

BABY'S TORTURING SKIN HUMOUR

Ears Looked as if They Would Drop—
Off—Body Entirely Covered—
Face Mass of Sores—Three
Doctors Could Not Cure—Child
Grew Worse—Face and Body
Now Clear

CURED BY CUTICURA
IN TWO WEEKS

Mrs. George J. Steese, of 701 Coburn St., Akron, Ohio, tells in the following letter of another of those remarkable cures of torturing, disgusting skin humours daily made by Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, after physicians, and all else had failed:

"I learned that Cuticura was the only remedy for parents of other poor suffering babies to tell you what Cuticura has done for my little daughter. She broke out all over her body with a humour, and we used everything recommended, but without results. I called in three doctors, they all claimed they could help her, but she continued to grow worse. Her body was a mass of sores, and her little face was being eaten away; her ears looked as if they would drop off. Neighbors advised me to get Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and before I had used half of the cake of Soap and box of Ointment the sores had all healed, and my little one's face and body were as clear as a new-born babe. I would not be without it again if it cost five dollars, instead of seventy-five cents, which is all it cost us to cure our baby, after spending many dollars on doctors and medicines without any benefit whatever."

"Complete External and Internal Treatment for every Humour from Eruptions to Scalds, and for all Skin Diseases, including Cutaneous Sores, Ointment, and Resolvent may be had of all druggists. A full bottle of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, with full directions, is sent free to those who send for it. Write to the Cuticura Soap and Ointment Co., P.O. Box 100, Lowell, Mass., U.S.A."

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NATURE HAS HER LAWS

THEREFORE MEN DO NOT GATHER GRAPES OF THORNS.

MEN TRY THE IMPOSSIBLE

When It Is Recognized That Achievement Cannot Be Won Effort Should Be Abandoned at Once—There Are Times When It Is Wise to "Let Go," and Others When It Is Wise to "Hang On."

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1906, by Frederick Dyer, Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Dec. 30.—This is a sermon on the wisdom of "letting go," whether the thing be a bad business, a wild speculation, a foolish investment, a dangerous friendship or a sinful habit. The text is Matthew vii. 16. "Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles?"

An absurd question! Of course a man cannot gather grapes of thorns or figs from thistles any more than a sitting hen can hatch out a brood of twenty chickens when she has only a half dozen eggs in her nest. We have learned that nature has her laws and that they are inviolable. Walnuts will not produce peach trees. Apple seeds planted in a garden will not change themselves into rosebushes and geraniums and begonias. Even things that look alike or similar to the eye differentiate themselves in operation. The marigold and the California poppies and the blossoms of the ordinary squash have their garments dyed with the same shade of yellow, but a squash seed will not produce a California poppy any more than a morning glory seed can be changed into one of those beautiful ice plants you see growing along the Pacific coast. In other words, God has decreed there are certain things which it is impossible for a man to do. And yet we find men everywhere attempting such things. They try to achieve the impossible. I think that a man can have no more valuable capacity than that of knowing when to let go. It is impossible for him to accomplish any one who is striving to accomplish great things, but when once you see that an achievement cannot be won I urge you to abandon the effort without delay. There comes a time when we should "let go" as well as when we should "hang on," and never loosen our grip until success is ours.

