

## ELOQUENT ADDRESS TO THE BOYS' BRIGADE

BY  
**Hon. Judge Carleton.**

"Every boy and youth is, in his mind and sentiments, a Knight, and essentially a son of chivalry. Nature is fine in him. Nothing but the circumstances of a most singular and unhappy constitution, and a most perverse and degraded system of education, can ever totally destroy this action of the general law."

These are the words of Kenelm Henry Digby. I do not know if the promoter or promoters of the Boys' Brigade had them in mind, but it is obvious that it was on this very conception of the character and inclination of youth that the organization was founded. In scope and scheme there is a recognition of the natural and supernatural that God has assigned to man, and the lesser is made the vehicle for appealing to the greater; there is an appreciation of the instinct common to the boy's heart, and a use of the means that are best calculated to extract from him all that is praiseworthy. By healthful recreation, so dear to youth—by the use of the gymnasium by physical and military drill, by martial air and martial accoutrement it aims to develop "the chivalrous patriots and the chivalrous Christians who are to enlighten and save the world" to inspire, as Milton expresses it "with high hopes of living to be brave men and worthy patriots dear to God, and famous to all ages."

"The object of the Brigade," according to the constitution, "shall be the advancement of Christ's kingdom among boys." Here indeed, is a theme for an admirable sermon: a sermon, which I hasten to disclose, I have no intention of preaching. For such a task I am not qualified.

I like the wholesome, natural boy, and I have little censure for his peccadilloes. I enjoy the humor of the urchin trying to reach a door bell, just a fraction of an inch beyond his grasp. Along comes a portly, kindly gentleman, who says; "Ah my little man, you want to ring the bell but cannot. Allow me, There!"

"Now then," says the wee chap, with a broad grin, "By gosh, let us run!"

Of course, I do not say this to encourage boys to ring door bells. It's a very annoying practice. It's awfully aggravating, especially to the woman who can't go to the door without first having an audience with the looking glass to see if everything is presentable.

I like the healthy, hearty, manly boy. He is human, and I look to him for the tricks that are as old as the hills, but which he thinks are original.

He must taste for himself the forbidden springs.

He can never take warning from old fashioned things.

He must fight as a boy.

He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the truth.

Of the friend of his soul, he must laugh to scorn.

The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes.

That are clear as the wells of Paradise.

"He must fight as a boy," I confess to an admiration for the plucky little fellow who peels off his coat and tackles a bully. Not that I approve of fighting. When I witness an encounter I always separate the combatants. I have a grateful remembrance of the gentleman who did a like favor for me when I was a boy, and the other fellow was bigger and more scientific.

Believe me or not, as you may, but I agree with the lady who, being congratulated on the excellent qualities of her affianced husband—and they were ideal—replied: "Ah but how much better he would be if he only smoked an occasional cigar and sometimes said 'damn.'"

Don't understand me by this as encouraging the use of the vigorous and picturesque expletive. It's not a "cuss" word as some people think; it only means condemned, but it is not unctious in every mouth.

And above all, don't understand me as encouraging smoking. But boys, if you will smoke, smoke pipes and cigars like men. Don't go strutting around the street with a cigarette stuck in your mouth at an angle of forty five degrees, as if you were anxious to prove that the tailor had covered one of Darwin's embryos.

"There is an ambition wrote Samuel Smiles, 'to bring up boys as gentlemen, or rather genteel men, though the result frequently is only to make them gents. They acquire a taste for dress, style, luxuries, and amusement, which can never form any solid foundation for manly or gentlemanly character; and the result is that we have a vast number of ginger bread young gentry thrown upon the world, who remind one of the abandoned hulks sometimes picked up at sea, with only a monkey on board.'"

After this somewhat lengthy confession you can readily see how unfitted I am to be a guide and teacher in Israel, and yet I have purposely made the avowal so that the remarks I am going to address to you, not as a preacher but as a man of the world, may the more readily catch your ears and enlist your attention.

