

The Carleton Sentinel.

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WHOLE No. 3215

GRADUATION PRESENTS.

At no other time in the life of a Boy or young Woman is a substantial gift so appropriate, and no occasion merits a token of approval and encouragement more.

The proud day of graduation for a Boy offers a suitable time for the gift of a Watch or a Fob or Chain or Ring.

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Cleans the Carpets on the Floor, also walls, hangings, upholstery, etc. etc.

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Our new and complete range of Negligee Shirts are here and open for inspection. They comprise all the New Patterns of the Season.

Black and White are Very New. JUST SEE THEM.

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They are the Newest the Market Provides.

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Buttons
Cover

Eloquent Tribute to The Late King

We reprint the following address by the Rev. Dr. Rogers, pastor of the Sussex Methodist Church. This address was delivered at the memorial service held in St. John last Friday:—

There is a life of the nation as truly as of the individual; there is a love of country and of king, as truly as of home and of God. In the life of a nation there comes great national crises—national triumphs and national defeats—national joys and national sorrows. To the British nation there has come a great national bereavement. On the nation's heart there lies the burden of great sorrow. King Edward the Peacemaker is dead; and to-day, amid the tears and lamentations of his people, his mortal remains are being committed to the tomb. At this hour the whole empire is conscious of partnership in a sorrow that unites us all from the highest to the lowest. The boisterousness, "the tumult and the shouting" that a few days threatened to drown the finer vibrations of the popular mind and heart have been hushed, and all have been led to deeper and gentler thoughts, and to speak in quieter and more modulated tones.

It is well, if by an event so conspicuous and overshadowing, we have been taught the life and meaning of facts from which men try to escape—facts, whose significance, if thought of at all, seemed worn to the very bone. For, in one sense, although not in the full truth—what are we but shadows in pursuit of shadows. Our late King was indeed a kingly king, but a mightier than he has laid him low. It seems only yesterday we were rejoicing over the coronation of King Edward VII. We well remember that weeks before the coronation took place, the people throughout the empire were ready for the great occasion. King and people were to meet with all the traditional pomp and all the ancient ceremony of the empire. Representatives from all parts of the world—kings and princes and mighty men, with their retinues, and in all their varied splendor were there. But there was one personality and only one, that could not be dispensed with at the coronation scene, and on him God, in His providence, had laid His hand—on him the representative of us all. Suddenly our purposes were broken; and on the day that the people were to witness such a pageant as the world had never seen before, we were, as a nation, on our knees before Almighty God, pleading for our monarch's life, as it trembled in the balance. Looking back upon it now, we feel that the disappointment and the distressing experience through which King and people passed, bound them together in a bond of affection that never changed. For days previously, the King had been dangerously ill, and suffering great pain; but hiding his pain with the manly and unselfish resolution, that, if by any means it were possible, he would not disappoint his people, and that even if it were in agony, he would be crowned in Westminster Abbey. What an example of courage in the face of danger, and of patience under terrible suffering. We shall never forget his first words on recovering consciousness, after having undergone an operation of singular severity—"Will my people ever forgive me?" The simple answer was, his throne was more firmly established in the hearts of his people. The coronation would have stimulated loyalty, but the sickness and suffering kindled warmer emotions of sympathy with the man. The sickness did what no pomp of ceremonial could have done. It kindled in millions of hearts the pure and holy fire of sympathy, and sent through them all a throbbing simple human feeling, binding King and people together far more closely than years of association in the services of life could ever have done. Hence, through the past nine years it has been with a tenderer, purer, nobler love and loyalty we have sung "God Save The King."

It may not be out of place to-day to stop and ask, why were our thoughts at that time taken away from the pomp and pageantry, glittering display, and fixed upon the sick bed—from the coronation splendor to the invalid's couch—from the dazzling noon-tide into the shadows? I do not presume to say just what it meant. But you have sometimes noticed that when you have gone into your gardens after the darkness had fallen, the shadows of the night had brought out all the perfumes. At noon-tide they seemed mostly asleep, but the darkness brought them out. I wonder if the dark shadows which then fell upon the nation brought out any precious perfumes—any of the Lord's fragrances. If our spiritual senses have not deceived us, they did. For one thing, we saw our King as we had never seen him before. We saw his courage, his self-forgetfulness, his splendid regard for his people. What more courageous could be conceived than that procession from Windsor and Buckingham Palace! The King knew his condition—he knew of the impending operation. What forebodings must have been his as the plaudits of the crowd rang in his ears! And yet through the streets of the great city, he smiled upon his people. The knowledge of the trying ordeal through which the King passed, and the days during which he lay at the point of death, brought out the sympathy of the great English speaking people. Nothing welds a people together so closely as does a common grief. As a nation we became richer in loving sympathy, wealthier in heart because the coronation of King Edward did not take place at the first appointed time.