Some months ago the time for my summer vacation drew near. I had been long to get away from the city and back, way back, into the country to possess myself of me. Hardly had I arrived at my summer cottage when a party of three or four started out on a hunting trip. The wagon was packed with food. The guns and ammunition were put in, and away we went. "Where are you going to take us?" I asked the driver. "To my old ranch," he replied. "After the first day's hunt was over and we were gathered about the blazing fire the driver told me a story. First he pointed out some tall eucalyptus trees. "Look at those clumps of trees dotting the mesa here and there and everywhere," said he. "A few years ago each one of those groves represented a prosperous farm. We had our own school and lemon orchards as any one might wish to see. We expected the Southern Pacific railroad to run through this valley. We expected water to be brought from the Poma reservoirs, twenty miles away, to irrigate these bar fields upon which we were camping to-night, now uninhabited save by the rattlesnakes which we heard to-day and the deadly tarantulas. But I did not know when to stop. The Southern Pacific did not come through, as we expected. The water was not brought down from Poma reservoirs. Then came the four or five years of drought. We farmers were literally burned and starved out. Family after family left this region. I was the last to go. To-day there is not living a family for miles around. Here are only the broken fences, the tumble-down houses, the snakes, the poisonous spiders, the rabbits, the birds and the coyotes. But I still hoped. I struggled on for twelve long years. Then, like the rest, I had to leave and go elsewhere. Twelve long years of work went for naught."

Did you ever hear a story more pathetic? For twelve long years that man had worked among those hills. The campfire that cooked the game he killed that afternoon, the campfire about which we were chatting the night and day, the blazing fire, the beams and the boards of his old house, the water holes near which he hunted had been dug as reservoirs for his hands. We were camping that night upon the ruins of a dozen long years of labor. Yet as I lay upon the ground a short time after this story was told, trying to get out of my mind: "How many men there are hanging on to a certain line of work which is unprofitable and doomed to certain failure." Then as I rolled over I said to my friend under the blanket by my side: "Mr. Brown, there is a timely lesson here. There is a time to let go just as there is a time to hang on. Early next morning, when I got up alone to hunt, every bare bush, every deserted farm, every crumbling fence, kept calling: "Let go! Let go! When you are attempting the impossible, have courage and faith in God enough to let go. This is the reason I have selected the theme for this morning's discourse."

The lesson of those deserted farm lands bids you to let go that foolish real estate or mining or stock investment you made many years ago and into which you are gradually sinking the savings of a lifetime of work. It says to you: "Man, let go that foolish financial enterprise, even though you have spent \$500 or \$1,000 or \$5,000 in it." It says: "Let go, even though to do it you have to confess that you are not worth a dollar and are starting

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THE GENTLE KIDNEY CURE

cleans, heals, strengthens the kidneys—sets them to working properly—clears the blood—stops the ache—and takes away every trace of Rheumatism and Sciatica.

THE CLAPLIN CHEMICAL CO., LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONT. NEW YORK.

out in the struggle of life just as poor as you were twenty years ago, when you left college and went out into the great wide world to earn bread for yourself and your loved ones." Because a man has been wrong in the past and has made a losing investment that is no reason why he should continue to be wrong now and send more good dollars or more of his savings to be swallowed up in the same way. But, though all men should learn financial lessons by a succession of failures, some will never learn that they have their financial limitations any more than some men will ever learn that they have their mental and their spiritual limitations.

Here, for instance, is a good country or city doctor. In the community in which he lives he is universally respected. He makes a good living. He has money enough to meet all his necessary wants. But he makes up his mind he ought to be rich. He feels he can be rich if he will only invest his savings in the far west or in the far east or in some business in which he is an entire "tenderfoot." A broker or a mining agent hears of his desire and says to him: "Doctor, we have a mine out in Montana. It is just filled with gold. Why, you can stumble over the nuggets as you can tread upon the horse chestnuts during the fall time in the east. Give us \$5,000, and we will make you a millionaire in two years. All that we need is a little machinery to develop the mine." Did you ever hear such nonsense? In cold blood could you conceive that all the miners who have made mining their life's business would walk right past that Montana mine shining with yellow gold and let a mining broker travel 2,000 miles to a philanthropist to make that country physician a millionaire in two years? Yet that country doctor, as some of you are doing to-day, will pour his money into that hole in the ground. Then because he made a fool out of himself at first he will keep on and on pouring his money into that hole in order to get back the money he has invested.

