

When Indigestion Grips You

It is not merely "something you ate" at the last meal—it is weakness in the stomach. A pain is Nature's danger-signal that something is wrong. Indigestion is the stomach's way of telling you that it can't or won't work.

NOW is the time to take FRUIT-A-TIVES. These fruit tablets rest the stomach—bring out a copious flow of gastric juice at meal time—and make the stomach and intestines digest everything you eat.

You know that Fruit-a-tives are doing you good—because there is no more pain—no more sour stomach—no belching gas. Fruit-a-tives keep the stomach clean and healthy—and ready to digest any sensible meal you eat while the constipation is entirely cured by their use.

Fruit-a-tives are pure fruit juices in tablet form. They act gently on all the organs of digestion—strengthen, invigorate, and cure. If there is anything wrong with stomach or bowels, cure yourself with

Fruit-a-tives

or Fruit Liver Tablets.

At all druggists, 50c. a box. Manufactured by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

Fit-Reform

When it rains and when it shines

Fit-Reform Rain Coats are two coats in one.

Handsome and dressy enough for street and evening wear.

The only protection that protects when it rains.

Absolutely moisture-proof—yet light and porous.

Made up with the big, broad shoulders and semi-loose backs—in an endless variety of rich patterns and colorings.

\$12, \$15, \$18 and \$20

This trademark identifies every genuine Fit-Reform garment.



Look for label with trademark and price as fixed by makers.

The only Fit-Reform Wardrobe here is at Prowse Bros., Charlottetown.

Good Weather to Paint

Don't put off painting till next spring. Do it now! Weather conditions are good; no long spring rains to soak into the lumber and jeopardize good results; no gnats and flies to stick to the fresh paint; the paint put on now gives protection against winter storms.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

MADE TO PAINT BUILDINGS WITH

is the safest paint to use.

It gives the best protection at the smallest cost.

If you're going to paint this fall let us talk to you about S. W. P.

SOLD BY

S. W. CRABBE,

Hardware, Paints and Oils.

Millowners, Dairymen, Lobster Packers

When fitting up for Spring work try the

NEW FOUNDRY

Foot of Queen Street

For CASTINGS, REPAIRS of all kinds. Founders, Machinists and Boiler-makers.

The Charlottetown Foundry Machine Co. Ltd.

Phone 73. Peake's No. 1; Wharf. P. O. BOX 411

HIS THEME MOUNTAINS

They Teach us Omnipotent Strength of the Creator—

Likewise the Love of God

Mountains Reveal God to Men For no One Man and no

One Race of Men Have Lived Long Enough to do

What was Necessary to do for the Creation of

the Hills.

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

Los Angeles, Cal., Sept. 17.—In this sermon the preacher takes as his theme the mountains, now assuming the hues of autumn, and finds in them a lesson of God's strength and providence and the love and care of Him for all his children. The text is Amos iv. 13, "He that formeth the mountains."

Have you ever visited the Schöron Lake of the Alps? Have you ever slept under the shadows of the snow capped Rigi, with its horizon sweep of 300 miles in circumference? Then you have visited Lake Lucerne, one of the most romantic and picturesque lakes that ever lapped the foot of a hill or nestled to sleep like a smiling babe in a lap of a gigantic mountain. The old poet sings of the charms of Lake Geneva, another of Switzerland's scenic wonders, with its battle scarred castle standing sentinel over it, a castle whose walls are seamed with dorying the cannonading of the elements, as well as resisting the attacks of man.

But, though others may sing about the beauties of Lake Geneva or Lake Windermere or Lake Samia of Finland or George's Bay of New York or the "Lago of the Woods" of Minnesota, all of them beautiful lakes, I still believe that Lake Lucerne is the queen of romantic lakes for many of us.

