

VALUE OF A GOOD NAME

WHAT THE WORLD ESTEEMS, YET ONLY FEW FIGHT FOR.

LEGACY TO ONE'S CHILDREN

Imperishable Capital for the Right Conduct of the Business in Life—A Good Name is Not a Pauper, But Gathereth the Rewards of an Earnest and Practical Industry—How it is Attained.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1905, by Frederick Dyer, of Toronto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., March 19.—What the whole world esteems, yet what only the few strive for; what a man reverences and values as priceless, yet often flings away, and what every one wishes to bequeath to his children is the subject of to-day's sermon, the text chosen being Proverbs xxii, 1, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

What is capital? "Money, property or stock employed in trade, manufacture, etc., the sum invested or lent as distinguished from the income or interest." Is the definition given by the lexicographer. It is wealth producing wealth, not wealth being absorbed or being eaten up by expenses.

But capital, according to the lexicographer's definition, is not represented in gold ingots or coin only. I climb with the miner a hillside in Colorado or Nevada. He points to some rock and says, "There are millions of dollars' worth of gold buried here." "Why do you not get it out?" "Because," he answers, "I have no capital. I must have machinery to break the rocks; I must have miners to burrow into yonder depths; I must have money to cart away my ore to the smelting furnace. Money must be had before you can produce money."

I go into a store and see at work the busy manager of a great mercantile firm. I say to him: "Why are you working for others? Why do you not work for yourself? If you are smart enough to manage a business for other men, certainly you are smart enough to manage a business for yourself." "Aye, aye," answers the manager; "that is true. But I have not the money to start a business like this. I must have hundreds of thousands of dollars to sink before I can make a cent. I must buy my goods from the wholesale dealer before I can sell them to my customers. I must rent a store and hire clerks and spend enormous sums for advertising. All these outlays demand a large amount of capital."

Capital represents the seed and the land, to use an illustration of the farmer. The farmer must own or hire his farm and plant his seed before he can get his harvest, or his income. Now, as the farmer and the miner's machinery and the merchant's stock are nearly always valued from the standpoint of money, it is a common custom to give these sentences as truisms: "He takes money to make money." "Everything animate as well as inanimate will bow before the sceptre of gold." "Midas' touch has in his hand the grip of iron." But to-day the author of my text emphatically says: "The best producing capital a man ever had in life is a good name."

A good name, in the first place, is not a pauper. Her mansion is not the poorhouse. Her wardrobe is not filled with rags. Her family plot is not the potter's field. As a rule, she has a comfortable house to live in. Her sitting room has a glowing fireplace. Her library shelves are filled with books. "She is not afraid of the snow for her household, for her household are clothed with scarlet." "She is like the merchant ships—she brings her food from afar." "Her husband is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land." For what? Her hand findeth to do she doeth with all her might. She gathereth the rewards of an earnest and practical industry. She inevitably giveth to the holder of her family name all the necessities for a happy competency into a healthy physical and mental existence.

You can see this fact demonstrated in almost every department of life. "Honesty is the best policy." "Whether it is found within church walls or down in the busy commercial section of a great city. My text does not say, "Be good, and you will be financially poor." Oh, no! If it did, that statement would not be true. It would not

be true in professional life, in mercantile life or in domestic life.

Why does your family physician have such a large practice? You trust him not only as a good doctor, but as an honest man. You know when he is called he will not put you to bed for an attack of grip and call it pneumonia and charge you \$100 to cure you of a disease you never had. You know he will not run up useless bills against you, as some dishonest dentists do, who, if they cannot find any cavities in your teeth, will bore holes into them just to send you a bill to make you support them and their families. You know that your merchant has a large business, not because he offers better goods than his rivals, but because you can believe his statements in reference to those goods. Indeed, I go further than my original assertion in reference to my text. A good name is more often found in a comfortable home than it is in a hotel.