And it was not only true that we saw our King as we never saw him before, and that the national heart was deeply moved; but surely to have had our eyes suddenly taken away from all the glitter and pomp and pageantry—away from all that display of wonderful sovereign power, and fixed on the sick bed, was to be taught a solemn and impressive lesson, as to the vanity of human glory, and to have the unseen brought very near to us. Paraphrasing Isaiah, it may be said that in the year King Edward was stricken we saw the King of Kings.

While in most countries the conclusion of a reign of such length and importance as that of Queen Victoria would be fraught with serious apprehension with regard to the future, the people of the British empire viewed without fear the accession to supreme power of a new ruler in the person of Edward VII. He followed one who brought the personal element in royalty into a prominence which England had never known before. His mother succeeded to a throne discredited by royal vices. But by always aiming at the high ideal she had set before herself, by taking her people into her confidence as to the sacred joys of wedded and domestic life, and its more sacred sorrows—and by the nobleness of a patient Christian life, she set a rocking throne on firm foundation—"Broad-based upon the people's will." But our late Sovereign won in a day by the magic, of suffering much of that personal attachment and he has lived so wisely and so well as to cast a yet stronger spell over his people through the nine years of his benign and fruitful reign.

To honor the noble woman who for sixty-four years had occupied the throne was to her subjects not only a duty but a delight. Ah, how loving was the love with which her people loved her. How proud their pride in her. How her sons and daughters exulted in her as the most priceless possession of her race. How they wore her spotless name as a jewel on the forehead of the empire. How they trusted her. How they acclaimed her with filial cries when she went among them with her simple motherly smiles and her good grey head bowing benedictions on them. For her sake, if for no other reason we were prepared to welcome and honor her son when he came to the throne. But by his own excellence of character, and seeking to tread in the steps of his mother, he proved himself worthy of the love and loyalty of the people.

Edward VII. had been for many years more constantly before the eyes of the English public than any other man of his time. Since the death of his father he had fulfilled the greater part of the ornamental and social, and many of the official duties which in other conditions would have been left to the reigning monarch. Living in the confines of old age in expectation of an inheritance long delayed, he bore himself with perfect loyalty and affection to his mother, and with consummate discretion as to the rival parties in the State. Much more was known of his personality than of his political views. For with a tact and delicacy unprecedented, he had been so careful to avoid giving expression to those views that not even his most intimate friends and life-long associates were able to speak about them with any degree of certainty. He was a man possessed of unrivalled and unflinching tact, and an extremely level head, and an altogether unique knowledge of the world. He inherited in no small measure, his mother's gift of saying and doing the right thing at the right moment. These qualities, together with his broadly human sympathy, his love of humanity and his wide and tender vision of life, gave him the large warm place he had in the hearts of his people. As one has said, he loved his people as a King loves, but he loved them also as a man loves. His true heart gave

direction always to his sceptre's sway.

Never since kings were crowned had there been such a crown set on any head as that with which King Edward VII. was crowned. No kingdom had ever been built on such firm foundations as that over which he was called to reign. No kingdom had ever held such a great people within its far extended borders. No kingdom had wielded such power or commanded such resources. No king had ever been set over with such statesmanship, such commerce, such service, such religion. Not with proud boasting do we say this, but with a sense of the awful responsibility resting upon us as a people, and upon him who wears the crown. Our late King felt the burden of that responsibility. When Victoria ascended the throne, she said: "I will be good." And when her son took up the sceptre which she laid down, his words were: "It will be my constant endeavor to follow the great example that has been bequeathed to me. Confident in the loyal support and sympathy of my people and of their representative assemblies, I will, with the blessing of God, work for the promotion and common welfare and security of our great empire over which I have been called to reign." That he endeavored loyally to keep that vow his people, the world over will readily affirm.

Never was the King more trusted in the councils of the nation or more generally beloved than at the time of his death. Living in the midst of great changes, and of hot political controversies; in a time full of difficult and perplexing problems, he wielded well the power he possessed, and by his graciousness, won and held the hearts of all his people.

It is an error to suppose that the higher manhood flourishes only in extreme poverty. Character is like every other structure. Nothing tests it like extremes. It has been beautifully said that humility is never so lovely as when arrayed in scarlet. Moderation is never so impressive as when it sits at banquets. Simplicity is never so delightful as when it dwells amid magnificence. Gentleness is never so touching as when it exists in the powerful; and purity is never so divine as when its unsullied robes are worn in a king's palace.

As a gentleman in your own city has said: "King Edward was a man who belonged to all nations and to all ages, for he has paved the way for that universal peace and brotherhood which must some day rule the world."

Those who I believe are qualified to pronounce an opinion, consider King Edward VII. the greatest statesman and the greatest King England has ever known.

Says Premier Asquith: "I speak with the privilege of close experience when I say that wherever he was, whatever may have been his pre-occupation, in the business of the State, there were no arrears, no confusion, no unavoidable delay. The first consideration was his duty to the State. He was one wholly free from prejudice and the narrow rules of caste. In all companies he was the enfranchised citizen of the world."

Therefore when the end came, and that most kindly human heart was giving its last throbs, and he felt that it was all over, well might he say: "I think I have done my duty."

It is not for us to say whether, or not, worry over the strained position of political affairs aggravated the King's illness and hastened his death. But are we not reminded that the diadem od begets a brow wrinkled with care—that burdened hearts are found in palaces, and sleepless nights are not unknown on beds of down? We have never begun to understand the burdens of sovereignty. Monarchs scarcely know the meaning of quietness. They know very little about the green pastures and still waters. For if they were there the crowd would be at the gates. At times they seem to us to be wrapped up in luxury, but they never know the quiet restful days. Let us learn to have more sympathy with the monarch in his lonely sovereignty, and carrying the burden of a great office.

At this hour our hearts turn towards Alexandra the Mother Queen. If less has been said about her through the years, it is nevertheless certain that she has been regarded by all her people with deepest gratitude and affection. It has been a great thing for us to have a Queen whose name has been without speck or stain—whom all the world knows to be pure and tender, sweet and brave, modest and noble. If Alexandra had been what many royal dames have been, the loss to the British empire and the world would have been beyond measure. As it is her immaculate fame is one of our proudest and dearest possessions. How great must be her sorrow. The most stoical heart

must have been moved in reading her message to the nation in which she says: "From the depth of my poor broken heart, I wish to express to the whole nation my deep-felt thanks for all their touching sympathy in my overwhelming sorrow and unspeakable anguish. Give me a thought in your prayers to sustain and comfort me, in all I have to go through." To her today we would address the words of Tennyson to Victoria when Albert the Good was taken:—

"May all love—his love unseen but felt
O'ershadow thee,
The love of all thy sons encompass thee,
The love of all thy daughters cherish thee,
The love of all thy people comfort thee,
Till God's love set thee at his side again."

And now for him who becomes our lawful King, we pray that upon him may rest the benediction of the King of Kings. May He by whom kings and queens do reign, grant that King George V. may have a long and happy reign.

It is an important epoch in the history of the empire. Some have fears. But we believe God's hand is at the helm of the nation; and in the virtue, the intelligence and religiousness of the people we see most hopeful indications of a brilliant future. The national credit was never better. Her moral influence was never greater. Never were the people more loyal, or the throne more stable. Never was there a better feeling between the mother country and her overseas dominions. Disaffection is unknown. God is giving Britain more wealth, more churches, more institutions of learning, more hospitals, and more sympathy with all forms of human suffering. Truly, the prospect is well calculated to thrill the heart of every patriot.

"Old England throbs with the muffled fire

Of a past she can never forget;
And again she will banner the world up higher,

For there's life in the old land yet,
For old nursing mother's not hoary yet,
There is sap in her Saxon tree,
Lo! The lifeth a bosom of glory yet
Through the mist to the sun and the sea."

Let us all in this solemn hour, rally round the old flag. Let us lift it higher and higher, and let this be our cry: "It fluttered over my cradle, may it float over my grave."

ST JOHN'S (STONE) CHURCH.

Rev. Gustave A. Kuhring, rector, preached in St. John's (Stone) church. He said, in part: "The 'Home Land,' in the City of Windsor, under the shadow of the Royal Castle of Windsor, there is a spot, towards which the eyes of loving and bereaved hearts throughout the world at this moment are being turned. The opportunity for expressing our appreciation of and esteem for the work, character and life of our late sovereign drew forth from every true heart a thanks-giving, and from every lip, however stammering, an eloquent tribute of his greatness. The Empire hailed him as their king when he ascended the throne and when he laid down the sceptre of an early empire, he reigns in the hearts of the human race as the 'Peacemaker,' this was the universal testimony which poured forth concerning him, whom we this day lay to rest.

