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### THE SUICIDE CRAZE.

REV. DR. TALMAGE PREACHES A VERY TIMELY SERMON.

TEXT: CURSE GOD AND DIE.

Causes of the Present Increasing Suicidal Epidemic Pointed Out in Graphic Language, and the Gospel Remedy for This as Well as All Other Evils Effectively Upheld.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1903, by William Baily, at Toronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Chicago, July 12.—In view of the startling increase in the crime of self destruction, as shown by the latest statistics, the subject chosen by Dr. Talmage for his discourse to-day is a most timely one. His text is Job ii, 9, "Curse God and die." Two incitements—desperate, fierce, definite, outrageous! The one urges the broken hearted father, the financial bankrupt, the physically tormented man, to grit his teeth and, with flashing eyes and uplifted hand, hurl a futile malediction at the Almighty, to curse God with an eternal blasphemy. What a shocking appalling suggestion! Enough to make all heaven stand aghast in horror and to render even the demon infested caverns of a hopeless inferno silent with fear and to turn the flushed cheeks adame with the fires of eternal woe white with terror. Curse God! Who could do that but a human being crazed and desperate and reckless under intolerable anguish?

The second incitement puts in the hands of the sufferer the suicide's knife, the hangman's noose or the vial labelled with the two fatal words, "Deadly Poison." To how many in every age has that insidious temptation come? In the United States alone more than 30,000 persons have yielded to it during the past four years. In Chicago alone 1,294 persons passed out of life by the suicide's gate in three years—nine victims on a single Sabbath. In two months of the present year seventy-five lives have ended in self immolation. How long will the human race listen to that hideous voice which bade Job seek in death escape from his misery? That tempter's voice is sounding louder and louder every day. Shall the crime of self murder be allowed longer to spread the pernicious doctrine that with one stroke of the razor across the jugular vein or with one plunge in front of a flying locomotive or with one leap from high building or lofty plinthe the would be suicide can find rest, eternal rest, God given, blissful oblivion for all who are weary of life and peace for souls sick of the results of sin?

The increasing suicidal epidemic of the present generation should be halted in its onward march of destruction. I lift my voice to-day in warning against this evil. It cannot be stayed by upbraiding a mangled corpse or by calling a dead man a coward. I would prayerfully and earnestly try to indicate some of the causes which produce it. First, I charge atheism with the chief responsibility for the crime. Self murder is the hideous black visaged executioner of the merciless monster we call atheism, agnosticism, infidelity. It is the old, slimy serpent coiled up under the overhanging branches of the gnarled and worm eaten tree of unbelief, at the foot of which sits the grinning, bleared hag misery crooning a dirge for a lullaby. It is the death rattle of a human being whose parched lips have been set to the rim of the chalice filled with the scorching, poisonous concoction of blasphemy and falsehood compounded by a Voltaire, a Rousseau, a Thomas Paine or a Robert G. Ingersoll. It is the whetstone, wet with human blood, upon which moral sensibilities can be blunted and at the same time the suicide's knife sharpened, for it teaches immoral man that there is no hereafter and that he is responsible for his life's actions to no Divine Maker and King.

No suicidal razor was ever honed upon the leaves of the opened Bible. Though the morning newspapers almost every day are blackened with the awful obituary tragedies of men and women who have deliberately taken their lives by the bloody hand of self murder, you cannot find among those who perished, in the full possession of reason, a single consecrated Christian church member. You cannot find one person among them all who realized that he was a beloved child of God and that he expected to go to meet a loving Heavenly Father unless the person killed himself during a fit of temporary insanity as did Hugh Miller, the great Scotch scientist, who blew out his brains during mental derangement, or that eminent New York clergyman who, in delirium, leaped from a window. Why? The Bible distinctly and emphatically declares that no man has a right to commit self murder. It warns men that they must answer for this terrible crime before the judgment seat of Christ, and it holds out to them no hope of pardon during all eternity. Read the eighth chapter of Revelation: "And murderers and whoremongers and idolaters and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." Read the first epistle of John, third chapter and fifteenth verse: "No murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." In the sound of such a divine warning, does any Christian man, with his eyes wide open, attempt to sound the "open sesame" of the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem with the crack of a suicidal pistol? Dare any Christian, by self destruction, obliterate that life which God alone can give and which God alone has a right to take away?

The whole tendency of the gospel of Jesus Christ is opposed to this suicidal epidemic; the whole tendency of unbelief is to promote and increase it. To the atheist life is a single span, one abatement of which is the cradle and the other the grave, at which he meets annihilat-

tion. To such a man there is no better principle of life than to eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow he dies. He would make life a comedy for all and death a great finale. The earnest Christian disciple says, "Life is not a joke; death is not a finale." Life is an opportunity for doing good and for struggling against evil. Because the good as well as the evil lives on for ever and ever we ought to put ourselves in the hands of the Almighty, who arranges our lot for us, and say, as did Job, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come."

