

THE CURSE OF LABOR

URNED BY THE WISE MAN INTO HIS
GREATEST BLESSING.

TO MAKE LIFE WORTH LIVING.

The Worker, the Dear For Mankind, the
Emulation to Be the Greatest, "the
Servant of All," Is the Greatest Factor
in Our Earthly Pilgrimage That Makes
Up the Joy of Living.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Can-
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Chicago, Oct. 18.—In this sermon the preacher scathingly exposes and denounces the national evil of gam-
bling, which has spread to all classes
and conditions of men. He utters a
wholesome and timely protest against
those forms of the mania which are
corrupting our social and business life.
The text is Genesis iii, 19, "In the
sweat of thy face shalt thou eat
bread."

Some years ago I was walking in
beautiful Fairmount park, Philadel-
phia, with my father. He suddenly
turned and said to me: "Frank, next
week I am going to write a sermon
upon the question 'Is life worth liv-
ing?' I am going to show that the
solution of that question is condi-
tional. Whether life is or is not
worth living depends upon how you
live it. If a man lives in this world
with the idea that he is only to
receive and not to give, if he is
cursed with the enervating conviction
that he must be carried around on
a litter and if he does not want to
be a worker, a laborer, a doer for
mankind, then life is not worth liv-
ing. The sooner that man is dead
the better. But if a man goes
through this world realizing the
glorious opportunities of Christian
usefulness and if he is willing to
spend and be spent for others, then
life is worth living. Then the longer
we live on earth the happier we shall
be and the more we shall make others
happy."

But, though at the Edenic ex-
pulsion the divine command was given,
"By the sweat of thy face shalt thou
eat bread," yet from time immemorial
there have been thousands upon
thousands of men and women who
have tried to shirk the obligations
of labor which God has placed at
every hearthstone. They have been
seeking a means whereby through the
opened door of the Roman temple er-
ected to Fortuna, the goddess of
chance, they could possess a fortune
without working for it or without
contributing anything to the world
in return for it. They would be
wreckers pure and simple. They
would become vampires upon the so-
cial organism, sucking out the life's
blood of others. They would drink
yet never themselves become foun-
tains of water at whose sparkling
springs others might quench their
parching thirst.

In every age there have been thou-
sands upon thousands of devotees at
Fortuna's shrine. They are blind
worshippers of a blind goddess. The
ancient Romans showed their wisdom
in picturing her with eyes shut and
large wings at her feet. She sees
nothing of the sacrifices of her wor-
shippers, and she cares nothing for
heartbreak of those who have given
her their all. She cares not whose
fortune she snatches away. When she
gathers up the gold in her arms those
wings on her feet can make her and
her treasure disappear as quickly as
a roulette wheel can whirl,
as quickly as a man's deed for his
house can change hands at the turn-
ing of a card, as quickly as a race
horse can travel about the track of
a derby. The goddess of chance can
fly away so quickly that in an in-
stant a man can be ruined for time
and for eternity.

My theme is defiant gambling. De-
fiant, yes! The gambler defies God
and in utter recklessness stakes his
fortune in this world and his hopes
of the next. The accused evil is a
violation of God's laws as well as
man's. Defiant because when the win-
nings and losses of a gambler's life-
time are balanced it will inevitably
be found that the demon Fortuna has
robbed her victim both of his soul
and his pocketbook.

Gambling is robbery. It takes
wealth and gives nothing in return.
It puts a man's copper into the
world's treasury. It plants no seed.
It digs no gold from the mine. It
grows no wool upon the sheep's
back. It builds no steamship lines.
It manufactures no goods, and it re-
tails no finished products. It does
nothing for national or social de-

velopment. Its mission is always
ruinous. Ever does it raise a black
flag of death and never the white
flag which should always be carried
by the "heroes of peace."

Gambling cannot even lay claim
to the indirect advantages which a
legitimate business provides for the
community. Every legitimate
business is a benefit to mankind.
When a man like old Commodore
Vanderbilt started out to make a
success in this world not even his
most intimate friends could charge
him with being an intentional phil-
anthropist. Any one who had any
financial dealings with old Cornelius
always knew that he was looking out
first and last for himself, and for
himself alone. But when Cornelius
Vanderbilt in the legitimate role of
railroad developer served himself he
was also serving mankind. His rail-
roads gave employment to thousands
and tens of thousands of men and
supported those men's families. His
iron roads developed whole regions
in the west which would never have
been opened by any other pioneer
than the Cyclopean eye of the loco-
motive's headlight. When old Cor-
nelius Vanderbilt made millions of
dollars for himself he also made mil-
lions for his employees and hundreds
of millions for his country. But
what increase of capital did the
world receive, in 1861, when a man
of the name of Garcia at the Hom-
burg gambling resort won in one
night 1,750,000 francs.