In this solemn hour, by virtue of the God-given power with which we were endowed at our creation, we project ourselves, in spirit, till we too mingle with those who at London and Windsor seek to pay their last tribute of respect to all that remains of their beloved sovereign and relative and friend. We mingle our prayers with theirs, that the sorrowing and bereaved members of the Royal Family may be given that effective comfort which God alone can give. There we too lay his body near the dust of Albert and Victoria the Good, lifting our eyes that we might hope to see, by faith, the reunion and communion of the spirits of those illustrious three: for though the dust return to the earth from whence it came the spirits have returned to God who gave them. Is there not a sense of comfort to us in the very thought of 'God.' God, into whose hands we commit the very dust of the bodies of those we have learned to love. God in whom the spirits of those who have departed still live and move and have their being; in whom, after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh are in joy and felicity. God to whom we are grateful, for all that was true and good in the life just ended and who enabled him by 'His' holy inspiration to think those things that

were good and by His merciful guiding to perform the same." God to whom we turn in our hour of sorrow and anxiety for comfort and guidance, and in whom we trust that we shall be led forth to even larger and better things: of whom we may ever say, "Thou hast kept the good wine until now."

From every great and good life there are lessons we may take and on no occasion more appropriate than this. There are it seems to me, two lessons which should at this time press in upon the soul of every thinking person. The first is:

The lesson of "Duty" which our late King has taught us. I would that in every "Reader" in the schools of the Empire there should be printed, I would that every person would possess themselves of a copy of the words of appreciation of the life and work of our late sovereign, spoken by Premier Asquith, in moving the address to King George and the message to the Queen Mother in the Commons, Thursday, 12th May. The address may be classed as a masterpiece of English, but it is far more, it is the tribute to a worthy life, from the heart of one who in contemplation, was moved by the spell of a glorious life spent in devotion to duty and the effect of such an example in the awful light of the open grave and the hand that no longer held the sceptre. I may be permitted to remind you of his closing words, full of inspiration to duty: "At least, we may say at once and with full assurance, that he has left to his people a memory and an example which they will never forget, a memory of great opportunities greatly employed; an example which the humblest of his subjects may treasure and strive to follow—simplicity, courage and self-denial, and a conscious devotion up to the last moment of his conscious life to work, to duty, and to service.

Surely any subject who does not find a call to duty in that commentary on devotion to the welfare of the Empire which has been bequeathed to us, should lay well to heart the words of Kipling with which he closes his eloquent tribute. "Who in the realm to-day has choice Of the easy road or the hard to tread? And, much concerned for his own estate, Would sell his soul to remain in the sun? Let him depart, nor look on our dead, Our King asks nothing of any man More than our King himself has done." Briefly, the second lesson is this: What have I done to help the one, who is this day laid to rest, in his endeavor to do his duty? Have I prayed that he might be faithful to the trust committed to him and strengthened to prevail over all the temptations which assail a King's life? or, What have I done to make that part of the Empire in which God has placed me better for my having lived in it?

What we have withheld from him we can never give to him. That time has gone forever. The present, however, is ours. The fruit of his body is now upon the throne, needing the same help and sympathy in the awful responsibility which comes with the divine call to "Duty."

Are we not right, if today we stand by the body of our late beloved Sovereign and in spirit say: We owe thee much that we withheld from thee, in our ignorance and selfishness, but by the Grace of God we promise to stand by thy son, now our Sovereign Lord King George, to pray for him; and to work with him, in all that makes for the betterment of the human race and the extension of the Kingdom of the King of Kings.

Let us pray: O Lord, our Heavenly Father, high and mighty, King of Kings, Lord of Lords the only ruler of princes, who dost from thy throne behold all the dwellers upon the earth; most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold our most gracious Sovereign Lord King George; and so replenish him with the Grace of Thy Holy Spirit, that he may always incline to thy will and walk in thy way; endue him plenteously with heavenly gifts, grant him in health and wealth long to live; strengthen him that he may vanquish and overcome all his enemies; and finally, after this life, he may attain everlasting joy and felicity.

And we beseech Thee, of Thy goodness, O Lord, to comfort and succor all them who in this transitory life are in trouble, sorrow, or any other necessity, especially Thy servants the members of the Royal Family, and we also bless, Thy Holy Name, all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear; beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom: Grant this, O Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. Amen.

Roy M. Watt returned home on Monday from the Toronto School of Forestry, for the summer vacation.