

MONEY A PUBLIC TRUST

MAN WHO MAKES CAPITAL HIS IDOL IS AN INCAPABLE.

HE CANNOT LOVE THE CHRIST

Insidious Power of the Love of Wealth, and the Gradual Increase of Avarice in a Man's Soul—Timely Sermon on the Temptations, Burdens and Responsibilities of Great Wealth, With an Incidental Word to Those Who Have It Not.

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., Sept. 2.—The temptations, burdens and responsibilities of great wealth form the theme of this timely sermon, the text for which is taken from Ecclesiastes v. 10, "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth abundance with increase."

I have no sympathy with the demagogues who are trying to antagonize the masses against the classes. I have utter contempt for the false agitators who preach the infernal doctrine that every person who dresses in broadcloth or in silk is an enemy of his race, and that the insignia of all human perfections can only be found in the laborer's soiled garments and in the fluttering fringe of a filthy, unkempt tramp.

The outward appearance of man does not always portray his true character. Thus we find some of the blackest sheep feeding among the flocks browsing in all pasture lands. The wealth of a man or the poverty of a man cannot be used as a criterion by which to judge whether the nature of that man is pure or impure. There have been many rich men with true hearts and noble impulses, men of simple lives and beneficent deeds. The world remembers with reverence such men as Sir Moses Montefiore, whose life was consecrated to charity; Baron Hirsch, who built and endowed homes for the shelter of persecuted Jews; Peter Cooper, whose splendid institution is still developing the genius of the poor, and William E. Dodge, whose benefactions extended to the poor and struggling of his day.

Who would dream of placing the portraits of Robert Morris and Jay Cooke in the rogues' gallery. The patriotic banker who risked his fortune in the support of Washington and the millionaire who stood by the side of Secretary Chase during the darkest days of the civil war were true patriots. Robert Morris' money and Jay Cooke's money were just as essential to American liberties as were the soldiers who carried the muskets and fired the cannon.

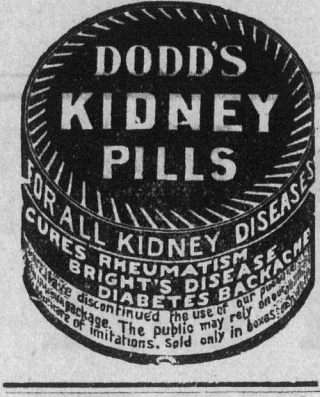
All palaces are not the walled-in castles of buccannars and thieves. There are further than this. I assert and have a right to assert this from the highest socialistic standards that men of capital are as necessary to the development of the country and to the success of an enterprise as are men of muscle and brains. It is an uneducated nonsense to say that the capital of this country rests entirely in the brain and muscles of laborers and the mechanics. The laborers and the mechanics of this country could accomplish very little for the true development of this country were it not organized and directed by skilled engineers and by the resources of money. Sometime ago I walked through miles and miles of sagebrush and of desert. This desert extends from San Bernardino to Etiwanda. In all that desert there were not any living creatures but some few birds and leaping jack rabbits.

Then I climbed the San Bernardino mountains and traveled into those hills for many miles. There I came to where the engineers and the financiers were building a great dam which would collect all the waters from an immense area of land into one great lake. "What are you going to do with this water?" I asked the chief engineer. "After we collect the water," said he, "we are going to send it by tunnels under the mountains, where it will be scattered over the arid lands, extending between Etiwanda and San Bernardino, and that water will make that desert blossom as the rose."

Do you mean to tell me that the ignorant Mexican laborers who were digging the tunnels and erecting the dams of Little Bear Valley could work that miracle without the planning of skilled engineers and the re-enforcement of capital, any more than capital could make that reservoir without the cooperation of labor. Oh, yes, even in the wildest dreams of the disappointed classes there must be demarcations between man and man. There is a place for capital as well. Capital and labor are two strong arms of the social body. Their two hands must live together and work together and live together and die together.

