

# Good Times Coming This Century.

By HALL CAINE.

I would christen the twentieth century the Century of Humanity, meaning that its mission will be the moral welfare of the whole human family.

I would say that the housing of the poor is likely to be still further improved, partly by greater municipal purity and partly by virtue of the new political doctrine which makes it the first duty of a parliament to legislate in the interests of the weak and poor.

I think the health of the people will be improved by still greater advances in the sciences of medicine and surgery. Consumption will probably be wiped out in the twentieth century as smallpox has been wiped out during the second half of the nineteenth. Even cancer and cholera as epidemics may become things of the past, and death itself, whether of the young or of the old will, I think, be more natural and less accidental.

I think the morality of the people will improve because of the wider recognition of the position and the rights of woman as no longer the slave and creature of man, but his companion and partner.

I think commercial morality will improve by the popular control which will come of the development of people's law, as well as by the recognition of the everlasting truth that honesty is the best policy.

I think religion will advance on the same lines, and though this is a delicate matter to deal with here, I think there are evidences of a unity of Christendom which will finally come to pass by the sweeping away of some of the dogmatic impediments which separate man from man and man from his Maker.

I think the education of the people will still further improve because travel will become cheaper and the nations of the world will thereby learn of each other.

I think it will be no uncommon thing for an English workingman in the twentieth century to go to America for his summer holiday.

I think literature will become cheaper and a collection of books will be as much a part of a poor man's household as his tables and his chairs.

I think education will improve by means of public commissions appointed by corporations and by governments to investigate the mechanical inventions of other countries, and technical education will improve by the still further development of institutions.

Above all, I think the political state of man will improve by the still further recognition of the falseness of all terms of arrogated authority, and by the recognition of man's natural right to rule himself.

I think that what is best and noblest in the dreams (often impracticable dreams) of socialism will be realized in the state control of great trusts, great syndicates and great congresses.

I believe that the Century of Humanity will witness a great progress in the attitude of the people toward international affairs. Education and travel, the great and only socialists, breaking down the barriers of language and of the prejudices which result therefrom, will make war in the twentieth century a rarer thing than it has been in the past, until finally it will be seen that as a means of settling international disputes it is barbarous, brutal and impossible.

I think the Century of Humanity will recognize the principle that all forms of violence are wrong and useless; that the morality of a nation ought not to be lower than the morality of the individual; that it is a false and un-Christian theory which teaches that the laws which apply to man in his individual character do not apply to him in his national character, and that it is wrong to commit murder in whatever form, under whatever authority, not merely because a holy book says: 'Thou shalt not kill,' but because to kill is to outrage a law.

I think the Century of Humanity will recognize the fact that, while the people individually have been for 1900 years converted to Christianity, the people as nations have during all that time been for the most part utterly pagan.

And all this, I think, will come to pass not merely or mainly by the development of the higher intelligence of humanity nor yet by the eternal religion in the human soul, but mainly by the operation of purely natural law.

This natural law will make warfare, especially aggressive warfare, an insane and impossible thing; it will make an armed peace a ruinous and ridiculous form of war in disguise, and it will prove to be the almost the everlasting truth as applied to

nations and empires, that they that take the sword will perish by the sword.

Finally, and above all, I think the Century of Humanity will see, as no century has yet seen, that our race prejudices are confessions of our ignorance of life and of the narrowness of our human sympathies.

It will prove that it is foolish and uncivilized for an Englishman to hate or distrust a Frenchman as such, and to suppose that the interest of the one must be watched and protected against the interest of the other.

The Century of Humanity will not hesitate to say that humanity is one, with the same interests, the same aims, the same passions, the same impulses with love and pity and fatherhood and motherhood the same in all races; that a good man is a good man and a bad man a bad man, whatever his name or nationality or creed or color, and that the world must sooner or later come to recognize the sublime truth of that first and grandest of principles of Christ, which teaches the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

These are not so much predictions as plain statements of the indications of the present hour, and although many of the changes may be long in coming, I feel compelled to believe that they must surely come. To think otherwise would be un-Christian, and from that point alone I find it difficult to sympathize with the excellent people who are forever telling us that the world is going from bad to worse. The logic of statements of that kind is that there is no God ruling the world to good ends, that there is no God's justice and no God.