When, under the evil manipulations
of the Wall street gamblers, the rail-
road stock of a large corporation is
"watered" and its price made to
jump up and fall as the thermom-
eter's quick silver drops at the touch
of the October frosts, and thousands
upon thousands of small gamblers
upon "margins" and not as a true
investment are frozen out, does such
Wall street gambling build one
freight car or span one river with a
new bridge or erect one new depot or
upholster one Pullman sleeper? The
Puritans used to call a pack of
cards the "devil's prayer book." Did
you ever hear of the "devil's prayer
book" teaching the gambler how he
could be a producer and not a des-
troyer? No, my friends, no, no, no!
Thus, my brother, I congratulate
you if you have never been a gam-
bler or in league with gamblers. I
congratulate you if you are one of
those men unwilling to be a parasite,
a vampire or absorbent of other men's
industries. Never have any dealings
in any way with defiant gambling.

The gambling passion not only
robs men of their fortunes, but de-
moralizes their minds. It unites its
victims for the common duties of
ordinary life. It overstimulates the
brain and the imagination until after
awhile work—honest, hard, practical
work—has for the gambler's diseased
mind the same kind of repulsion that
a glass of rich dairy milk has for
the inflamed throat of a chronic
drunkard or the sight of a clear, cool
stream of water for the bloodshot
eye of a mad dog whose tongue and
mouth are covered with the white
foam of fatal hydrophobia.

The healthful desire for work and
the gambler's passion do not nest in
the same heart. They belong not to
the same brood of children. They
are never nourished by the same
mother. When the young man fresh
from a Christian home first hears
the rattle of a dice box and is led
into the sanctum sanctorum of the
baccarat seance all his noblest sensi-
bilities are intensely shocked. But
as his astonished eyes see great piles
of coin and greenbacks being passed
across the table after awhile fasci-
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gole and banded to the gates of
ordinary life, the crazed enthusiast
will haunt the gaming table as he
once gladly sought his study desk or
the storeroom counter.

Young men, I solemnly appeal to
you. Some of you have already
heard the sound of the clicking rou-
lette wheel. Are you going to throw
your life away at the altar of
chance? Are you going to unfit
yourself for the duties of life by
the gambler's craze? I assure you
that without bravely and faithfully
fulfilling the ordinary daily tasks
you will never succeed in anything.
The evil demon called Fortuna will
beggar you and enslave you. An
old Spanish proverb says, "The free
man who deliberately sells himself
into voluntary servitude is a fool."
Are you going to be a fool, as
ninety-nine hundredths of all men
who gamble become perpetual fools?

The goddess of chance not only
strips a man of what he has saved,
but she also robs him of the position
by which he can earn honestly
his daily bread.

I charge upon this gambling mania
a direct robbery of the Christian
world in that by besetting legitimate
recreations with its foul touch it has
made it impossible for decent men
to enjoy certain healthful relaxa-
tions. It is gradually stealing from
us the privilege of enjoying outdoor
sports and indoor games by identify-
ing them with betting and specula-
tion. Whenever the leprous hand of
the gambler is placed upon a game
that sport must be forever eschewed
by the good and the pure.

Now, my friends, I protest against
this all pervading gambling infamy.
I protest because it is no respect-
able for me to go and participate in
some of these outdoor sports which
are essential for mental and physical
relaxation. I protest against this
gambling infamy, degrading the foot-
ball field and the baseball diamond
because there is nothing wrong in
such games in themselves, but only
as the gambler's evil genius has
made them wrong. I protest, as
Robert E. Spear, the Princeton Ath-
lete, protested in his "Frank Talk
About Gambling and Betting," "It
is the contention," he wrote, "that
betting money is sportsmanlike. The
reverse is true. It is this that
introduces professionalism into col-
lege sports. When men stake money
they are willing to do dishonorable
things to shape the result so that
they will win. The introduction of
money is fatal. Betting is the dead-
ly foe of true sport."

