

Asthma

"One of my daughters had a terrible case of asthma. We tried almost everything, but without relief. We then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and three and one-half bottles cured her."—Emma Jane Entsminger, Langsville, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral certainly cures many cases of asthma.

And it cures bronchitis, hoarseness, weak lungs, whooping-cough, croup, winter coughs, night coughs, and hard colds.

Three sizes: 25c., enough for an ordinary cold; 50c., just right for bronchitis, hoarseness, hard colds, etc.; \$1., most economical for chronic cases and to keep on hand.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

A Broken Record.

Young Dunderhead's proud mother tells her friends that he has certainly broken the record. Only four years out of college—that is, of course, he didn't graduate, but he left four years ago, you know—and here he is purchasing agent for International Ivory at a salary of \$12,000. She says she has often remarked to her husband, who has the controlling interest in International, that she does not believe there was ever such an instance of rapid advancement of the young man under the regime of competition.

Samuel Schwalm, who was disinherited by his father because he deserted the Democratic party, died on Thursday last at his home in Valley View, Pennsylvania, aged 76 years. He went away to the civil war a Democrat, and when he returned he identified himself with the Republican party.



Mrs. Emmons, saved from an operation for Ovaritis, tells how she was cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I am so pleased with the results I obtained from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I feel it a duty and a privilege to write you about it.

"I suffered for over five years with ovarian troubles, causing an unpleasant discharge, a great weakness, and at times a faintness would come over me which no amount of medicine, diet, or exercise seemed to correct. Your Vegetable Compound found the weak spot, however, within a few weeks—and saved me from an operation—all my troubles had disappeared, and I found myself once more healthy and well. Words fail to describe the real, true grateful feeling that is in my heart, and I want to tell every sick and suffering sister. Don't dally with medicines you know nothing about, but take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and take my word for it, you will be a different woman in a short time."—Mrs. LAURA EMMONS, Walkerville, Ont.—\$5000 forfeit (if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Don't hesitate to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about your case which you do not understand. She will treat you with kindness and her advice is free. No woman ever regretted writing her and she has helped thousands. Address is LYNN, Mass.

Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
BEST FOR THE BOWELS
Genuine stamped C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

Capudine
Cures Nervousness AND NERVOUS HEADACHE.
10, 25 and 50c. at Drugstores.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

A SERMON FOR SUNDAY

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE ENTITLED "THE END OF TIME."

The Rev. Dr. David J. Burrell Discourses Instructively on a Theme That in Less Eloquent Mouths Might Seem Threadbare—Economize Fragments of Time.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Rev. Dr. David James Burrell, pastor of the Marble Collegiate Church, Fifth avenue and Twenty-ninth street, preached on "The End of Time." He took his text from Revelations x: 5 and 6: "And the angel which I saw stand upon the sea and upon the earth lifted up his hand to heaven, and swore by Him that liveth forever and ever, who created heaven, and the things that therein are, and the earth, and the things that therein are, and the sea, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer."

Our theme is a trifle threadbare, but perhaps none the less profitable on that account. It is an easy matter to make a homily on time, but not all homilies are as much to the point as that of the court jester Jacques:

"Good morrow, fool," quoth I.
"No, sir," quoth he:
"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune."

And then he drew a dial from his poke, And, looking on it with lack-luster eye, Says very wisely, "It is ten o'clock; Thus may we see," quoth he, "how the world wags; 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine; And after one hour more 'twill be eleven; And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and rot; And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot; And thereby hangs a tale."

Let this melancholy "tale" engage us for a while. The issues of interminable aeons may depend upon the attention we give to the circling hands on the dial. He who learns aright the lessons of time is ready to meet the responsibilities of eternity.

But what is time? "Time is money," they say. So far so good, if we would realize it. A man went into Benjamin Franklin's book store and inquired the price of a volume. "One dollar," was the clerk's answer. "Call your employer," said the would-be purchaser. When Franklin was asked the price of the volume he answered, "One dollar and a quarter." "Why, your clerk asked only a dollar." "To be sure, but you called me from my printing press and I am charging you for my time." The man argued and remonstrated in vain. Presently he said, "Now, Mr. Franklin, really what is your lowest figure for this book?" "One dollar and a half." "Preposterous! You only asked me a dollar and a quarter." "Yes, but my time is valuable, and every minute sends the book up." This was sound philosophy and good business. If our days and hours were all marked with a price in plain figures we should probably be less profligate of them. We have no such scruple about wasting time as we would have in throwing gold eagles into the sea.

