

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1904.

## AN ALL-KNOWING JUDGE

DECLARES FIRST SHALL BE LAST AND THE LAST SHALL BE FIRST.

## HONOR FOR SILENT WARRIORS

Those Who Are As Nothing in the Eyes of Men May Be First in the Sight of God—A Memorial Day Sermon to the Unknown Heroes of the Civil War of the United States.

Entered according to act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1904 by William Bailey, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 29.—In this sermon for Memorial Day the preacher pleads for justice and recognition for those who, though wearing no uniforms and bearing no weapons, yet served their country in its crisis as faithfully and patriotically as ever did soldier at the front of the battle line. The text in Matthew xix, 30, "Many that are first shall be last; and the last shall be first."

From time immemorial nations have honored their military chieftains. All Carthage knelt in reverence before the tombs of Hamilcar and Hannibal. All Italy praises Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel. In England the Duke of Wellington and Lord Napier sleep within St. Paul's cathedral under the most magnificent dome of all London. Westminster Abbey is the last resting place of scores of generals and admirals who have made England's name famous upon the land and upon the sea.

Not only do the modern nations honor the dead military chieftains, but also the living soldiers who have shed their blood upon hard fought battlefields. They honor not their generals only, but the humble privates who once carried the muskets in the ranks, or the petty non-commissioned officers, or the lieutenants, or captains of small company commands. When these soldiers die they are laid in the grave with military honors. When, as worn-out veterans, they are unable to look after themselves, then the best of "soldier homes" are provided for their retirement. England has placed the royal palace in the Isle of Wight, where Queen Victoria passed most of her life, at the service of her convalescent sailors. France has her beautiful retreat of the Invalides for her aged soldiers, in the midst of which the huge sarcophagus of her greatest warrior, whose dying request was this: "It is my wish that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the French people whom I loved so well." The finest sites near our own national capital and Milwaukee and Danville and Santa Monica are filled with the veterans of our own army, who were just as brave as any that wore the Confederate gray or the Federal blue, who laid down their lives upon the blood soaked soil of Vicksburg, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain or Atlanta.

On this Memorial Day I praise the unpraised southerner as well as the unpraised northerner. I believe the Civil War, bloody as it was, awful and terrific as it was, mortal as it was, with 1,000,000 dead, was worth all the sacrifice it cost. Why? Because once and for all it settled the vital and far reaching question that the United States Government forever was to be bounded on the east by the Atlantic, on the west by the Pacific, on the north by the Great Lakes and on the south by the Gulf. Though the United States proper comprises an area of 3,026,000 square miles, yet in that vast area, great as it is, there will never be room for more than one Government, any more than two queens can live within the same beehive. This question of one Government had to be settled once for all by the sword. If it had not been settled by a bloody conflict between the north and the south it certainly would have had to be settled later by a bloody conflict between the east and west. Thus I honor to-day the unpraised hero who in 1861 lived below the Mason and Dixon line as well as the unpraised hero of Michigan and Pennsylvania and New York and Maine.

First, on this Memorial Day, let us honor the statesmen in the Cabinet and the Legislators in the Capitol

who disturbed the National Government during those four years of trial. In the northern Capitol at Washington and in the Confederate Capitol at Richmond there were men as brave as those in the armies. Their duties were onerous, their responsibilities serious, their patriotism intense.

It is so easy to speak sneeringly of our Washington Legislators. It is so easy to call the United States Senate the "millionaires' assembly" or the "club of the old fogies." It is so easy to say the House of Representatives is a collection of nonentities, who are ruled for the most part by one or two men who crack the party whip over the backs of their fellows. But, my friends, I believe that by such speeches injustice is often done to able men. We have a right to assume that men who have been chosen by their fellow citizens to represent them in Congress are worthy men, and when we disparage them we disparage the citizens who elected them. The first great battles are not fought out with sword and cannon, but with tongue and pen in Legislative Assembly. The outcome of the terrific conflict of 1861 to 1865 would never have been the maintenance of the Union if Congress had not loyally supported President Lincoln during that eventful period. Aye, there were giants in those days. But the giants upon Capitol Hill, whose moral courage and unwavering loyalty were tried and proved, deserve our honor as much as do the giants fighting at the front.

On this Memorial Day the brother who stayed at home and worked the farm should be praised as well as the young man who went to the front and was mentioned for a heroic deed in the commander's despatch. The young man who sank his personality in the more common but equally needful duties of home life might have been even braver and more unselfish than the soldier boy who marched down the main street of his native town or city.

