

YOUTH AND FRESHNESS

MAY BE RETAINED BY THE SPIRIT
THOUGH BODY GROWS OLD.

HOW TO RENEW OUR DAYS

Daily Association With Young People,
Especially With Children, is Essen-
tial in Many Ways to a Man's De-
velopment—How It Keeps a Man's
Heart Young and Teaches Him to
Live the Loving Christ Life.

Based according to Act of Parliament of Eng-
land, in the year 1803. H. C. 100.
Toronto, at the Dep't. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 5.—The se-
cret so long sought by the ancient al-
chemists is the topic discussed by the
preacher in this sermon, in which he
shows how, though the body may grow
old, the spirit may retain its youth and
freshness. The text is Job xix., 5,
"When my children were about me."

Misfortunes are generally gregarious.
They are not recluses. They live not a
hermit's existence. Like the beasts of
the fields or the birds of the air or the
fish of the sea, they browse in herds or
fly in flocks or swim in schools. If one
appears upon the edge of our horizon
others often follow it with great rapid-
ity, as do the April showers when "the
clouds return after the rain." They pile
themselves upon each other in great
drifts; as do the snowflakes. They toll
their death knells in chorus. As "nothing
succeeds like success," so "nothing
destroys like misfortune." Where there
is one emissary of destruction roaming
there are, as a rule, many emissaries
treading closely upon its heels. Even
when they are small and insignificant
they cripple us by the persistence of
their attack. Naturalists tell us that
the small, insignificant humming bird
sometimes alights upon the head of a
peckish crow, and, with its tiny wings
twitching, it sits and pecks and pecks
and pecks no matter how fast or how
high his huge winged carrier may fly.
There he sits and pecks and pecks un-
til, after awhile he buries his small
beak in the brain of his gigantic foe,
who could crush him as easily as a
hawk might kill a sparrow; if the eagle
could only get at him. Trouble is like
unto the humming bird. With its small
bill it pecks and pecks at us. It
drives in blow after blow until at last
our strength succumbs under the con-
tinuous hammering.

When trouble struck the grand old
patriarch, Job, it hit him again and
again. First came financial trouble,
then domestic trouble, then physical
trouble. It was pain in the head, pain
in the heart, pain in the limbs, pain in
the back and eyes, misfortune after
misfortune. Job tried to gain com-
fort from his reminiscences. Job
looked back upon the scene of the ear-
liest time of his life. He pictured
himself when he was a young husband,
planning and working for his future. He
thought of himself when his young wife
was by his side and his little boys and
girls were playing around in his nur-
sery. Then Job breaks forth in the la-
mentation of my text, which has come
to most fathers and mothers after they
have reached their twoscore years and
ten: "Oh, that I were as in months
past." "When my children were about
me!" It is a pathetic longing, not only
that time be halted in its on-
ward sweep, but be compelled to retrace
the steps it has already taken.

Is Job's longing a sinful desire? Is
it wrong for us to want to become
young again or at least to stay young
just as long as we can? I row not.
Therefore the purpose of this sermon
is to show how we can turn back the
shadow on the dial of Ahas, not only
ten, fifteen, but even twenty and thirty
years for some of us. There is an old
proverb which says: "A man is not as
old as he looks, but as old as he feels."
I am going to prove that a man can al-
ways feel about 30 or 25 years of age,
even though his hair is white, his nose
is bridged with a pair of glasses, and
he has to walk with a staff.

How shall we renew the days of our
strong, young manhood? First, by as-
sociating with young people, and
especially with children; by making the
ultimate companions of our mature
years and of our old age those who are
on the threshold of life or playing in
the nursery; by stealing or rather con-
tinually borrowing from our married
children their babies; by making our
grandchildren come home and live with
us, or, if we have no married children

of our own, by borrowing the children
of some neighborly grandfather, and
loving them as we would our own; by
firmly and deliberately making a vow
with ourselves and with God: "Though
I may live to be sixty, seventy, eighty,
ninety or a hundred years old, I will
never allow myself to outgrow my
fondness for little children, and my
sympathy for their joys and sorrows,
and my unceasing desire for their daily
companionship."

