

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Rev. Dr. Talmage preached this morning from this text, Judges ix, 86, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which has proceeded out of thy mouth." He said:

Jephthah was a freebooter. Early turned out from a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consorted with rough men and went forth to earn his living as best he could. In those times it was considered right for a man to go out on independent military expeditions. Jephthah was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and predatory life he became reckless and precipitate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but never reverses his natural temperament. The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthah, asking him to become commander-in-chief of all the forces. He might have said, "You drove me out when you had no use for me and, now you are in trouble, you want me back," but he did not say that. He takes command of the army, sends messengers to the Ammonites to tell them to vacate the country and, getting no favorable response marshals his troops for battle.

Before going out to war Jephthah makes a very solemn vow that if the Lord will give him the victory, then, on his return home, whatever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt offering. The battle opens. It is no skirmishing on the edges of danger, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the hurling of men on the points of swords and spears until the ground could no more drink the blood, and the horses reared to leap over the pile of bodies of the slain. In those old times opposing forces would fight until their swords

were broken, and then each one would throttle his man until they both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death stare to death stare, until the plain was one tumbled mass of corpses from which the last trace of manhood had been dashed out.

Jephthah wins the day. Twenty cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory lay through the mountains of Gilead! Let the trumpeters call up the survivors. Homeward to your wives and children. Homeward to have the applause of an admiring nation. Build triumphal robes, swing out your flags all over Mizpah, open all your doors to receive the captured treasures, through every hall spread the banquet, piled up the viands, filled high the tankards. The nation is redeemed, the invaders are routed and the national honor is vindicated.

Huzza for Jephthah, the conqueror! Jephthah, seated on a prancing steed, advances amid the acclaiming multitudes, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow, that returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway of his home, that should be sacrificed as a burnt offering, he has his anxious look upon the door. I wonder what spotless Lamb, what brace of doves will be thrown upon the fires of the burnt offering.

Oh, horrors! Palenes of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His daughter, his only child, rushes out the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or darts on his shield. All the triumphal splendor vanishes. Holding back this child from his heaving breast and pushing the locks back from the far brow and looking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection with choked utterance he says: "Would God I lay stark on the bloody plain. My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, thou art the sacrifice."

Now I make very practical use of this question when I tell you that the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was a type of the physical, mental and spiritual sacrifice of 10,000 children in this day. There are parents all unwittingly bringing to bear upon their children a class of influence which will as certainly ruin them as knife and torch destroyed Jephthah's daughter. While I speak the whole nation, without emotion and without shame, looks upon the stupendous sacrifice.

In the first place, I remark that much of the system of education in our day is a system of sacrifice. When children spend six or seven hours in school and then must spend two or three hours in preparation for the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air and the obtaining of that exuberance which is necessary for the duties of coming life? No one can feel more thankful than I do for the advancement of common school education. The printing of books appropriate for schools, the multiplication of philosophical apparatus, the establishment of normal schools, which provide for our children teachers of largest caliber, are themes on which every philanthropist ought to be congratulated. But this herding of great multitudes of

children in ill ventilated schoolrooms and poorly equipped halls of instruction is making many of the places of knowledge in this country a huge holocaust. Politics in many of the cities gets into educational affairs, and while the two political parties are scrabbling for the honors Jephthah's daughter perishes. It is so much so that there are many schools in the country to-day which are preparing tens of thousands of invalid men and women for the future; so that, in many places, by the time the child's education is finished the child is finished! In many places, in many cities of the country, there are large appropriations for everything else, and cheerful appropriations, but as soon as the appropriation is made for the educational or moral interests of the city we are stuck through with an economy that is well nigh the death of us.

The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining, hollow hearted girl into whose eyes the father looked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There may have been a tremor of the lip, as a rose leaf trembles in the sigh of the south wind, there may have been the starting of a tear like a rain drop shaken from the anther of a water lily. But with a self sacrifice that man may not reach and only woman's heart can compass she surrenders herself to fire and to death. She cries out in the words of my text, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord do unto me whatsoever hath proceeded from thy mouth."