There we not only saw some of the most beautiful of all mountains, but we also stood before Thorwaldsen's greatest masterpiece, "The Lion of Lucerne." Most of you know the history of that marvelous piece of statuary. When the French throne was tottering amid the upheaval of the revolution which has made the names of Robespierre and Marat and Barrere infamous for all time, Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette dare not trust their lives and those of their children to the loyalty of their own soldiers. France sent across the northern border and hired some Swiss soldiers to be their bodyguard. Eight hundred of these were quartered in the Tuilleries. Fatal August 10, 1792, came, and the mob broke loose and started for their prey. They battered down the gates and doors of the king's residence. They slew the Swiss soldiers wherever their hated uniforms were seen as mercilessly as the Sioux speared tomahawked Custer and his little handful of followers on the Little Big Horn river. They literally annihilated the whole band in order to get at their hated rulers. Thorwaldsen, the great Danish sculptor, to commemorate the deeds of these brave soldiers of the Swiss guard, chiseled into the solid rock of Lucerne the colossal form of the dying Swiss lion struck to the heart by a spear, yet in his death agony still defending the ill-fated shield of France.

What a wonderful statue is that, which thousands of tourists every year travel miles and miles to study! But as I stood before that marvelous piece of stone under the shadow of the overtowering Rigi I said to myself: "Yes, many Swiss soldiers have been struck down by foreign bullets, but more, far more, have brooded their lives away because their hearts have plined under homesickness when they have been removed from the sight of yonder hills." When Nebuchadnezzar took his bride, Amytis, to the glorious capital of Babylon, she could not get over her longing for the hills of her childhood. Babylon was built in a flat country. To satisfy her longing for the mountain scenes of her youth her loving husband erected for his queen the famous "hanging gardens." But what earthly king could give his loved ones such gigantic hills as those which cradle the youth of the Swiss peasantry? We who were born in the mountainous countries of the west or east can sympathize with the Swiss peasants if we have been compelled to live on prairie lands and can never overcome our longing for the mountains. As the hills, the mighty hills, have spoken of God to Amos, the herdsman, they have also spoken of God to living among the mountains of the western hemisphere. I thought to-day I would try to find God among the mountains.

The gigantic hills in the first place teach us the omnipotent strength of the God who created them. They seem to speak to us something like this: "O man, why wilt thou not look upon me even as thou wouldst regard the works of human hands? When thou standest before the huge pyramids of Egypt with their great blocks of stone thou dost not say they were built by a race of pygmies, about whom Homer and Hesiod wrote. Thou dost not go in the moonlight and dream dreams upon the Acropolis overlooking old Athens and see there visions of its ancient splendor, with its Parthenon and its columns and its statuary and its marble of purest white and say there lived not giants in those days. Thou dost not walk through the corridors of the Alhambra, with its mosaic floors and its magnificent walls, and say that the ancient Moors were not master architects and master designers and master workmen. Thou canst not study the footprints of the Aztecs without seeing there the indentation of a great race. Is not a watchmaker greater than his own watch? Is not the naval constructor greater than the iron and steel warship he sets afloat? Is not the creator greater than the thing he creates? Therefore, oh man, is not the creator of the mountains a mighty, an omnipotent God, because he has "created me"? "Yes, yes," we answer, "the God of the hills must be an omnipotent God, for none but omnipotence could have laid their foundations and erected their helms. The omnipotent power of God. No one man and no one race of men could live long enough to do what is necessary to do for the creation of the hills. We look with amazement upon the great cathedral called by

Peter's of Rome. This cathedral was supposed to have been begun by Michael Angelo in 1534. Every generation since then has had a part in its construction. But, though St. Peter's of Rome was building for 500 years, the seven hills upon which Rome was originally built have been building for a longer time than that. Away back in the past millenniums God be- lieves to collect the materials for the world and manufactured a gaseous and sticky substance—poor stuff, some people might think—out of which to build the strength of the hills, yet that was the first substance God created out of first matter on the surface of the earth, which to make the mountains. In all probability this earth in the beginning was nothing but a nebulous gas. After awhile God cooled this gas, transforming it from gaseous to liquid form. As a thousand years in his sight are but a yesterday or a watch in the night, God through long ages kept up the cooling process. He cooled this liquid substance until there was a thin crust over its surface, as a floating film of ice and volcanic eruption. The fee cooling on the breakfast table. He kept on cooling the planet until wrinkles and creases began to appear, like ridges on an orange skin after the juice has been squeezed out of it. Then the waters ran down into the valleys or the ocean beds and the land appeared. Then the strength of the hills revealed themselves in mighty mountain ranges, which ran up and down the land as the vertebrae does to the human frame.

