

STAY-AT-HOME HEROISM.

BY THE REV. D. J. FRASER, LL. D.

An Address Delivered in the Opera House, Fredericton, N. B., at the Recent Convention of Young People's Societies.

The great experience through which our nation has lately been passing is as a searchlight turned upon the common life of the people, revealing a whole area of character that usually lies hidden, and making to stand out with startling distinctness motives which generally escape observation. In times of peace patriotism often seems to have lost its vitality and passion. It finds expression in occasional prefatory cheers or spiritless verses or speeches devoid of any serious enthusiasm. But let war once threaten the safety and honor of the Empire or impose dangerous duties upon its people, and straightway the smouldering fire bursts into flame and men rush into the face of danger as if it were a joy to die. We have often been heard complaining of the people about us as commonplace and uninteresting; but the national crisis has made us realize that we have been living all along in the midst of heroes. The names of a few men who have played the hero in South Africa are on all tongues; but what is far more impressive to my mind than the glaring deeds of these outstanding personalities is the courage and endurance of the rank and file, the universal heroism of the common soldiers. These men whose names are household words in every remote part of the Empire are exceptional not in their deeds but in their opportunities. They are not solitary but representative. Their resolute courage and splendid daring would have won no achievement had these qualities not been matched by the enthusiasm of the men. These heroes did not raise themselves above their surroundings; they lived in an atmosphere of heroism. The great man never springs forth from an environment of littleness. A man may be noble indeed among the ignoble. His courage may flash forth with splendid brilliancy in an atmosphere mirky with cowardice, but his exceptional heroism achieves nothing. The bravery of the leaders, if it is to be effective, must be supported by the bravery of those who follow.

The latent possibility of heroism in lives which are obscure and commonplace is one of the most significant revelations of the recent national experience; and this it is that invests the war now happily drawing to a close with such dignity and pathos. Young men who have been living in obscurity among ourselves, whose names were hardly known upon our streets, who toiled day by day at humble trades, have gone forth and won the admiration of the world. Some of those who had apparently been wasting their lives in the large cities have died like heroes on the field. The fine stuff of which they were made was only revealed in the supreme hour of danger. In the great crisis they cast off selfishness and frivolity as a mask and stood forth as men made in the image of God. It is not the exceptional heroism of the distinguished few but the common heroism of the average soldier that won the great victories in South Africa. What could Baden-Powell have done to save Mafeking, if it had not been for the pluck of the unknown men who were with him? He might have left a splendid example of personal heroism, but it would have been fruitless. What could Roberts have done to follow up his successes with such startling rapidity as demoralized the enemy, if it had not been for the splendid fashion in which the men—and our own Canadian boys among them—adapted themselves to the fatigues and discomforts and hardships of the campaign? White could not have withstood the Boers pressing upon Ladysmith if his robust endurance had not been matched by the unremitting patience of the men who were under him. The common heroism of the multitude who bore the brunt of the tremendous strain without any possibility of distinction or recognition or reward—this is the phase of the war on which one delights to dwell—because it is this that not only lends glory to the campaign but invests our common humanity with true nobility. The war has revealed the average man as capable of splendid heroism when the call for heroes comes.

Is not all this a parable of our life at home in times of peace? Have we in our humble and obscure place no chance to be heroic? Must we not by plodding industry and patient endurance and the practice of all the robust virtues support the leaders in the moral fight? No life among us is so insignificant and commonplace that it cannot reflect the glory of our humanity. We need not wait for occasions to manifest the military virtues. Our time and place call for plain living and high thinking; and these, the supreme virtues for an age of peace, require a heroism as great as that which saved Mafeking or captured Pretoria. It is easier, perhaps, to play the hero, under the excitement of the battle field than amid the temptations of social ease. The young woman who gives herself without a murmur to the common task and trivial round of a humble life, and without envy of others or desire for social recognition stays in her own obscure place and does her own un-

noticed work, has precisely the type of heroism that saved the besieged cities of South Africa. To go to battle with bugle call and beating drums is comparatively easy to any healthy young man; but to stay at home and be of service, to stay in business and be absolutely truthful, to stay in politics and be immaculately clean, to stay even in the pulpit in these days and be intellectually honest, this is hard indeed. This, however, is the common heroism to which we stay-at-homes are summoned. This is the every-day patriotism that demands our service. And this quiet heroism of the home and office and market place is what alone will save our beloved nation from the inner foes that threaten her dissolution.