We hold that there is a God who rules the world in justice and that natural law is the expression of that justice of God; therefore that the world in going in the right direction, therefore, man is improving, and has always been improving, and, therefore, the world is making for unity and harmony and peace.

This natural law, which I hold to be another name for God's justice, is a thing we cannot keep back, but we can help it on. We can help it on by every effort we make toward the civilization and enlightenment of the human family.

Every man who really and truly betters his own conditions, material and intellectual, is bettering the intellectual and material conditions of the human race.

Every man who educates himself is educating his brother man. He is educating coming generations of men and thereby lifting up the whole world. Speaking for myself, I feel this to be an inspiring and uplifting thought. I hold it to be the only Christian thought—to be the essence of the Christ idea.

For this season, among others, I feel that we are on the eve of a century that will see far greater things realized than the world has yet witnessed.

When I remember the extraordinary movement of the world during the nineteenth century, and think of the mighty forces, both physical and moral, which are only now coming into play, I feel that to be still young at the beginning of the twentieth century, with all the marvels it must surely unfold, would be almost the greatest blessing and highest privilege.

To be twenty years of age in 1901, with the prospect of seeing 1950 if one lives the allotted span of three score years and ten, is to be heir to an inheritance better and greater than the richest millionaire can leave behind him.

Youth, always the most beautiful and enviable thing in life, is to be envied now more than ever, and nowhere more than in schools and institutions which are intended to make us fit to enjoy the far greater liberty and knowledge and power which we will surely inherit in the time to come.

### His Last Message.

The month of September, 1870, was fateful for Europe. It marked the down fall of Louis Napoleon, the investment of Paris, and the occupation of Rome. It was also full of catastrophes the world over. Not the least of these was the terrible accident on Mont Blanc, in which a party of three tourists, three guides and five porters were lost near the summit of the mountain that has claimed so many victims.

As is usual, the party, while making the ascent, was watched through the telescope from below. It was late in the season, but no anxiety was felt for them until the second day, when the special watch saw them like flies almost upon the summit itself. Even as he looked, a veil descended upon them and hid them from sight.

That was the last that was seen of

them alive. An intense feeling that the whole party was lost spread itself over the little village of Cosmouin. On the day after they had been lost the feeling became a certainty, and twenty five young men volunteered to make the perilous ascent. They came back without having discovered a trace of the missing.

Ten days after the catastrophe, an other searching party went up, and reached the point where the ill fated tourists had been last seen. There a number of them were found in sitting posture. One of them was Doctor Bean, a young physician of Baltimore.

With the scientific instinct of an investigator, he had made notes of his trip. The book was found in his frozen fingers. The last entry was made only a little before he died. It contained but a few words. In them he summed up all his philosophy of life, and his hope after death. They expressed what he had lived for and died with. He wrote:

'We have dug a grotto in the snow at a height of fifteen thousand feet. I have no hope of descending; my feet are frozen and I am exhausted. I have only strength to write these words. I die believing in Jesus Christ, with sweet thoughts of my family, my friendships and all. I hope we shall meet in heaven.'

Faith that triumphs in death is the highest level of the human soul. Men reach it on the battle field, like the soldier found at Inkerman, with his bloody hand frozen to his open Testament over the words, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.' Men reach it in helpless peril, and rest, like Doctor Bean, in the Redeeming Name. Whenever the dying have known that Name, the human spirit soon to be disembodied has found in Christian trust its vital climax and its soaring wings.

### Unappreciated Genius.

'Of course I began on perpetual motion,' he relates. 'I got up a machine that would run from now to the blowing of the trumpet. I carelessly neglected to provide for making the thing stationary. It broke through the side of the house, leveled the fence, killed a lot of live stock while on its wild career and smashed itself against a big oak tree out in Oakland county.'

My next was a flying machine. The defect in this was that I neglected to provide a way for getting down when I was once up. On the trial trip I whizzed up to the neighborhood of Hudson's Bay in an hour and figured out that I would hit the North Pole for supper unless I could stop the blamed thing. Finally I had to saw off one wing and took a flop that landed me with a broken leg.

Upon my recovery I got up a smoke consumer that burned down the first factory that adopted it, and followed that with a toy balloon that carried off three children before I could call in the output of murderous kidnappers. Eighteen months ago I produced a self-propelling bicycle, but the young man who agreed to try it for me was last heard of as making a mile a minute in the Argentine Republic and going south.