But it makes a great deal of difference whether the capitalist looks upon his fortune as a public trust or whether he plots to make money and to squeeze the last dollar he can out of his suffering employees. It makes a great deal of difference whether the capitalist is giving for others or whether they believe that God has selected them as his special favorites and expects all those with whom they come in contact to be alive for their benefit. And yet that is the way many of our moneyed potentates act. They squeeze their gouges, they do everything which, as misers, they can to hoard their gold. And the strange fact is the more they get the more they want and the more they are dissatisfied with what they have. Ecclesiastes well describes the insatiable spirit of some money seekers who are about us when he said, "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth abundance with increase."

In the first place, I learn from this text that when a man makes money his idol he is incapable of loving Christ. The two loves are antagonistic. They are in a mortal combat. They can no more live together than a dove could nest with a buzzard or the light and the darkness could be together all the same time. The love of silver is from the devil. The love of Christ is of God. The Bible distinctly says it, "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." "Ye cannot serve two masters. For either you will hold to the one and despise the



other or else you will hold to the one and despise the other. The house divided against itself cannot stand. Therefore, my friends, you who are giving your lives more and more to the acquisition of wealth are at the divergent forks of two roads. Either you will have to surrender your love for gold or else you will have to surrender your love for Jesus Christ. There is no doubt about it. The love of silver is a sin. And unless a man is ready to surrender all sin he cannot become one with Christ.

"Oh," says some man to me, "that is absurd. You are taking an impracticable view of life. Do you mean to tell me that all merchants who are selling their goods over a counter, that all real estate speculators who are trying to make a profit out of their land, that all clerks and mechanics and lawyers and doctors and professors and scientists and authors and laborers who are earning their weekly wages are antagonistic to Jesus Christ?" No, my friend, I never said that. Thousands and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of men who are working in the busy marts of trade are doing this, not for love of silver, but for what that silver will do for them and their loved ones. They are working for their children's education. They are working to put homes over their loved ones' heads. They are working, as did Peter Cooper, to build some institution of mercy. But you know just as well as I know that there are thousands and hundreds of thousands of men who, having all their temporal necessities supplied, are not working for any competency or even for the luxuries of life, but in order that they might have power and fame and position; in order that they might yet make men bow and worship them; in order that they might say, as did Nebuchadnezzar of old, "Behold, is not this great Babylon that I have built?" Behold, behold! Now, whenever any man comes to the position where he is loving gold for gold's sake and power for power's sake and fame for fame's sake, then that man is crowding the love of Jesus Christ out of his heart. Paul was a tentmaker. But Paul never made tents in order that he might build a palace and own a thousand acres of land. Paul made tents in order that he might earn enough money to pay his way to preach the gospel. And when any man loses sight of the true purpose for which we are given the opportunities of working for money, then that man

becomes a spiritual outcast. He cannot serve God and Mammon. He cannot love silver and love Christ at the same time.

I was never more impressed with the fact that a false love can crowd out our love for Jesus Christ than when, a short time ago, I saw the copy of a picture entitled "Despised and Rejected of Men." The artist did not depict Christ in the Oriental judgment hall of Pilate. He did not have Jesus surrounded by Hebrew scoffers in Hebrew dress, while he staggered under his cross through the Jerusalem gates on his way to Calvary. The artist did not lift that cross, as we have always seen it, between two thieves. But this cross of Christ seemed to be hung upon the pillars of the subterranean building of Wall street, New York. Then as these American scoffers passed by, wagging their heads and sneering, each one seemed to be absorbed in just one illicit love. There was the drunkard clinging to his bottle. There was the sportsman with wanton eyes watching his prey. There was the bishop in his gorgeous robes thinking more of ecclesiastical honors than of the malden dressed in the latest fashion, seeming to say, "Come, O world, come and worship me in thy beauty." There was the politician reaching after fame. And there was the miser or the banker whose god was gold. As I watched the long line of men and women who were rejecting Christ, each on account of his one illicit love, this miser seemed to be the center of the out before me the most despicable of all.

