

## MY FATHER'S BUSINESS

HIGH IDEALS FOR DAILY SERVICE  
OF THE ALMIGHTY.

## VOICES THE CHILD HEARS

**Calls to Duty, Life Work For the Master, Come Very Often to the Little Ones, and Should Be Heard and Prayerfully Considered—Their Elders Should Be Diligent and Fervent, and Serve Him in Their Daily Round.**

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., April 29.—In this sermon the preacher takes us back to that wonderful period of life when the mind of the child, emerging from the mysterious twilight land, first begins to think independently. He warns us to respect these visions of childhood. The text is Luke II, 49, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" Without doubting as to the most satisfactory pictures ever painted of Jesus Christ is that of Hoffman, called "Christ the Boy Talking With the Doctors in the Temple." We have seen scores of pictures of Jesus Christ. The Farin Leuvre is full of them. The Vatican is full of them. The art galleries of Antwerp and Brussels and Berlin and Venice are full of them. But, though the greatest artists have exhausted their genius to reproduce for us an inspired idea of the Saviour's face, yet most of them have come far short of the ideal. They either make Christ's face too effeminate, as did Bida, Da Vinci and Steinhilber; or too much of a Hercules, as did Rubens and Vandyke; or too grotesque, as did Tintoretto and Rembrandt and Guido; or too mercenary, as did Bernadino, Strozzi, an Ploekhurst; or too stern, as did Dore and Albrecht Durer; or too agonizing, as did Bouguereau and Correggio; or too lachrymose, as did Ary Scheffer. But toward Hoffman's picture there is no division of opinion. "We are here a unit in our approbation. When we see Hoffman's youth standing among the doctors in the temple we at once say: 'Yes, that is my idea of Jesus the Child. That child looks just as I supposed Christ looked as a boy.'"

The great ideal and intelligent. They seem to be looking far off. They truly seem to be catching an inspired vision of his Father's business. The halo about the head, the beautiful curls falling in graceful curves about those shoulders, about the neck, the vine commingling. The robe about his little form is as pure and spotless as his life. He seems to stand there as a child, and yet he seems to be reaching far out into the future. All worlds, all ages, seem to be looking at this beautiful face, with its wonderful features, are the astonished and puzzled countenances of the baldheaded, learned sages, who were not accustomed to debate with youths, but only with their comrades in the Hebrew sanhedrin.

And yet, as I stood watching the beautiful face of that Divine Child, this question came to me: "Why should those Hebrew rabbis wonder at that boy's intelligence? Should not all men and women stand in awe before the average boys of the present day? Do not most youths and maidens of twelve summers have inspired visions from God, as Christ had an inspired vision? Does not God call to them at this critical age to be about their Father's business?" He does. I want you to study with me this morning some of those childhood visions. Men and women, too, have the times of reaching out to things unseen, but this morning let us think chiefly of those bright imaginings of youth. This age, the twelfth year, is to me the most important of life. May we be very careful how we deal with our children at this age, as they enter the sacred portal of their earthly teens! The way they tread the path of life will in all probability decide the way they shall tread these paths through time and through eternity.

Why do I put such an emphasis upon the age of twelve? Because it is about the year when the child for the first time lets go of his parent's or guardian's hand and begins to climb the heights of the unseen world and to think for himself. When he first enters the sacred portal of their earthly teens! The way they tread the path of life will in all probability decide the way they shall tread these paths through time and through eternity. Why do I put such an emphasis upon the age of twelve? Because it is about the year when the child for the first time lets go of his parent's or guardian's hand and begins to climb the heights of the unseen world and to think for himself. When he first enters the sacred portal of their earthly teens! The way they tread the path of life will in all probability decide the way they shall tread these paths through time and through eternity.

Has your boy never astonished you by his strange questions and answers, as Christ astonished the lawyers and doctors in the temple when he was twelve years of age? Some time ago an anxious mother said: "When my children were very young they were mine. I could say to them, 'Children, sit down!' and they would sit down. I could read to them a book and explain to them the pictures, and they would accept my statements as true, because mother said it. But there comes a time when I feel my boy's hand loosening its grasp upon



## Perfect Woman

You may have  
the Beauty of  
Perfect Health

The perfect woman is the woman who has perfect health. Beauty is more than skin deep. Beauty is as deep as pure blood and a perfect digestion. Especially is female beauty dependent on the perfect health of the delicate female organism.