But time is more than money. It is "the stuff that life is made of." It stands for privilege, opportunity, responsibility, judgment, heaven or hell. You may throw away a dollar and earn another, but no two moments overlap. The last one said farewell forever; the next is—already gone! Time is a talent, a talent of gold stamped with the image and superscription of the King. God made it, as He made the trees and mountains, and He owns it. He has entrusted it to us, to be put at usury for Him. "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed Me, saith the Lord of hosts." The misappropriation or misuse of days and hours and moments is as really dishonest as the tapping of an employer's till. This is a serious matter, and gives us sufficient food for thought, if our question were pushed no further. But we cannot stop here.

I asked an aged man with hoary hairs, wrinkled and curved with many worldly cares, "Time is the warp of life," he said, "O tell the young, the fair, the brave to use it well."

I asked the mighty angel and silvery spheres, Those bright chronometers of passing years; They answered, "Time is but a meteor's glare." And bade me for eternity prepare.

I asked the mighty angel who shall stand one foot on sea, the other on the land; "Mortal," he cried, "the mystery is o'er; Time was, time is, but time shall be no more!"

A step further brings us to the inquiry, What is time for? or to what end has this momentous trust been reposed in us? Let it be understood that time is not for us to live in. We are not ephemera; we live forever. Time is given us for preparation. This is only the antechamber of life, where we stand waiting until the door opens and we pass in. Death is the angel that opens the door. The only reason why we fear death is because we know that as time leaves us eternity finds us. Death ends probation. We cross the line with our characters crystallized: "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still; he that is holy, let him be holy still." These are our school-days; death is "commencement." Here we serve an apprenticeship; death is going to work.

The other day a young newspaper reporter said to me, on my refusing an interview: "I wish you would help me along. I'm on probation, and whether I get an engagement or not depends upon my success in this sort of thing." I wonder how some of the people who are now wasting their probation can expect to be taken into service in the kingdom of God. What can they do? Let the great Employer ask them, "What can you do?" How will it seem to answer, "I can sell dress goods; I can lead the German; I can make money or spend it; I can drive a bargain; I can sail a schooner or run an engine; I can receive and entertain; I can make money?" These may be good as far as they go, but, in all soberness, how far do they go as a preparation for the tasks of heaven? Do you know, friend, how to comfort the grief-stricken and rescue the wondering? How to minister to the need of the wounded traveler on the Jericho road? How to give the cup of cold water to one of God's little ones? How to point a penitent sinner to the lamb of God? How to speak the praises of the One altogether lovely? How to sing "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty?" If not, what a bewildering sort of place heaven would be to you! What are you fit for? Heaven is no place for unskilled labor. What can you do? Time is given you for this very purpose, to get ready for the things further on.

But how much time have we? Enough; no more, no less. It is distributed "to every one according to his several ability." A short life is long enough, and the longest life is short enough for what must be done in it." Seneca said, "We complain of the shortness of time and yet we have

more than we know what to do with. Our lives are spent in doing nothing at all, nothing to the purpose or nothing that we ought to do. We are ever complaining that our days are few and acting as if they were without end.

We have time enough for work. An "eight-hour day" is a purely artificial thing. God never made it. "Are there now twelve hours in the day?" God's day in which "man goeth to his work" is from morning until evening, and there is not too much of it.

We have time enough for recreation. No man is at liberty to overwork or to work without relaxing. "All work and no play" makes Jack not only a dull but an unprofitable boy. No business should ever be so absorbing as to crowd out other things that contribute to the health and symmetry of life. More men die of a "quick lunch" than of hunger. Not a few famish on the banks of hurried devotion. "Too busy, too busy!" and the trumpet sounds!

We have time enough for physical rest. The night is for sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." Nor is the night too long, though many people act as if they thought it so.