But though the love for Christ and the love for gold cannot exist simultaneously in the same heart, that is not the only result of this evil of greed. It might not be so bad if you could come to greed and say: "Here, greed, here is my soul, here is my love of God. Now eat and be filled." But greed is a glut. Greed is a gormandizer. Greed is a huge monster with a voracious appetite, and the more you feed him the larger he will grow, and the greater will become his desire for food. He will swallow down a man's religion. He will keep on swallowing down houses and banks and lands, and still this demoniac monster greed will keep crying, "I am hungry, give me more to eat. More to eat, I say. Give me more! Aye, give me more than you have, and still I can eat it and not be satisfied. I am growing bigger all the time. Food, food! I must have more food for my omnivorous appetite." That is only another way of illustrating the biblical truth of my text which says, "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth abundance with increase."

You never saw a person who selfishly lived for what he could get who was satisfied with what he had. No sooner does a man get an amount of greed, "Give me more. Give me more." "Do you see that sofa?" said a gentleman some years ago to a friend. "Well, that one sofa almost ruined me. It took me years and years to recover myself. I have been a miser ever since. It was an object lesson for my children. When I was a young man we were living in a humble street and in a small but comfortably furnished house. I was working my way along and would in time have come out all right. But one day my wife saw an advertisement and she was able to buy that sofa very cheap. She bought it, but no sooner did she put it in our parlor than it made all the rest of the furniture look shabby. Then we decided to get a new parlor set to match the sofa. No sooner did we move into the parlor than we had to buy new furniture for the dining room, and so we went on fixing the house. Then, after we had refurnished the house, we decided that the house itself was not good enough for the furniture. We moved into a larger house on a better street. Then, when we moved into the better street, we found out that we had to have better clothes. Thus we went on increasing our expenses and our outgo, while our income remained the same. Then, the first thing I knew the bills were piling up, and I was a financial wreck." "Ah,

res," I said to myself when I heard that story, "how true that is about the unsatisfying result of selfishly living for what we can get. When we live for self the more we have the more we want. Greed has an omnivorous appetite. Greed is a glut. Greed keeps crying: 'More, more. Give me more. I must have more!' My friend, is not this the personal history of your greedy life?"

My brother, how old are you? "Forty." How are you getting along in business? "Oh," you say, "splendidly, splendidly! My business was never better than now." Are you making any money outside of your business? "Yes," you say, "I do not tell this to everybody, but I will tell you. Last week I closed one deal alone whereby I made on one piece of land a net profit of \$10,000." Indeed! I suppose you inherited a good deal of money from your father to start in business? "Inherited! Indeed, I did not. Why, father never had anything to speak of. I was brought up on a farm. I made my own way alone. Why, when I first came to this city my wife and I used to live in two rooms. Then I often said to her, 'If the time ever comes when we have an annual income of \$1,500 and a little home of our own we will be satisfied.' Then you laugh to yourself and say, 'Thank God, we have a good deal more than our little home now and \$1,500 a year income.' Is that so, my friend? Then I suppose, as your money is increasing, you are giving more and more to God and to your fellow men. I suppose, as your capital enlarges, you do not grind your clerks down to a mere pittance, and that you give them a more time off for rest. I suppose that every year, as your financial income enlarges, your benevolences enlarge also. You look at me a moment. Then you drop your eyes as you slowly say: 'No; I ought to do this, but I do not give much now as I did twenty years ago. The strange fact is that financial success inevitably encourages selfishness. The more I get the more I want and the less I give in proportion to my success. This is a selfish world, and I am each year like most rich men, becoming more and more selfish.' God pity you, O Christian ingrate! God pity you, I say again, because as you grow wealthier you do less and less for others. I know one fact is true—the more you get the less you give. You derive out of your own selfish success. 'He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied

with silver, nor he that loveth abundance with increase.'"

Are you one of the wholesale robbers whom Upton Sinclair excoriates in that terrible philippic lately published called "The Jungle?" I do not know enough of the facts to say whether he is right in his denunciation of the stockyards and their proprietors, but this I will say, that this principle of selfish monopoly is practiced in many trades and professions. The rich operator cannot bear to see a poor operator making a humble competence in his little store. He grudges him his little income and freezes him out and adds his connection to his own big business. Are you, O man, building up your fortune out of coffin lids and destroyed homes and wrecked lives? Some of you rich men are doing thus. You will never be able to atone for your murderous tyrannies by a few donations to colleges and hospitals and libraries. Never, never, never! What you have won from man by dishonest methods, you must, like Zachaeus, return to man fourfold. Are you one whose "gormandizing greed" is teaching you to take unfair advantages of your fellow men?