The work went on for ages upon ages. The divine Workman's tools were fire and storm and hail and pencil of ice and volcanic eruption. A mighty workman is God. Mighty are the elements and the times which he used as the means for his creation of the hills. We must honor the divine strength of the Creator who created the hills. That strength alone was sufficient to go up the Matterhorn and Mount Chimborazo and Mount Guatavara and Mount Nevado de Sorata and Mount Everest. Omnipotent as well as eternal is our Lord. He alone hath created the hills and created us. Who is "He that formeth the mountains and treadeth upon the high places of the earth? The Lord, the God of hosts, is his name."

As I go wandering over the eastern valleys with my eyes upon my text I say to him, "Amos, why do you praise the hills? Of course it is right and proper for one of your poetic temperament to admire the gigantic cliffs and the green fields and the white clouds waving their garments in the faces of these grim monsters, but, Amos, you are not a Nimrod nor an Esau. You do not hunt your flocks and as a mighty hunter pursue the wild game to trap from crag to crag. You care nothing about slaying the hungry lion, unless he comes down to steal one of your flocks. Why do you not praise the valleys and the orchards? Do you not know that the beauty and fertility of the valleys are dependent upon the strength of the hills? The stork builds her nest in the fir tree, the grass grows upon the vine, the grapes hang heavy upon the vines and the harvest fields are filled with grain merely because the mountains shed their waters into the valleys." Then I say, "Amos, when thou art praising the God of the hills thou art praising the God who feeds the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, and the herdsman who feeds and clothes his flocks and houses us." Then the old prophet answers: "Yes, my son, the word of the hills is the God who is the practical provider for the everyday wants of his children."

But though the God of the hills feeds and clothes us in the valleys, as he feeds the birds of the air and the beasts of the field, how few of us ever stop to think of his kindness and goodness and care. Indeed we have been accustomed to be fed and clothed by him so long that few of us ever stop to think of his goodness and care. We think the blessings have come from the soil and are the works of our hands and not from his hills. We do not recognize the fact that the divine Father does anything for us. We do not believe that the God of the hills has any part in our harvests. We say, "Our hands planted the corn." We think God has nothing to do with our clothes because our sheep grew the wool. We assert that God has nothing to do with our homes, because our timber is turned into the boards which are nailed into the walls. "Oh, no," says Amos, "that is not true; the God of the hills waters the fields. He gives drink and food to the flocks. He nourishes the trees into mighty forests. It is God, and God alone, who provides all." Ought we not to give thanks to the God of the hills, who clothes us and feeds us to-day?

Shall we stop here? Was the east- ern herdsman only symbolizing the strength of God, and the care taking providence of God in the strength and the power of the hills? Was he not making allusion to the gold and the silver buried in the depths of the mountains, and to the diamonds hidden in their subterranean vaults, and to their many precious stones, some of which St. John in Apocalypse saw in the walls of the New Jerusalem? Was he not using these things as the symbols of the joy, and the peace, and the happiness of this world which comes from God to those who are living in close communion with God? I think he was. Furthermore, I believe Amos, the herdsman, not only found these symbols of earthly happiness coming from God by following the miners with their little lights into the ground, but also by following in the depths of the mountains to him on the top of some mountain ravine or in some hidden gully.

Perhaps I can follow this sainted herdsman as he some autumn day hies away to the hills. We will call it an autumn day, for that is the time when every tree becomes a flaming torch. Amos is longing to go off for awhile and be alone with God. He turns over his sheep to the care of one of the under shepherds. He takes his staff and climbs up the mountain side. Higher and higher he goes until his patched lips call, "Drink, drink; give me drink." He reaches up and pulls off a leaf from an overhanging branch. He twists it into a more beautiful chalice than was ever handed forth by the Egyptian cup bearers at Pharaoh's court. Then he stoops down and lifts up the water out of the gushing spring. The rocks seem to close in about him.