What is true in reference to wild-cat mining or land or stock speculation is true in reference to business. Here, for instance, is a man who was a famous baker. By his oven he made not only thousands but hundreds of thousands of dollars. He lived in one of the largest cities in the United States. He simply honeycombed the town with his bakery stores. He cooked bread and pies and cakes for thousands upon thousands of daily customers. But after this man had made a fortune as a baker he decided he would make another fortune as an editor. He bought one of the great dailies of that city. As a newspaper man he was a dead failure. What he cooked in his oven was eaten up by his printing presses. To-day that once great baker has lost his newspaper and lost his bakery because he would persist in investing in a business he knew nothing about.

What is the practical deduction? Day after day those deserted farm lands of the California mesa cry out: "Merchants, stick to your counters. Doctors, stick to your patients. Lawyers, stick to your briefs. Ministers, stick to your pulpits. Men and women, do not go foraging in financial fields you know nothing about or you will get stung. If as a financial lamb you have once been fleeced, then do not continue to head and obey the voice of the same shepherd. Let go. Let go that foolish investment. Let go. When you have uselessly sacrificed your money, let go. Do not continue to sacrifice the remainder. Let go. Let go."

But my theme teaches another practical lesson. I would have the young men enmesh with us upon these deserted California farm lands as well as the older men. I would especially have the young men view those deserted fields as being forced or as forcing himself into a line of work for which he is not adapted with a reverence for the wishes of his father and mother that does the boy credit, but is fatal to his prospects in life. Come, young man, tell me the ambition of

your life. What do you intend to be? "Oh," you say, "I want to be a railroad man, or I want to be a doctor, or I want to be a lawyer or a civil engineer, or I want to be a musician or an artist, but I cannot. You know, father has set his heart on me being a business man. We live in a small town in a western state. He started in business there thirty years ago. By frugality and industry he has the largest store in all that region. I am his only boy, and he wants me to carry the business on after he is dead and come into the store and help him now that he is growing old. But I hate business. Yes, I hate it. But I suppose I will have to do it to please him. Besides, if I do not go into his store all the lifetime work of my father will be thrown away."

What, have you no inclination to be a business man? "Absolutely none. My desire is to be a railroad man. The other day I was on the outskirts of Los Angeles, and there I saw a back yard fitted with a miniature railroad track. There a little boy not more than eight years of age out of wood had built a whole railroad system. He had his bridges and tunnels and switching tracks and freight cars and passenger trains and depots and car sheds. All these he had made with his own penknife. This little fellow said he was the president of the railroad system and his younger brother was the conductor, but he was evidently the whole brain and force of that system. Now, that was the way I used to find my pleasure when a boy. I was always thinking engines and building engines. My playground was the railroad yards. My sweetest music was a locomotive whistle. But father wants me to go into his store, and I suppose I will have to go."

Don't you do it, my brother; don't you do it. I care not how much of your father's business will have to be sacrificed, don't you do it. You cannot afford to sacrifice your brains and your railroad genius and your life. Be what God wants you to be. Be it at any cost and at any sacrifice. By the lesson of the deserted California farm lands learn that there is a time to let go.

But the theme has a powerful application to the semi-invalid as well as to the young man stout of limb and clear of eye. It has an application for the human tree which has spread its roots and is firmly anchored and is matured, but which is being blasted by the east wind, as well as for the young sapling just planted and able to defy almost any storm. I ride down town in the electric cars and see of our large eastern cities. I stand at the open door of your store. I find intelligent and courteous clerks at the counters. The store is crowded with customers. But so perfect is the system there is no confusion anywhere. I enter your glass office. You are an old boyhood friend. I say: "Hello, Joe! Business is booming. Your store is growing by leaps and bounds. Why, man, you will be a millionaire within a few years. But, old fellow, what is the matter with you? You are sick. Why, Joe, have you seen the doctor lately?" "Yes," you answer, "I have seen the doctor. He has prescribed enough medicine for me to float a battleship. But medicine does no good. He says I cannot live in this climate. I should go to Texas or Arizona or California. There I would be a powerful man. But how can I go? This awful cold is draining my life away, but I cannot pull out and sacrifice my life's work. I cannot sell the business for what it is worth. I cannot sacrifice the labor of twenty years." "Yes," you can, Joe. You must sacrifice it now or give it up altogether within a couple of years. If you pull out now you can go to a warm climate and start anew and have a long life and your family. If you do not pull out now they will take your youth winter after winter, and then the two lungs are nearly gone, and when the sacrifice will be too late. "Let go" is the command. "Let go." No matter whether you have spent three long months in digging the reservoirs on the drought-stricken California mesa, let go. As a man whose life is doomed read your not God's handwriting upon the wall as Belshazzar read it in the Babylonish capital?