Let me illustrate what I mean by praising the boy who stayed at home to work the farm. Some time ago I was attending a soldiers' reunion. It was a most impressive spectacle, that assembly of aged men. Yes, the ranks of the old soldiers are thinning very rapidly. We shall not have them with us long. But, though these veterans were very old, when they began to tell their campfire stories, as their narrative proceeded they seemed to become boys again. Among the stories told was one I shall never forget. "Did you have any brothers in the army?" I asked an aged soldier. "Yes, one," was the answer. "There were three boys of us. We all wanted to go, but father and mother were getting old, and some one had to stay at home and look after the old folks and our younger sisters. So one night we had a family convocation. After the family talk we three sons and mother and father decided that two of us boys could go to the war, but that one should stay at home and work the farm. Who were to go? Who was to stay at home? We all wanted to go and fight and so we decided to draw lots. Mother held the book and, put in the three slips of paper with one marked 'Stay at home.' We drew. John and myself went to the front. Harry stayed at home." "Did your brother regret that he had to stay?" "Oh, yes. But some one had to stay, and so he simply swallowed his disappointment. Yes, we two boys could never have gone to the front but for Harry's faithfulness to the old folks." Was he not just as patriotic as the two who went forth to battle?

In this Memorial address we would accord praise to all who did the country service—the contractors who furnished the blankets and the shoes and the tents and the food and the guns, the patriotic bankers, the railroad men, like Thomas Alexander Scott, who did such valuable service in rushing the troops to their ultimate destinations. We would praise the newspaper editors, who moulded public opinion so that the right men were elected to Congress, and the newspaper reporters, who risked life and limb to carry back the news from the front, of what husbands and fathers and brothers had suffered under the tornadoes of shot and shell in the last battle. We would praise such men as James K. McClure of The Philadelphia Press, with whom Lincoln was in closest contact, and Joseph Medill of The Chicago Tribune and James Gordon Bannett of The New York Herald. These men never were able to wear a Grand Army button. They could tell no campfire stories at the Grand Army reunions, but they had their part in the great struggle.

It is a very grave question whether Abraham Lincoln could not better have parted with almost any one of his major-generals than he could have lost that genius of railroad organizing, Thomas Alexander Scott.

It is a very grave question whether U. S. Grant would not have been deposed from his command and sent back home in disgrace had it not been for Charles A. Dana, who, as the personal representative of Lincoln, went to the front and exposed and denounced the false scandals which were being circulated about the "silent warrior" of the west. It is a very grave question whether Salmon P. Chase could have ever successfully financed the United States bonds which paid the running expenses of the war Government, costing at that time millions upon millions of dollars each month, unless he had been backed up by Jay Cooke, the Philadelphia capitalist, who was to Lincoln what Robert Morris was to George Washington in the Revolution. So to-day I impartially praise the patriotic soldier, the patriotic railroad man, the patriotic editor, the patriotic financier, the patriotic contractor.

We have read all about the noble service of Dwight L. Moody to the soldier boys at the front. We know that many a dying soldier boy was able to answer "Here!" to the roll call of heaven because some faithful chaplain on earth had prepared him for that "Fall in!" on the other side of the grave. We know that many a dying message sent to the mother or the wife at home was penned by the faithful chaplains who looked after the boys of their regiments as a father might care for the children about his own fireside. But what about that gray-haired old minister of the village church? Did he not serve any purpose in the world? Did he not lift high the standard of the patriotic soldier when he delivered the eulogy over the casket enwrapped in its country's flag?

We cannot to-day too much praise the work of the gospel minister during the agonies of America's four years of carnage. One day a man applied to General Jackson for a position in his army. "What is your business?" asked Jackson. "I am a minister of the gospel," was the reply. Then Jackson, the Christian soldier, said: "My friend, I can give you no position as high as that which God has given to you. Go back to your own church in the town to the widows whose husbands have been shot; to the children whose fathers, on account of this bloody war, will never come back; to the young maidens who can never again see their sweethearts. Go back and preach the gospel of salvation to the young men who must be enlisted from your town. Go back! In God's name, 'back!'"

But I have still another long list of unpraised heroes. I would not praise the boy in blue or the boy in gray for what he did in 1861 and 1865 more than I would praise him for what he did after peace had proclaimed. It was a spectacle that astonished the world, a spectacle unprecedented in history, that of the soldiers of those two huge armies laying down their muskets and taking up the plowshare. To their honor be it said that they were ready to turn their backs upon strife and, side by side, work together in the vocations of peace. The vast armies of America going forth to battle is not nearly as impressive, from a historic standpoint, to the student of sociology, as those armies almost instantly melting away and then and there their ex-members fraternizing with one another and striving to the uttermost to build up the country with as much earnestness as they had shown in fighting each other to the death.

