

The Planet

S. STEPHENSON - Proprietor.
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AN ECONOMIC "DRUNK."

The Planet's attention has been directed to a pertinent and thoughtful article in a recent issue of the Detroit Free Press dealing with the unmistakable tendencies of the times in the neighboring republic. And its words apply with equal force to our own Dominion—and even to our own community.

A text for the article is taken from the sane and well-balanced speech of Senator Hanna to a republican convention in Cuyahoga County, when the Clevelandian is quoted as saying: "It may be that we have overdone this prosperity business and that people have become selfish in their own interests. I am inclined to believe that is so, to some extent. It is only when people are aroused and alive to dangers that they fight to ward them off."

That excessive prosperity has blinded the country in general to its economic perils must be patent enough to any intelligent person who will look squarely at the facts. People have not become more selfish in their own interests, to use Mr. Hanna's phrase, than they ever were, but they have become more reckless in that selfishness. The capitalist, the employer and the laborer alike seem to have gone mad like a lassoed bronco. The prosperity weed has, temporarily at least, destroyed their reason.

For three years or more the capitalistic element of the country, and more particularly of the east, has done its best to hammer good times into bad times by a series of dare-devil speculations without parallel, for extent and audacity, in the history of the world. The market has been flooded with securities representing no value except that coined by a fertile imagination. Wall street, seemingly, has taken for its motto the words of La Fontaine, "After us the deluge." Not only has the business of swamping the country in fictitious securities been carried on to an extent never before dreamed of, but in the arrogance of its greed, Wall street has even presumed to warn the government of the United States that it would tolerate no enforcement of a law that interfered with its speculative riot.

While organized capital is still in the midst of its spree, organized labor has gone out on an economic drunk, for which our friends, the coal operators, are largely responsible. When the coal trust declined to treat with its men and created a situation more threatening than anything that had existed since the civil war, the attention of the entire country was brought to a focus on this industrial struggle. The union won, as anybody could have foreseen, but the results of the victory were not confined to the anthracite coal district. One conquest always inspires another. Arcola calls up visions of Egypt, and Egypt of Austere and Austere of the invasion of Russia. These struggles are cumulative. One inspires another, and when the coal operators went down to their invited defeat, the labor wars which followed came as a matter of course. Other unions assumed that they had grievances identical in spirit with those of the miners, and that their employers were of the Boettian type of Bourbonism represented by the coal operators. The challenge to a struggle for economic mastery was immediate.

In New York city alone, it is said that fully 165,000 men are directly or indirectly idle on account of strikes. Chicago is threatened with the most disastrous labor war in its history. Thousands of men have struck, and thousands more have been locked out. What is still more serious, reckless agitators are seeking to bring about a strike of the freight handlers, which will isolate the city commercially and paralyze the business of the entire Northwest.

There is scarcely a city or an industry in the country in which there are not serious labor disputes in being or threatened, and the situation is becoming more acute from day to day. Yet the idea that a grave danger exists in this state of affairs seems foreign to everybody's mind. Employers are organizing to fight fire with fire. The employed are exerting themselves to strengthen their position, and to obtain their demands by what the French call the greater force. The demagogues of labor and capital alike are busy, making a bad matter worse. The unions make all manner of demands, some reasonable and some preposterous, on the pretext that labor is not obtaining its fair share of "the fruits of toil." Exasperated employers refuse arbitration, because they fear that further concessions will lead only to new demands. Employer and employee alike disregard the fact that the victor is often more demoralized by victory than the vanquished by defeat. While there are voices raised for conciliation, they are stifled in the clash of the warring factions of capital and labor. Seemingly, nothing has been learned from experience.

Apparently everybody has forgotten even the most recent lesson of industrial history—that 1893 followed 1892. Everybody is grabbing for everything a fevered imagination thinks it sees in the form of material wealth, and everybody is confident that the bottom of the bag can never be reached.

How long this economic debauch will last nobody can tell; but one thing is certain, and that is there is a limit to the industrial vitality of any people. A spree may be exciting enough while it lasts, but there is always "the cold, gray dawn" of the morning after, and this applies to economic drunkenness as well as to any other form. If the American people think they can retain their material prosperity regardless of the excesses committed by labor and capital alike, they are sadly mistaken. Prosperity is not a gift of the gods, and it does not depend upon the occultation of the stars. It is held only by the processes by which it is attained—sober, rational, concerted effort. Today labor and capital have not only become selfish in their own interests, as Mr. Hanna declares, but they are madly, insanely, destructively selfish. First one and then the other runs amuck, and it needs only the burden of a blighted crop to shatter the entire fabric of material prosperity that the country has built up so laboriously during the last seven years. Fools can always destroy faster than wise men can create.