The unbeliever in the gospel says: "If there is a hell it is to be found this side and not the other side of the grave. When things go wrong the best way to escape suffering is to snap the silver cord of human life and silence the beating heart." The Christian disciple says, "Sanctified troubles are a spiritual means by the grace of God for raising an immortal soul on and up. Unsanctified troubles are the inexorable means of dragging a sinful, defiant soul on and forever down. He that is unjust let him be unjust still, and he which is filthy let him be filthy still, and he that is righteous let him be righteous still, and he that is holy let him be holy still." Such are the two extremes—the tenets of the believers in total annihilation at the brink of the grave and those of the earnest disciple of Jesus Christ.

False standards for happiness can be catalogued among the frequent, prolific causes of the suicidal sin. They are the deceiving mirages which tempt the weary life's traveler to lose himself in the midst of a Sahara of sand. They are the deceitful stars, twinkling their benedictions over altars of silver and of gold and of fame which suddenly go out and leave the devotees worshipping in total darkness. They are the musical voices of the sirens singing their sweetest songs when luring their victims to fatal shipwreck.

In the false standard of happiness can be found the origin of the disappointments which so often end in suicide. Men do not first seek wealth or fame to possess those treasures, as a miser might hoard up his gold. They desire the merchant prince's palace and the king's throne because they foolishly think that happiness is a coy maiden who loves to robe herself in silks and to have her throat and fingers aglitter with precious jewels, and therefore they can the more readily find her in the rich man's mansion than in the poor man's hut. If they cannot have wealth or fame or worldly honor is about to be taken away from them, then they feel they cannot have happiness. Then, with one pull of the pistol's trigger, they fling away their blighted lives.

Now, my friends, the human being who commits suicide merely because the golden breasted oriole of wealth has plumed her wings and disappeared from sight or because the teardrop of trouble has shattered the idol of fame is doing foolishly. Happiness, true happiness, the happiness for which we all long, and for which some of us are seeking, is not dependent upon outside surroundings, but upon the condition of the heart. Some of the most unhappy human beings have been the so-called worldly successful men. Did all the unlimited financial wealth of Nathan Rothschild make him happy? For many years he was the universally recognized financial king of Europe. In a single day he made over \$9,000,000. But, though Nathan Rothschild was the wealthiest financier in all Europe he was one of the most unhappy of men. When a friend visited him one day and said, "You ought to be a happy man with all this wealth." Nathan turned and, with a look of scorn, answered: "Happy! Happy! I happy! Bosh! Let us change the subject."

If wealth does not in itself produce happiness neither does worldly fame nor honor. Men strive for place and power as if with them they were sure of happiness. They plot and conspire and murder that they may mount the steps of a throne, and when they succeed they find that they have gained nothing but anxiety and worry. When the Serbian King and Queen, Alexander and Draga, were assassinated Pope Leo XIII. was heard to exclaim in the Vatican, "Oh, when will the people learn that thrones stained with blood are not worth having?" And yet for financial wealth and worldly honor thousands of men will surrender their all. They will follow these will of the wisps, though the blinding lights may lead them over volcanic swamps and quaking bogs and into the fatal quicksand. Then, when they have been defeated in the struggles of life they sometimes drive the destroying dagger into their own arteries, as a tantalized serpent buries his poisonous fangs in his own flesh.

Moral application: Do not try to build the temple of happiness out of yellow bricks. Think not that the broad highway which leads to the throne room of joy is always lined with applauding and vociferating multitudes. The ground mole may tunnel his way into a gold mine, but he still remains a ground mole. The bat, flying about in the darkness, may be able to push his claws into trembling men's pockets, but he is still nothing but a hateful bat.

Envy and covetousness also lead to suicide. The unwillingness to love one's neighbors as ourselves is one of the indirect causes of this dreadful sin. Two ways of looking at this old world—the one is through the green glasses of envy, the result unhappiness; the other way is through the sanctified crystals of a tender, a holy love, the result gospel joy. The one way is to bitterly bemoan because some people are supposed to be better off than we are. The other way is to try to find out how many people are worse off than we are and then with a Christian desire to try to help them as we would like to be helped if we were in their places. Through what kind of lenses have you been scrutinizing the human race? Through the green glasses of envy, which make all the world look

### ONE 50 CENT BOTTLE KIDNEY-WORT

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A single 50 cent bottle of Dr. Pettigrew's Kidney-Wort Tablets will do more in convincing you of their wonderful healing virtues than a column of newspaper description.