Daily association with young people,
especially with children, is essential in
many ways for a man's development.
It keeps his heart young. Yes, it does
more than that. It teaches him what
should be his attitude toward Christ
and toward his fellow-men. Some peo-
ple came before me and asked me to
teach them what this educating power of a child's life is upon
a matured man. Why? Like some of
us, they have not placed themselves
under the tutelage of children. Some
months ago I hired a big wagon. I put
into his wagon not only my own child-
ren, but I went around and raided the
neighbor's houses and piled in some of
theirs. I was the only grown person
among them. We took a long drive of
about fifteen miles. Then, at the head
of my cohort of little ones, I proudly
marched into a restaurant to give them
ice cream before we started back. As
we went in a gentleman standing upon
the sidewalk said: "My man, I pity
you! What have you got there—an
orphan asylum?" "No," I answered; "I
have no asylum. I have a lot of teach-
ers here who are making me love God
and love mankind, and love life and
love everything God has made upon His
beautiful earth."

When we took that long ride I was
the greatest winner. When those little
folks began to sing I found myself
singing in spite of myself. When they
talked and asked questions, I found
myself saying to myself: "Yes, just as
these little children are wondering
about me, and effects which are so
plain to me, I am wondering about trou-
bles in this world the cause of which
are plain to God, and will yet be made
plain to me. All that I must do is to
wait, and God will explain all." When
the children became hungry, I found
myself becoming hungry. When they
had their little differences in the wagon
I found myself the peacemaker, which
taught me a good lesson—how to be a
peacemaker among the big boys and
girls called grown-up men and women.
And, my friend, if you ever want to
have that old withered heart of yours
beat and throb with happiness, this
is the way you need to do. Gather all
the babies, the boys and the girls of your
neighborhood, together, pile them into
a wagon if you are out in the country,
leave your wife and the nurse at home,
or at least make them ride along in
another vehicle, and then by the grace
of God, you go forth and learn one of
the mightiest lessons of life—how to
keep young by bearing part of the joys
and the sorrows of the young.

Do you know how Thomas Chalmers
was able to accomplish his great work
of life? He always kept his heart
young and fresh and loving by associ-
ating with the young. His daughter,
Helen Chalmers, told my father that
during the darkest days of the Free
Church controversy he would spend
part of each day in playing with the
children in the house or flying kites
with the boys upon Edinburgh com-
mon. Do you know how Walter Scott
kept his heart young? He always
sought the companionship of the young.
He continually had his children or other
people's children about him. No more
beautiful word picture was ever
drawn by an author's pen than his de-
scription of that love by John Brown.
In that essay the great author of "Ken-
ilworth" is pictured going through the
snow and the sleet to his neighbor's
home, and there bundling up Marjorie
Fleming, a little girl of five or six sum-
mers. In her shawl or his cloak he
carries her back to his study. There,
while his pen runs rapidly over the
pages of his immortal books, Marjorie
chatters on. Study Eugene Field and
his love for little children. Study the
lives of our great authors like Longfel-
low and our preachers like Beecher and
our merchants like Cooper and our
electricians like Morse, and our editors
like McKinley—you will find that, without
exception, they kept young by keeping
in touch with young people.