If you wish to have the beauty and attractiveness of perfect health, if you wish your eyes to sparkle, your complexion to resume its brilliancy, and your whole body to thrill with the glow of renewed vitality, take that famous woman's medicine,

## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

If you have headaches, backache, organic pains, painful or irregular periods, or any female trouble, begin with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. It will save you needless suffering. It will restore your womanly beauty.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—Soon after my marriage my health began to fail. I was unable to sleep, became very nervous and had shooting pains through the abdomen and pelvic organs, with bearing down pains and constant headaches, causing me much misery; my monthly periods became very painful and I became a burden to my family.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me within three months. I am stronger and look better than I did before I was married, and there is great rejoicing in our home for what your wonderful medicine has accomplished for me.

Mrs. M. A. C. LUTHELLER, 732 Cadieux Street, Montreal, Que.

No woman, were she a Venus de Milo, could continue beautiful with a dragging down female complaint. Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write to her for advice. For twenty-five years Mrs. Pinkham, daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, has under her direction, and since her decease, been advising sick women free of charge.

## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cures Where Others Fail

my hand. Then I see him move away and leave my side and begin to walk alone and to think for himself. Then I cannot say, 'Child, do this,' and he will do it simply because his mother tells him to do it. I cannot say, 'Child, believe this,' merely because I believe it. But I must give him an intelligent reason why he should do so and why he should believe. Then as the child moves away from his mother's side the mother must sit still and pray to God that he will help guide her boy. Yes, as parents we have all gone through this experience. For years and years our children have followed us, as bleating lambs follow the mother sheep. But some day we turn our eyes to see where the children are. Then, much to our surprise, they are not by our side. They we look up the mountain heights. There we see our boys and girls beginning to climb. Along the dizzy precipices they go. Over the dangerous rocks, higher and higher, like Alpine hunters, they mount or balance. They are climbing up the mountains of original research. They are climbing up the mountains of thought. They are starting out for the mountains of fame. Then all that the parents can do is to sit in the valleys and see their boys and girls disappear among the cloudlands as they pray: "O God, guide my children! O God, reach out thy strong arm and bridge that dangerous crevasse!" This time of starting for the cloudlands, for plotting among unseen worlds, generally comes to the boys and the girls when they are about to pass the twelfth golden milestone. Looking into the past, we know this was our own personal experience. Thus it is with the first coming of God's visions to our children.

Not only do these visions come to the child of twelve, but they come in a rational way. When God gives to the young boy a vision he is not picturing for him a future life which is impossible to be realized. God is giving to him the same kind of vision that he gave to the boy Jacob, and to the boy Joseph, and to the boy Samuel, and to the boy David, and to the boy Christ. These ancient boys as well as the modern boys of twelve may not fully realize what their futures are to be, but something within them says, "O child, thou art to be this or that or the other thing on account of thy mental and physical and spiritual powers." These boy children of twelve feel the inward as well as the outward callings of the future, as the great painter Benjamin West when a little child, used to make paint brushes from the hairs of his cat's tail, and as the boy Demosthenes felt the slumbering fires of eloquence burning within him when he stuttered so badly that in order to articulate at all distinctly he used to put pebbles in his mouth, and as David Brainerd heard the divine call to give his life to foreign missions long before he was out of the short trousers of the schoolroom.

Ob, the visions of youth! How important they are for the development of the child. In the book of Proverbs we read, "Where there is no vision the people perish." That means when the people have no ideals hovering before them, where the sculptor cannot see a more perfect statue in dim outline standing beside the stone he has chiseled, and the musician cannot hear a sweeter song than that which he has composed, and the reformer cannot see a more perfect Utopia than that in which he lives, then the development of those people is retrograding instead of advancing, involuting instead of evolving. But, my friends, if it is essential for the developed man to have perfect visions ever before him, how much more important is it for the undeveloped child to have visions before him! These visions, when they come from God, are not like the unaccountable fancies of the desert, or like the castles built in the sandy wastes. They are rational visions built by the angel of hope saying to the child: "Boy, girl, with thy physical and mental and spiritual nature God bids thee to reach out to accomplish these things which thou now seest. Look up, look out, look on." Frances Hodgson Burnett, looking into the dim past and writing the history of her girlhood days in that fascinating book called "The Secret Garden," is not seeing a more realistic character than do some children when they look into the dim future and by reason of their physical and mental and spiritual tendencies picture themselves as some day being lawyers or doctors or ministers or merchants or bankers or inventors or musicians or statesmen or poets or songsters or reformers. These children by such visions hear the call for future work. They hear it so clearly and distinctly that in their minds there is no doubt as to that call coming direct from the throne of God.