She shows to the knife, and the blood, which so often at the father's side had rushed to the crimson cheek, "smoked" in the fires of the burnt offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no need that we know her name. The garlands that Mizpah twisted for Jephthah, the warrior, have gone into the dust, but all ages are twisting this girl's chaplet. It is well that her name came not to us, for no one can wear it. They may take the name of Deborah or Abigail or Miriam, but no one in all the ages shall have the title of this daughter of sacrifice.

Of course this offering was not pleasing to the Lord, especially as a provision was made in the law for such a contingency, and Jephthah might have redeemed his daughter by the payment of 30 shekels of silver, but before you hurl your denunciations at Jephthah's cruelty remember that in olden times when vows were made men thought they must execute them, perform them, whether they were wicked or good. There were two wrong things about Jephthah's vow. First, he ought never to have made it. Next, having made it, it were better broken than kept. But do not take on pretentious airs and say, "I could not have done as Jephthah did." If in former days you had been standing on the banks of the Ganges and you had been born in India, you might have thrown your children to the crocodiles. It is not because we are naturally any better, but because we have more gospel light.

In connection with this I mention what I might call the cramming system of the common schools and many of the academies; children of delicate brain compelled to tasks that might spell a mature intellect; children going down to school with a strap of books half as high as themselves. The fact is in some of the cities parents do not allow their children to graduate for the simple reason, they say, "We cannot afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gather the honors of an institution." Tens of thousands of children educated into imbecility, so that connected with many such literary establishments there ought to be asylums for the wrecked. It is push and crowd and cram and stuff and jam until the child's intellect is bewildered, and the memory is ruined, and the health is gone. There are children who once were full of romping and laughter and had cheeks crimson with health who are now turned out in the afternoon pale faced, irritated, asthmatic, old before their time. It is one of the saddest sights on earth, an old manish boy or an old womanish girl. Girls 10 years of age studying algebra! Boys 12 years of age racking their brain over trigonometry! Children unacquainted with their mother tongue crying over their Latin, French and German lessons! All the vivacity of

their nature beaten out of them by the heavy beetle of a Greek lexicon! And you doctor them for this, and you give them a little medicine for that, and you wonder what is the matter of them. I will tell you what is the matter of them. They are finishing their education!

You may flatter your pride by forcing your child to know more than any other children, but you are making a sacrifice of that child if by the additions to its intelligence you are making a subtraction from its future. The child will go away from such maltreatment with no exuberance to fight the battle of life.

Again, there are many parents who are sacrificing their children with wrong system of discipline—too great rigor or too great leniency. There are children in families who rule the household. The high chair in which the infant sits is the throne, and the rattle is the scepter, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote! Such children come up to be miscreants. There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the beth-ration of the church of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are these young men that swagger through the street with their thumbs in their vest talking about their father as "the old man," "the governor," "the squire," "the old chap," or their mother as "the old woman"? They are those who in youth, in childhood, never learned to respect authority. Eli, having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness, fell over backward and broke his neck and died. Well he might. What is life to a father whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valley is pleasant to his taste and the driving rains that drip through the roof of the sepulcher are sweeter than the wines of Helbon.

There must be harmony between the father's government and the mother's government. The father will be tempted to too great rigor. The mother will be tempted to too great leniency. Her tenderness will overcome her. Her voice is a little softer, her hand seems better fitted to pull out a thorn and soothe a pang. Children wanting anything from the mother they cry for it. They hope to dissolve her with tears. But the mother must not interfere, must not coax off, must not beg for the child when the hour comes for the assertion of parental supremacy and the subjugation of a child's temper. There comes in the history of every child an hour when it is tested whether the parent shall rule or the child shall rule. That is the crucial hour. If the child triumphs at that home then he will some day make you crouch. It is a horrible scene I have witnessed it. A mother come to an old age, shivering with error in the presence of a son who cursed her gray hairs and mocked her wrinkled face and begrudged her the crust she munched with her toothless gums! How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!