My latest was a device that will stop an electric car in less than its length, though it be going forty miles an hour. I tried it on a local car. The motorman went through the window and the head of the conductor through the roof projection in the rear. The least damage to any of the passengers was a four inch scalp wound. The car closed up on itself and the company has a judgment against me for damages. I am at present driving a delivery wagon.'

### New Meaning.

Sentences, phrases, and even single words frequently gain new meaning and solemnity from their use in strange or peculiarly impressive surroundings. A New Yorker who has recently returned from South Africa relates that on the second day out from Cape Town, on an English ship, the captain came to tell him that an American passenger in the third cabin—a Johannesburg refugee, whom nobody knew—had died, and to ask him to attend the burial services.

At midnight the narrator and the only other American who happened to be on board, together with the captain and several officers in full-dress uniform, assembled on deck at the appointed place. The bright, star-lighted sky of the southern hemisphere was above them. The dark waves were surging below and around them.

Then six burly sailors, carefully dressed in their best apparel, bore forward the body of this poor, friendless American. But it was wrapped in the stars and stripes. The captain read in a clear and distinct voice, with the little group about him, from the solemn burial service of the church; and at the proper point in it the body slid away to its resting place, 'till the sea gives up its dead.'

says, gained wonderful impressiveness from this scene. The vastness of the universe, the littleness of man and the equality of all in death seemed to be brought home to him as never before. For the first time the deep meaning of the words, 'till the sea gives up its dead,' dawned upon him.

## DOCTORS BAFFLED.

### A CASE OF SCIATICA WHICH REFUSED TO YIELD TO THEIR TREATMENT.

The Patient Spent Nearly Three Months in a Hospital Without Getting Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him to Health and Strength.

For upwards of a quarter of a century Mr. G. McLean has been a resident of the town of Thorold. He is foreman in the lumber yards of McCleary & McLean, and is known not only to the citizens of the town, but by most of the inhabitants of the adjoining region as well. Many of Mr. McLean's friends know that he was afflicted with a severe type of sciatica, and know also that he has been released from the pangs of that excruciating trouble. Believing that his story would be of public interest, a reporter called him, and asked him to what agency he attributed his fortunate release from pain. Mr. McLean's unhesitating reply was: "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I never hesitate to say so either." Mr. McLean continued: "I was afflicted with sciatica for a number of years. The most severe attack occurred several years ago, when I was confined to my bed for several months. I suffered horribly with the trouble, and the only relief I could get was from morphine, either in tablets or hypodermically injected. I could not put my left foot on the ground without undergoing intense agony. I was treated by physicians, and at the hospital in St. Catharines, to which institution I had to be taken on a stretcher. I was in the hospital nearly three months, but without being cured. Then I returned home very much discouraged. I next tried electricity, but it had no perceptible effect. I also tried a number of advertised medicines, but with no better results. Finally I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as I was willing to try anything that seemed to offer hope of a cure, I got several boxes. I had been using the pills nearly a month before I found much relief, but from that on my recovery was rapid, and in the course of a few months, I was as well as ever I had been. I am now a strong, healthy man, and although I have since endured much exposure, I have had no return of the trouble, and feel that my cure is permanent. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly proved a blessing in my case, and I shall praise them when opportunity offers."

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c. a box or 6 boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

### The Difference.

'After all, how times do change!' said the sage of Koback, deftly performing the strabismic feat of casting a retrospective and regretful glance back into the past the while he fixed a severe and hypercritical glare on the foibles and follies of the present. 'When I was young a man was rich enough to be envied when he had the leisure to shave his upper lip regularly, and part his hair at the back and brush it toward the ears, and found it within his means to paint his house every other year, and wear an ivory headed cane on Sundays and had an authoritative voice at the session of the school board, and occasionally pulled the nose of an opponent at town meeting; and there was to be found in his parlor a hair-cloth sofa as cold as a tomb and as slippery as Greenland's icy mountains, a marble-topped center-table adorned with a batch of sad and soggy wax-flowers in a glass-case, and a lot of horned and freckled seashell on the whist-not. If he possessed all these he was considered to be just about as rich as a man could possibly get to be, and looked up accordingly.'