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things will be added unto you." That means clothing, food, home, education. As a rule, all these blessings accompany the industry of a good name. In order to win a good name, sacrifices you will have to make. In order to win the battle of Waterloo, Wellington had to make awful sacrifices. A short time after his famous conquest the English commander wrote to a dear friend as follows: "What do you think of the total defeat of Bonaparte by the British army? Never was there in the annals of the world so desperate or so hard fought an action or such a defeat. It was really the battle of the giants. My heart is broken by the terrible loss I have sustained, of my old friends and companions and my poor soldiers." It was the battle of Waterloo, which you have to struggle for a good name, you will have to make many sacrifices, as did Wellington. But, as a rule, you will not have to suffer poverty, hunger, homelessness and cold. A good name is won by industry, frugality, purity, honesty and doing with all your heart and mind what your hand finds to do. These characteristics of man, earnestly and faithfully followed through life, will inevitably land a man in a better place than the poorhouse or potter's field. It does not follow because you are financially poor that you are holy; it does not follow that because you live in a palace that you are a rascal. Beau Brummel died a pauper; Peter Cooper lived in a rich man's mansion.

But a good name does more than pay your butcher's and baker's and grocer's and clothier's bills. It does more than give you a title deed to the house in which you live. It offers to you the most priceless gift of Jesus Christ, the love of your family and your friends and the love and respect of the community in which you live. There is an old proverb which says: "A man cannot live on love alone. When poverty knocks at the door love flies out of the window." Poor proverb that! The richest home on earth where love is not poorer than the poorest man's hotel where love dwells. The love of a community is yours if you will earn it with the deeds and loves of a good man.

If you were a great man, a truly great man, I could not say this. One of the heavy prices a truly great man, as a rule, has to pay for his greatness is to suffer misrepresentation and slander and hate. Most of the contemporaries of John Milton never could appreciate the true worth of the blind sage, who, in the black exile of national contempt had to go to his study for comfort until his blinded eyes saw more of the glories of heaven than the two eyes of any inspired writer have even seen since Apostolic times. Many a soiled statue in Westminster Abbey could be washed as white as the driven vault of the sky if it were only possible to collect all the tears which once fell from the eyes of those whose bodies are now sleeping under yonder cold marble. Those tears were shed in the days of neglect and ostracism and poverty. Only the other day I ran across an editorial written by one of the most famous of northern writers, who afterwards became one of the greatest eulogists of our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln. This editorial was written in the heat of the civil war. "Any man who would go down to Washington and shoot the stupid fool in the White House would be conferring an inestimable favor on the American people, were it not for the fact there was a bigger blockhead in the Vice-Presidential chair." Ah, yes, the bitterness of execrations were hurled at Lincoln when he was alive, as the most fulsome of eulogies are given to him now he is dead.

Though the world often has been unjust and bitter to the great men, I have always felt that this persecution and

this bitterness were not due, as a rule, to the innate meanness of the human race, but rather to its inability at certain times to appreciate the heroes and heroines who were sacrificing their lives for the good of their fellow men. But, my friend, you need not be afraid that the world will be unable to appreciate you good works, if you are doing any good works. You are not a great warrior, a great statesman, a great reformer. You are only an ordinary man, living an ordinary life in an ordinary place. Therefore, if you are kind and loving and gentle and forgiving and helpful to your fellow men they will be kind and loving and forgiving and gentle and helpful to you. Why? Because each day of your life you come into personal touch with your little world, and the friends and the people of your community see you just as you are.

Taking another step forward in my subject, I declare that a good name is the most glorious of all inheritances which a man can leave to his children. It means more infinitely more, than gold. It means more than fame, more than social position, more than land and estate. It means more than anything else on earth that you can give. Most of us want to leave our children the best we can. We must not forget, to give them this treasure, which is of more value "than great riches."

How can parents financially poor leave to their children the greatest of inheritances? Let me explain more in detail. The adjective "good" comes from the substantive "God." To be "good" in the highest sense means to be "goodlike" or "like Christ." Therefore, when a father bequeaths to his son a "good name" he gives to him, in the highest sense, a Christian example well lived. He gives to him, in his boy's side and put his hand in his boy's hand and say: "My son, I want you to come with me and kneel in prayer. I want you to come with me and learn to read the promises of God in His holy book. My son, when sinners entice thee, I want to tell you where I have found strength in the past to resist temptations. And when sorrows come, as come they will, I want you to learn where you can find God as a refuge and strength." Side by side with their children the Christian parents walk. Side by side they go with them through life. Long after the parents have passed their heads in the dust, the memories of their good names or their Christian examples live on to guide their offspring. Are you not going to leave to your children the inheritance of a good name or a Christian example, such an inheritance as that which your fathers and mothers left to you?