I am really, with your permission, going to say a word or two about religion, and I'll try to make it as entertaining as possible. I know that boys don't like religious talks, that is because they have been given an erroneous idea of the subject. The one great object for which we live and for which we are destined—the life hereafter—is frequently presented in "the trappings and suits of woe." Many a boy has acquired a distaste for religion and for senna at the same time, by over-doses from the hands of a well meaning but mistaken mother. The lad, breaking into manhood, is too often misled into the belief that religion is not only a straight and narrow path, but one of all prevailing gloom and oppressive melancholy; lawful amusement is denied him, his natural exuberance is repressed and shocked, and as a consequence, he gradually becomes luke-warm and careless and finally lapses into indifference. I would remove this dour impression. I would tell him that a face of perpetual smile is not inconsistent with a heart of perpetual prayer. Oh! how many "miss God's smile, perhaps, to watch His frown." He has a frown, it is true; but He has also the beatific smile. He created life, love, laughter, joy, sunshine, the birds of song and the flowers of scent. "God made the world for his own glory; to show his power and wisdom, and for man's use and benefit." What is religion? To know God, to love him and to serve him. Faith and good works presented with the cheerfulness that bubbles and swells up from the fountains of innocence are most acceptable tributes to Him and His love. A long face and a canting voice are not essential badges of a religious life. The espousal and practice of your objects are.

The virtues you profess are obedience, reverence, discipline and self-respect. They are interchangeable, synonymous terms. You cannot have the fulness of one without possessing the others.

What is self-respect? It is a proper regard for and care of one's person and Character. Does it not, at the same time, embrace everything that makes for christian manliness?

Take a young man blessed with a handsome face and perfect figure, cultivate his mind with material knowledge—wisdom, it is sometime foolishly called—and endow him with all the polish of a Chesterfield, and if he be not obedient, disciplined and reverent he has not character; he is nothing but a beautiful statue, cold, immovable and heartless, a male Galatea that needs the passionate love of a christian Pygmalion to bring it to life, to breathe into it great truths that it may become.

"All spirit and fervor of splendid fact—Pulse and muscle and arteries—Of living, heroic thought and act."

Discipline is subjection to rule; a mental and moral training under one's own guidance, or under authority. Everything that is successful in the world—business, politics, the army and navy—owes success to perfection, and perfection is the child of discipline. If we are subject to authority, as St Paul tells us, surely the authority of the Author of Authority makes the first demand upon our devotion and allegiance.

Obedience is the fundamental of discipline. It is a dutiful compliance with command and prohibition. It was a combination of self-respect, discipline and obedience that gave to history the mad, daring and exultant charge of the Light Brigade:

"Forward, the Light Brigade!" Was there a man dismayed? Not tho' the soldier knew Some one had blundered! Theirs not to make reply, Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do and die, Into the Valley of Death Rode the six hundred."

Of course, there is obedience and obedience. I would not have you quite so obedient as the Irish woman whose husband was brought home to her, dying, the result of an accident. The doctor stood by the sufferer's side and held his pulse. Pat gave a low groan and stiffened.

"My poor woman," said the doctor, "you have my sympathy, your husband is dead."

"No, I'm not," feebly articulated Pat.

"Whist Pat alanna," chided the wife, "Whist avick; don't contradict the gentleman, sure he knows better nor what you do."

## Tooke COLLARS

for business men are designed to give the maximum of comfort.

They are correct in style, and are made from the finest Irish linen, woven expressly for them.

Two qualities, all styles, 15c and 20c.

TOOKE BROTHERS, 912 MONTREAL, Limited.



I would not have you quite so tame and submissive as that. There are occasions, not very often though, when stern necessity absolves us from obedience, when obedience in itself may be a crime—absolves us from obedience to all but the Supreme Being. But as our lives, liberty and property are secure, it is not necessary to dwell on it. The obedience I speak of now is to parent, to King and to God.