But, on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when domestic government becomes cold military despotism. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect our children to be perfect. We must not see everything. Since we have two or three faults of our own, we ought not to be too rough when we discover that our children have as many. You cannot scold or pound your children into nobility of character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold drizzle. Above all, avoid fretting and scolding in the household. Better than ten years of fretting at your children is one good, round, old fashioned application of the slipper! That minister of the gospel of whom we read in the newspapers that he whipped his child to death because he would not say his prayers will never come to canonization. The arithmetics cannot calculate how many thousands of children have been ruined forever either through too great rigor or too great leniency. The heavens and the earth are filled with the groan of the sacrificed. In this important matter seek divine direction, O father, O mother.

We are Growing Up." Mightily suggestive! This generation is passing off, and a mightier generation is coming on. Will they be the foes of tyranny, the foes of sin and the foes of death, or will they be the foes of God! They are coming up! I congratulate all parents who are doing their best to keep their children away from the altar of sacrifice. Your prayers are going to be answered. Your children may wander away from God, but they will come back again. A voice comes from the throne to-day, encouraging you, "I will be a God to thee and to thy seed after thee." And though when you lay your head in death there may be some wanderer of the family far away from God, and you may be 20 years in heaven before salvation shall come to

Ask Your Neighbor.

There is not a town, not a village, scarcely a settled foot of land from one end of Canada to the other where Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have not been used with beneficial results. Thousands of persons absolutely unknown to us have written letters in praise of this medicine, but there are thousands and tens of thousands of others who have been cured from whom we have never heard. If you are sick or ailing ask your neighbor, and we are confident you will hear of some hopeless sufferer, some bed-ridden paralytic, some one in decline, some rheumatic sufferer, some weak and wretched woman or pale and nerveless girl, who has been made well and strong by

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills FOR PALE PEOPLE.

A CLERGYMAN'S LETTER.

The following letter written by the Rev. Wm. Lawson, Methodist minister at Richibucto, N. P., attests in the strongest manner the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and a personal of it will suggest why this great medicine is so popular in thousands of homes throughout the Dominion—it cures where other medicines fail.

Dear Sir:—I am glad to furnish you the following voluntary testimonial, with the fullest permission to give the names and places. They do this as a thank-offering to God and your medicine. Mrs. William Warman, Volens River (near here) says her son Aiden was sickly from birth. He could hardly retain food, and his parents had but little hope that he would live long and the doctors who attended him were of the same opinion. Till seven years of age he continued in that condition. Then the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were begun, and under them he recovered and is now a strong healthy boy. Mr. Warman, the boy's father, also adds his testimonial to the great value of these pills saying: "I suffered for years with a bad back, until I used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they cured me." Miss Annie Warman adds the evidence with enthusiasm and freedom: "I was weak and sickly, and did not know the blessing of good health till I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I used eight boxes and have since enjoyed the best of health. In fact I am never sick now."

Here you have three members of a family rescued to health by the use of your medicine, and you would almost covet their good health and general ways, largely resulting from such health. They wish you to freely use these facts to help other sufferers, and I am able as their pastor to certify to the facts above stated.

Sincerely yours,
WM. LAWSON,
Methodist Minister.

PARALYSIS CURED.

Mr. John McDonald, a well known merchant at Cape North, N. S. I was for years a sufferer from spinal trouble, which eventually resulted in partial paralysis. Treatment of many kinds was resorted to, but without avail until finally Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were used, with the result that Mr. McDonald is again enjoying almost perfect health. Mr. McDonald's story is given as follows in his own words: "Almost thirteen years ago I caught a bad cold which lodged in my back, producing a fearful pain. The trouble became so bad that I could hardly walk, and could not get out of doors after dark, as I would be almost certain to fall if I attempted to walk. Medical treatment did me no good. I tried six different doctors, but the result was almost the same. I spent \$30 for an electric belt, but it was simply money wasted. Years went on and I was continually growing worse, until in the spring of 1895 my lower limbs would scarcely support me. In June of that year I went to the Victoria General Hospital Halifax, where I remained for two months under the treatment of the best specialists, but when I returned home I was actually worse than when I entered the hospital. I continued to grow worse until about the first of January, 1896 when I had been so bad that I could not stand alone, as my legs were like water. My only means of locomotion was crutches, and my legs dragged after me like broken pieces of timber. I could not raise them one inch from the floor. Almost the last of the following April, Rev. Mr. McDonald strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had tried so many things without benefit, that I did not think I could help me, but nevertheless decided to give them a trial. After using six boxes I could see that there