But we must not stop here in the discussion of this mighty theme. It is very important to have the visions of youth, but it is just as important to have the child developed aright after those first visions have come and gone. These first visions of childhood always seem to me like the little green shoots which spring up out of the ground. Care for them. Give them plenty of sunlight, and let not the winds handle them too roughly, or the cold freeze them, or the droughts parch them, and they will change themselves into the saplings, then after awhile into the stout young trees and then into the giant oaks, but crush the roots or destroy the first visions and you may ruin the whole after development.

But there is still another fact relative to the visions of childhood to which I would draw your attention. They may come to a boy or a girl at a time when the parent thinks the child is too young to have any appreciation or any thought of his own. They may come and go so quickly that, like the humming birds drinking out of the honey cups of a garden, you can hardly see whether they are truly there or not, they are gone. They come and go and after awhile you are left with the memory of a vision, but

these first visions may be postponed for months—aye, for years—do not be surprised or skeptical. Those first visions of youth, if they have been welcomed aright by the parent and the child, will all be realized. They will all be fulfilled if they were true visions from God.

Let me illustrate my thought by the life of Jesus Christ. I love to think of the journey which this Divine Child took to the capital of his great ancestor, King David. Jesus up to this time was nothing but a boy. 'Tis true, he was a perfect boy, but he was a boy, with all the healthful desires of childhood. He was not a boy with the character of a girl, but a boy, a healthful, beautiful, noble boy. He could romp and play like other boys. In the games played between his companions and himself I have always thought there was no laugh merrier than his and no rollicking joy more full and hearty. I can never think of Christ as a frail baby or a sickly boy. Every part of him to me was that of a well-rounded, perfectly-formed child. He was a boy who was the life of his home, a boy who was loved by every one.

Now it was a custom of all the Israelites ordained by the Mosaic law to attend the feast of the passover once a year. This feast took place in the springtime. It was a combination, if I might use the simile, of our Thanksgiving day and Fourth of July. It was a time when the Hebrews assembled in Jerusalem to thank God for their liberation from Egyptian slavery. In the spring of each year from the little village of Nazareth, among the Zebulun hills in the far north, the men and women would start on their sacred pilgrimage. The children were left behind as a rule on account of the length, the fatigue and the danger of the journey. I naturally drift to the other boys of Nazareth climb the hills to watch their fathers disappear in the distance. But one year Christ does not mingle with the boys. He has come to the sacred age of twelve. This is the year that all Hebrew boys are allowed to join the caravan. Thus he walks along with his parents I see his cheeks flushed with excitement. This is most natural. Christ the boy for the first time is going to see a great city. Christ the boy is going to the capital of his country. Were you not excited when your father, a farmer, took you to the city for the first time?

But as Christ the boy wanders around that great capital with its walls and palaces and temple and its thousands of inhabitants and visitors, there rises before him the dim vision of who he is and what God wants him to do. The vision is there dim in outline, but it is there. He naturally drifts to the temple and talks with the learned rabbis, who sat there to teach and answer questions. The thought that he was the Messiah whom the Jews were expecting was probably in his mind. He wanted to learn what was the idea that the doctors had of that being, and his inquiries showed so much intelligence that they marvelled at him. He had had a vision, but neither they nor his parents, when they came, understood it. What became of that vision? For ten, fifteen—aye, for nearly twenty—years the world hears nothing more about this strange boy. Like so many other youthful prodigies, he seems to disappear forever. He not only goes back to Nazareth, but instead of being a messenger of God he seems to become nothing but a carpenter. But nearly a score of years afterward we see this Christ in Cana, by Lake Galilee. Then a rapid succession come the Jordan baptism and the miracles. Then come Gethsemane and Calvary, then the Easter resurrection and the ascension. Ah, did Christ's vision of boyhood come true? So, my friends, I want to tell you the fulfillment of your child's visions, if they are of God and you welcome them aright, will come true, though they may be many years hidden away in a Nazareth oblivion. Beware how you sneer at those visions of the twelfth year.