If I did not have any babies of my
own I would adopt some. No man can
defy the imroads of time unless he con-
tinually associates with the young folks.
"What would an engine be in a ship if
it were lying loose in the hull?" said
Beecher. "It must be fastened to it
with bolts and screws before it can
propel the vessel. Now, a childless
man is like a loose engine. A man
must be bolted and screwed to the
community before he can work well for
its advancement, and there are no such
screws and bolts as children." That is
true. There is no screw or bolt that
holds man to the duties of life firmer
than the children. But I go even fur-
ther than did Mr. Beecher. I hold that
there are no influences more effectual
to keep us young while we are per-
forming those duties than these same
little ones. The best way to see the
sunbeams dance is to watch them
through the dancing eyes of a little
child. The best way to smooth out all
the wrinkles of old age is to bury them
in the dimpled cheek of a smiling baby
girl. The best way to send the blood
coursing through the withered arteries
of threescore years is to play "blind
man's bluff" or "hide and seek" with the
boys and girls after the supper table
is cleared and the school lessons have
been learned. The best way to grow
young is to associate with the young.
God pity you if you cannot find any en-
joyment in making the snows of De-
cember melt before the life-giving rays
of May or June.

This mental and physical depletion
which comes from being satisfied with
a past success cannot be better illus-
trated than by some of the faculties of
our old colleges. Now, the college fa-
culties of both the east and the west
were originally made up of picked men,
the presidents and trustees of these
institutions in almost every case se-
lected the very brightest and best stu-
dents of their classes. They were the
honor men of the colleges who were
asked to fill the honored professorial
chairs. But, marvelous to say, although
the college faculties of the old institu-
tions in my day had been recruited
from the brightest men, yet almost
without exception those faculties had
a large percentage of men who seemed
to be simple relics of the past. They
seemed to be marvelous men, entirely
out of touch with present day events.
They were walking "cube roots" or in-
carnated "dative cases" or petrified ex-
amples of Doric or Corinthian archi-
tecture. They seemed to be men who
had learned one thing well, but as soon
as they had mastered that one line of
study all their mental faculties were
then allowed to become dormant. Thus
they withered up into fossilized and
embalmed old age.

As a rule, the greatest thinkers and
the hardest mental workers in the
world have been among the longest-
lived. I am thinking of the long list of
old men in years, but young in heart,
branching out into new work when at
70 years or beyond. Marden, in his
book, "Pushing to the Front," has a
marvelous collection of illustrations in
reference to this fact. Dandolo, the
Doge of Venice, was a warrior while his
soldiers in battle at 94, and was of-
fered a crown at 96. Titian at 99 was
struck down with the cholera in Ven-
ice, when he was at work on one of his
canvases. Pope Leo XIII., at 92, was
the most powerful person in the world.
Europe on account of his Pontifical
throne and his own powerful mental
equipment. When an American bishop
said to him: "Your Holiness, we hope
God may let you live to become a cen-
tenarian," the Pope answered: "My
friend, do not try to limit the power of
God. I expect to be as hard at work
after I am 100 years old as I am now."
Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote his greatest
work when nearly 80. James Watt
learned German when he was 85. Isaac
Newton and Benjamin Franklin were
hard at work on scientific subjects
when over 80. Lord Palmerston and
William E. Gladstone were both Prime
Ministers of England at fourscore
years. "Robert Hall," says Marden,
"learned Italian when past 60. Noah
Webster mastered 17 languages after
he was 60. And some of the best works
of Longfellow, Whittier and Tennyson
were written after they were 70."

Age, then, the friend, the enemy, you
are growing old and withering up is be-
cause you have stopped branching out.
You have taken in sail and are drift-
ing, simply drifting, towards the rocks
of death, and drifting fast. Take a new
ease of life by taking a new interest in
things. Study, study, study. Work,
work, work, do and hear every fine
finger and every good speaker and read
every new book that you can. The
most foolish law the United States
Government ever made was when it
established Old Soldiers' Homes, where
the old veterans of the Civil War could
live and do nothing. If an old
soldier is physically helpless, then, of
course, he should be cared for. But a
well soldier in Danville, Ill., or Santa
Monica, Cal., or Milwaukee, Wis., or
the Old Soldiers' Home in Washington,
should be encouraged means premature
death, mental and physical, as well as
spiritual. "It is better to wear out than
to rust out," is a poor maxim. We have
to right to do either. But I would tell
those who are coming on towards old
age that it is more to rust out than
to rust out.