We have time enough for devotion. All the days are God's days, but of one it is written, "The Lord blessed the Sabbath day and hallowed it." I have known a man to curtail his rest six nights in the week and recuperate on Sunday. This is robbing God. The night and the Sabbath have separate uses. Christ said, "The Sabbath was made for man." It was made to conserve our highest interests as children of God. It is not enough that we should close the shop; we must open the windows of our souls toward God. The Sabbath is a "hallowed" or holy day. The Lord knew how busy we would be on the secular days—so busy that we are likely to give little or no thought to spiritual things—wherefore He said, "I will give them a day for their souls; when they may come up into the mountains and breathe the clear air with Me."

So He has given us time divided and adjusted to our needs, and it behooves us to make an economical use of it. Some people are always in haste; others are always behind time. It was a wise saying of Flavel, "To come before the opportunity is to come before the bird is hatched; to catch the bird is to have it come at once after the opportunity is to come at once after the bird is hatched." Every hour, every moment strikes its own balance. Postponement is profligacy. Procrastination is a spendthrift as well as a thief. It was Lord Chesterfield, one of the worldliest of men, who wrote to his son, "Never put off until to-morrow what you can do to-day."

But the worst of all capital crimes is "killing time." The phrase is significant—significant of murder most foul. The youth who seeks to quiet memory and an uneasy conscience by plunging into dissipation; the old social campaigner who wanders about with a worn-out stomach and a wizened heart in search of pastures new; the devotee of fashion, whose idle days are spent in recovering from worse than idle nights—these are all chroniclers, and they are moral suicides as well.

Oh, the waste, the frightful, irrevocable waste! Dreaming empty dreams, building castles in the air, fighting specters and windmills, entertaining vain regrets and foolish hopes, brooding on old grudges, tearing characters to tatters over the tea cups, borrowing trouble, writing books that never will be published nor ought to be, groaning over imaginary aches and pains, crossing bridges before we come to them—what a large part of life these fill! And every moment lost this way is lost to self culture, lost to humanity, filched from the service of God.

The world is full of commonplace people who have squandered their birthright and fallen short of all the large possibilities of their being through the misuse of time. They sit tilted back in their chairs and twiddling their thumbs while Waterloo is being fought, and they wake up and begin to fret when nothing is going on. They never catch up with themselves. The "more convenient season" leads them a stern chase year in and year out.

One of the valuable secrets of success is knowing how to economize the fragments of time. An hour seems a little matter, but you can read twenty quarto pages in an hour, and an hour a day for four years would carry you through the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Ten minutes are hardly worth considering, yet Longfellow in his youth translated Dante's "Inferno" in the ten minutes day after day while he waited for his coffee to boil. "Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost." While Professor Mitchell was in charge of a division during the Civil War he said to a young officer: "You excuse yourself on the ground that you are only a few minutes late. Sir, I have been in the habit of calculating the value of a millionth part of a second!" It is the loss of time, a little here and a little there, that makes life a failure and eternity an irremediable disappointment.

Will there be an end of time? Aye, when eternity begins. The life beyond is unconditioned by the falling sands of the hour glass. At the sounding of the seventh trumpet, John the seer, arrayed in majesty, with one foot planted on the sea and the other on the land, who proclaimed the end of the present cycle: "There shall be time no longer!" But to all intents and purposes death marks the end of time for every man. Probation is over, once for all. The present probation would, indeed, be a farce, if there were another after it. The fabric is lifted from the loom and there is no gathering up its loose ends. School is out and life begins. Therefore, whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, and do it here and now; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom on the grave point. "No man has learned anything rightly until he knows that every day is doomsday," for every day and every hour has the issues of eternity wrapped up in it. In hoc momento pendit eternitas. The time to will, to choose, to act is now. If sin is to be repented of, repent now. If Christ is to be accepted, accept Him now. Now is the accepted time and to-day is the day of salvation. "The golden opportunity is never offered twice; seize thou the hour when fortune smiles and duty points the way."