Without any doubt, Robert E. Lee was one of the finest characters America ever produced. Would you like to know what was to me the greatest act of that grand life? I find it not in his actions before the war. I find it not in his wonderful equipoise and gentleness and marvelous powers during the war. But after Appomattox, before his fellow countrymen gloved before his fellow countrymen the other stars in the heavenly firmament. After the war was over a rich financial company of New York City, in order to catch the southern trade through Robert E. Lee's popularity, offered Lee \$25,000 per year at a salary to become its manager. What said General Lee? "No, I cannot come. I must stay among my own people to help teach them to become true Christian citizens, to help teach them how to have faith in their God and patriotic love for their whole land." Robert E. Lee turned his back at that time upon the most princely salary then offered in the city of New York. In order to teach his people to love a reunited country and to have faith in God he accepted a humble position as the president of one of Virginia's bankrupt schools. Rather than live for mercenary gain he quietly and yet nobly and unselfishly went to live among the shattered walls of Washington College in Lexington. He lived there until the close of his life. Some people may tell you that the greatest service the American soldier did for his country was when he suffered upon the field of battle. I tell you that the greatest service the Confederate army and the Federal army ever did for their native land was when they dissolved and when their Christian soldiers became the earnest, consecrated advocates of Christian peace. So to-day I praise no less highly than the soldier who went out in 1861 to fight his country's battles the soldier in 1866 returning to civil life and striving in home and factory and store to heal the wound of the nation and reunite its people in the bonds of Christian love.

Some time ago I stood on the top of the Washington monument and looked off upon the battlefields of America and dreamed my dreams. I saw hundreds of thousands of human bones bleaching in the sunlight, gnawed of the vulture and the wolf. I heard the muffled drums beating the tattoo at sunset. As the artillery wagons rumbled away to the rear, and star twinkled to star, I heard sentinel by the glare of the campfire call to sentinel: "All's well. All's well along the Potomac!"

There go the booming of the cannon and the sharp commands of the officers. "Steady, boys, steady, steady!" There is the ping of the bullet, and the dying soldier clutches at his heart as he moans, "My babies, O God, my poor babies!" and then drops dead. There comes the blood curdling Confederate cry, "Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi! Hi!" There is the long line of set faces behind the glittering bayonets. The heavens redden and glow. The flames leap and hiss and dance and make merry over the burning homes. The falling beams go crash, crash, crash! The rivers are deep with flowing blood; the grave trenches are filled with a million dead.

As I turn and look upon the great white dome of the Capitol the old national flag flaps and waves. Its stars glitter like the eyes of the maidens who, after awhile as old women, read and reread the torn and the yellow letters which their heroes just before the fatal battle wrote about the bridal homes which were destined never to be built. And as I look upon the old flag again the white stripes look like the white bandages which were put about the shattered arms. The long, deep streaks of red prove that its folds had once been dipped into pools of human blood. Then the great white dome of the Legislative Hall, glistening in the sunlight, looks as though it were built out of the broken tombstones of Arlington Heights and Gettysburg and the Wilderness.

Then as I look up and down the great Pennsylvania avenue, I seem to see the united armies of the boys in blue and of the boys in gray marching, marching, marching. I see the lines melt away. Following with my eye one soldier, I see him take his discharge, and he starts for home. I cannot tell whether this discharged soldier is now heading for the Michigan hills or for the Georgia plantations. In his civilian dress he has no distinctive insignia telling me whether he fought under Grant or under Lee. Then I see this soldier coming up to the farm gate and being welcomed home by his dear ones. Now his wife nearly faints with joy. Then as the evening hour I see him gather the little children about him. He opens the old book; he reads a chapter; the family kneel in prayer; then the lights are put out, and I know the war is forever ended.

Come, ye Christian heroes of the past, both praised and unpraised; come with your sacred memories and your buried dead. Come, ye Christian heroes of the future, with your cradles and unborn generations; come, ye nations about to be born for Christ; come all times and all millenniums! Down in prayer and kneel to him who will yet be crowned King of kings and Lord of all Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!

NO OPERATIONS NEEDED NOW

Gravel and Bladder Disease Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Toronto Bricklayer Relieved of Those Terrible Troubles—Medical Science Makes Another Move Forward.

Toronto, Ont., May 30.—(Special).—Medical science has at length awakened to the fact that Gravel and other bladder troubles are caused by disordered kidneys and that the modern method of curing them is to cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills. This does away with those terrible operations that in past years have been all too common.