But we must not stop here. Our sermon's theme has an application in a spiritual way as well as in a financial and a physical. And especially are its teachings pertinent to the spiritual lives of our children. These broken down fences and that wrecked home, that hard baked clay of the deserted farm lands of the California mesa, resemble the spiritual condition in some of your homes. You have formed habits that you know are ruining you and that you know are ruining your children. You are not turning to God. Let go. The struggle will be hard, but it is for your life. Let go. Some of you have formed associations which are poisoning your spiritual life. They are becoming dear as a right hand or a right eye. Let them go. What did Christ say? Cut them off. It is better to enter into life maimed than to keep them and perish. As you value your soul, let go. But, if the dollar which stands between the spiritual lives of your loved ones and sin should be sacrificed, how much more should every dollar or every position of life which tends to draw us away from Christ be willingly sacrificed? For, say what you will, the mightiest agency for good or evil for the lives of our dear ones is the example of what we ourselves truly are in reference to our relationship to Jesus Christ. Now, my friend, as a sensible man can you afford to sacrifice the higher spiritual purposes of life to the lower and to the material? Are you willing to sacrifice your spiritual hopes of this world and of the next merely to attain some position of worldly honor which may bring to you only suffering and perhaps premature death from overwork? Have you set your heart upon winning an earthly throne, as did the little Princess Marie Antoinette, caring not what the occupancy of that throne may cost you in this life or in the next?

In how many departments of life, as we see men and women who are sacrificing the higher life and letting their spiritual hopes go to waste and to decay! Charles Wadsworth, in one of his wonderful sermons gives a vision of his wonderful city which was being taken to him by the east wind, as well as for the young sapling just planted and able to defy almost any storm. I ride down town in the electric cars and see of our large eastern cities. I stand at the open door of your store. I find intelligent and courteous clerks at the counters. The store is crowded with customers. But so perfect is the system there is no confusion anywhere. I enter your glass office. You are an old boyhood friend. I say: "Hello, Joe! Business is booming. Your store is growing by leaps and bounds. Why, man, you will be a millionaire within a few years. But, old fellow, what is the matter with you? You are sick. Why, Joe, have you seen the doctor lately?" "Yes," you answer, "I have seen the doctor. He has prescribed enough medicine for me to float a battleship. But medicine does no good. He says I cannot live in this climate. I should go to Texas or Arizona or California. There I would be a powerful man. But how can I go? This awful cold is draining my life away, but I cannot pull out and sacrifice my life's work. I cannot sell the business for what it is worth. I cannot sacrifice the labor of twenty years." "Yes," you can, Joe. You must sacrifice it now or give it up altogether within a couple of years. If you pull out now you can go to a warm climate and start anew and have a long life and your family. If you do not pull out now they will take your youth winter after winter, and then the two lungs are nearly gone, and when the sacrifice will be too late. "Let go" is the command. "Let go." No matter whether you have spent three long months in digging the reservoirs on the drought-stricken California mesa, let go. As a man whose life is doomed read your not God's handwriting upon the wall as Belshazzar read it in the Babylonish capital?

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