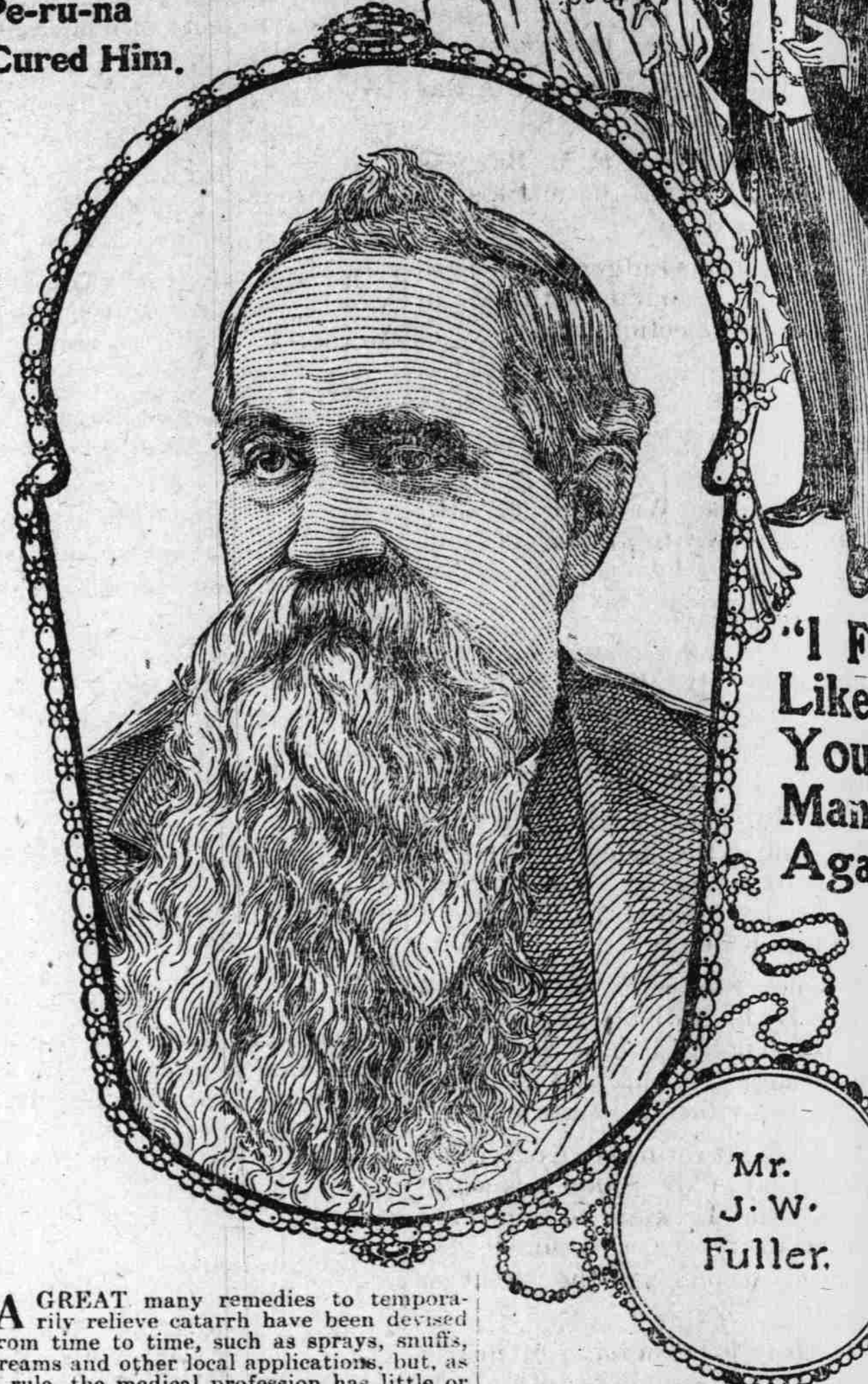
God's Opportunity.

Some one has said that "each human life is another opportunity for God to display His grace and power." So it is and the thought will grow upon you as you meditate upon it. Just think, "I am God's opportunity!" Isn't it wonderful! Isn't it glorious! When we look at others whom God has richly blessed and honored in service, can we see how it is, but do we ever think of ourselves as God's opportunity? Every one that responds to God's call, "Come!" gives God a large place in the world. Every one who obeys God's command, "Go!" assists God in gaining a larger place in the hearts of men. Every regenerated heart and life is a new garden in which God plants His seeds of love and grace; a fountain out of which flow constant streams of healing power. Take it home and say to yourself, "I am God's opportunity." Be that, and your life will become unutterably grand, and your experience unpeakably sweet. — Presbyterian Journal.

PRESIDENT FULLER OF THE JEWELERS' ASSOCIATION

Threatened With Loss of Hearing, Smell and Sight From the Ravages of Catarrh.