The Prime Minister of Great Britain in his recent advocacy of the formation of rifle clubs throughout the United Kingdom reminded his hearers that every great maritime power had been destroyed not by attacks on its distant possessions but by a "blow directed at its heart." And this is true of every nation in a different sense from what Lord Salisbury intended; and reminds us of the only method of national security. The dangers that beset our beloved Empire are not the rebels or foreigners in some far-distant continent across the seas, but the moral foes that insidiously lurk in our quiet midst and subtly attack the very heart of our nation. It was moral corruption that long ago caused the decline and fall of Rome. It was the pride and selfishness of its Colonial policy that brought about in recent days the ruin of Spain. Commercial dishonesty, social impurity, political corruption, these are the alarming foes that threaten the stability of our Empire, for the throne can be established only by righteousness; and I am sure that no thoughtful man can regard with complacency the political and social and commercial life of our own Dominion. Is there no call for heroism in our own peaceful and seemingly prosperous land, right here in Canada, where certain recognised leaders of thought dare publicly teach that a sensitive conscience must be left without the office or shop—that there is no room in practical politics for the lofty idealisms of Jesus—that a sober right, eous and godly life is impracticable in this present world; right here where one is made to blush for the daring rascality of prominent legislators and when even the sacred independence of our Judicial institutions and the dignity of our seats of learning are not always safe from the designs of unscrupulous politicians? Our young men may go to battle and cheerfully lay down their lives on the African veldt in defence of the integrity of the Empire, but their patriotism will only throw into bold relief by contrast our disloyalty and cowardice, if we easily acquiesce in the evils at our own doors and make no effort to preserve our nation from the moral blows directed at her heart. The leaders in moral reform, the prophets who lit up their voice like a trumpet and show the people their sins, the politicians who risk all chance of power and promotion by indignant protest against party impurity, all honor to these; but at best they can leave us only a splendid example of high minded but fruitless endeavor unless they are supported by the common heroism of the rank and file of the people. It almost seems as if we had fallen on a moral lethargy. No daring attempt to degrade our institutions any longer startles us. Ballot boxes may be stuffed, politicians bought and sold, the administration of justice hindered, and we show no concern. Is there not a practical danger that the events transpiring in other continents, in Africa and China,—events of world wide importance it is true—should over shadow our home affairs, that the admiration of our representatives abroad should usurp the place of thought about our domestic duty, that the military qualities should eclipse in our esteem the industrial virtues? Is it a patriotic thing for us to send our men to end the oppression of a foreign oligarchy, while we at home make no effort to perpetuate the glorious inheritance of freedom and justice and representative government that has been bequeathed to us? We may wave our flags and applaud our returning soldiers and listen to much high patriotic oratory; but we are cowards and traitors, thoroughly disloyal to British institutions and to the heavenly vision that claims the allegiance of our nation, if we are so enslaved by social conventionalities or so wedded to political party or so afraid of financial failure as to lower our standards in any department of our national life to suit the doubtful methods of the time.