But lastly, I remark, the easiest of
all ways to renew youth is to try to fit
others to take your place after you
are gone. Of course I take for granted
that I am to-day talking to Christians.
Now, as aged Christians, you are near-
ing the great dividing line which is go-
ing to bring you to your eternal reward.
As you are nearing Heaven, shall you
spend most of your time talking about
Heaven and its eternal rewards? Oh,
no. You must spend nearly all of your
last days in fitting the young men and
women by your side to take your place.
You must be to your son and your
daughter and your friends what Paul
was to Timothy and Elijah was to Eli-
sha, and Christ was to His disciples.
In the anxiety to fit others to put on
your own armor, you will find your own
store. You will then find old age tak-
ing on the beauties of youth, even as
in the Indian summer the flowers of the
late autumn start to grow again after
the forests have incandescence the leaves
with their life's blood.

Old age should pass its twilight hours
as I would pass the few intervening
days prior to making a long journey
away from home. If I was to go to
Africa or Europe or Asia as an Ameri-
can soldier, would I spend my last days
cursing in weeping? Oh, no. I would
spend the few days before I sailed in pre-
paration. I would say to my wife: "My
dear, you do this or that or the other
thing after I am gone. I must put
enough money in the bank in your
name to meet your wants." If I was
a merchant, I would say to my son:
"Son, you are now to take charge of the
store. I do not want you to run into
debt. Keep the business going along on
its old lines." If I had one boy who
was a wayward son, I would talk to
him about God and his future. I would
try—oh so hard—to lead him to Christ.
Each moment of my life would be spent

in the best way I could for those I
would leave behind. And in looking
after their interests I would find my
life growing in beauty and in joy.
When my father made his last visit
to his home, Dr. Suydam, he said:
"Well, Suydam, we are coming
near the end of our earthly journey.
How do you feel about it?" Some of us
are not as old as was my father when
he asked that question at 70 years of
age, but we are all heading toward old
age. How will he feel about it when it
comes? We shall feel about old age
all right if we live according to the
Christ law. We will feel about it all
wrong if we do not do as Christ would
have us do in fitting others for life's
battles and fitting ourselves for Heav-
en. May God make the twilight of our
earthly life the most beautiful and the
happiest part of our day. May the twi-
light of our earthly life, sinking behind
the western hillock of our grave, be
colored with the same beauties as is
the beautiful sunrise of Heaven, which
even now we can see gleaming in the
east over the Hill of Calvary and over
the central cross, upon which once hung
the dying body of Christ, who died that
we might forever live in Him and
through Him and with Him.

David Murray an Academician.

A general assembly of Academicians
and Associates of the Royal Academy
took place in Burlington House, says
The London Star, at which Mr. David
Murray was elected an Academician,
while Mr. David Farquharson and Mr.
Reginald Blomfield (architect) were
chosen associates. Mr. Murray, a land-
scape painter, is 56 years of age, and
was at first destined for a commercial
career in Glasgow. His inclination to-
wards art, however, led him to abandon
the office to study nature, and the re-
sult is a series of pictures portraying
well-known places in this country and
abroad, which insured the honor which
has now fallen to him. Mr. Farquhar-
son is also a Scotsman, hailing from
Perthshire. Educated in Edinburgh, he
came to tempt fortune in London ex-
actly 21 years ago. Much of his work
is done at Sennen Cove, Land's End.
He was elected an Associate of the
Royal Scottish Academy in 1882. Mr.
Blomfield, the other new Associate, is
a grandson of a famous bishop of Lon-
don, and examples of his architectural
style are scattered all over the coun-
try. The late Sir Arthur Blomfield,
the distinguished architect, who died
in 1899, was his uncle. Mr. Reginald
Blomfield's most important works hith-
erto have been country mansions. He
is also an authority upon the laying out
of gardens.

What Sulphur Does

FOR THE HUMAN BODY IN
HEALTH AND DISEASE.