Reverence is the stem upon which grows the trefoil of self-respect, discipline and obedience. It includes everything that is high and ennobling. The dictionary tells us that it means to treat with reverence. I find a better definition in Father Sheehan's story of Luke Delmege. The author makes the school master say to the pupils:

"Reverence is the secret of all religion and happiness. Without reverence there is not faith, nor hope, nor love. Reverence is the motive of each of the commandments of Sinai—reverence of God, reverence of our neighbors, reverence of ourselves. Humility is founded on it, piety is conserved by it; purity finds in it its shield and buckler. Reverence for God, and all that is associated with Him, His ministers, His temple, His service—that is religion. Reverence for our neighbour, his goods, his person, his chattels—that is honesty. Reverence for ourselves—clean bodies and pure souls—that is chastity. Satan is Satan because he is irreverent. There never yet was an infidel but he was irreverent and a mocker. The jester and the mime, the loud laughter and the scorners, have no part in the Kingdom."

It is hardly possible to add to this. I certainly would not if I could.

With high ideals and the practice of these virtues success must be your reward. They are, indeed, safe credentials to what your constitution terms Christian manliness. Samuel Smiles calls the true gentleman and Archbishop Ireland styles the Christian gentleman. If the lay apostolate, so earnestly advocated by the venerable Pius X, be a mission of good example, then you are actively engaged in it. And though you be not of his spiritual household, it is nice to know that there is a common ground upon which we can all participate in the benediction of the great White Father of Christendom.

There is need for your organization; there is need for individual effort, social and other evils abound.

There is so much that is called, or mis-called, higher criticism presented to us to day in diverse shapes and forms that one feels like exclaiming, with the simple faith of Lauchlan Donaldson in the Bonny Briar Bush; "The German philosophers had better leave the prophet Isaiah alone."

Infidelity is rampant in the land. Religion is scoffed at. You hear it on railway trains and steamboats, in the hotels and public places. It is condescendingly relegated to the back ground as something harmless to children and soothing to superstitious old women. Well my friends, better any day a reverent superstition than an irreverent rationalism. No wonder governor Curtis Guild of Massachusetts recently said, "We are not in danger of too much religion, but irreligion." Don't be ashamed or afraid to be the champions of the old but ever new order. Remember that you are supported by the intellect and greatness of twenty centuries, that the cause which you espouse was and is avowed and practiced by the brightest and most progressive minds the world has seen since that Easter morn of long ago when, by an empty tomb, an angel made proclamation of The Glorious Resurrection.

There is dishonesty in high station, corruption in public life, and men part with the priceless boon of the franchise—the right to be kings for a day—for a few paltry dollars. Perhaps if you could cure the last evil, if you could make men understand how ignoble and unpatriotic and degraded it is to sell a vote, you

would soon remove the other and greater evils.

The state is in jeopardy. Lawlord, Landlord and Tradelord have Communist, Localist and Nihilist arrayed against them. So long as these latter confined their stage of action to foreign lands we put their existence down to an effete civilization, or to causes we did not understand. When President Lincoln was murdered we attributed it to conditions arising out of a protracted and bitter fraternal strife. Since then however this continent has seen two more presidents fall beneath the assassin's bullet, and, but a few weeks ago, an older land saw bloodshed attend the nuptial ceremonies of a young King and Queen. Was there any personal animosity, any grudge, any hatred against those people? No. They were the victims, or intended victims, simply because they were the representatives of law and order. And while we, "of the newer and vaster West," have been immune from such outrage, we cannot close our eyes to the fact that the circle is getting smaller in compass, and that this year witnessed an abortive May-day demonstration in a Canadian city.

There is but one bulwark between society and the annihilation of anarchy, and that is religion.

Teach that capital makes labor and that labor makes capital—that one is absolutely dependent upon the other. Teach each its duties and responsibilities to the other. Teach the master that, in conscience the servant is worthy of his hire, which includes consideration for his person as well as his pay; teach the servant that, in conscience, he must render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's, which includes preservation as well as production of property. Teach honest dealing between man and man.