But as I plead with you to be careful in your dealings with the God given visions of your children I cannot do without just one word of pleading for yourself. You are no longer a child. Your hair is gray. Your face is wrinkled. Instead of having the clear blue eyes of youth, your nose is bridged with glasses. A score, two score, perhaps three score years separate you from the scenes of your school days. Tell me, do you not believe it is full time for you to see the fulfillment of those visions of your own childhood? When you were a schoolboy you saw a God-given vision of a day in which you were to surrender your whole heart and life unto his service. Was it a dream? Do you not believe the time has come for that vision to be fulfilled at the altar of mercy now?

This is not a useless or an unimportant moment for you. This moment may decide the eternal destiny of some one. Your vision of childhood, about giving your heart to Jesus Christ, came to some of you nearly fifty years ago. Shall not that vision be fulfilled in this twilight of your life? Shall it not, by the grace of God, be fulfilled now? Or if not now, when shall it be fulfilled? Do you not believe that vision of childhood which still lingers in your mind was a vision sent from God, which, by God's will, is still calling you to him?

Lord Cadogan is known as one of the best landlords in London. When North street, Chelsea, was remodeled a short time ago Lord Cadogan was approached by a syndicate which asked him to sell the property to them. To which the earl replied: "I will sell it, but I must insist upon your granting new leases to every one who is in that street, so that no one is turned out for five years and so that they will have ample notice."

That made a difference of £50,000 to Lord Cadogan. In other words, if he had sold it outright without a condition of that sort he would have had £50,000 more than he did.

Shaw's Uppe George Bernard Shaw's "The way money in the theatre demoralize a man" years I get no find my of a spoth

## There's Satisfaction

# "SALADA"

## CEYLON TEA

### Once Tasted, Ever After Demanded

Lead Packets only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, and 60c. per lb. At all Grocers  
HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

## To Establish 'Phone System.

Edmonton, Alta., May 4.—In the estimates the Government provides \$35,000 for undertaking preliminary work to establish a provincial-owned telephone system. Attorney-General Cross, at the same time notified the House that he would bring in a bill empowering the municipalities to engage in the telephone business. The Government proposes establishing a long-distance system, leaving the local lines to municipalities.

## DON'T SQUANDER YOUR MONEY

On worthless cures for catarrh. There's only one remedy that's successful for catarrh. It cures when the doctor says your case is hopeless. No drugs to take, no atomizer to bother with, you simply inhale the fragrant vapor of this unfailing cure and get well quickly. Relief is instant, cure is guaranteed, so you run no risk, with Catarrhoxone. Don't experiment, don't put off, get Catarrhoxone from your druggist today.

## Chamberlain Is Confident.

London, May 4.—(C. A. P.)—A meeting of the Tariff Commission was held yesterday, Mr. Chamberlain presiding. He congratulated the commission on the work accomplished, and avowed that the general election did not turn on the preference, and expressed absolute confidence in the ultimate success of the movement. Resolutions were passed providing for the continuance of the work of the commission.

## WOMEN WITH WEAKNESS.

For all weakness which girls and women suffer, no surer remedy exists than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They maintain that break down every woman so earnestly desires; they uproot disease, and bring strength that lasts till old age. "No medicine could be more beneficial than Dr. Hamilton's Pills," writes Mrs. Mary E. Ayerton, of Victoria. "I have been strengthened, my digestion is better, I have improved in color and feel considerably better since using Dr. Hamilton's Pills." Sold everywhere, 25c. per box or five boxes for one dollar.

## Caustic.

"And you are ready to forgive your daughter for eloping with me, sir?" "Yes, I'll treat her kindly. The poor girl will be sufficiently punished in having you for a husband."