He seems to be in a temple, and the waters at his feet seem to be "holy waters." Holy because they have been touched by the finger of God. Then he takes his staff and strikes a rock and a fountain of water gushes up. He calls it "the fountain of life." He trusts that "little fawn" in his night while I quench my thirst? Then the leaves begin to sway and sigh. That peace of the woods comes over the happy prophet, as he says: "The hills are the mountains. God has made the gold. God has made the silver and the precious stones buried here. He has made the woods of the mountains, the trees and the moss, the birds and the flowers and the brightly colored leaves. He has made the brooks to sing as well as his feathered songsters. Truly God is the God of peace, the God of joy, the God of happiness. If man is unhappy, then it is because as a sinner he is out of touch with God." Do you feel that in the symbols of the gold, the silver, the precious stones and the moist, fragrant leaves of the woods Amos is speaking to-day?

The God of peace of the mountains is also the God of forgiveness and pardon. We see the strong limbed hunter start forth for the chase. There is health and vigor in every swing. Or we see the Alpine climber go forth not to conquer, but to enjoy the view and to win exhilaration from unscathed heights. The prime of manhood is there. The bravery that flinches not when its eye looks into the open jaws of death is there. The young man is angler wading up and down the trout streams. But, as I see the sportsman and the man of health hunting or fishing or climbing in the mountains, I also see the poor invalid crawling there or being carried there on a stretcher, listlessly in an armchair. His eyes have an unnatural luster; his cheeks are flushed; he coughs much; he has the awful pain in his chest. Then I see him under the shadow of the hills, the ozone of the Adirondacks or the Alps, growing stronger and stronger. The cough grows less and less and finally dies away. The tottering gait is changed for the healthful stride. The invalid who was carried to the woods goes forth well and physically renovated. Oh, why cannot the God of the hills be to-day the God of health? Cannot he, will not he cure that old chronic disease of sin which has been curing us for many years? Cannot he will he do this, if we only climb up to him on the Mount of Transfiguration and throw ourselves at his feet as we cry, "Jesus, my Saviour, my Lord?"

But I must not stop here, I say, if I would. The love of God is found in the strength of the hills, but God's limit of forgiveness and pardon are found there also. Though God is ready to receive us if we come to him now, the figure of my text distinctly proves that there will come a time when he will say: "Not unto all who call Lord, Lord, unto me will I open unto them, for unto many in that day I will say, I know you not." The future destruction of the hills symbolizes it.

In Java, a few years ago, the great Krakatoa volcano, after erupting for a few days, suddenly exploded. The island of Java was literally split in twain. Sixty thousand corpses floated upon the surface of the sea. A great tidal wave forty feet high arose and swept on and lifted a German man-of-war and carried it twenty miles inland, and there left it stranded. Java is to-day over 200 miles from India. There are many reasons to believe that this island was once connected with the mainland. The inhabitants of India and Java have the same customs. They speak about the same language. They worship the same gods. In their forests they hunt the same kinds of wild beasts as are found in India. Yet all of that connecting belt of 200 miles of land with its mountains has entirely disappeared. As the God of the hills is some day going to destroy his mountains, some day He is going to destroy our rejected opportunities for salvation. Thus, my friends, as we look off unto the hills as do the psalmist, do you not find in the future destruction of these hills the foreshadowed rejection of souls that have refused year after year to come and bow at the foot of the cross which was once planted upon the top of a small mountain called Calvary?

How many people are hugging to their hearts the false hope that the mountains of God's pardon will remain firm for them to climb, even from the weakness and helplessness of a deathbed? Do not procrastinate. I have read of travelers lost on the desert. Without a drop of water, with swollen lips and thick tongues, they staggered on until they dropped. Suddenly off in the distance they saw a beautiful mountain. There the streams were flowing and the rustling leaves and the singing brooks were calling them to come and drink and live. The dying men were aroused. They rushed on toward this beautiful mountain until, in a moment, it disappeared. It was nothing but a mountain of optical illusion, a mountain of mist, a mountain of false hopes, a mountain which was a mirage. So will it be with those who are forever putting off their opportunities for salvation. May God send us, one and all, not to follow the delusive hope that in some future time we can seek pardon. He promises to pardon not to-morrow, but to-day. Come into the mountains of Salvation. Come into the mountains of His forgiveness, of His strength, of His love. Come and stand upon the mountain of Calvary, with all its pardon, with all its atonement. There you shall find peace and joy. This Calvary is a mountain which "not a mirage, it shall never fade away."