was a slight improvement, and I continued using the pills until I had taken thirty boxes, and by that time new life and vigor had returned to my legs, and I have since been able to attend to my business behind the counter without the aid of crutches or even a stick. Under God's blessing Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored me to a new measure of health and energy I never expected to again enjoy in this world."

GOING INTO DECLINE.

Miss Julia A. Birney, Sheba, N. B., writes: "I wish to add my testimonial to the many who have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as I consider that they have saved my life. My occupation is teaching, and for about two years my health has been falling and in the summer of 1895 I was so completely run down that I feared I would have to give up work, for the least exertion overcame me, and my friends all feared I was going into a decline. The doctor who was treating me said he could bring me around in a short time, but at the end of three months I was no better. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended as a sort of tonic, and I began taking them. It was not long before I began to improve. The pressure had a month. I was completely cured. I can strongly recommend these pills to anyone suffering from a weak or nervous constitution, and I am sure that what they did in my case they will do for others."

PERFECTLY HELPLESS.

Mr. Wm. J. Nicholson, of Dundas, P. E. I., says: "In the fall of 1895 I caught a cold which brought on a severe cold. A little later the muscles of my limbs began to get stiff and sore. I called in a doctor, who pronounced the trouble to be paralysis of the muscles, and although I was under the treatment for some time I did not improve any. I then called in another doctor, who said the trouble was muscular rheumatism, and for some months I was under his care but without relief. Finally the doctor told me that he could not help me and I was left suffering severely, perfectly helpless and with no hopes of getting better. The prescriber was not a pleasant one, but fortunately relief was near at hand. I purchased and read much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as doctors had failed me, I determined to try the Pills. To be brief I need ten boxes in all and they completely restored me to my former good health. I have not since had any relapse and should I again need medicine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I am sure will not fail me. These pills are the greatest boon to suffering humanity I know of."

THE EFFECTS OF LA GRIPPE.

Mr. Peter McAvenny, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., says: "I consider my deliverance through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills little short of miraculous. I was taken down with a severe attack of la grippe, which lasted for six weeks, and which left me completely broken in health. I was subject to night sweats and sleeplessness. My appetite had vanished, my stomach was disorderly, and my blood had become watery. Finally I was forced to take my bed, and recovery seemed almost an impossibility, as nothing but a doctor did for me seemed to produce beneficial results. One day a friend who had received benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills induced me to try them, and I am more than happy to say that they have completely restored my health. I took upon Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a great blessing to mankind."

Pink colored pills in glass jars, or in any loose form, or in boxes that do not bear the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," are not Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Other so-called tonic pills are merely imitations of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Imitations never cured anyone. Insist, therefore, upon your dealer supplying you with the genuine. If in doubt send to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont., and the Pills will be sent by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Continued on the Sixth Page.

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That "77" will "break up" a touch of the Grip in twenty-four hours.
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The above are 5 Leaders—We have lots of others—See Them.

JOHN NEWSON

HAD CATARRH SINCE CHILDHOOD BUT CATARRHOZE CURED

HIM.

Urie Breaunt, of Sweetsburg, Que., says:—"Since childhood I have afflicted with Catarrh of the throat and nose and never knew what relief meant until I tried Catarrhoze. Two bottles completely cured me, and I have not one single symptom of Catarrh now. I can heartily recommend Catarrhoze for Catarrh, and would advise all sufferers to get an outfit at once and be cured as I was." Catarrh-o-ze is sold by all druggists. Trial outfit sent for 10c. in stamps by N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., Proprietors.