## WHY THAT WEARINESS?

You're uneasy, restless, without appetite. Still worse, you are thin and fagged out. Work must be done, but where is the strength to come from? Make your blood nutritious and you'll have lots of strength. Your only hope is Ferrozene, an instant blood-maker, blood-purifier, blood-enricher. It brings keen appetite, digests food and supplies nutrition for building up all the bodily tissues. Ferrozene makes muscle and nerve-tissue, increases your weight, builds a reserve of energy into the body that defies weariness or exhaustion from any cause. To have virility and healthy vigor use Ferrozene, which all dealers sell in 50c. boxes.

## Must Obey Regulations.

London, May 4.—Great Britain's position regarding the fishing of American fishing vessels by Newfoundland magistrates for violation of the colonial fishing regulations, is that American vessels must obey the regulations of the colony, which do not conflict with their rights under the Treaty of 1818.

## COLD SETTLES IN THE BACK.

It hits people in a tender spot and makes it mighty hard to brace up. Nervine takes that kink out of your spinal column in short order; it soothes, that's why relief comes so soon. Nervine penetrates, that's why it cures. Five times stronger than ordinary remedies, Nervine can't fail to cure lame back, lumbago, sciatica, and neuralgia. Nervine is instant relief to all muscular pain. For nearly fifty years it has been the largest selling liniment in Canada. Better try it.

At a quilting bee even the gossipers are piece-makers.

The longest railroad isn't blamed for running to extremes.

Shaw's Uppe George Bernard Shaw's "The way money in the theatre demoralize a man" years I get no find my of a spoth

## LAUNDRIES

### WING CHUNG LAUNDRY

Fifth Street Near Harrison Hall  
Opens on Monday, April 9th.  
Family washings and gentlemen's work a specialty.  
Laundry called for. First-class work guaranteed. Returned in twenty-four hours.

## HARRY & TOM

### WILLIAM STREET LAUNDRY.

We do all kinds of Laundry and Family Washing. Prices reasonable, and work guaranteed.

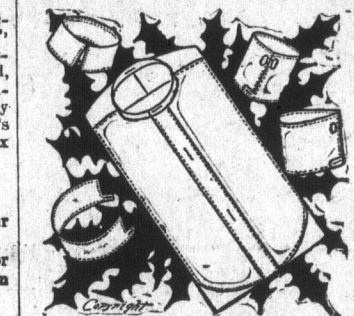
Give us a call.  
**HARRY & TOM**  
PHONE 484. Opp. C. P. R.

## \$2,000 MACHINE

The Parisian Steam Laundry has installed a New Lace Curtain Machine, costing them nearly \$2,000.

Now is the Time to Have Your Lace Curtains Cleaned and Done Up at a Very Small Cost.

GIVE US A TRIAL.  
**The Parisian Steam Laundry Co.**  
Phone 20.



## PERFECT LINEN

Is an absolute necessity to the cleanly man. It's to that kind we cater especially. We do not care to LAUNDRY for the fellow who doesn't care about his appearance. Our work is too good for such as he. If you are a particular person, fastidious about your appearance, we want your laundry work. You will appreciate our kind of service at the first trial.

## Chatham Steam Laundry

Two Doors West of Planet Office.

## SOMETHING NEW IN CHATHAM...

## The Dolly Varden Shoe for Women

All Leather. New Styles, Low or High; Button or Lace. The newest novelties in footwear for Spring. Dainty Women—Dainty Spring Outfits—DOLLY VARDEN the dainty shoe for dainty women.

**Wm. Somerville & Son**  
4 Doors West of Market

From

Shaw's Uppe George Bernard Shaw's "The way money in the theatre demoralize a man" years I get no find my of a spoth

Shaw's Uppe George Bernard Shaw's "The way money in the theatre demoralize a man" years I get no find my of a spoth

Shaw's Uppe George Bernard Shaw's "The way money in the theatre demoralize a man" years I get no find my of a spoth

Shaw's Uppe George Bernard Shaw's "The way money in the theatre demoralize a man" years I get no find my of a spoth

Shaw's Uppe George Bernard Shaw's "The way money in the theatre demoralize a man" years I get no find my of a spoth

Shaw's Uppe George Bernard Shaw's "The way money in the theatre demoralize a man" years I get no find my of a spoth

Shaw's Uppe George Bernard Shaw's "The way money in the theatre demoralize a man" years I get no find my of a spoth

Shaw's Uppe George Bernard Shaw's "The way money in the theatre demoralize a man" years I get no find my of a spoth