If any young men and women need to be held to the cross of Christ by the Christian example of a parent's life, trusting in God and being with God, those children of yours need it. They have exactly the same kind of temptation that you have. They are high-strung. They are impulsive. They can be easily swept off their feet by success and discouraged by defeat. What are they going to do in the swellings of the Jordan? My brother, even with all the advantages of the Christian surroundings of your boyhood still you have a hard struggle. What then, are your children going to do when temptations arise? What have they never seen their father kneeling in prayer or walking with Christ. They have never thought that you had a divine succor. "A good name" is an inheritance. It is, it is simply priceless. It is, it is the best of all. A good name rather to be chosen than great riches?

But, if our good names are essential to our children after we are dead, how much more essential are they for us when we step out from this life into the next! The heaviest money bag that was ever secreted in the vault of the rich man who despised the poor Lazarus grovelling on his palace steps cannot be carried by him or his friend one single inch beyond his grave. Do you not think it an absurd thing for a rich man to struggle in vain to keep on struggling for something he cannot keep over a few years at best? This money may and in all probability will, do his children a damage after he is gone. It is an old saying that "Shadows have no power, yet many men seem to live as though their shrouds would be different from all other shrouds or that they would live on forever and never have a shroud."

Is this bearing the name of the Lord God Almighty to be a meaningless figure? Will you not at least rejoice in it as much as you would for bearing the name of a human friend in your hand? You remember some years ago your business was going absolutely to pieces. You did not know which way to turn. The bills were coming in and had to be paid, or you would be flung into the bankruptcy court. All night long you kept walking the floor. You kept saying to yourself: "Oh, God, what shall I do? I don't know what to do." The morning broke, but that morning was as black to you as midnight. Suddenly there came a ring at your doorbell. You thought it was one of your creditors. The hammer of that bell struck your brain as though it was a butcher's blade. The parlor door opened. At first you were too dazed to look up. But when you looked, you saw, not a creditor, but a dear old friend—perhaps a father, a brother or a Jonathan "Happy." "I have a plan," said he, "I have a plan. You are in financial trouble. You know I have lots of property. Well, here is a blank cheque to which I have signed my name. You can draw on me for all you need. God bless you, my boy. Good-bye. You will come out all right." What did you do? Did you thank him? Oh, no. You were too deeply moved for that. You just cried like a little child. Then you brushed your tears away and went forth to meet your creditors. Oh, you were was up; your step was firm; your lips wore a happy smile. In your hand you bore the name of your friend who had financially saved you.

When God gives us a good name He gives to us a pledge that He will see us through all the struggles of life. He says: "The sheep upon a thousand hills are mine. The gold buried in the deepest mines is all mine. The winds obey my voice. All that I say is done. I will, if necessary, give it thee in this struggle of life." Oh, my friends, cannot you to-day feel that God is back of you when He gives to you the offer of a "good name"? Will you bear the name of Christ as your Saviour's name? Will you bear it upon your forehead? Will you allow your name to be engraved in the palms of his hands? When you choose between a good name and riches you do not choose between Christ

and poverty, you choose between Christ, with all the wealth of a universe, and gold as an oracle which might spread her yellow wings and be gone in a night.

When Cyrus offered to Ariabazus a cup of gold and gave to Ariabazus a kiss, Ariabazus said, "The cup thou gavest to me was not so good gold as any good name. You are not a great warrior, a great statesman, a great reformer. You are only an ordinary man, living an ordinary life in an ordinary place. Therefore, if you are kind and loving and gentle and forgiving and helpful to your fellow men they will be kind and loving and forgiving and gentle and helpful to you. Why? Because each day of your life you come into personal touch with your little world, and the friends and the people of your community see you just as you are."

A Family Reunited.

The work of the Provincial Immigration Office at the Union Station is not without its touches of romance, as the following story shows. Last week an elderly man and his wife arrived here from Norway in search of two sons who had settled in New Ontario a year ago. They did not know the exact whereabouts of the young men, and Mr. T. Southworth, Director of Colonization, was asked to give what assistance he could in locating them. Pending the result, temporary employment was obtained for the man in this city. Yesterday the immigrants arriving in Toronto included two young Norwegian girls, who could not speak a word of English, and who had through tickets from Norway to Lisgar, Ont., which, as the sequel proved, should have been made out to New Liskeard. The services of Mr. A. L. Hertzberg, Consul for Norway and Sweden, were requisitioned and it was then found that the girls were daughters of the man and woman mentioned, and were looking for their brothers. The parents and their daughters were soon brought together, and their relatives at the reunion were most sincere. Meanwhile, the Colonization Department had, through its records of New Ontario settlers, traced the sons, who are farming near New Liskeard, and wrote writing to them. A reply was received later, asking that the parents and daughters be sent on, and expressing pleasure at the manner in which the officials had looked after them.—Toronto Globe.