All kidney disease, all weaknesses, all urinary and bladder troubles can be positively cured by Kidney-Wort Tablets. The properties of Kidney-Wort Tablets are so effective in invigorating the entire

secretory system and in relieving the strain on the kidneys, that diseases of these organs have been checked in thousands of cases when men and women had become despairing and hopeless.

If you, dear reader, have been unsuccessful with other medicines, give Kidney-Wort Tablets an immediate trial. They are a guaranteed specific. All Druggists sell them.

### RUMOR THAT AMERICANS HAVE SIZED BRITISH ISLANDS.

LONDON, July 15.—According to the press association a serious rumor, was current in the lobby of the house of commons tonight to the effect that some United States warships had seized about twenty small islands off the coast of Borneo, which it is understood belong to Great Britain, and has planted the American flag on them.

### ELEVATOR FALLS.

PHILADELPHIA, July 15.—The parting of a cable today caused a large elevator in the new hotel "Stratford" in course of construction at Broad and Walnut streets, to fall from the eighth to the first floor.

### KUMFORT HEADACHE POWDERS

THE picture illustrates your feelings when in the grasp of those racking and splitting headaches. What you need is not something that deadens your nerves and dulls and otherwise injures you, but a good, safe, reliable medicine like KUMFORT HEADACHE POWDERS. These powders are made of the very ingredients Nature intended for the cure of headaches. They give relief in a few moments and whatever usual is recognized as the one quick, safe, sure headache cure. They have been a standard remedy for many years. They have no superior. We do not claim that these headache powders are curative, or that they will do the impossible, but we do claim that there is nothing else known to medical science which acts so quickly and effectively in cases of headaches of all kinds. Your druggist sells KUMFORT HEADACHE POWDERS at 10 cents for four powders; 25 cents for twelve powders. If desired, you can secure them direct from us on receipt of price.

JOHN D. BUCKLEY, Merchant at Rogersville, N. B., writes: "I have ever used them and I have found them safe and harmless." M. S. MINNIE, of New York, writes: "I can safely recommend them." JOHN D. BUCKLEY, Merchant at Rogersville, N. B., writes: "I have ever used them and I have found them safe and harmless." M. S. MINNIE, of New York, writes: "I can safely recommend them."

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### ASTHMA

Of all diseases that afflict humanity, none is so distressing and trying as Asthma. If you are a sufferer from Asthma and have tried many remedies without result, let us send you a generous free sample of Himrod's Asthma Cure and prove to you the wonderful efficacy of this remedy. Used as an inhalant, it instantly relieves the oppression, enabling the patient to breathe freely at once and by a soothing medication of the bronchial passages, quickly lessens the severity and frequency of attacks until a cure is attained. Asthmatics are generally dyspeptic and should avoid internal remedies liable to impair the digestion. For over a quarter of a century Himrod's Cure has been prescribed by eminent physicians throughout the world. It is a remedy in which you can place entire confidence. If your case is a chronic one, or, only of a few months standing, send for a free sample and try it. It will not disappoint you. HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE. 14-16 Vesey St., New York. Your druggist may not carry Himrod's Asthma Cure in stock. If you ask him and will not try to sell you something "just as good," a fair warning, insist on having Himrod's.

The main points of a Carriage can hardly be treated in an issue or two. Our idea is to impress upon you the necessity of examining several parts which go toward the "Making" or "Unmaking" of the work. SPRINGS, for instance. Now many builders to reduce the cost of "too many styles," get their end or side springs, (as the case may be), all a certain size, and apply them to all the different purposes. Every carriage we build has a spring to suit its use. Our "guarantee" is in effect to protect against inferior MATERIAL or WORKMANSHIP AT ANY TIME. The Nova Scotia Carriage Co. Ltd. KENTVILLE, N.S. For sale by Wm. Grant & Co. Ch. Town, P.E.I. 5-9-11 avon.

### FOR SALE.

That commodious and centrally situated house on King Street (between Queen and St. George Sts) now occupied by R. K. Jost. It contains 12 large rooms besides kitchen, pantry and closets. It is connected with the sewerage system and is heated throughout by hot water. There is also a good barn in the rear. Title good. Apply to George Stanley, Trustee or to R. K. JOST. If not sold by private sale before the 25th of July it will then be sold at auction.

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When Grandmother was a girl her sweetheart wore Home-made Tweed. What was good for GRANDFATHER must be good for FATHER, BROTHER or any SWEETHEART. That's why so many gentlemen are wearing Reid's Home-made P. E. I. Tryon Tweeds. Prices are easy too 65c to \$1.00. Styles are the latest, coloring fast. Good goods what more do you want. TRYON WOOLEN MFG. CO., LIMITED.

### Farmer's Soliloquy!!

"Where e'er I take my walk abroad, "How many POTATO BUGS I see, "I apply the Canada Paint Co's PARIS GREEN, "And DEAD they soon will be."

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