Minard's Liniment, Relieves Neuralgia Popular prices—The best to be seen for such money. Boys' suits \$2.50 at Paton's. 21d 3f.

Most Women are Willing to Save 50c. on a Pair of Shoes

We have squeezed a lot of nonsense out of the shoe business with TRU-FIT \$2.50 shoes for women.



We have proved to hundreds of women that TRU-FIT shoes have the style and comfort—good looks and service—of higher priced shoes. We have shown that the only difference between TRU-FIT and most \$3.00 shoes is the difference in price.

We stake our reputation on each individual shoe by branding it with this mark showing retail price.

Your dealer may not show them to you unless you ask for them.

The Ames, Holden Co. of Montreal, Ltd.

THE LARGEST SHOE MANUFACTURERS IN CANADA.

MONTREAL WINNIPEG TORONTO VANCOUVER ST. JOHN

FREDERICTON EXHIBITION!

Agricultural and Industrial Fair and Live Stock Show.

OPEN TO THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Fredericton, N. B.

Sept. 21, 22, 23, 25, 26, 27, 1905

6 DAYS BRIM FULL OF EDUCATION AND AMUSEMENT. 6 DAYS

NEW BRUNSWICK'S BIG FAIR.

BRIM FULL OF EDUCATION AND AMUSEMENT.

EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT AT LARGE EXPENSE OF

Danger-Defying Death-Defying Desperate Dare-Devil

DIABOLO

The Chasm-Vaulting Cyclist in his Tremendously Phenomenal feat of riding down a 90 foot incline on an ordinary safety bicycle and hurling himself and wheel through 40 feet of space, alighting on the broken pathway, miraculously resumed, and wheeling calmly to the ground.

Both Acts ABSOLUTELY FREE on the enclosed grounds twice each day.

3 DAYS—TROTting AND PACing—3 DAYS

Low Rates and Excursions on all Lines.

For Prize Lists, Entry Blanks and all information address

JOHN A. CAMPBELL, M.P.P., President. W. S. HOOPER, Secretary

820 (10 & 11) St. John

THE GRAND

Inter-Provincial Bazaar,

In Aid of St. Dunstan's Cathedral, will be held

in the

Cathedral Basement, Ch'town,

Beginning Monday, September 25th,

and will continue during the whole of EXHIBITION WEEK

Excelsent meals, (Dinner or Tea) will be provided for all visitors. There will also be a magnificent display of all that is good and serviceable on the different Fancy Tables, Apron Tables, Men's Furnishing Tables, Art Tables, Candy Tables, Doll Tables, Refreshment Tables, &c., &c.

The Basement Hall will be magnificently decorated for the occasion. Musical entertainments will be furnished every evening. Everything will be done to make visitors comfortable.

Come one, come all. Admission only 10 cents.

For those who purchase a Dinner or Tea Ticket at the door, admission will be free.

BY ORDER OF COMMITTEE.

12 we, sa tl 30th.

is probably the strongest reason for the great popularity of

Eddy's 'Silent' Parlor Match

Test them for yourself. Your grocer keeps them.

SCHOFIELD BROS.,

Selling Agents, St. John, N. B.

CHOOSE THE BEST

The Tobacco Epicure who does not use the HICKEY TWIST, PEARL OR RUBY

Has never derived that real enjoyment which is his. They are the gems of the pipe.

WICK CUT MIXTURES IN 1 AND 2 POUND TINS.

HICKEY & NICHOLSON,

Tobacco Manufacturers Queen St. Charlottetown, P. E. I.