

Sermon From Shakespeare

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To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the
day;
Thou canst not then be false to any
man.

Hamlet, Act I., Sc. 2.

To thine own self be true! What does Shakespeare mean by this statement? It is not easy to define this use of self. Selves are of various kinds. There are savage selves and gentle selves, vain selves and modest selves, foolish selves and wise selves. It is scarcely character, for characters are good or bad. No one would wish a man who had a brutal self to be true to his character. Richard III. and Iago were consistent, true to themselves, but they are not subjects for admiration.

In every individual there is an inner voice prompting him to act rightly. On the other hand there are external voices, the world and the flesh, suggesting unrighteous action. It is this inner voice, conscience, that Shakespeare refers to when he makes Polonius say to Laertes:

"To thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the
day;
Thou canst not then be false to any
man."

It may be argued that there are souls utterly depraved, who from their infancy have followed evil. Physically deformed creatures are born into the world; mental idiots are not uncommon, and so there may be moral idiots. But these are rare indeed! The being is of exceedingly low type who has not felt at some time a pricking of conscience. However, it is the normal and not the abnormal man that we have to deal with. Mental and moral idiots should be shut up in a mad-house; each is a recognized menace to society.

Richard III. was apparently a devil incarnate. He is portrayed as a conscienceless villain. He had with malice of forethought "determined to prove the villain." He could "smile, and murder" while he smiled. As his character is studied through the plays in which he appears there seems to be no redeeming trait. He is a brutal, self-confessed villain, taking pride in his villainy. But underneath it all his better self at times spoke to him. He perished, but not before the student of his life has the clearest evidence that this devil in human form had in him an angel voice prompting to better things. On the night before his death on Bosworth Field, his long dormant conscience speaks to him, his better self chides him with scorpion sting:

"My conscience has a thousand several
tongues,
And every tongue brings in a several
tale,
And every tale condemns me for a
villain."

Richard has been false to all men because he has never listened to the voice of his better self.

It is the duty of each individual man and woman to study self,—to turn eyes inward. So much are people concerned with the external world that they forget that there is a world more difficult of comprehension, of vaster importance within their own hearts. "Know thyself?" said the philosopher. That is not sufficient unless it be with a practical knowledge a knowledge that leads to action. Shakespeare has earned for himself the right to be called the greatest of social philosophers, the wisest teacher of ethics. The beauty of his teaching is in its simplicity; obey the voice of conscience, listen to the Infinite speaking to your finite heart! A man true to his ideal self cannot be false to any man. But it is necessary to be eternally on guard. Selfishness is at work in every life. The rights of others are too often ignored. Nations and individuals selfishly seek their own advantage. So common is this that it would sometimes seem the only way to success, from a worldly point of view, is in self-seeking. There is no true happiness in mere possession. What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul!

Being true to self does not signify that a man should be careless of his opportunities. There is no higher or better impulse in man than that towards possession. But of two things the seeker after wealth must be careful: first, that he respect the possessions of others; and, secondly, that having achieved distinction or material wealth he use his power and wealth for the betterment of society. His true self prompts him to do this; his baser self urges him to seek self-enjoyment. Any man knows that it is better to give than to receive. Why is

this? The giving is prompted by the inner voice—the Infinite in man. It is the citizen-voice speaking to the individual. A man's duty towards his fellow-man is to render a helping hand. It is not always easy to obey this divine inner voice. It may cause the loss of property, the loss of so-called friends. The wealth that can only be won by falseness is not worth possessing; the friends that can only be held by double-dealing were better in the rank of the enemy. A clear conscience and an untainted heart are godlike possessions. The heaven of righteousness in the world is the men who are true to themselves, who through self-knowledge and self-respect are incapable of being false to any man.

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CHESTERFIELD AND ORATORY

"Lord Chesterfield's letters are, I will venture to say, masterpieces of good taste, good writing and good sense."

Oratory and Hard Work.—Demosthenes, the celebrated Greek orator, thought it so absolutely necessary to speak well, that though he naturally stuttered, and had weak lungs, he resolved, by application and care, to get the better of those disadvantages. Accordingly, he cured his stammering by putting small pebbles into his mouth; and strengthened his lungs gradually, by using himself every day to speak aloud and distinctly for a considerable time. He likewise went often to the seashore, in stormy weather, when the sea made most noise, and there spoke as loud as he could, in order to use himself to the noise and murmurs of the popular assemblies of the Athenians, before whom he was to speak. By such care, joined to the constant study of the best authors, he became at last the greatest orator of his own or any other age or country, though he was born without any natural talent for it. Adieu! Copy Demosthenes.

