

MAN OF SURPASSING GENIUS

SHAKESPEARE WAS AN IDEALIST IN RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

It Would Take Hours to Call Attention to the Inspiring Thoughts He Has Bestowed Upon the World—Story of His Life.

April 23rd is held in high honor by our race, for on that day, kept in memory of England's patron, St. George, was born, 345 years ago, William Shakespeare, and on that day, fifty-two years later, died. A preacher of the whole-some righteousness which stamps our nation, he was one of those whom God has chosen to send out His light and His truth to bring His people to His holy hill and to His dwelling. Considering him thus as one of the means God has used to reveal His gospel, Canon Starr took the poet and his work as the subject of a sermon in the Cathedral on St. Mark's day, saying in part:

Mankind owes a debt of gratitude to God for the illumined souls of its teachers and for those poets whose songs "have enriched the blood of the nation and the world." The poet is a maker, who by his imagination creates new worlds of thought and feeling, glancing "from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth." The true poets "with their garments and singing robes about them" help us to climb by sunbeams of thought to the "Father of Lights" and to learn "what royalties in store lie just beyond the entrance door of life." But some poets not only open fountains of imagination but by the flashlight of their genius reveal to us life in its mightiness and in its meanness, in its triumphs and in its falls, in all its wondrous scale of possibilities, and first among this splendid company of the inspired is Shakespeare.

Born of modest English parentage at Stratford-on-Avon, there seems nothing in the peaceful landscape, the low hills, the cultivated fields, the murmuring stream, on which he looked, calculated to sow seeds of that subtle and sublime imagination he afterwards displayed; nothing in his education, as far as we know, to account for what he did. His father seems to have been an ordinary man of his time, in disposition, cheerful, in religion not a Puritan, but much opposed to Roman Catholicism. He is said to have been an alderman, and an ex officio magistrate. Nothing seems known of his mother beyond her beautiful name, Mary Arden. In those days little attention was paid to women, they were born, were married, and had children, died—no matter how great the sons became the mothers were forgotten. The world is wiser now; knowing that all great men must have first had great mothers, it knows the debt of honor it owes to the mothers of our race.

In his day Shakespeare was of no particular importance. He was neither a priest, a noble, nor a soldier, but as one whose work was to amuse and entertain, he was scheduled as a "servant." He went at twenty-two to London, bought some land, engaged in some law suits, we know his children's names, and that he was actor, dramatist and manager, that he was buried in St. Mary's, the parish church of his birthplace, and that on his tomb a rude epitaph is chiselled:

"Good friend for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here,
Blest be ye man that spares these stones,
And cursed be he that moves my bones."
Perhaps knowing how the Puritans had profaned the tombs, and that they might be disposed to remove an actor from holy ground, he himself, when his brain was feeble, indited the lines, or they may have been inscribed, after his death, by his son-in-law.

This man of surpassing genius lived during the great awakening, when Europe emerged from the darkness of the Middle Ages, when the discovery of America had made England the centre of commerce—a period when some of the greatest writers, thinkers, soldiers and discoverers were produced—Cervantes, Bruno, Rubens, Drake, Galileo, Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, Calvin, what an atmosphere, what a day of thought and action. London was the centre of a world whose imagination had been touched by discovery, the nation was in prosperity and men were in love with life, and because "out of prosperity the beautiful is born," art, literature, and the drama flourished.

Shakespeare, one of the effects of the world's awakening, was an idealist in religion and philosophy. He did not, like many writers then and now, take refuge in the real, by pretended love of truth. All realities are not poetic, nor even worth knowing, they often weaken and degrade. Shakespeare knew the real, but in the same relation to the ideal as the stone bears to the statue, or the paint bears to the picture—power is not outside the soul, but within. His whole conception was to pursue the highway of truth, and if in a vein of humor, he apparently deviates, it is Right that leads him on. No man has sounded life's unnumbered strings as he. There was nothing within the range of human thought, within the scope of mental effort, unfamiliar to him. He seems to have known the brain and heart of man so thoroughly, that no matter in what local colors it is painted, we recognize the character. He was a man of human limitations, and human sins and frailties, but, at least, a man of vision, which, striving to make real, he rose to heights beyond his frailties and sins. In his delineations he creates no monsters, but makes life true to itself, and whether taken from a gutter or a throne, each can teach a lesson.