The mention of sulphur will recall
to many of us the early days when
our mothers and grandmothers gave
us our daily dose of sulphur and mo-
lasses every spring and fall. It was
the universal spring and fall remedy
and "blood purifier," tonic and cure-
all, and mind you this old-fashioned
remedy was not without merit.

The idea was good, but the remedy
was crude and unpalatable, and a
large quantity had to be taken to
get any effect.

Nowadays we get all the beneficial
effects of sulphur in a palatable,
concentrated form, so that a single
grain is far more effective than a
tablespoonful of the crude sulphur.

In recent years, research and ex-
periment have proven that the best
sulphur for medicinal use is that ob-
tained from Calcium (Calcium Sul-
phide) and sold in drug stores under
the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.
They are small chocolate coated pel-
lets and contain the active medicinal
principle of sulphur in a highly con-
centrated, effective form.

Few people are aware of the value
of this form of sulphur in restoring
and maintaining bodily vigor and
health, sulphur acts directly on the
liver, and excretory organs and puri-
fies and enriches the blood by the
prompt elimination of waste mater-
ial.

Our grandmothers knew this when
they dosed us with sulphur and mo-
lasses every spring and fall, but the
crudity and impurity of ordinary
flowers of sulphur were often worse
than the disease, and cannot com-
pare with the modern concentrated
preparations of sulphur, of which
Stuart's Calcium Wafers are undoubt-
edly the best and most widely used.

They are the natural antidotes for
liver and kidney troubles and cure
constipation and purify the blood in
a way that often surprises patient
and physician alike.

Dr. R. M. Wilkins while experiment-
ing with sulphur remedies soon found
that the sulphur from Calcium was
superior to any other form. He says:
"For liver, kidney and blood troubles
especially when resulting from con-
stipation or malaria, I have been
surprised at the results obtained from
Stuart's Calcium Wafers. In patients
suffering from boils and pimples and
even deep-seated carbuncles, I have
repeatedly seen them dry up and
disappear in four or five days, leav-
ing the skin clear and smooth. Al-
though Stuart's Calcium Wafers is a
proprietary article, and sold by drug-
gists, and for that reason taboed
by many physicians, yet I know of
nothing so safe and reliable for con-
stipation, liver and kidney troubles
and especially in all forms of skin
diseases as this remedy."

At any rate people who are tired
of pills, cathartics and so-called blood
"purifiers" will find in Stuart's Cal-
cium Wafers, a far safer, more palat-
able and effective preparation.

Many women consider low necks
highly respectable.

Coughs, colds, hoarseness and
other ailments are quickly re-
lieved by Croscoll's Tablets, cen-
ta per box. All druggists.

The heroes of mankind are the
mountains, the highlands of the mor-
tal world.

Use Lever's Dr. Soap (a powder) to
wash woollens and flannels,—you'll like
it.

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Guns Made of Paper.

The late Herr Krupp completed, a
few months before his death, a num-
ber of paper field pieces. These unique
guns, which were made to the order of
the German Government, are intended
for the exclusive use of the infantry.
Their calibre is very small, being, in-
deed, less than two inches, and so
light are they that a single soldier can
unaided shoulder one with ease. De-
spite their small weight, however, the
resistance is greater than that of a
steel field piece of the same calibre.

A Jap World's Fair.

Japan thinks seriously of inviting all
creation to come to a world's fair and
incidentally look her over. With the
energy and ingenuity of the Japs, it
would seem feasible to cut the little
island loose from its moorings and
float it around the world for exhibi-
tion at enormously profitable rates.

YOU'RE ONLY HALF SICK.

But nevertheless you feel pretty
"sucky." Best prescription is Dr.
Hamilton's Pills; they tone up the
entire system, strengthen the stom-
ach, elevate your spirits and make
you feel better in one day. It's by
cleaning the body of wastes, by puri-
fying and enriching the blood that
Dr. Hamilton's Pills accomplish so
much. Very mild, exceedingly prompt,
and guaranteed in every case. Your
druggist sells Dr. Hamilton's Pills of
Mandrake and Butternut in yellow
boxes, 25c. each, or five for \$1.00.
Get the genuine.