But, after all, the most tragic and pathetic part of that Sinclair's book called "The Jungle"—and the reason I quote from this book is because I believe it is an epoch making book—is the tragic chapter where the once noble and honest "Jurgis," now a thief and a robber, is led into the palace of the great stockyard packer, Jones by the drunken son of the killer over a quarter of a billion of cattle. The millionaire Jones as a financial prince could pile up his golden riches for his children. And, mark you, I am not attacking or insinuating against any person in Chicago, but only alluding to the character of the killer as a dishonest packer, give to them all gotten gains. Oh, man, oh, rich man, why wilt thou live for gold? Why wilt thou strive to win money for thy children and with that money give to them the parental example of a spiritually wasted life? Knowest thou not that the history of Jones, the millionaire packer of "The Jungle," is to be repeated in thy history and in the history of thy children, if thou lovest silver for silver's sake and gold for gold's sake?

My friends, in this sermon I have tried to broaden your vision of life. I have not tried to stunt any of your faculties, but rather to give the broadest freedom to each of your mental and physical powers. What I have tried to do is to get you to consecrate every one of your faculties to God. If you have the sweet throat of the thrush sing for Christ. If you have the powers of winning gold win it for Christ. Wherever you go and whatever you do, there seek an opportunity to reach out the helping hand for Christ. It is only the things of the spirit that live and bring happiness to those who live for the spirit, both on this side of the grave and beyond, in the eternal life. "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth abundance with increase." "He that loveth silver shall not be satisfied with silver, nor he that loveth abundance with increase."

Are you here and now ready to live the Christ life? Are you ready to live men up to God instead of trying to drag them down to sin? Oh, my friends, with the knowledge of the tragedies which are happening everywhere around us here, can we, we refuse the spirit life?

An Engineering Marvel.

Plans have been perfected by the Canadian Pacific to construct a bridge across the Bow River, Alberta, which will be an engineering marvel and probably will be ranked as one of the world's wonders. The plans call for a structure more than a mile long and 300 feet above the water level. As compared with other bridges of the world the Brooklyn bridge is no longer and is not more than half as high.

Monkeys Have No Fleas.

It is curious that monkeys should be thought to be infested with what naturalists call the Pulex irritans and what ordinary people know as the flea. As every zoologist is aware, monkeys have neither fleas nor any other parasite whatsoever, in which of course they differ vastly from man. As a matter of fact, when monkeys begin to pick each other about in the friendly way we have all observed they merely detach bits of hardened sebaceous matter which has been excreted by the glands, and the flea idea is entirely fabulous.

Her Sun Spots.

Sir Robert Ball on one occasion, after delivering a lecture on "Sun Spots and Solar Chemistry," met a young lady who expressed her regret that she had missed hearing him on the previous evening. "Well, you see," he said, "I don't know that it would have interested you particularly, as it was all about sun spots." "Why," she replied, "it would have interested me extremely, for I have been a martyr to freckles all my life."

Two Epitaphs.

An epitaph from a cemetery in Bridgton, Me.: She was—words are too feeble to tell what. Think what a wife should be; She was all that.

This from Bar Harbor, Me.: I reach my arms out fondly. But they clasp the open air. There is no one to cling. But the shoes he used to wear.

The Good and Beautiful.

To see the good and the beautiful and to have no strength to live it is only to be Moses on the mountain of Nebi, with the land at your feet and no power to enter. It would be better not to see it.—Olive Schreiner.

Cheerful.

Hook—Jones is the most melancholy fellow I know. Hook—I should think so, indeed. He proposed to a girl once by asking her how she would like to be his widow.

Free to You, My Sister

Free to You and Every Sister Woman Suffering from Woman's Ailments



I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from woman's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—your, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand woman's sufferings. What we women know from experience we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or White Discharge, Urteritis, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Prolapse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

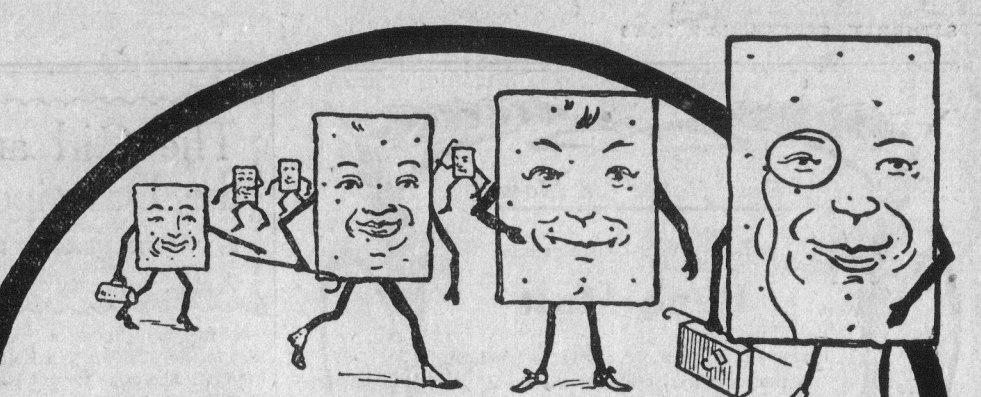
I want to send you a complete ten days treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial, and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 10 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Tell me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER," with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. You must have an operation, you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young.

Mothers or daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which quickly and effectively cures Leucorrhoea, Green sickness and painful or irregular menstruation in young ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality, who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, name, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book "WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER," with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. You must have an operation, you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young.

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In every pound of Paterson's Butter-Creams there are forty crackers which proves their flaky crispness. Your grocer has them—in the red box. Take no substitute.

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DISTRICT

VINEGAR HILL.

Mr. Blewett, who has been visiting in this neighborhood, has returned to his home in Toronto.

Mr. Ellis and Miss Shepley, of Glenwood, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Newman on Sunday.

Mrs. J. D. Johnson, of Dover, is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Johnson.

Miss Mannion and Miss Boldooh, who spent a few days with Mrs. J. Russell, have returned to the Maple City.

J. Russell and daughter Mary are visiting in Toronto.

Vester Russell is on the sick list. Mrs. Blewett has returned to her neighborhood, after spending a few days with friends in Blenheim.

Tobacco is all the go in this neighborhood.

Herbert Russell, of the Maple City, spent Sunday with friends in this vicinity.

Mrs. Blewett spent a few days in Blenheim visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Johnson spent a couple of days in Dover with their sons.

Miss Mary Russell is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Coughell, in Blenheim.

Mr. Blewett is visiting friends in Blenheim.

Mrs. H. Lott has returned to her home in Elmwood, and Miss Edith Lott is visiting Mrs. Coffell.

Mrs. D. J. Johnson and two daughters are visiting at the residence of Mr. G. H. Johnson.

The football team played a friendly game with the Oury team on Saturday, evening, beating the Oury team.

by four goals. The Vinegar Hill team will play against the Oury team on Aug. 31, at Dealtown.

Mr. Russell and family spent Sunday in Blenheim.

Mrs. Stacy, of Sandison spent Sunday with relatives in this neighborhood.

STEEL KNIFE IN THE FLESH.

That's the sensation experienced by Robert Price, of Hecion, Ont. He knew it was so serious and of course used "Nerviline." As usual, it cured and he says: "No liniment can excel Polson's Nerviline. Severe pains made my side lame. It was like a steel knife running through my side. I rubbed in lots of Nerviline and was completely cured." A regular snap for Nerviline to ease Sciatica and rheumatism. It sinks into the core of the pain, cures it in short order. Large 25c bottles at all dealers.

ROMNEY.

The storm on Thursday of last week caused considerable damage throughout Romney township.

The fine bank barn on Mrs. Heathington's farm was struck by lightning, and with the season's crop, completely destroyed. Mr. Morgan, of the first concession also lost his barn with his entire crop. Mr. Ivan Metcalf, of Zion Road, lost his barn and a span of horses that were in the stable at the time it was struck by the lightning.

The tobacco crop in some parts of the township was badly injured by the heavy fall of rain.

Miss Fietzner, a former teacher, is again with us. She has taken our school for a six months' term.

Louis Coatsworth and family of Chicago, are visiting at the old home here.

Ray Dawson, of Bay City, Mich., is here, evening, beating the Oury team.

the guest of his grandfather, William Dawson, Talbot street.

Miss Blanche Dawson has returned home after a pleasant visit in Bay City, Mich.

Miss M. Dawson is visiting in Merse.

Miss Vida Heatherington, of Kingsville, is the guest of Romney friends.

Threshing is the order of the day. Mr. Nelson S. Knight, of Jordan, N. Y., spent a couple of days here the guest of his uncle, Messrs. William and John Wickwire.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Gibson and family of Wheatley, and Mrs. Maxem, of Pontiac, were guests of Wm. Wickwire on Sunday.

Miss Kate Robinson has returned home from Raleigh, where she spent some weeks.

DAWN VALLEY.

Miss Edith Stevens, of Dawn Valley, and guest, Miss Mollie Bremner, of Detroit, are spending a fortnight at Toronto at the exhibition. Miss Stevens will also visit her sister, Mrs. Geo. Johnson, of Port Credit, while away.

W. J. Martin, of Chatham, made a business trip to Dawn Valley on Thursday.

Mr. Everett Stevens left on Monday morning for Toronto to visit the exhibition.

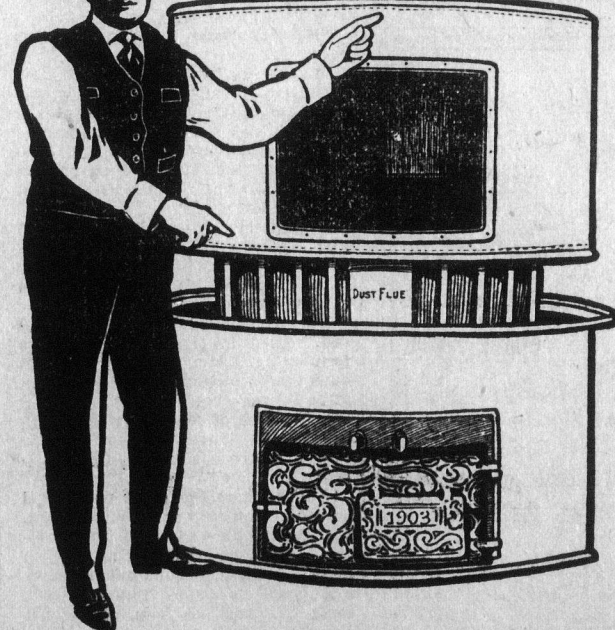
Miss Flora McDermid and nephew, Willie Taylor, who have been visiting here for some weeks, returned to Detroit on Friday, accompanied by Miss Kate McDermid.

Messrs. C. Pearce, of Petrolia, was in this vicinity last week buying cattle, and Dan Wallace buying sheep. Threshing is about over in our neighborhood.

Miss Jennie McDermid, who has been in Detroit for the past two years, has returned home.

We regret to learn that Mr. Chas. Lawrence, concession 2, is quite ill.

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They Mean a Clean House.—

Fused Joints make the "Hecla" Furnace dust, gas and smoke, tight. They are permanent joints and there is no possibility of their opening to permit anything escaping into the house.

They Mean no Trouble.—

Furnaces, put together with bolts and cement,

come apart. Bolts loosen—cement drops out—leaving holes that can only be closed by calling in the furnace man. "HECLA" Fused Joints are tight for all time.

They Mean a Healthy Home.—The heat, generated by a "HECLA" Furnace, is fresh and pure. Fused Joints keep dust, gas and smoke out of the hot air chamber, and ensure a healthful and comfortable atmosphere.

Now, don't these FUSED JOINTS mean a lot to you? Don't they mean so much that you are going to investigate them thoroughly?

Write, now, to the "Clare Furnace Builder" for a free copy of the Hecla Catalogue. If you will send me a rough sketch of your home, I will tell you just what it will cost to install the right "Hecla" Furnace. Do it NOW.

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