The platform of the Socialist is not all wrong. This is what makes it the more insidious. The French revolution of 1793 was kindled from the embers of ignored rights, but, in an intoxication of a weakness, the principle was forgotten for the epigram.

The law to give justice is always decreed; and on every hand are the warnings cried, Take heed of your Progress! Its feet have trod on the souls it slew in its own pollutions.

Submission is good; but the order of God may flame the torch of the revolutions! Beware of your classes! Men are men, and a cry in the night is a fearful teacher; When it reaches the hearts of the masses then they need but a sword for a judge and a reaper.

Take heed, for your juggernaut pushes hard; God holds the day that its doom completes; It will dawn like a fire when the track is barred by a barricade in the city streets."

But, despite my protest, I am preaching a sermon, and forgetting the truth the little English girl unwittingly penned when she wrote "In America people are killed by elocution."

I congratulate you on the formation of your corps of the brigade and your individual membership therein. I acknowledge the pleasure afforded by your program of this evening. I felicitate you on the good you have already done, and I confidently anticipate what you will yet accomplish.

You are young knights, and your knighthood is in flower. The age of chivalry—the rounded period of the rhetorician and the resistless eloquence of Edmund Burke to the contrary notwithstanding—is not gone. It is only the lance, the list and the coat of mail that have departed. You are no longer called upon to enroll under the banners of a Godfrey, a Richard and a Louis; you are not summoned to give battle to the Saracen or to protect the roads that lead to the Holy Sepulchre.

But the fight between the Crescent and the Cross still goes on, and the Crusader is needed to crush the powers of darkness, to vanquish infidelity and to defend the high-ways and by-ways that lead to the tabernacles of the Christian's altar and the Christian's home.

That you will be found in the firing line I do not doubt; "Ye have hoarded your strength in equal parts; For the men of the future reign Must have faithful souls and kindly hearts, And bone and sinew and brain."

KEEP CHILDREN WELL.

Stomach and bowel troubles kill thousands of little ones during the hot weather. Diarrhoea, dysentery and cholera infantum sometimes come without warning and if prompt aid is not at hand the child may be beyond aid in a few hours. If you want to keep your children hearty, rosy and full of life during the hot weather give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine prevents illness and cures it when it comes unexpectedly. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine is absolutely safe. Mrs W J Munroe, Sinaluta, Sask, says:—For more than three years Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine I have given my children, and I think the Tablets invaluable for stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Keep the Tablets in the house.

## It's the Kidneys

Close the sewers of a city and an epidemic rages. The kidneys are the sewers of the body. Let these vital organs become diseased and the whole system is affected, dizziness, headache, dull, listless feeling, shooting pains in the back, tell that the kidneys are in trouble, and a

neglect of nature's warning means uric acid poisoning and dreaded Bright's disease.

## GIN PILLS

make kidneys healthy. They instantly relieve all Kidney Troubles—clear, heal, purify, strengthen—put the Kidneys in perfect condition to perform their work as nature intends.

We have such implicit confidence in the virtues of Gin Pills that we authorize druggists to refund the money if they fail to cure. 50c. a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50. Sample box free—mention this paper.

THE BOLE DRUG CO., WINNIPEG, MAN.

## WHITE and COLORED Canvas Oxfords and Bals

In all the Latest Styles. A full line of Stylish Bals and Oxfords for Little Women, Sizes—1, 1½, 2, 2½.

A Special Line: I now have the Celebrated Cushion Sole Shoes for Men. THEY FEEL LIKE VELVET.

**W. B. BELYEA,** Cor. Main & Court Sts., next door above Troy's Restaurant.

## BANK OF MONTREAL

(Established 1817.)

Capital (all paid up) \$14,400,000.00

Rest 10,000,000.00

Undivided Profits 922,418.00

Head Office, Montreal.