PROFESSIONAL JEALOUSY.

Toronto Telegram.
The Globe's denunciation of R. R. Gamney, M. L. A., as a liar is one more illustration of the professional's hatred for the amateur.

JOE'S MOTTO.

Toronto Telegram.
"Find out what your enemies want you to do, and then don't do it!" has been Mr. Chamberlain's motto so far, and to that motto he still adheres.

RIVALRY IN PRAYER.

New York Tribune.
The small boy lifted up his voice and wept.

"I've prayed and prayed and prayed to have it stop snowing," he wailed, "and it keeps on snowing just as hard as if I hadn't said a thing."

He was too young to be made to understand that "faith without intelligence is vain," and yet his mother did not want to upset his simple belief.

"It must be," she suggested, "that another little boy is praying to have it keep on snowing, and he is praying harder than you are."

WEAKLY CHILDREN

Stunted, weakly children are those whose food does them no good, because they do not digest it properly. Keep the child's digestive organs right and it will grow up strong and healthy, and it will not cause mother much trouble while it is growing up. It is the weak children—the puny children—that wear the mother out caring for them day and night. All this is changed when Baby's Own Tablets are used. They promote digestion, they give sound, natural sleep, they keep baby bright and cheerful. They are good for older children, too, and cure all their minor ailments. It costs only 25c. to prove the truth of these statements—and you will be thankful afterwards. Mrs. Archibald Sweeney, Carleton, N. S., says: "I have given my little one Baby's Own Tablets, and am more than pleased with the results. I can recommend them to every mother." That's the way all mothers who have used the Tablets talk. That's the way you will talk if you will try them when your little ones are ailing. You can get the Tablets from any dealer, or they will be sent by mail at 25c. a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ANCIENT STRUCTURE

Chas. Dolsen, of Third street, is engaged at present tearing down a barn on his farm about twelve miles out in Dover. The barn is one of the homestead of Isaac Dolsen and was built by Isaac Dolsen about 110 years ago. It is entirely of oak, there being no pine here at that time, and is a grand old structure. The foundation was decaying and a new barn will be built in its place.

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"PLEASANT PLACES"

CHRISTIAN MINISTRY IDEAL PLACE OF CONSECRATED USEFULNESS.

NATURE SOOTHES THE LONELY

What the Preacher Learned of Contentment in Apparently Unpleasant Places From a Woman Living in the Backwoods—Rule Applied to the Preacher's Calling.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1903, by William Bailey, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Chicago, June 7.—In this sermon the preacher sets forth with enthusiasm the delights of the Christian ministry, and the opportunities it offers the graduates of our learned institutions as the ideal life of consecrated usefulness. The text is Psalms xvi, 6, "The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places."

Different occupations often imply different enjoyments. All varieties of flowers do not thrive equally well under the same colored glasses. The amusements which would be exhilaration and restful relaxation for the physician may be drudgery and irritation for the merchant. The owls and the bats turn their days into nights and their nights into days. The eagles and the hawks do not circle about in the heavens unless they can heat their feathers by the flaming fires of the sun. The inhabitant of one home may be deaf and blind to the pleasures surrounding another residence.

In the backwoods I best learned this interesting lesson. With my family, I was spending a summer vacation in the country. In a rowboat, far from a railroad station, I was tracing the bendings and windings of a little river. Suddenly, at a turn of the stream, we came to a small house nestling under the protecting branches of the tall trees. I found there a woman living practically alone. She had no children. All day long her husband was off to work. I said to her: "This is an awful place to live! You must be lonely and heart sick with no companionship." "Oh, no," she answered. "I am never alone. I have hundreds of friends who call and talk to me every day. Do you see that little nest just at the end of my porch? Well, last spring the mother bird came here as a bride and asked me if she could build her home there, and I said 'Yes.' Then she talked and chattered on all the time she was building it. She brought in her husband and introduced me to him. She told me when the eggs were hatched. She is one of my friends. Then just over there under that bank a muskrat has his home and is raising his family. He comes out every little while and blinks at me and talks in the sign language. Then there are my friends the wild flowers and my friends the chickens and my friends the fish, which I feed at the dock. Then the river itself is a friend of mine. It has a language of murmurs and gurgles to which I listen, and when I get tired and weary the young man goes for me. Oh, no; do not pity me for being alone! My enjoyments are perhaps your enjoyments, but they are many, very many. I would not exchange my life for that of any one I know." Happy woman that! Happy because she was in the place where she could work for Christ, and with which God had endowed her. Happy because, like a bee, she was able to find every flower filled with nectar for her lips. Happy because every tree branch was to her a choir loft in which a master soloist was singing the sweetest song in all his repertoire.