The case of William Thomas, bricklayer, 158 Mill street, this city, is one of the recent proofs of the efficiency of the treatment. Mr. Thomas says:

"I had been troubled with Gravel and Bladder Disease for seven years. I had to go to the hospital and have water taken from me. I tried medicines of different kinds but they failed to remove the trouble. Hearing of cures by them prompted me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, and after taking them for a time I passed a stone the size of a large bean. Four boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills made a complete cure in my case."

JAPAN'S NAME.

The vast majority of the Japanese have never heard of Japan. They call their country Nihon, or Nippon, and even that name has only been in use for 13 or 14 centuries.

IF YOU HAVE A BAD COLD If you are sneezing and suffering from a "stuffed-up" head and running eyes the best plan is to get fragrant, healing, Catarrhazone, the quickest and surest cure for cold in the head, coughs and catarrh ever discovered. This great healing agent is carried by the air you breathe all through the passages of the nose, throat and lungs. It soothes the irritated membranes, kills catarrhal germs, instantly stops the cough and sneezing. It's the antiseptic vapor of Catarrhazone that does the curing. A trial proves that a cold can be killed in a few minutes by Catarrhazone. Money back if it fails. Complete outfit \$1.00; small size 25c.

It is sometimes easier to remember than to forget.

FOR THE SAKE OF GOOD HEALTH DRINK

## "SALADA"

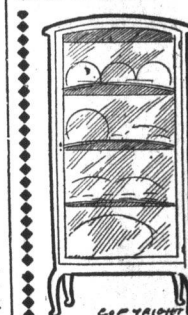
Ceylon Natural Green Tea. It is pure, healthful and delicious. It is as far ahead of Japan Tea as SALADA Black is ahead of all other black teas. Sold only in sealed packets. By all Grocers.

## THE REASON THE Gas Company Sells Jewel All Steel Gas Stoves.



They are the Very Best. See for Yourself at The Gas Company.

GEO. M. CLARK & CO., DIVISION, MAKERS CHICAGO



## Prayer Closets.

We sell them because so many women have been praying for just such an opportunity. What is the use of pretty china without a closet to show it off, they say. We think so, too, and offer this lot of

China Closets and Parlor Cabinets especially for their benefit. If you are one of those who hide their handsome china in the kitchen or wooden-dorced closet, come and see us. We have a China Closet and Parlor Cabinet for you that is simply irresistible, even in price.

China Cabinets—\$12.00, \$15.00, \$17.50, \$18.50, \$24.00, \$25.00. Parlor Cabinets—\$11.75, \$12.00, \$15.00, \$16.00, \$22.00, \$30.00, \$33.00.

THE McDONALD FURNITURE CO., Limited

## RICH RED BLOOD

After the long arduous winter that we have just come through, our blood becomes impoverished. Gunn's Sarsaparilla is what you want to give tone and vigor to your system. 100 Doses for \$1.00. TRY IT.

Central Drug Store, C. H. Gunn & Co. Phone 105 Corner King and Fifth Streets.

## One of the many good things about "Kent Mills" Flour

is that you do not always have to be explaining to customers that the last lot was a little off, but that it will be all right in the future. "KENT" is right all the time.

The Canada Flour Mills Co. Limited Chatham Ontario.

## FOR SALE

Brick house, \$1,300.00. Frame house, 2 story, brick foundation 10 rooms, also good stable, \$1,700. Frame house, \$1,000.00. 100 acre farm in Raleigh, brick house, large barn, stable and other buildings; all cleared, about 4 miles from Chatham, \$7,500.00. 100 acre farm in Harwich, good frame house, barn, stable and other buildings, \$6,500.00. 50 acre farm in Tibury East, good frame house and barn, \$2,500.00. Fifty Acre Farm—River Road, Dover. Brick house, stable and granary, \$3,200.00. Money to loan. Lowest rates. Terms to suit the borrower. W. F. SMITH, Barrister.

## ROOFING

Preserve your roofs by coating them with **Oresote Shingle Stain**, of any color. It is durable and economical. Estimates promptly furnished for all kinds of roof painting and repairing. GEO. OVERTON, Violet St., North Chatham or address, Chatham, Ont. DR. OVENS, London, SURGEON, SPECIALIST, EYE, EAR, NOSE AND THROAT Visits Chatham Monthly. Glasses properly fitted. Office—Radley Drug Store. Next Visit, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 22.



## SUNLIGHT SOAP

If you wash linoleums and oilcloths with ordinary soap you will find the colors will fade. You can preserve their colors and make them last a long time if you wash them with Sunlight Soap. When dirty, wash with warm water and Sunlight Soap, rinse with clean water and wipe completely dry with a soft cloth. Use Sunlight Soap throughout the house. It makes homes bright and lights light. It contains no impurities or free alkalis to injure the most delicate fabric.

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR. Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white and won't injure the hands. LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.