But there is another reason why I
denounce defiant gambling. This evil
mania leads its victims to squander
other people's money as well as their
own. Now, I am not alluding to the
poor, half crazed clerk who will steal
from his employer in order to bet
on the races. I am not alluding to
the poor servant girl who opens her
mistress' pocketbook in order to take
out a fifty cent piece to squander in
a policy shop, or to the bank presi-
dent who, as trustee of an estate,
criminals sinks in wildcat specula-
tions the money intrusted to his
care. They are criminals, and they
know it.

Young man, you say that you own
your own money and have a right to
do with it as you will. No, you have
not. Where did you get that money?
"Oh," you say, "father left it to
me in his will." For what did he
leave it to you? Did he not leave it
as a trust? Did he not leave it to
you in order that you with it
could continue to spread abroad his
Christian influence? Money is a
representative word. Money trans-
lated into the ordinary lan-
guage of life means work and blood
and sweat and exhausted energy.
Money! Why that represents the wo-
man scrubbing at the tub and the
bookkeeper compiling his figures and
the nurse pouring out the medicines
and the carpenter building houses
and the flowers for the sick and the
gospel for the ignorant and depraved.
Do you mean to tell me, O man,
that at the gambling table you have
a right to squander your mother's
and father's substance like that? And
yet go into any one of the post-
graduate schools and colleges to-day
and you will find young men at the
gaming table not more surely de-
stroying themselves than squandering
the money that was won by the self-
denying sacrifices of parental lives.

"But," some one else says, "the
money I have is mine. Why? I did
not inherit it or have it given to me.
I made it. Therefore I have a right
to do with it as I please. Oh, no,
my brother, you have not. That
money which you made is not yours.
It belongs to your children. When
your little children came into the
world they brought to you certain
moral obligations. You had no right
to become a father unless you were
ready to the best of your ability to
look after your babies. That money
table means move that money. It
means your children's clothes, your
children's schooling, your children's
proper start in life. It would be
infinitely more humane for me to
gamble upon my mother's coffin lid
than to gamble away my children's
education and opportunities. The cold
lips of my dead mother could not
rebuke me, while the cracked, blis-
tering tongue of the outraged and
disgraced child of a heartless gam-
bler might curse my soul into the black
pit of eternal woe.

"But," says some one again, "it is
not certain that I should lose. If I
win at the gambling table I am
guiltless of the wrongs against par-
ents and children that you are de-
nouncing." Well, my brother, with
a gambling tendency you have no
right to suppose any such case. All
gamblers—shall I say all? Yes, practi-
cally all—ultimately lose every-
cent they ever win at Fortuna's al-
tar. There are practically no excep-
tions to this rule. Fortuna's temple
was built for the goddess of chance,
but in gambling there is no chance;
the devotee practically loses all. If
this statement is not true how can
you account for the fact that every
year the annual expenditures to run
Monte Carlo are \$5,000,000, and yet
each year the shareholders of that

even resort divide nearly \$3,000,000
profits? If this statement is not
true how can you account for the
fact that the Louisiana lottery was
able to expend millions upon mil-
lions of dollars every year for cor-
ruption and bribery and "public im-
provements" and taxes and yet was
able to make its owners millionaires
many times over? If this is not
true how can the great gambling es-
tablishments of the large cities pay
the police departments thousands
upon thousands of dollars as a sop
for them to keep their hands off, for
no gambling den is ever run in a
large city without the connivance of
the police, and also to furnish their
patrons courses of dinners, with wine,
all free of charge, and yet make hun-
dreds of thousands of dollars besides?

