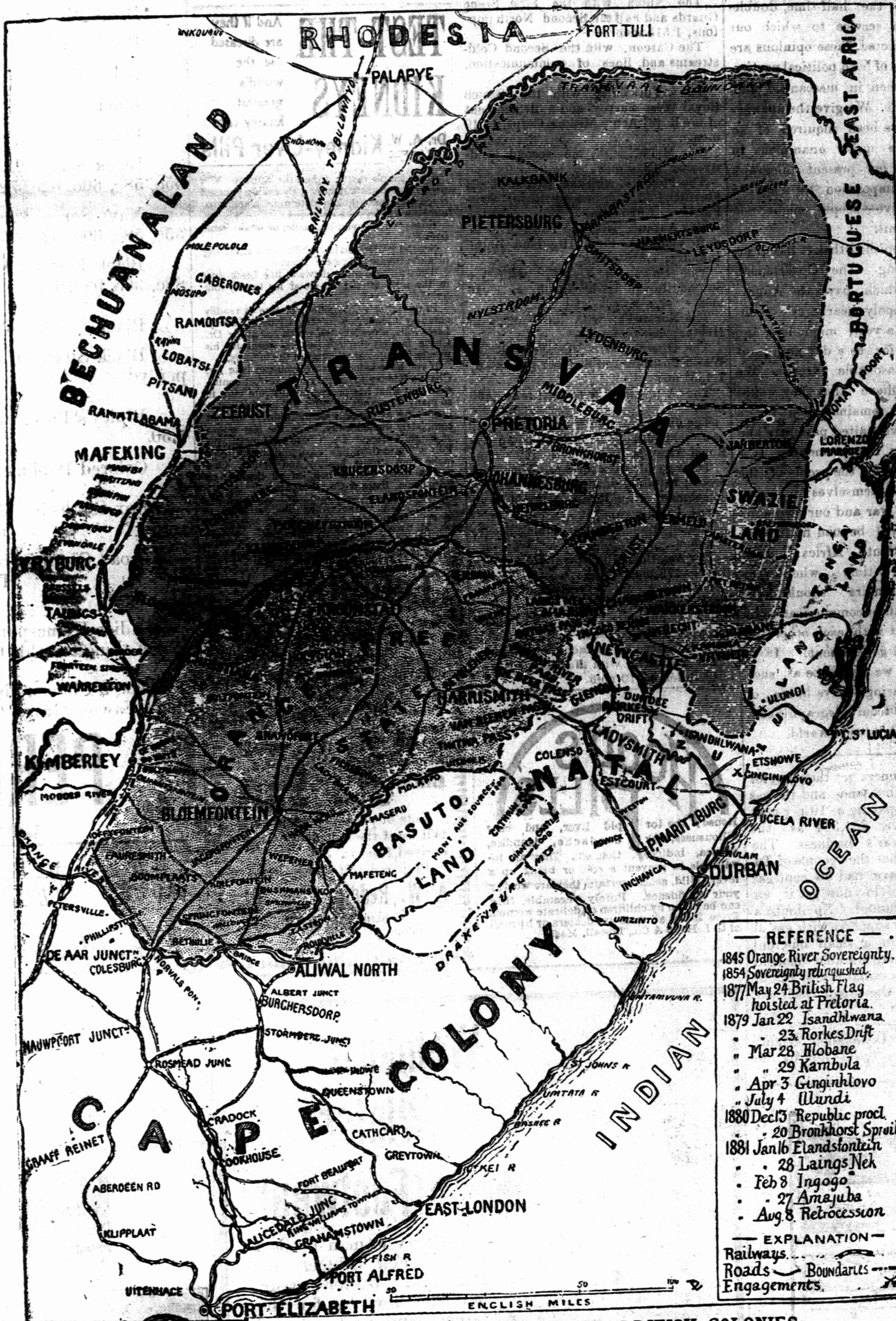
## "77"

May Check a Cold too Quick

## GRIP

A carpenter of Morristown, a great strong, healthy fellow, says: "77" breaks up my Cold in two doses—I don't follow the directions on the bottle—when I take Cold I at once take half the contents of a 25c. bottle, then I wait a while, and take the balance; my Cold is gone the same day." While this may be all very well for a strong man, it is not always best to check a cold too quickly and possibly drive it to some weak spot—it is better to follow the directions of six pellets every hour, it then restores the checked circulation (known by a chill or shiver), starts the blood coursing through the veins makes a steady cure of a Cold or Grip.

