



King of them all.

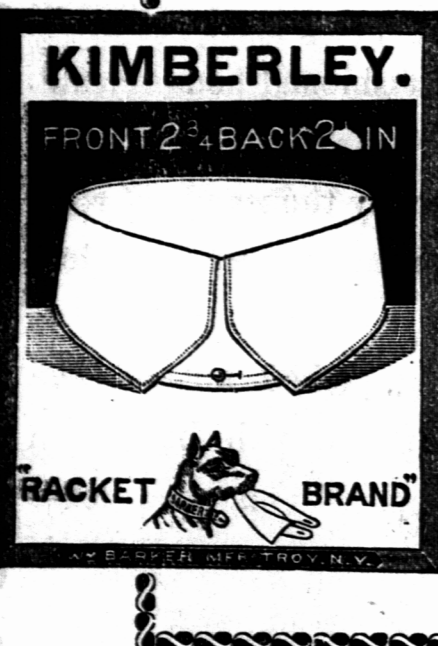
The "King Quality" shoe has been awarded the Gold Medal—the highest award at the Paris Exposition, where hundreds of makes from the best shoe factories of the world were also shown.

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Beauty of finish, handsome design, perfect fit—appearance, and comfort, with the price right.

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20c. each

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Manufacturer and dealer in all kinds of Tinware.

Sheet Metal Work **Hot Air Furnaces**

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General Assortment of Tinware Always on Hand.

Having spent several years in the United States I am now prepared to do small work up-to-date. Satisfaction guaranteed

Great George Street, Charlottetown.

FOR PROFITABLE AND SAFE.

INVESTMENT

BUY ROB ROY (15) OR COMSTOCK (10) SHARES.

SCOTTISH-CANADIAN. This Company owns the "Rob Roy" and a prominent English Mining Engineer has just written the Company for a second copy of Report on these "Rob Roy Mines." His principals are trying to get an interest in them and he had sent the first copy to them in England. The second copy was for one of England's leading Financial men who had asked to see the Report. Hence the request. Gentlemen of this stamp do not ask these things for fun! They are men of money and knowledge and the property must have value beyond the ordinary to cause this fuss!

It has and I knew it! My exploration of the Rob Roy leads me to believe that proper development will prove it a Bonanza and I can heartily recommend it as an investment.

COMSTOCK. This lies very close to Rob Roy and I know it almost as well as the Rob Roy, having been over it half a score of times. Comstock lies partly within the limits of Circle City Town—near and when the Railway (which is now being built) is finished, the terminus will be but a few hundred yards from the Comstock. This property has been opened up in three places, all showing up Ore and the Company can take out Ore right from the start. I consider this also, thoroughly safe as an investment. A few thousand Shares of non-transferable (pooled) Stock can yet be had at 5. Write me. It may pay you. Maps, etc on application.

A. E. WELCH,
35 G. MASONIC TEMPLE
LONDON, ONT

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON
(Continued from Third page.)

and keeping the body under, and about walking the narrow way and entering the straight gate and about carrying the cross? Is there to be no way of telling whether a man is a Christian except by his taking the communion chalice on sacramental day? May a man be as reckless about his thoughts, about his words, about his temper, about his amusements, after conversion as before? Alas, the words of Christ are so little heeded when he said, "Whoever doth not bear his cross and come after me cannot be my disciple." The church is fast becoming as bad as the world and when it goes as bad as the world it will be worse than the world by so much, as it will add hypocrisy of a most appalling kind to its other defects. Furthermore, many of our nets are torn to pieces by being entangled with other nets. It is a sad sight to see fishermen fighting about sea room and pulling opposite directions, each to get his net, both nets damaged by the struggle and losing all the fish. In this land, where there are more than 70,000,000 not in the Sunday school and churches. In such an Atlantic ocean of opportunity there is room for all the nets and all the boats and all the fishermen and for millions more. There should be no rivalry between churches. Each one does a work peculiar to itself. But there are cities in this country where there is now going on an awful ripping and rending and tearing of fishing nets. Indeed all over Christendom at this time there is a great war going on between fishermen, ministers against ministers.

Now, I have noticed a man cannot fish and fight at the same time. He either neglects his net or his musket. It is amazing how much time some fishermen have to look after other fishermen. It is more than I can do to take care of my own net. You see the wind is just right, and it is such a good time for fishing, and the fish are coming in so rapidly that I have to keep my eye and hand busy. There are about 200,000,000 souls wanting to get into the kingdom of God, and it will require all the nets and all the fishermen of Christendom to safely land them. Oh, brethren of the ministry, let us spend our time in fishing instead of fighting. But if I angrily jerk my net across your net, and you angrily jerk your net across mine, we will soon have two broken nets and no fish. The French revolution nearly destroyed the French fisheries, and ecclesiastical war is the worst thing possible while hauling souls into the kingdom. My friends, I notice in the text that James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, were busy not mending somebody else's nets, but mending their own nets, and I rather think that we are engaged in Christian work in this opening century will require all our spare time to mend our own nets. God help us in the important duty!

In this work of repair we need to put into the nets more threads of common sense. When we can present religion as a great practicality we will catch a hundred souls where now we catch one. Present religion as an intellectuality and we fail. Out in the fisheries there they set across the waters what are called gill nets, and the fish put their heads through the meshes and then cannot withdraw them, because they are caught by the gills. But gill nets cannot be of any service in religious work. Men are never caught for the truth by their heads; it is by the heart or not at all. No argument ever saved a man and no keen analysis ever brought a man into the kingdom of God. Heart work, not head work. Away with your gill nets! Sympathy, helpfulness, consolation, love, are the names of some of the threads that we need to weave in our gospel nets when we are mending them.

A SOOTHING OMNIPOTENCE.

Do you know that the world's heart is bursting with trouble and if you could make that world believe that the religion of Jesus Christ is a soothing omnipotence, the whole world would surrender tomorrow, yea, would surrender this hour? Why, that man seated next to you in church has on his soul a weight compared with which a mountain is a feather. That woman seated next to you in church has a grief the recital of which would make your body, mind and soul shudder.

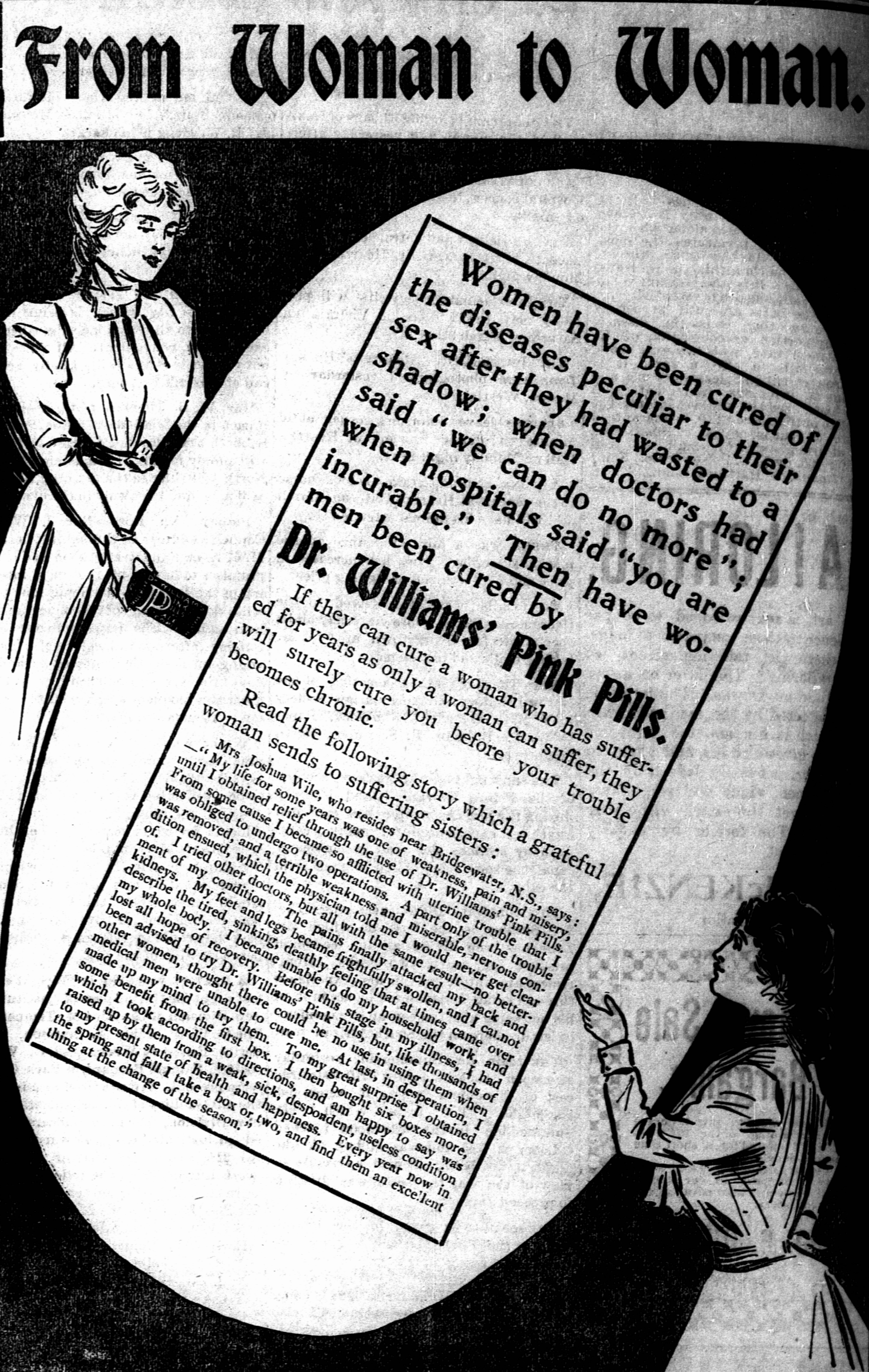
When you are mending your net for this wide, deep sea of humanity, take out that wire thread of criticism and that horsehair of harshness and put in a soft silken thread of Christian sympathy. Yea, when you are mending your nets tear out those old threads of gruffness and weave in a few threads of politeness and gentleness. In the house of God let all Christian faces beam with a look that means welcome. Say "good morning" to the stranger as he enters your pew and at the close shake hands with him and say, "How did you like the music?" Why, you would be to that man a panel of the door of heaven.

The object in fly fishing is to throw the fly far out and then let it drop gently down and keep it gently rising and falling with the waters and not plunge it like a man-of-war's anchor, and abruptness and harshness of manner must be avoided in our attempt at usefulness.

In addition to this we need to mend our nets with more threads of patience. But what a lack of patience if we do not immediately succeed in soul catching! We are apt to give it up and say, "I will never try again." Into all our nets we need to weave all along the edge and all through the centre great, strong, stout threads of Christian patience. How patient God has been with us! Can we not be patient with our fellows?

Again, in mending our nets we need also to put in the threads of faith and tear out all the tangled meshes of unbelief. Our work is according to our faith. The man who believes in only half a Bible or

From Woman to Woman.



Women have been cured of the diseases peculiar to their sex after they had wasted to a shadow; when doctors had said "we can do no more"; when hospitals said "you are incurable." Then have women been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

If they can cure a woman who has suffered for years as only a woman can suffer, they will surely cure you before your trouble becomes chronic.

Read the following story which a grateful woman sends to suffering sisters:

—Mrs. Joshua Wile, who resides near Bridgewater, N.S., says: "My life for some years was one of weakness, pain and misery. From some cause I became so afflicted with uric trouble that I was obliged to undergo two operations. A part only of the trouble was removed, and a terrible feeling that I could never get clear of. I tried other doctors, but all with the same result—no betterment of my condition. The pains finally attacked my back and kidneys. My feet and legs became frightfully swollen, and I lost all hope of recovery. I became deathly sick, and I had been advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but, like thousands of other women, thought there could be no use in using them when some benefit from a weak, sick, despondent, useless condition which I took according to directions, and am happy to say, raised up by them from a weak, sick, despondent, useless condition to my present state of health and happiness. Every year now in the spring and fall I take a box or two, and find them an excellent thing at the change of the season."

Throughout Canada—throughout the world—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have brought health and happiness to thousands of women, who for weeks, months, years, had suffered in silence. But you must get the genuine, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on every package. If your dealer does not keep these pills send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

the Bible in sorts, the man who thinks he cannot persuade others, the man who halts, doubting about this and doubting about that, will be a failure in Christian work. The rottenest thread to tear out of your net is unbelief, and the most important thread that you are to put in it is faith—faith in God, triumphant faith, everlasting faith.

MENDING THE NETS.

Oh, the important work of mending our nets! If we could get our nets right, we would accomplish more in soul saving in the next year than we have in the last 20 years. But where we shall get them mended? Better stay in the gospel boat where you have all the means for mending your net. What are they? do you ask. I answer, all you need you have where you are—namely, a Bible and a place to pray. The more you study evolution and adopt what is called advanced thought, the more useless you will be. Stay in the ship and mend your net. That is where James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, stayed. That is where all who get their nets mended stay.


I notice that all who leave the gospel boat and go ashore to mend their nets stay there. Or if they try again to fish they do not catch anything. Get out of the gospel boat and go into the world to get your net mended, and you will live to see the day when you will feel like the man who, having forsaken Christianity, sighed, "I would give a thousand pounds to feel as I did in 1823." The time will come when you would be willing to give a thousand pounds to feel as you did in 1801. These men who have given up their religion cannot help you a bit.

These dear brethren of all denominations, afflicted with theological fidgets, had better go to mending nets instead of breaking them. Before they break up the old religion let them go through some great sacrifice for God that will prove them worthy of such a work taking the advice of Talleyrand to a man who wanted to upset the religion of Jesus Christ a new one when he said, "Go and be sacrificed and then raise yourself from the grave the third day." Those who propose to mend their nets by secular and skeptical books are like a man who has just one week for fishing; and six of the days he spends in reading Izaak Walton's Complete Angler and Wheatley Rod and Line and Scott's Fishing In Northern Waters and Pullman's Vade Mecum of Fly Fishing For Trout, and then on Saturday morning his last day out, goes to the river to ply his art. But that day the fish will not bite and late on Saturday night he goes to his home with empty basket. Alas, alas! if when the Saturday night of our life drops on us it shall be found that we have spent our time in the libraries of worldly philosophy trying to mend our nets, and we have only a few souls to report as brought to God through our instrumentality while some humble

273261 fishermen his library made up of a Bible and an almanac shall come home laden with the results, his trophies all the soul's within 15 miles of his log cabin meeting house.

In the time of great disturbance in Naples in 1649 Massaniello, a barefooted fishing boy, dropped his fishing rod and by strange magnetism took command of that city of six hundred thousand souls. He took off his fighting jacket and put on a robe of gold in the presence of howling mobs. He put his hand on his lip as a signal, and they were silent. He waved his hand away from him, and they returned to their homes. Armies passed in review before him. He became the nation's idol. The rapid rise and complete supremacy of that young fisherman Massaniello, has no parallel in all history. But something equal to that and better than that is an everyday occurrence in heaven. God takes some of those who were in this world fishers of men and who toiled humbly, but because of the way they mended their nets and employed their nets after they were mended. He suddenly hoists them robes them and sceptres them and crowns them and makes them rulers over many cities, and He marches armies of saved ones before them in review. Massaniello unbonored on earth, but radiated in heaven. The fisher boy of Naples soon lost his power, but those people of God who have kept their nets mended and rightly swung them shall never lose their

(Continued on Last Page.)



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good time keeping results, but your guaranteed Watches and you will pay no more than is often asked for the inferior kind, which are not satisfactory and require constant attention and expense.

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