What Sulphur Does

FOR THE HUMAN BODY IN HEALTH AND DISEASE.

The mention of sulphur will recall to many of us the early days when our mothers and grandmothers gave us our daily dose of sulphur and molasses every spring and fall.

It was the universal spring and fall "blood purifier," tonic and cure-all, and mind you this old-fashioned remedy was without merit.

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

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

In recent years, research and experiment have proven that the best sulphur for medicinal use is that obtained from Calcium (Calcium Sulphide) and sold in drug stores under the name of Stuart's Calcium Wafers. They are small chocolate coated pellets and contain the active medicinal principle of sulphur in a highly concentrated, effective form.

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

Our grandmothers knew this when they dosed us with sulphur and molasses every spring and fall, but the crudity and impurity of ordinary flowers of sulphur were often worse than the disease, and cannot compare with the modern concentrated preparations of sulphur, of which Stuart's Calcium Wafers is undoubtedly the best and most widely used. They are the natural antidote for liver and kidney troubles and cure constipation and purify the blood in a way that often surprises patient and physician alike.

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

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

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Now They Don't Speak.

Miss Screech—He said something to you about my singing last night, didn't he?

Miss Peppery—Well, he did remark how funny the corners of your mouth looked when you sang.

Miss Screech—The ideal! How could he have seen them?

Miss Peppery—Why Not? He was sitting directly behind you while you sang.

VALUABLE ADVICE TO MOTHERS

If your child comes in from play coughing or showing evidences of la grippe, sore throat, or sickness of any kind, get out your bottle of Nerviline. Rub the chest and neck with Nerviline, and give internal doses of ten drops of Nerviline in sweetened water every two hours. This will prevent any serious trouble. No liniment or pain reliever equals Polson's Nerviline, which has been the great family remedy in Canada for the past fifty years. Try a 25c. bottle of Nerviline.

His Cottage His Castle.

The right of every Englishman to consider his cottage as his castle was never but once questioned, and that was by a London magistrate who was presiding in an action for trespass.

"My client," said the barrister in making his plea, "is a poor man—he lives in a hovel, and this miserable dwelling is in a forlorn and dilapidated state—but still, thank God, the laborer's cottage, however ruinous its plight, is still his sanctuary and his castle. Yes, the winds may enter it, and the rains may enter it, but the king cannot enter it."

"What! Not the reigning king?" asked the joke loving judge.

Feared the Worst.

Friday Vizer, a familiar negro about town in a certain part of Mississippi, had been found dead, and, being a member of no church or lodge—very unusual for a negro—there was no one to pray for his soul in the great beyond.

A few old intimates, however, carried the body to the cemetery in a rude pine coffin, and Bob McEwen, one of the number, an old "befo' de wab dardy," was called upon for a few remarks. Bob removed his hat and stepped reverently and sadly toward the open grave and in solemn, funeral tones said: "Friday Vizer, you is gone. We hopes you is gone where we spects you ain't!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

True Greatness.

True greatness, first of all, is a thing of the heart. It is all alive with robust and generous sympathies. It is neither behind its age nor too far before it. It is up with its age and ahead of it only just so far as to be able to lead its march. It cannot slumber, for activity is a necessity of its existence. It is no reservoir, but a fountain.—Rosalind D. Hiltchcock.

Both Strong.

"For a moment," he related, "I held my breath." "My," she interrupted admiringly, "how strong you must be!" He edged away, blushed and felt in his vest pocket for a clove.

Disagreeable Economy.

Husband—You are not economical. Wife—Well, if you don't call a woman economical who saves her wedding dress for a possible second marriage I'd like to know what you think economy is like.

His Line of Reasoning.

"What reason does he give for not paying his wife alimony?" "He says that marriage is a lottery and hence alimony is a gambling debt."—Collier's Weekly.

FARM FOR SALE

I have for sale 100 acres, more or less, of part lot 16, concession 8, in the Township of Dover, east of Balgoburn, owned by William B. Buhake. I also have money to loan at the lowest rate of interest. HENRY DAGNEAU.

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