All "systems" which have ever
been devised to break the "bank of
chance" were failures, and they are
always sure to be failures. In a
Chinese temple I have seen the poor
invalids before a hideous idol of wood
make a prayer to their "god of
health" and then select at random
an arrow out of a wampum, with a
certain medicine marked upon it
and expect that that medicine would
cure them of their disease. So I have
seen poor dupes in Monte Carlo in
the same foolish way trying to work
out a "system" by which the god of
chance would give to them unlimited
wealth. As all such "systems" are
failures, will always be failures I
would to-day give you "a system"
which if worked out, will bring a
competency and eternal happiness if
not unlimited good. This is my sys-
tem: Never in your life try to pos-
sess a dollar unless you are ready
to give an equivalent in labor and
sweat and toil. Never spend a dol-
lar unless you have first earned it
and have it in your possession. Nev-
er run into debt. Never by specula-
tion or by progressive such party or
by "prizes" at church fair or by
"raffle" countenance in any way the
development of the gambling spirit
in others. Draw heavily from one
bank only, and that the great bank
of divine grace. Circulate in every
way its bank notes of kindness and
forgiveness and sympathy. Let your
one great purpose be not "how can
I make others serve me," but "how
can I serve others." Let your faith,
hope and peace be centred in Christ
the Saviour of men and make him
the Guide and King of your life.
Such a "system" as I have marked
out is a sure system. It is Christ's
system. It will never bankrupt you
this side of the grave except of your
sinful meanness. And it is sure to
bring you perfect peace beyond the
grave and give to you all the limit-
less wealth of the treasure city of
God. "In the sweat of thy brow
shalt thou eat bread."

RHEUMATISM CURED

A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG WAY
TO TREAT THE TROUBLE.

Liniments and Outward Applications
Cannot Cure—The Disease Must be
Treated Through the Blood.

Rheumatism is one of the most
common ailments with which human-
ity is afflicted, and there are few
troubles which cause more acute suf-
fering. There is a prevalent notion,
also, that if a person once contracts
rheumatism it is bound to return in
cold or damp weather. This is a
mistake; rheumatism can be thor-
oughly driven out of the system, but
it must be treated through the blood,
as it is a blood disease. Rubbing
the affected joints and limbs with
liniments and lotions will never
cure rheumatism, though per-
haps it may give temporary relief.
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have cured
more cases of rheumatism than per-
haps any other disease except an-
aemia. These pills drive the rheu-
matic poison out of the system by
their action on the blood, and the
trouble rarely returns if the treat-
ment is persisted in until the blood
is in a thoroughly healthy condition.

As an illustration of how even the
most aggravated forms of this
trouble yield to Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills, the case of Mr. J. J. Rich-
ards, of Port Colborne, Ont., may be
cited. Mr. Richards says:—"About
three years ago I suffered from a
most severe attack of rheumatism.
I could neither lie down nor sit up
with any degree of ease, and I am
quite sure only those who have been
similarly afflicted can understand
what agony I endured. I put myself
under the care of an excellent doctor
but got no benefit. Then I tried an-
other and still another, but with no
better results. By this time I had
become so reduced in flesh that
friends hardly knew me; I could not
move hand or foot and had to be
turned in bed in sheets. The pain I
endured was something awful. Then
I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills, and after taking a few
boxes there was an appreciable
change for the better; the pains be-
gan to leave me, and my joints be-
gan to limber. I kept on taking the
pills until I had used a dozen boxes,
by which time every trace of the
trouble had disappeared. I firmly
believe that had it not been for Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills I would have
been a rheumatic cripple for life."

These pills not only cure rheuma-
tism, but all other blood and nerve
diseases, such as anaemia, indiges-
tion, kidney troubles, neuralgia, par-
tial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, etc.
The genuine pills always bear the
full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
for Pale People," on the wrapper
around every box. Sold by all medi-
cine dealers at 50 cents a box, or six
boxes for \$2.50, or sent by mail,
post paid, by writing to the Dr.
Williams Medicine Co., Brookville,

When lost in a forest always go
down hill. When lost in a philoso-
phy of doctrine go upward.

A man can pocket his pride, but
what is a woman to do who has no
pockets?

Monkey Brand Soap cleans kitchen uten-
sils, steel, iron and tinware, knives and
forks, and all kinds of cutlery.

Bu Ju Bu Ju Bu Ju
The Kidney Pill

Differs from all other Kidney
remedies. It cures. What more
can be said? Try a box. If you
are not satisfied your money will
be cheerfully refunded. What
more can be done? Yes, it cures
Rheumatism, too.

Fifty Pills,
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drawers, \$6.
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in., top 18 in. x 36 in., 3 drawers, carved,
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and Princess styles, \$22, \$28, \$34,
\$42.

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550 " " 11c. "

550 " mixed 10c. "

All twine guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded.

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Corner of Colborne and Adelaide Streets,
CHATHAM.

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Discovery of the
age is
Paine's Celery
Compound.IT CURES AND PERMA-
NENTLY BANISHES

Rheumatism,
Sciatica and
Neuralgia.

It Straightens and Lim-
bers Twisted and Stiff
Joints and Muscles.



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