'But, nowadays—bub—if a man can't afford to wear side-whiskers and a prominent abdomen, and buy himself a seat in the senate, and be investigated for belonging to a trust, and be spoken of as a magnate or some kind of a baron, and have a son who ought to be on the rock-pile half of the time and shot by the reform committee the rest of the time, and a daughter who is newspaperially accused of havin' designs on the peace and poverty of a foreign nobleman, and maintain a horseless carriage, he aint even considered rich enough to be hated. In this day and age a man's

got to be an automobillionaire, or be aint in it.'

### SHE BELIEVED IN EXERCISE.

Hetty Green Wanted Her Boy to Have Plenty of Fun.

Mrs. Hetty Green, richest woman in America, was once engaged in supplying pillows to a large hotel in Chicago. She tells the story herself with considerable relish, enjoying immensely the surprise created by contemplating a millionaire in such an unusual occupation.

It happened in this way: A number of years ago, while her son was still a growing boy, she was staying at the Palmer House. Hotel life proved irksome to a young man so full of youthful spirit and exuberance as was young Green, so he was frequently called upon to exercise his wits to discover a means of having some fun in a big, dreary hotel.

And he found it. He was just as boyish as other boys in spite of his mother's wealth, and found that pillow fighting was just the thing to work off his surplus energy. With some other young boys who were at the hotel as companions he used to go up to one of the top floors for a romp with the pillows in the various rooms that were unoccupied.

There were some hot pillow fights in Potter Palmer's hostelry when Green and his friends got started, and the boys used the pillows without respect for their constitution. Naturally, torn bolsters and shams were spread all over the field of battle when the contending forces retired.

The housekeeper was willing to let the boys have a good time, but she couldn't be responsible for the destruction of the hotel property. Bristling with indignation she went with her complaint to Hetty Green and began excitedly:

'Your boy has been just ruining the pillows up on the sixth floor, and I wish you would stop his foolish pranks up there. I won't stand it.'

'Why, what the trouble?' inquired Mrs. Green.

'Trouble!' exclaimed the irate housekeeper. 'Why, he has injured and utterly destroyed nearly all the pillow so that they are unfit for use.'

'Well,' dryly remarked Hetty Green, 'how many did he destroy?'

'About a dozen,' replied the housekeeper.

'Well, you go out and order a dozen new pillows and send the bill to me,' said the woman of millions with a complacent smile. 'When they are disabled buy some more, and keep up the supply at my expense. That boy is growing and he needs the exercise.'

EVERY HOUSEKEEPER must often act as a family physician. Pain-Killer for all the little ills, cut and sprains, as well as for all bowel complaints, is indispensable. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

'If you please, sir, father says he's going to kill a pig, and can you do with a side of bacon?'

'Yes, my boy,' said the schoolmaster. 'Tell him to send it as soon as he likes.'

A week passed away, and, as the bacon had not arrived, the teacher reminded the boy of his order.

'I expect you forgot to tell your father, you young rascal,' said the schoolmaster, good humoredly.

'Oh, no, sir, I didn't,' said the youngster. 'My father hasn't killed the pig.'

'How's that, Tommy?'

'Please, sir, it's got better.'

A BUILDER—ARE YOU LOSING WEIGHT?—'The D. & L.' Emulsion will always help and build you up. Restores proper digestion and brings back health. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Mr. Blurt—'I'd hate to be that man Wiggles; he has to ask his wife for every cent he spends.' Mrs. Blurt—'Good for him; I know a woman who has to ask her husband for every cent she spends and usually gets only half she asks.'

BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS, coughs and colds, all quickly cured by Paine's Balm. It has no equal. Acts promptly, soothes, heals and cures. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

'This is our 13th quarrel!' she said, and shivered as she looked out into the cold gray storm.

'Perhaps we shall never have another?' faltered her husband.

'Oh! I'm not in the least superstitious!' protested the woman, with a ghastly affectation of gaiety.

ONE FACT IS BETTER THAN TEN HEARSAYS. Ask Doctor Burgess, Supt. Hospital for Insane, Montreal, where they have used it for years, for his opinion of 'The D. & L.' Menthol Plaster. Get the genuine made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

'Yes, sir,' said the enthusiast in art; 'the man who painted that little picture got \$2000 for his work.'

'Gracious me!' exclaimed the man from the country; 'it he got \$2000 for painting a little thing like that, what on earth would he charge for painting a barn?'

Her Father—What are your prospects Her Suitor—I've a rich uncle who is ailing.

**DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. CATARRH CURE ...**

Is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.