Well, my friends, as I needlessly pitied that poor woman living in the backwoods there are hundreds and thousands of people commiserating the supposed unhappy lot of a gospel minister. These sympathetic commiserations have become widespread. There are hundreds—aye, thousands—of young men who might otherwise have volunteered for service in the Christian pulpits, have been deterred on account of them, from consecrating themselves to the gospel ministry. Now I want to speak specially this morning to the young men who are graduating from our colleges and schools, and if they have adopted this view of the Christian ministry being a joyless, gloomy life I want to set them right. I make a direct appeal to the young men to enter the gospel pulpit, because it offers the happiest, the most blessed and the most exhilarating life on earth. I am going to make this plea with autobiographical authority by showing the kindnesses and the sympathies which have surrounded me from the day of my ordination down to the present time.

The first objection generally made to the occupation of a minister is that it is not a money-making profession. That is true, but it does offer something far better in the joy of noble consecration. We have all at some time proved the truth of Christ's words, that it is better to give than to receive. When the bowler bird of love builded her home for the first time in our hearts we immediately tried to manifest that love in many different ways. We laid at the feet of our ladylove our gifts, as the wise men from the east came to the manger with their presents of gold and frankincense and myrrh. We manifested our love in the little attentions we daily bestowed and in the letters we would write. As time passed on we again manifested that love in the engagement ring which we tremblingly placed upon the finger of our future bride. Has any money we have since earned ever given us such joy as that which came in the happiness of her gift, in the welcome of her voice and in the knowledge that we were winning her affections in return for our affections. My young friend, did you ever stop to consider that the Christian minister has such joys

as these, which make the acquisition of a fortune appear in comparison low and sordid? Apart from the rewards that God gives to the faithful minister, there is a joy in the self-surrender, in the consecration of our whole lives to Christ, who laid down his life for us.

The true soldier does not think of money, the mere question of money, when he surrenders his life to the service of his country. In all probability he will never have anything to live on but a mere pittance of a salary. Yet he willingly dons the soldier's uniform. He willingly promises to suffer and starve and, if need be, to die for his country's good. While promising to make this sacrifice he feels happy in the resolve. Cannot the minister in the same way feel the exhilaration of a noble consecration? I know that the compensations of the gospel minister cannot be estimated by the standard of mere money. I know there are many men preaching who by work in the pulpit who if they had entered the law or a mercantile life would have an annual income of five ten times the income that they receive as ministers. But does not the joy of giving your whole life to the service of Jesus Christ bring some rewards higher than money? Does not the thought that you are trying to save men and comfort men and bring them to the Saviour whether you are standing by the opened casket or by the sick bed or on the street or in the pulpit give you transcendent and at times almost overwhelming joys?

That these spiritual rewards are real and satisfying is demonstrated by the fact that the ministers are the only class of men who, as a rule, want their sons to follow in their own footsteps and their daughters to marry men of their own profession. If you go to an average lawyer and ask him what he would like his sons to be he answers, "Almost anything rather than a lawyer;" to a physician, anything but a doctor; to a newspaper man, anything but an editor; to a merchant, and you will often find him struggling to get his boys to leave the mercantile life and enter some professional career. But a consecrated minister invariably wants his sons to enter the gospel ministry. If you ask your pastor this question, "What would you like your son to be?" he will in all probability answer, "I would like him to be a minister. If he becomes a minister I do not want him to be a man made, but a God made, minister. But if the Holy Spirit should ever work upon his heart I think the happiest day of my life would be when I could hear him preach in a Christian pulpit. May God give me this joy."

But the joy of self-surrender is not the only reward. The gospel ministry affords more opportunities for usefulness than any other profession. Every true man wants to make the most of his earthly life. If he has ten talents he wants to use them where they will be most effective; if he has only one talent he wants to make that one talent useful. Where can a consecrated, educated young man have more influence for good than in the Christian ministry? When the young man graduates from the theological seminary he immediately takes his place at the head of a country or city church. What does that mean? Simply this: The young man immediately becomes the leader of a consecrated band of Christian workers, who are ready to work far Christ in any way the young pastor directs. It means that his individual personal influence is doubled, trebled, quadrupled—aye, a hundredfold increased—by the consecrated band of workers who welcome him into his new charge. It means that by the power of his Christian collaborators working with him and for him he can in time absolutely dominate a whole region for good.

The gospel ministry is a profession whose members are treated with respect and universal kindness. How much respect! The very lowest and most depraved are generally greeted at their approach. When the minister comes around the blasphemer's lips are closed, the lewd story is untold, the evil thought is unexpressed. When the Catholic priest on an errand of mercy enters the lowest dive every head uncovers and every cursing tongue is stilled.