Pe-ru-na Cured Him.



"I Feel Like a Young Man Again"

A GREAT many remedies to temporarily relieve catarrh have been devised from time to time, such as sprays, snuffs, creams and other local applications, but, as a rule, the medical profession has little or no enthusiasm in the treatment of catarrh. It is generally pronounced by them to be incurable.

It therefore created a great sensation in medical circles when Dr. Hartman announced that he had devised a compound which would cure catarrh permanently. The remedy was named Peruna, and in a short time became known to thousands of catarrh sufferers north, south, east and west.

Letters testifying to the fact that Peruna is a radical cure for catarrh began to pour in from all directions. Thousands of such letters are on file in the office of The Peruna Medicine Co. Rev. E. Stubenvoll, Pella, Wis., writes: "I feel obliged to extend you my personal thanks for my complete restoration. All through the winter I suffered from throat and lung trouble, but recovered my entire health by the use of your excellent remedy, Peruna."

The following letter from a prominent gentleman of Los Angeles is a case in point: Mr. J. W. Fuller, President of the Jewelers' Association of Los Angeles, Cal., has been in business in that city for seventeen years out of the forty-five that he has been engaged in business. Concerning his experience with Peruna he says: "I was troubled with catarrh of the head for many years. It affected my sense of smell, hearing and sight. I

spent lots of money with doctors and the use of local applications to relieve me, but to no purpose, until attention was called to the wonderful effects of Peruna.

"I must say that I met with most surprising and satisfactory results. Peruna took hold of the complaint and drove it entirely out of my system."

"Although well along toward the allotted span of man's life I am pleased as a child over the results and feel like a young man again."
J. W. Fuller.

Such letters as the above are not used for publication except by the written permission of the writer.

A pamphlet filled with such letters will be sent to any address free. This book should be read by all who doubt the curability of catarrh.

If you do not receive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

So. 11.

Charles J. Capen, senior master of the Boston Latin School, has been a teacher in that institution for fifty years. Last week his friends presented the school with a handsome portrait in oil of the veteran instructor. While Mr. Capen's record is remarkable, that of Miss Harriet Caryl, of the same city is more so. Miss Caryl entered the high school as a pupil in 1852, the year the institution was founded, and three years later became a teacher. She has remained in that position continuously ever since.

The presence of bacteria in the waters of the Mississippi River at St. Louis was asserted before Special United States Supreme Court Commissioner Frank S. Bright, in the hearing of the Chicago Drainage Canal case yesterday. Dr. Amand Ravold told of tests taken two years ago, showing 33,500 bacteria in sixteen drops of water taken from the Chain of Rocks, eighteen miles north of St. Louis. "The destructive power of this number of bacteria is all sufficient to cause serious

A woman can hate what a man does yet love him for doing it.

THE TEST OF GOLD.

A Vast Number of Kidney Suffering People, Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills say but for the Free Trial they would still be in Agony. This means Golden Merit at your Command to Test.

COLUMBUS CITY, IA., Feb. 10, 1903. — I received the sample package of Doan's Kidney Pills and took them according to directions. They did me so much good, I procured a 50-cent box at the drug store and have been greatly benefited. I had the backache so bad I could hardly walk; also had urinary troubles, that caused me to get up two and three times of a night. I am all right now. Long may Doan's Pills prosper. Yours truly, A. C. SIRE.

Severe and long standing cases should take advantage of free Medical Advice.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Feb. 17, 1903. — I received the trial package of Doan's Kidney Pills promptly and can truly say they are all and even more than recommended. I suffered continually with a severe pain in the back, which the pills entirely overcame, and I am able to work, which would not have been possible but for Doan's Kidney Pills. Mrs. J. A. SCHLAMB, 955 Buchanan St., Grand Rapids, Mich.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and joint pains overcome. Swelling of limbs and dropsy signs vanish. They correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness.

FREE — SEALED WITH PUBLIC APPROVAL



Please send me by mail, without charge, trial box Doan's Kidney Pills.

Name _____
Post-office _____
State _____

(Cut out coupon on dotted line and mail to Doan's Kidney Pills, P. O. Box 2631, Buffalo, N. Y.)
Medical Advice Free — Strictly Confidential