General banking business transacted.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.

Current rate of interest allowed.

WOODSTOCK, N. B.

11-25



Keeps Baby's Skin and his mother's also, whiter, softer and more fragrant at less expense than any other soap will. It is absolutely pure.

ALBERT SOAPS, LIMITED

MRS. MONTREAL, 4-106

## Notice of Sale.

To Helen M. Hutchinson of the Parish of Wicklow, in the County of Carleton, and Rupert Hutchinson of the same place, Farmer, and all others whom it may in anywise concern.

NOTICE is hereby given that under and by virtue of a Power of Sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the Eleventh day of July in the year of our Lord One Thousand Nine Hundred and Three, and recorded in the Carleton County Records in Book G, Number four, on pages 656, 657 and 658, and made between the said Helen M. Hutchinson and Rupert Hutchinson of the one part, and the undersigned Bartholomew Maddox of said Wicklow, of the other part; there will for the purpose of satisfying the money secured thereby, default having been made in the payment thereof, be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Office of Frank B. Carvell in the Town of Woodstock in the said County of Carleton and Province of New Brunswick on Monday the Sixteenth day of July Next, at the hour of eleven of the clock in the forenoon, the lands and premises in the said Indenture of Mortgage described as follows:—

"All that certain piece or parcel of land and premises situate in the parish of Kent in the County of Carleton aforesaid and bounded as follows, to-wit:— Beginning at a point on the Eastern side of the lands of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company in the Village of Bath in said Parish of Kent, one and one half rods distant in a Southerly direction along the lands of said Railway Company from the South Westerly angle of Thatcher W. Barker's lot thence following the said Railway lands Southerly eight rods to a post thence Easterly four rods to another; thence Northerly and parallel to said Railway lands eight rods to the Highway Road; between the herein described lands and lands of the said Thatcher W. Barker; thence following the said Highway westerly four rods to the place of beginning, being part of the lands granted by the Crown to the late William Ballet and now occupied by the said Samuel Barker, and also being the said lands deced to the said Helen M. Hutchinson by the said Samuel W. Barker and wife the tenth day of July, A. D. 1903."

Together with all and singular the buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances thereto belonging or in any manner appertaining.

Dated this twelfth day of June, A.D. 1906.

BARTHOLOMEW MADDOX, Mortgagee.

F. B. CARVELL, Solicitor for Mortgagee.

24

Subscribe for the SENTINEL.

## WE HAVE

Just opened up at our Store here and at our Branch Store at Centreville,

Screen Doors, Screen Windows, Spring Hinges, Refrigerators, Water Cooler, Ice Cream Freezers Lawn Mowers, &c &c &c.

which we offer for sale at the lowest cash prices.

**W. F. Dibblee & Son.**

## Bicycle Repairing, Etc.

All kinds of repair work done neatly and promptly. If you have some repair work, no matter what it be, give me a call.

## Lawn Mowers Sharpened.

**R. S. CORBETT,** CONNELL STREET, McDonald Building.

## NOTICE.

To Persons Having Bills Against the Town.

All persons having any bill, against the Town of Woodstock for material, labors or supplies furnished to any department up to the 30th of June instant, are requested to present the same to the different committees so that they may come up for payment at the first meeting of Council to be held on 2nd day of July next.

By order of Mayor,

J. C. HARTLEY, Town Clerk.

Woodstock, June 15, 1906—21.25.

## PLEASANT WEEK.

Make your holidays so as to spend the week of Sept. 1st to 8th next, at

Canada's International Exhibition,

ST. JOHN, N. B.

The Automobile show will alone be worth going that far to see, and it is only one of a bunch of new features.

A Cheap Fare for Everywhere.

A. O. SKINNER, President. C. J. MILLIGAN, Manager.

## WANTED

2,000 cords Hemlock Bark, of this season's peel.

Reliable parties wishing to contract kindly call at our Tannery office.

**J. D. DICKINSON & SON,**

311-24