CARNEGIE AND DRINK

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, whose own experience fits him to speak with authority as to the elements that make for a successful business career, says in his book "The Empire of Business":

The first and most seductive peril, and the destroyer of most young men, is the drinking of liquor. I am no temperance lecturer in disguise, but a man who knows and tells you what observation has proved to him and I say to you that you are more likely to fall in your career from acquiring the habit of drinking liquor, than from any or all the other temptations likely to assail you. You may yield to almost any other temptation and reform—may brace up, and if not recover lost ground, at least remain in the race, and secure and maintain a respectable position. But from the insane thirst for liquor, escape is almost impossible. I have known but few exceptions to this rule.

As a Pearl of Great Price

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels; and it is hard to get and keep it in the right tone.

One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thoughts of a kind heart. It is often in youth that one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and which sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and griefs, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys of home. Watch it day by day, as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is to the heart what light is to the eye. It is a light that sings as well as shines.

Not Your Own Face

"My boy," said a wise father who knew how to play and be a "chum" with his twelve-year-old lad, "my boy, you do not own your own face." The

boy looked puzzled. He had come the breakfast table with a frowning, clouded countenance, and had started moodily to eat his food. Everybody felt the shadow of his ill spirits, evident in his looks. His father's unexpected words brought him back to life, and he looked up with a half-guilty expression, but did not understand what was meant. "You do not own your face," his father repeated. "Do not forget that it belongs to other people. They, not you, have to look at it. You have no right to compel them to look at a sour, gloomy and crabbed face."

Shoe Shops of Japan.

Writing about the shops of Japan a visitor to that country says that the typical shoe store makes a strange impression on the foreign visitor. "All the footwear of the little brown men are here in view. The funny wooden clogs and straw sandals are indeed a fanciful exhibition. They line the benches, the floors, the shelves. They hang from above, and seemingly are everywhere, allowing the seller just about enough room to squat on his mat. The newcomer is at once startled at the immense quantity of this simple footwear and the many places where it is sold, but he soon finds a solution to his query when he hears that a Japanese man annually makes away with from eight to ten pairs."

Logical Reasoning.

"It's difficult to understand the peculiar mental processes of the relatives of some of the offenders who appear before me," said Justice Wilkin, as a starter for his story.

"Only yesterday a boy was charged with stealing coal. He simply had been told in his home to go out and get some coal. He did, and was arrested. I had to adjourn his case, and asked his sister, who was with him, to appear at the second hearing. 'What! Do I have to come down here again?' she asked.

"You'd better," said I, 'for your brother may be sent away for a long time.' 'But who's going to pay the care fare?' she said.

"Why, I suppose yourself! Whom do you expect to pay it?" "Why, the coal dealer who had Jimmy arrested!" said she. "Why the coal dealer?" I asked. "Because he has more money than we have," she replied."

CANADIAN-TURKISH ADMIRAL

Bucknam Pasha of Ottoman Fleet is Nova Scotian and Started Live on a Lake Boat.

There is a proportion of Canadian brains behind whatever portion of a fleet it is that flies the Turkish flag, for Rasford D. Bucknam, a Canadian, better known as Bucknam Pasha, is vice-admiral and naval adviser to the sultan. Bucknam's aide and friend is an American, W. H. Ledbetter, who has the rank of commander. It was about eight years ago that Bucknam went to Turkey as commander of the new cruiser Medidia, built for the sultan by the Cramps.

Bucknam's adventures began young. He was born in Nova Scotia, and his father died at sea. When his grandfather gave him the choice between farming and seafaring, he chose the sea. He had an instinctive love for the sea, a love that helped him to pick up the knowledge of a ship with hardly an effort. His first venture was made on the Great Lakes. At the age of 14 he became a cabin-boy on a schooner of which the captain was also the owner. The captain's wife took a fancy to the youngster and ultimately they adopted him. Today the schooner's captain is a wealthy shipowner in one of the lake towns and the lonely cabin-boy is a Turkish noble of the highest rank.