Millennia ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first he lived alone in that great house, but after a while it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The cherubim passed on, and many of the inhabitants passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left never to return, and many of the apartments were vacated. I refer to the seraphic, angelic. The cherubim are filling up again. There



MAP OF TRANSVAAL, ORANGE FREE STATE AND BRITISH COLONIES.

are almost alone in the big house, and seated by the evening stand, they say, "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together 40 years ago." But time goes still farther on, and some of the children are unfortunate and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them, and perhaps great-grandchildren, and the house is full.

As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about the many roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets and worship with them in the temple and walk with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments.—In my Father's house are many rooms." You see,

heaven will be so large that if one wants an entire room to himself or herself it can be afforded. Carrying on still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves. As we ascend the golden steps an invisible guardian swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into the reception room of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirits enter and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel! In that room Christ lovingly greets all new-comers. He redeemed them, and he has the right to the first

embrace on arrival. At that moment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggar all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul! The soul and Jesus! But now into the reception room pour the glorified kinsfolk, enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or

their sicknesses or their troubles—see what heaven has done for them—so radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely! They call you by name, They greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child, Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant. Though they were in some other world on errands from God, a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and we will say, "Oh, my lost boy!" "Oh, my lost companion!" "Oh, my lost friend! Are we here together?" What scenes in that reception room of the old homestead have been witnessed! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Lazarus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor son; Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made man and wife; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he betrothed; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gilded, and multitudes without number who, once so weary and so sad, paraded on earth, but gloriously meet in heaven. Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception room. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house is the throne-room. We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne-room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence. During the Franco-German war, one evening in the summer of 1870, I stood studying the exquisite sculpturing of the gates of the Tuileries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate, I knew not that I was exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowd of people, I found myself being closely inspected by the government officials, who, from my complexion, judged me to be a German and that for some belligerent purpose I might be examining the gates of the palace. My explanation in very poor French did not satisfy them, and they followed me in the distance until they reached my hotel and were not satisfied until from my landlord they found that I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of earthly places are carefully guarded, and, if so, how much more the throne-room! A dazzling palace is it for mirrors and all costly art. No one who has ever seen the throne-room of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall the letter N chased on the chalice, the letter N flaming from ceiling. What a conflagration of brilliance the throne-room of Charles Emmanuel of Savoy, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy! But the throne-room of our Father's house hath a glory eclipsing all the throne rooms that ever saw scepter wave, or crown glitter, or foreign ambassador bow, for our Father's throne is a throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a throne of holiness, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion. We need not stand shivering and cowering before it, for our Father says we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne."

The crowns of the royal family of this world are tossed about from generation to generation, and from family to family. But whenever the coronets of this world rise or fall they are destined to meet in one place. And I look and see them coming from north and south, east and west, the Spanish crown, the Italian crown, the English crown, the Turkish crown, the Russian crown, the

- REFERENCE —
- 1845 Orange River Sovereignty.
  - 1854 Sovereignty relinquished.
  - 1877 May 24 British Flag hoisted at Pretoria.
  - 1879 Jan 22 Isandhlwana
  - 23 Rorke's Drift
  - Mar 28 Hlobane
  - 29 Kambula
  - Apr 3 Gungahlovo
  - July 4 Ulundi
  - 1880 Dec 15 Republic proclaimed
  - 20 Bronkhorst Spruit
  - 1881 Jan 16 Landstroom
  - 28 Laings Nek
  - Feb 8 Ingogo
  - 27 Amajuba
  - Aug 8 Retrosession
- EXPLANATION —
- Railways
  - Roads
  - Boundaries
  - Engagements

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(Continued on the Sixth Page.)