How with kindness? Because from the very moment you step into it there are scores and hundreds of people who will do everything in their power to make your life happy. When installed in a charge the church reception will show you how your friends who have always welcomed you are. When your baby is sick there are always many sympathizers to come around and bring the flowers and, if necessary, help in nursing. When the autumnal fruits arrive there are the tokens of love in gifts of jellies and apples. There are the Christmas presents of chairs and other knickknacks. These gifts may not have much money value, but they show the true beatings of the hearts of a loving and sympathetic people. An aged reformer of England when dying was asked what was the greatest want of this world. He answered, "sympathy." The true gospel minister rarely feels the need of this gift. He has the sympathy of the people in his church work. He finds sympathy, heartfelt sympathy, wherever he goes. Know that there are certain churches which were started in fensh rows and are now contemptible churches and have ill-treated their ministers for generations. But these mean churches are the exceptions—the rare exceptions.

The Christian ministry is a profession in which the members are shielded from many of the temptations that confront men in other walks of life. Richard Baxter once declared that the minister had to face the greatest of all daily temptations. He lived in an exceptional period, and I do not believe he would have said so had he been living in this day. Temptations came to the pulpit, but not with the same virulence and bitterness as they assail the pew. The gos-

Do you not know that the kidneys must be kept in good working condition or you cannot be well? That delay in this case is very dangerous? That the standard remedy for disordered kidneys is Bu-Ju? Why not use it at once? All druggists sell Bu-Ju in box of Fifty Pills Fifty Cents. Reject all substitutes.

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pel minister by his official position is under the influence of good associates. He has surrounding him some of the best men and women who are inhabitants of the community in which he lives. These Christians are not only praying for his work, but also for him. We all believe in the power of prayer. Is there to be no direct result upon the minister's life on account of this spiritual association? When I entered college two or three different secret societies wanted me to join their organizations. I was composed of men notorious for their dissipation. They were drinkers, card players, carousers. Another was a poorer society financially, but was composed for the most part of noble Christian boys. I said to myself: "I cannot afford to place myself in a position where I may be surrounded by men who drink and gamble. I will join the society which is poorer financially, but whose spiritual members will lift me up instead of dragging me down." The consecrated gospel preacher in the same way is always surrounded by good men and women and not by bad. He cannot if he would associate with evil companions or go to questionable amusements or desecrate the Sabbath. If he did he would be immediately debarred from his pulpit ministrations. Therefore, my young friend, you should desire to enter the gospel ministry for these purifying and holy associations that will lift you up instead of dragging you down.

The gospel minister has the same temptations as other men. Why, that is absurd. I do not believe I am what I am because I am stronger than other men. I believe I am stronger than other men because I am surrounded by praying men and women and hemmed me in with noble influences and bound me hand and foot with the golden manacles of their petitions. If these holy associates should be taken away from my life I would tremble for what the results might be. My young friend, if God calls you to be a lawyer or doctor or legislator or police captain or merchant go ahead and be what he intends you to be. He will give you strength to resist any temptations that may come in your way if you will only ask him. But if he calls you to be a Christian minister and you deliberately turn a deaf ear to that call I tremble in reference to your future. I tremble for your spiritual life when you have to face the temptations that beset the average man in the outside world. I tremble when you shall not have the guarding, guiding, protecting influence of praying men about you, such as surrounds the average life of the Christian minister.

I have preached this sermon, showing the joys, the spiritual safeguards and the infinite usefulness of the gospel ministry, for two distinct reasons: The first, there never was a greater need than at the present time for young men to enter the gospel pulpit. A few years ago the capitalist, the statesman, the merchant prince and leading lawyers considered it an honor to sit in the staid chairs of our great cities. Now, for the most part, these positions are despised by the intellectual and financial leaders and are filled with professional politicians and men who are weaklings and often dishonest. Once there was a time when the greatest honor that could come to a family was the honor of a son dedicating his life to the gospel ministry. Now the current of popular opinion is running counter to this line of noble service. Our strong young men, instead of entering the pulpit, are giving their lives to law, to merchandising, to railroads, to electrical sciences. Who are to fill the future pulpits of America? "Give us men!" cry our theological professors. Their classes are growing smaller year by year. "Give us men!" cry the churches. "We cannot get the right kind of men for our pulpits." "Give us men!" cry the synodical missionaries. "The harvest is ripe, but the laborers are too few." It is all nonsense for some of our religious writers to declare that the reason our theological students are becoming less and less in number year by year is because we are getting quality instead of quantity. The reason our seminaries are becoming depleted is because the young men who ought to enter the ministry refuse to come. Men! Men! We want men! We need men for the gospel pulpits, to save the sinful world from the altar of Christian ministry.

—Humors feed on humors—the sooner you get rid of them the better — Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine to take.

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