There is a splendid chance for the common heroism in the life of all of us, however obscure or commonplace that life may seem. There are rebels lurking in our own natures that only the hero can overcome. Just to be a decent citizen in these days, a good neighbour, a useful member of society, in any true sense of the term, calls for considerable courage. Just to stay at our appointed tasks and to do them heartily, seeking no recognition or reward, demands the stuff of heroes. To carry high principle into business, a lofty disinterestedness into politics, a purifying sympathy into social life, a spiritual reverence into religion, this is the duty of the hour for all true patriots at home. We cannot afford to live on the glory which has

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been achieved by our representatives on the battle field. Their glory will only be our shame unless we carry similar pluck and daring and sacrifice into the work which God has given us to do, the work of building up in this fair land a stable and prosperous commonwealth. Patriotism is something not only for time of war and seasons of danger from foreign invasion. Love of country may be made a motive for every humble life in any obscure position; and we must never allow the dazzling glory of military achievement to blind us to the supreme value of the industrial virtues. It is the universal heroism of our people, high and low, that will render possible any lasting successes by the leaders in the fight; and in the final reckoning, the quite patience, and silent endurance and strenuous pluck of the unnoticed multitudes will not be forgotten or unrewarded, any more than the daring deeds and brilliant victories of the leaders. We may not win fame on the battle field but we can do really patriotic work in our obscurity. We may not receive the applause of the multitudes for splendid achievement; but we can without envy or murmuring take up the lowly tasks appointed us, and by doing them heartily as unto the Lord, contribute our quota to the national pile. And because our lives are obscure and our work is unnoticed, there is the greater call for heroism and there will be at last the greater reward.

The Green Sickness.

Girls who lack sufficient nerve force to develop into healthy womanhood become pale, weak, nervous and irritable. They have chlorosis or "green sickness" and can only be cured when the nerves are restored and revitalized and the blood made rich by using Dr Chase's Nerve Food, the great restorative in pill form. It makes pale, weak women and girls healthy, rosy and plump. Note increase in weight while taking it.

The Matter of Food.

Prof. Atwater, of the United States Department of Agriculture, is busy investigating the dietaries of the people of that country, and has arrived at some astonishing conclusions, although his investigations are far from complete. He has found families who on an expenditure of one hundred dollars a year for food live better than other families, containing the same number of persons, live on twelve hundred dollars, and he concludes that carelessness or ignorance in the purchase of food and bad cooking are responsible for much hardship, ill-health and family discord. Eating is as much a matter of habit as sleeping, smoking tobacco or drinking beer. Sleeping is a necessity, but every individual must decide for himself how much sleep will suffice; because it is the custom of civilization to eat three meals a day is no evidence that three meals a day are necessary. People in some places have lived on two meals a day and kept their health and strength just as well as others who had four meals a day, while others have restricted themselves to a diet of vegetables and fruit with the same result. Of necessary food it is doubted if few men consume more than \$60 worth a year, but the cook can waste and destroy an equal amount and still be considered a rather economical person. Fifty dollars will buy, or its equivalent, for this is not intended as a bill of fare: 1 barrel flour, 100 pounds of oatmeal, 100 pounds of cornmeal, 50 pounds of rice, 100 pounds of meats and fish, 50 pounds of sugar, 12 pounds of tea, 50 pounds of butter, eggs, etc., and leave about \$20 to be expended for fruits and sundries. Of necessary food very few men consume more.

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TENDER FOR STATION AT LEVIS.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Levis Station" will be received until seventeen o'clock

TUESDAY THE 25th DAY OF SEPTEMBER, 1900,

for the construction of a new Station Building at Levis, Quebec.

Plans and specifications may be seen on and after the 8th day of September, 1900, at the Assistant Engineer's Office, Levis Station, and at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specification must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
General Manager.
Railway Offices,
Moncton, N. B., August 28th, 1900.

Intercolonial Railway.

TENDER FOR ENGINE HOUSE.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned and marked on the outside "Tender for Engine House at Sydney," will be received until seventeen o'clock, Eastern Standard Time,

FRIDAY, THE 28th INSTANT,

for the construction of a 6 Stall Brick Engine House, at Sydney, C. B.

Plans and specifications may be seen on and after Saturday, the 15th instant, at the Chief Engineer's Office, Moncton, N. B., and at the Office of the Station Master at Sydney, C. C., where forms of tender may be obtained.

All the conditions of the specifications must be complied with.

D. POTTINGER,
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Railway Office,
Moncton, N. B., September 7th, 1900.

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