When he was 16 years old, Bucknam sailed from New York as quartermaster of a schooner bound for the Pacific. At Manila the captain and mates died of cholera, and Bucknam went before a special board to be examined for a master's certificate, he being the only man aboard the vessel who had studied navigation. He passed the test without any difficulty and was made captain at 17. To prove his efficiency, he brought his ship home.

Shortly before the world's fair at Chicago, in 1893, Bucknam went to that city and built the whaleboat Columbus, of which he was captain while she was on exhibition at the fair. Later he went to the Pacific Steamship Company's service, and two years later was made captain of the Island of Naos at Panama. It was there he met Ledbetter, who has been his aide in Constantinople for the last four years.

At all events, the Sultan sent for Bucknam and asked him if he would take the post of naval adviser to the Porte. Bucknam considered the matter and finally told Abdul Hamid that he would. Bucknam was practical, and the salary offered him nothing short of princely. But he stipulated that he was to have a preliminary leave of absence in order that he could go home and marry in girl in San Francisco. The Sultan assented, and Bucknam married the young woman, a school teacher. She went with him to Constantinople.

Provoking an Appetite

Shakespeare's wish that good digestion may wait on appetite expresses a distinct physiological truth. There is no doubt that food-taking, considered all round, should be, and is, in the healthy person, a pleasant duty. If hunger be regarded in proverbial language as being the best sauce for food, it is clear that an

appetite for food must constitute the first and primary condition for the enjoyment of our diet. The question of appetite is not such a simple one as many persons might be inclined to suppose. Popularly regarded, appetite, of course, implies and means a desire for food. Hunger is different from appetite. Hunger may be regarded as the condition which indicates that the body demands a food supply; appetite, on the other hand, indicates an additional something which contributes to the enjoyment of the food, and causes an agreeable anticipation of the advent of a meal. Scientific research has shown us that appetite may be excited in various and, in some degree, complicated ways. For instance, it is known that if the nerves of the stomach be duly stimulated so that gastric juice be poured out at the beginning of a meal, appetite for food is thereby developed. In this connection it is extremely interesting to note that certain substances appear to possess a definite power of effecting this action, and so of stimulating appetite. Amongst such substances, extracts of meat or the stimulating bodies contained in meat are known to cause stomach stimulation, and in all probability the taking of some light meat soup as a first course at dinner is justified from a scientific point of view by the effect it produces on the stomach and its work. In other words, the soup provokes an appetite for the foods which are to follow.

Interviewing the Editor

Many folks are full of the idea that the newspaper editor by reason of his sedentary occupation must necessarily be a man of slight muscular development. But 'tis not always the case.

One day a young man might have been seen leaning up against the front of a sporting journal, a prey to uncontrollable grief. A benevolent-looking old gentleman who was passing by, noticing the man's frame shaken with his outbursts of sorrow, approached him, and said:

"What is your trouble, my friend? Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Alas!" said the young man, "it is my poor misguided brother."

"And what of your brother, my young friend?" gently inquired the benevolent old man.

"Well," sobbed the stricken one, "this morning he saw an insulting paragraph in this paper, which he took to refer to him."

"Yes," said the kind-hearted gentleman.

"Well, ten minutes ago he went upstairs to knock the stuffing out of the editor."

"And has he come down yet?" asked the anxious inquirer.

"Part of him has," said the brother, in a voice that was choked with emotion. "He—he's coming d-down in s-sections. I d-dunno' know when the bulk will arrive!"

What's in a Name?

There is a bandit chief in Morocco named Gilulli. He claims as his ancestor an Irishman of the name of Gilhooly, who was caught and enslaved by Arab freebooters some two or three hundred years ago. Of course Gilulli is again the government of Morocco.

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OLD NICK'S COURTING

By Leo Throgmorten
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"It was the fair time, and Jess Babberton was for the fair. 'I'm going to get a sweetheart,' she says. 'I can't do wantin' a sweetheart no more. I'm tired o' life, I be,' she says, 'wantin' a sweetheart.'

"Hark," says her mother, 'you don't get a sweetheart just with saying that. When the right man comes, he comes.

"But Jess was short-tempered then. 'I tell 'e I'm going to get a husband at the fair — if it's Old Nick himself,' says Jess."

Jess went to the fair, but no one requested her company to see apples or cheese, or fat lady or thin gentleman, or any of the lucrative abortions. And to go and look at a double-headed boy all alone is hardly what one could call amusing.

So Jess left the flare of naphtha lamps behind and started homeward, but when a youth appeared from a side road and asked her if he might keep her company on the way she did not fling herself at him. She drew erect and said:

"I don't know you. Where do you come from? I don't mind your face. Where do you live?"

"I come," said he, "from walking up and down in the earth."

At the gate: "Can I see you some other night?" asked the youth.

Jess looked in his face freely — the face that she had been seeing so much in pale profile — and something prompted her then to say "No." So she said "Yes" with a sigh in her voice and a sickening leap at her heart.

"And did you meet your boy at the fair?" the mother asked. "I'm glad you didn't come back with Old Nick as you spoke of," said the mother, laughing to cover any sign of anxiety and watchfulness.

Jess Babbicombe had got a lover; she went out walking with him once a week to begin with. Later she went twice a week, for her boy waited for her after evening church, as well as once in mid-week, and they strayed through the lanes, and sat on the banks under the whisper of leaves in the trees.

But curiously, though Jess had often enough met friends when "walking out" with her boy, no one ever mentioned him to her, and that was a strange circumstance, for in our part of the world it is usual to say pleasant things to lovers, and the lovers, indeed, rather like such comments, and crave them when they are not offered.

Jess noticed this lack at length. Jess's boy met her with great warmth. They kissed and clung a moment, and then turned to walk; but she caught him about the neck, and said she: "Oh, I love you more every time I see you. But I grow afraid."

"Why are you afraid?" "Tell me," she said, "tell me—are you true to me—in the name of heaven?" she asked with intensity.

"Don't say that!" he cried. "Why not?" she said. "Why can't you answer me? Why should you fear the name of—?" But he writhed from her.

"I am true to you," he said, and then he composed himself and said he, in a hard voice: "I swear it!" And he kissed her on the cheek.

But it chanced that the vicar had been passing as Jess spoke to her lover so, and he went on his way with a heavy heart, and next day he made a point of calling at the Babbicombe's farm, managing to see Jess alone at her work. He spoke to her like a father—for she had no father—and asked her about the young man.

And the vicar was so kind that she told him all. And he questioned more and found out how she had said that she would get a sweetheart were it Old Nick himself at the fair. So the vicar stood thinking some time, and then formed a scheme and laid it before Jess very solemnly. And as they schemed, so they acted.

Next time "the boy" came up the lane, Jess welcomed him and took him indoors and gave him the pleasure, dear to the male heart when it is in love, of seeing his sweetheart laying table for tea, poking up the fire, preparing the kettle.

Then there came a knock on the door and the vicar entered.

"Young man," said the vicar, "I am glad I happen to meet you here to-night, for I have seen you with my young friend Jess, and wished to meet you."

The young man frowned. "I am no enemy to your love," said the vicar, "and I am glad to see you here as a friend."

"Thank you, sir," said "the boy." "Jess has just been and promised me her hand, and it's like we'll be needing your kind services soon."

"I shall be pleased to unite any happy pair in holy wedlock," said the vicar, "and," he added, staring hard, "to bless you in the name of the Father and of—"

"The boy" blanched and squirmed in his chair as with a seizure.

And the resolute vicar concluded the blessing in the orthodox church way, which no evil spirit can withstand.

And on that "the boy" gave a cry hardly human and rose to his feet. Said he wildly, his face transformed beyond all resemblance to that of the farm help he had been a moment before: "A blight on you!" And then he pointed to among the candles.

"I give till that candle burns out, and then," he said, "I shall snatch away this maiden for ever."

The vicar stepped to the candle, snuffed it out, and put it in his coat pocket, keeping a hand on it there, and then, raising his other hand, he said:

"Get thee hence, Satan!"

And the plough-boy, or whoever he was, rose and slouched from the place. And Jess was left without her lover.

And years after, when the masons were repairing the old church they found a hollowed stone in the wall, and in the hollow was a deed box with that old vicar's name on it, and in the deed box was a stump of candle.

The Down-Trodden.

"A certain battalion — the Terrors" — possessed but a very small band. The commanding officer's feet — he was a burly farmer — were — well, very large. One day the battalion was to march out, but the music was not forthcoming.

"Where on earth is the band?" queried the adjutant.

For some time there was no reply; but when the question was repeated, a gruff voice was heard from the rear rank:—

"I do believe, sir, the colonel trod on it by accident."

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