Heroism Rewarded.

Years ago a vessel was wrecked off
the northwest coast of Ireland. Crowds
gathered on the beach to witness the
scene. A few brave men came forward
and put out to the sinking vessel. As
they came back to the shore with their
burden of human lives the watchers
cried: "Have you got them all? Are
they all saved?" "Yes," was the an-
swer, "all but one. If we had stayed
for him all would have been lost." In-
stantly a stalwart fellow stepped out
from the crowd and called for volun-
teers. The mother begged the young
man not to go, saying: "Your father
was lost at sea; your brother William
sailed away, and we have never heard
from him. If you go my all will be
lost." Embracing her, he said, "I must
go." In a short time he was seen re-
turning. "Have you got your man?"
cried the watchers. "Yes," was the re-
ply, "and tell mother it is brother Wil-
liam."

The Undertaker's Friend.

Both men and women when they de-
cide to "wrap up" do so by increasing
the number of layers of clothing in
front over those on the back of the
body. It is a great mistake. The main
"telephone exchange" of the nerves of
the body lies in the spinal cord, situ-
ated in the spinal canal, and this ex-
change has immediate, complete and
instantaneous connection with the skin
of the whole of the back of the trunk
and is much more sensitive than that
of the skin in front.

It behooves us, then, to see that the
back is covered, if not more than, at
least as much as, the front, between
the shoulders. In men the thin back
of the waistcoat is "the undertaker's
best friend." In women it is the space
between the top of the corset and the
center of the neck, more especially in
that type of garment popularly known
as the "pneumonia blouse."—London
Mail.

"THE 999"

The love and admiration of the av-
erage boy for the locomotive was
prettily illustrated a few evenings
ago. A sixteen-year-old had been to a
Sunday school concert with his par-
ents and listened to some of the beau-
tiful songs that Bliss and Sankey
used to sing, such as Too Late, Let
the Lower Lights be Burning, It Is
Well with My Soul, Hold the Fort,
Full for the Shore, and The Ninety-
and-Nine. The last made a deep and
lasting impression. George H. Dan-
iels, an old friend of the family, vi-
sited them the following night, and
the youngster, running to him, ex-
claimed: "Oh, Mr. Daniels, I heard
'em sing your everlasting song last
night." "Indeed?" said the dean of
passenger agents. "What was the
name of it?" "The 999," replied the
boy, thinking of the most advertised
engine in the world, that which gave
fame to the Empire State Express.
Best thing Daniels has heard in ten
years.—From On the Tip of the
Tongue, New York Press.

BOOKBINDING.

Orders for bookbinding should be
left at this office. It is surprising
how nice a volume can be made of
these magazines, even though they
are somewhat soiled from much han-
dling. Books, magazines, or periodi-
cals bound or rebound in any style
at very reasonable prices. Blank
books, such as journals, ledgers, day
books with any kind of ruling, made
to order. All work warranted first
class.

The man who finds fault with his
lot finds many in the same boat.

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Is gratifying.

To be Clean

Is satisfying. You will enjoy both
when you place your linen with us,
for we do our work by the most
modern methods known to our
art.

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est market prices. Orders promptly de-
livered.

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You can make dirty picture frames, or any other such articles, look like new if
you clean them the Sunlight way. Chop very finely a piece of Sunlight Soap and
put it into a bottle with a teaspoonful of hot water, shaking it well and adding a wine-
glass full of spirits of ammonia. Paint the frames with this liquid, let it stay on a few
minutes, then wash off with a soft brush and cold clean water, and polish
with clean chamois leather. Sunlight Soap is the only soap that can be used
successfully in every cleansing operation in the household.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

ASK FOR THE OCTAGON BAR

Sunlight Soap washes the clothes white and won't injure the hands.
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO.