

PURSUIT OF MONEY.

SEVERE REBUKE TO MEN WHO MAKE GOLD THEIR GOD.

Points for the Consideration of Those Who Sacrifice Everything to Gain It—How Tough the Old Man Is, Say Children of Their Father, Whose Wealth They Wish to Spend Unhindered.

Following is the text of a sermon that has attracted much attention and that was delivered by Rev. D. C. Hossack of Deer Park, Toronto, to his congregation a Sunday or two ago.

"It cannot be denied that the love of money leads to corruption and crime. A man who has loaned a small sum of money has received a comparatively large amount as interest. This friend replied that the machine calculating machine had demonstrated that at certain points in progressive numbers the law governing them changes, and that long before his rate of interest would be indicated the transaction would be out of percentage and into to larceny.

"The desire for money is a great source of evil. In the United States the Government report indicates that in one year 6,536 weights and measures had been found incorrect. It has been said that if a Boston merchant had the privilege of selling the Atlantic he could cheapen in measuring it by the quart. It has been estimated that the United States loses more than half a million dollars a year by the use of a second-hand postage stamps. During one year there passed between Britain and the United States and Canada 14,000 newspapers containing correspondence. A convict making shoes by order of the Government was instructed to place pastboard between the soles, where there should have been sound leather and, as he toiled, he may have thought of the blind leading the blind or Satan reproving sin.

Unable to Enjoy Life. The love of money has a demoralizing effect and makes men think that beyond the pursuit of money there is nothing worthy of attention. The pursuit of money dulls the moral sensitivities and makes dim the spiritual vision. A blind man passing through a picture gallery cannot see the pictures, and if he never had sight cannot imagine their beauty. Not only are they who pursue money unable to enjoy the pleasures of life, but they place themselves beyond the possibility of enjoying other pursuits. They become warped by greed, and as the aged are seldom able to engage in the pursuits of youth, they cannot appreciate the nobler pursuits of life which might once have been theirs.

"Every occupation is a little world in itself. There are pleasures peculiar to it and a philosophy that is its own. The lumberman sees the beauty of the primeval forest with its pines and hemlocks murmuring in the breeze, the snow of winter and the grass of summer. The breath of the balsam is for him and the peace of the mighty solitude. The sailor has in his world the dark blue ocean and the glory of God's works upon the sea. They that go down to the sea in great waters, these see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. Many in this little world fail to see the beauty, to learn the lessons and to appreciate the philosophy; and of none may this be so truly said as of them who make haste to be rich and are blinded by their desires.

Striking With a Split Stick. Men think that the money is theirs, forgetting that it is God's. The image is Caesar's, the gold is God's, and for its use men must account to God.

"By many, success is supposed to atone for faults and to determine merit. What error! What is success in the market? The number of men combine, rightly believing that in union there is strength. They obtain a corner on some commodity and advance the price higher than it has been for years. They think they are safe because they are in control, and have they not pledged their word to stand together? But one rogue breaks his word and sells and sells and sells, and the market is rising. The combination is broken, and the rogue who was false has made millions, his portrait is in the magazines and he is applauded as an able financier and a success. But he is only a liar and a cheat. Cheating ruins the cheat as well as the victim. Cheating is like striking with a split stick. The person struck and stings the hand that delivers the blow.

"In the pursuit of gold a man often begins well, but the love of money grows until it is a foe within him and he falls into temptation and a snare. At first he promises well; he will and his family; he will be charitable; he will be a public benefactor; but he grows in his desire to be rich faster than he can absorb, like the tree that makes wood too rapidly, and when he becomes rich he cannot properly control his wealth, for his nature has changed, he has become vulgar and coarse and will not do what he promised and what he intended to do.

"The greed for money prevents men from taking advice, and they feel that while others have perished, disaster is not for them and they will succeed. The minister may warn them from the pulpit and they neglect that he had better confine his attention to preaching the gospel and not discuss what he does not understand. Their old fathers warn them, and they say that those who change, that old, worn-out methods are useless now. The old merchant advises caution, and they declare that they must be abreast of the times.

Wealth Grinds Money Lover. A man learns to live with his money, thinks of it, glances over it and is fascinated by it. The love of wealth grinds him as a grindstone.

where stood. On the farm the grindstone was placed in the shade of the apple tree and at the noon hour the scythes were ground. A man is ground and sharpened by money. He begins to look for money to calculate how much he may cut from them.

"What evil springs from the love of wealth? It breeds extravagance. Having made money and lived in splendid and extravagant fashion, men begin sometimes to fail, and when reduced in wealth they dare not curtail their expenditure, for reduction in the cost of living would arouse the suspicion of watchful creditors or competitors. How many are living in gorgeous and extravagant misery!

"In the race for gold there is intense excitement, and being the need of stimulant, men crave drink and with drink come their evils.

"The love of money makes the heart hard and callous, and the bond of affection which unites the family is often destroyed. Children lose both sympathy and respect for their parents and wait impatiently for their father's money. How tough the old man is! Who would have thought he would have lived so long! There never was trouble in the home before; there is trouble previous to his father's death; there is trouble when he dies; the will is contested in a suit at law; and discord is king.

"Money, if properly used, is a blessing. It is a good servant and a poor master. It may be an aid to happiness, but it alone will not bring it. Loving kindness, gentleness, sympathy, unadulterated taste and freedom from dissipation will bring happiness when wealth will fail. If a man has an old father, mother or any helpless relative depending upon him, it is his duty to lay up money to provide for them. Money thus used is a blessing. It may be foolish to lay up money for sons who, knowing of it, will not apply themselves to honest toil; money then is a curse.

"Money is a blessing or a curse according to its use. It is like gravel, for if it be in a great heap it will impede travel; and if it is applied to the highways it will benefit all. It is like water, for in rain it will cause the earth to blossom, and in a flood it will destroy. In itself it is a good thing, for it may relieve distress and make a land smile with plenty. Many use it well, and they are like angels of light to men and women who have been sitting in great darkness."

A LADIES' TUG-OF-WAR.

Canadians Beat Out the British on Board the Tunisian.

An interesting letter has been received by Mr. Stos. Bengough, Toronto, from his sister, Miss Mary Bengough, who arrived in England by the Tunisian on the 5th July, on company with her brother, Mr. J. W. Bengough, the cartoonist. She encloses a copy of a little paper called the Tunisian Gazette, printed on ship board and illustrated by the Canadian cartoonist with "jelly-graphs" or gelatine reproductions. Forty copies of this paper sold for £13! A printed program of an entertainment on Dominion Day in aid of the Liverpool Seamen's Orphanage is also enclosed, the second part being "crayon sketches and recitals by Mr. Bengough," followed by chorus, "The Maple Leaf For Ever," by the audience. The concert realized £20. Miss Bengough gives an amusing account of the tugs of war between Britain and Canada aboard ship. "Before beginning the Englishmen went to their state-rooms, and donned white flannel pants and shirts, and canvas shoes, with rubber soles. The Canadians were at a disadvantage, with their ordinary clothes and shoes, but when the word was given they simply carried the Englishmen right up the deck. Then they changed positions, and the old country champions were carried as easily down the deck. When the ladies took hold the Britishers appeared to have the best of it in strength, so far as appearance was concerned, our young girls looked so slight and pretty—they were mostly boarding school girls; but they handled the Britons with as much ease as their brothers did. There appeared to be no resistance whatever; the Canadian girls simply hauled them along. The other games were very funny, and I think the Canadians took all the first prizes and most of the others. Mrs. Hendrie of Hamilton presented the prizes. The first were bolt buckles, the second pins and the third the ship's colors.

Mails to the Far North. The forwarding of a mail from Winnipeg in the far north is an event rarely occurring about three times in a year, says The Winnipeg Free Press. The Hudson's Bay Company send their Mackenzie River supplies about the 20th to the 25th of May from Athabasca Landing by scows until they meet the Athabasca steamer, then on to Fort Smith Portage, 16 miles and thence by the Mackenzie River steamer, Wrigley, on to the most northern post, Fort Macpherson, on the Peel River, a tributary of the Mackenzie River, within the Arctic circle. Some idea of the remoteness of that territory may be formed from the fact that the only steamer, the Wrigley, can make only one trip in the year as far as Fort Macpherson. Passengers who wish to go after the steamer has left, have to depend upon the chance of getting an open boat late in the fall. Archdeacon McDonald of Mackenzie River, who is stationed at Fort Macpherson, has not been away from since last July, but letters are expected from him shortly.

Pilgrimage of Sick-eye Salmon. The sick-eye salmon has commenced his annual pilgrimage up the British Columbia Rivers, and all speculation as to the nature of the run. The owners of the American traps, which have caused such heartburnings among the British Columbians, have been disappointed so far. Labor troubles may diminish the value of the run at the latter.

ABE'S LITTLE FLIER.

By GRANT THORBURN.

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For years he'd been a power in the Flatbrook meeting house—not during church time, to be sure, nor yet at Sunday school, nor week night meetings, nor Epworth League. It was at other times he shone—at the fairs, and candy sales, and donation parties, and school commencements, for he was a prestidigitator, and he was the regular thing at the village entertainments.

But lately his popularity had begun to wane. The Flatbrooks became tired of the same old card and coin tricks, though Abe Hinchman, through long and careful practice, was an adept at them. They longed for the Indian box trick and the juggler's sword tricks of the metropolis. They did not know that down in the cities the blase members of society, if they ever did attend a sleight of hand performance, always came in when the card and coin tricks commenced and yawned and went out when the Indian box trick came on.

Abe realized that his popularity was on the wane. Even old Doc Clarkson's daughter had grown a bit distraught and cold. So Abe made up his mind. He drew about two-thirds of his bank deposit and returned to New York. He was determined to learn a few new tricks, buy some new paraphernalia and come back and astonish the natives and old Doc Clarkson's daughter. It was early winter and there was no farming to be done, so there was no better time or opportunity, and he went.

He occupied a seat in the smoker. At a station near the metropolis a well dressed young man boarded the train, looked around for a seat and finally took the one next to Hinchman. He was a sociable sort of fellow and entered into conversation at once. Abe told him all he knew and many things that he didn't. The stranger was not so communicative and confined himself strictly to fiction, although Abe couldn't know that, of course.

"Now, look a-here," remarked this man. "Don't you go to any hotel. You go to a private boarding house. They won't skin you. I know a good one where they'll treat you right. You come with me." Abe went.

The place was situated in a rather obscure street, but the rates were cheap. Abe's companion, by a singular coincidence, boarded there himself. After supper they went upstairs into the parlor. A caller was received, a rather seedy personage. He wanted to see Abe's new companion. They talked together in one corner while Abe sat in another. Then his friend came over to him.

"Say, Hinchman," he began, "do you know anything about diamonds? Any judge them? Abe glanced at the other man out of the corner of his eye. "Somebody," he replied, "was in a jewelry store up home for a while. Why? What's up?"

"Why, say," continued the other, "here's a friend of mine in a fix. He's got some good diamonds and wants me to loan about \$200 on 'em. They're worth \$900 anyway. I've seen 'em. Now, I ain't got \$200 or I'd lend it to him. Spouse you do it. How much have you got?" This was a superfluous question, for he had discovered on the train that Hinchman had just \$250.

"Well, now, here," went on the other, "I ain't got no money, but I can keep the stones, see? He can't pay up, and the stones are the real thing, see? And you'll be in the difference between a couple of hundred and most a thousand, see?"

Hinchman saw. He thought it over and concluded that it was a sound proposition, provided the man were genuine. He excused himself a moment, went to his room and put \$200 in one envelope and something else in another envelope of similar appearance. They had to go to the friend's room, a few blocks distant up a dark, dingy staircase. The friend produced the jewels. Abe wouldn't touch 'em unless they went over to some Broadway jeweler and determined their worth and genuine character. This was fair, and they went. It was really superfluous, for Abe could tell by the merest examination that the stones were the real things. There were four of them.

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The Broadway jeweler looked at them, said they might sell for a couple of hundred apiece, but that he would give \$150 spot cash for each of them. Then the three went back.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Hinchman's friend of Hinchman. "They ain't worth as much as we thought, but there's a good clear profit in it for you in case my friend here don't pay, and if he does you get your money back, with good big interest and a bonus besides at the end of a week."

The diamonds were again produced and once more examined. From that time on Abe Hinchman kept his eyes, not on the faces of his friends, but on the diamonds.

"I'll do it," he finally announced. He slowly withdrew from his pocket the envelope containing the \$250 and a small bag. He counted the money in front of the two men, and they put the diamonds in the bag at his request. After he had counted the money and replaced it in the envelope and once more examined the diamonds and replaced them in the bag, which he did more or less carelessly, keeping up a steady conversation all the time, he laid both on the table.

"Now, gentlemen," he commenced, "I'm a stranger here, and I rely on your honor not to do me. This here is a fair and square deal on my part, and I assure it is on yours. Now, there's your money, and here's—"

There was a loud rap on the door, and a man broke in. He was not in uniform, but he wore some kind of shield, which he exhibited. Behind him were two other men.

"Don't move!" he yelled to the three men around the table. "I arrest the whole gang for robbery!"

Hinchman's two companions sprang to the table, shoved Hinchman aside, grabbed the bag containing the jewels and the envelope containing the money and made for the door.

"Run for your life!" they yelled to Hinchman. "It's the cops! These stones is stolen!" They waited not, but burst through the men at the door and leaped down the stairs. Hinchman was left to face the three men.

"Well, sir," said the leader severely, "you got your money. What you got to say for yourself?"

Hinchman told the whole story from beginning to end. The three men evidently didn't believe it, but nevertheless they marched him to the corner of the street and there told him they would let him go provided he would appear at the police station in the morning to prosecute the others. He promised, and they left him. He took to his heels and sprinted for his boarding house. Once there, he gathered up his grip, paid his reckoning and jumped on the nearest trolley car. Eventually he fetched up at the Astor House. There he took a room.

Once in his room, he slung his grip in a corner, took off his hat and wiped his brow with a handkerchief. Then he drew carefully from his inside pocket first an envelope and then a small bag. In the envelope was Abe Hinchman's \$200, and in the bag were four genuine stones. The other men, wherever they were, also had an envelope and a little bag, but in the one was simply a roll of green paper and in the other a few dried beans.

Abe Hinchman had merely played it as low down on 'em as he could; that's all. Legerdemain comes in handy once in a while. He shopped around and sold two of the stones. The other two he kept.

A week later Abe Hinchman stepped off the train at Flatbrook and sauntered down the street. A diamond stud shone in his shirt bosom. He smoked a twenty cent cigar.

"Pretty flip, Abe," remarked a townsman—the jeweler, in fact—as he inspected the pin. "Where'd you get the dough?"

"Just been taking a little flier in Wall street with the boys," remarked Abe carelessly. Another hailed him.

"Well, Abe," said this one, "you look first rate. What you been down doing there?"

"Well," returned Abe, "you can just bet that I stood on the steps in front of the Astor House along with the best of them; yes, sir, I did."

"Here's a little thing for you, Millie," suggested Abe to Doc Clarkson's girl that day—"that is, if you'll say 'Yes.' It was a magnificent solitary ring. "Oh, Abe!" sighed the young lady in assent.

A week later Abe Hinchman entertained a select audience with the Indian box trick, the sword trick, the clothes basket trick, the cabinet trick and every trick in the business. It was simply great.

Napoleon's Character.

In character Napoleon may be said to have been not so much wicked as devoid of moral sense. The first principles of morality seem to have had no place in his mind, and it is difficult to see how they could have found entrance there. He had really no country, and consequently no patriotism. Born a Corsican and setting out with bitter hatred of France as the destroyer of Corsican liberties, he never really became a Frenchman. He never learned to write the language, hardly to pronounce it. France was the seat and fulcrum of his power, his throne and the recruiting ground of his armies. Whatever he might say in proclamations, in his moments of sincerity he spoke of the French contemptuously as people who were to be governed through their vanity, which it was necessary to feed with a perpetual course of victories. Domiciled in France, he had consorted with a set of adventurers as profligate as any that the world has seen. The only sort of public morality with which he had ever been impressed was the fidelity of the soldier to military duty—Goldwin Smith in Atlantic.

Conjuring a Tooth.

Among the negroes the most striking remedies are to be found. Witness the combination of cure and spell described under the name of "conjuring a tooth" in Alabama. Go into a lonely part of the woods with one of the opposite sex, who is to carry an ax. The bearer of the ax clops around the roots of a white oak, cuts off with a jack-knife nine splinters from the roots of the tree, then cuts around the roots of the aching tooth with the knife, dips each of the nine splinters in the blood flowing from the cuts and finally buries the splinters at the root of the tree from which they came. While doing this the operator repeats something which he don't understand, which is the charm.—Kansas City Journal.

The Rattlesnake's Call.

"What is the rattlesnake's rattle for?" asked the zoo keeper.

"It is a call," he resumed, answering his own question. "The rattlesnake with it calls his mate. A man was telling me the other day that he studied the rattle question last year in the west. He said it is mainly as a call that the rattle is used, though different sounds can be made with it, and these sounds appear to have different meanings."

"Once this man saw seven hogs attack a rattlesnake. The reptile began to fight pluckily, and while he fought he rattled loud and long. Three other snakes came with great speed and courage to his aid. A dreadful battle followed. The snakes, though they fought well, were all killed. The rattlesnake was also said to charm or hypnotize birds, so that the snake can seize them easily, but in this story my friend doesn't take much stock. It is as a call, he says, that the rattle is used most—a love call generally, with which the male snake summons his mate."—Philadelphia Record.

Intelligence in Eating.

It is difficult to lay down a regimen for indiscriminate adoption. A diet that would prove one person's making would very likely unmake another. This much is certain, a woman does not require as much food as a man, nor does a clerk in a store require the same amount and quality of food as a day laborer. A business woman may not eat so much as a man, but her needs are as great in point of quality and regularity of food.

Brain workers should eat fish, eggs, cream, fruits and whole wheat bread. They should eat enough of such food, be they men or women, but they should never overeat of anything.

An intelligent idea of our physical make up and of the nutritive value of different foods would preclude much recourse to doctors for advice when we are overtaken with indigestion or biliousness.—American Queen.

Plas
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