What a procession of men, statesmen, warriors, kings and clowns he has sent forth! What women! Isabella, in whose spotless life love and reason blend in perfect truth, Juliet, within whose heart passion and purity met in wondrous union. Cordelia, who chose to suffer loss rather than show affection in unworthy ways. Hermione, who bore with hope and faith the cross of shame and finally forgave with all her heart. Perdita, Rosalind, Helena, Imogen, who cries "what is to be false?" and in the midst of tragedies of love, of laughter, and of crime we hear the voice of the good friar declaring that in every heart there are encamped the opposing hosts of good and evil—"which will thou follow?"

It would take hours to call attention to the inspiring thoughts he has bestowed upon the world. But through all his tragedies it is well to note that there is that healthy optimism, more suggested than defined, which leads the mind to God. It makes one feel that the man behind it sees life apart from its disturbing incidents, sees it steadily, and as a whole, and that he, like Browning, would never have asked the faithless, morbid question of this age: "Is life worth living?" flinging back the years which God has given almost with contempt. To Shakespeare life is always inspiring, even though full of mystery. As a man of the highest pitch of imagination to him the

whole world brought tribute; for him all nature showed its beauty. Ages gone revived at his bidding, and those to be were pictured in his brain. He taught the great religious truth, the brotherhood of man, and if in a sentence he could sum up his philosophy he would say: "Live out truly, nobly, wisely, happily, your human life—as a man, and not as an angel; not a sensuous life, for you are a man and not a brute; not a frivolous life, for you are a man and not a butterfly; live each day a man's true life,—not yesterday's lest you become a murmurer; not tomorrow's, lest you become a visionary, but a life of happy yesterdays in confident tomorrows." Life, is indeed a mystery. It was God who gave it to us for His sake and for the sake of others, a life, upon which, if we are true to it, will fall rays of the life eternal given us in Jesus Christ.

Little To Complain Of.

It is said that 78,000 settlers from the United States will have entered the Canadian West this spring, that they bring hundreds of carloads of effects. Most of them, having sold out their farms back home, have capital with which to begin grain-growing under favorable conditions. They know the work and have the means to embark in it in a large way. These people are described as highly efficient and desirable settlers. Some of the Western newspapers assure nervous persons in Ontario that "Americanization" of the West is not taking place, except that grain fields are springing up where the wild roses used to bloom. In other words, the movement across the boundary is wholly an agricultural and not in any way a political movement.

However, a curious point was raised by a delegate to the recent convention in Toronto of the Laymen's Missionary movement. He was sent from the West as a delegate, and was a religious man who had been an Episcopalian over in the States, and had joined the Church of England on moving to Canada. But he declared that, great as was the future of the churches in the West, he felt sure that the Church of England could not gain a rapid hold upon the settlers from across the line. He referred to the service of the Holy Communion; settlers were started to find references to our earthly King appearing in the most sacred of all ceremonies. They were now living in a monarchy and they loyally accepted its institutions, but they would affiliate with denominations that did not introduce the subject into their communion service. No doubt there will be some such feeling, rooted in both religion and tradition. That feeling should declare itself curious and interesting, but not of serious portent. The U. S. settlers have come from a land where president-worship is more than a pride; it is a ridiculous absurdity. The simple prayers for our good king are modest and humble as the dust compared with absolute worship by the U. S. political parson.

Between Thinking And Doing.

Dr. Wilfrid Grenfell, of the Medical Mission, Labrador, has something to say of the motive behind his work among the Labrador fishermen, which, in self-sacrifice, zeal and oneness of aim and purpose, has made him the most outstanding figure since the days of St. Paul: "In 1883, while I was studying medicine at the London Hospital in Whitechapel, I was attracted by a huge crowd going into a large tent in the slums of Stepney. There was singing going on inside, and curiosity led me in. As I left with the crowd I came to the conclusion that my religious life was a humbug. I vowed in future that I would either give it up or make it real."

This is the ringing keynote of a life of usefulness, that should strike responsive chords in every human heart, not only in relation to religious matters, but in all vocations. It indicates that profession is vain, unless translated into the reality of action. We may be unimpeachable in orthodoxy, big in great resolve, full of devotion to the forms of religion, but all is vain unless we order our lives on the one and only perfect Model, whose preaching was the life He lived. In the worldly affairs of human activity, the only true relation to our duties to our employers, to our employees, to all with whom we come into contact, is to make our life, our ideals of duty, real. Paradoxical, as it may seem, the only true spiritual or moral or social life is the real life, in which aspirations become acts, moral theories actual things, and sense of duty, doing.

Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not charity, it profiteth nothing.—St. Paul.

The Dearest, Best Of All.

There is but one holiday that does peculiar honor to woman, and that honor paid in only a limited number of places in the United States. But the idea is noble, that the second Sunday in May shall be devoted to remembrances of our mothers. In this strenuous age we put the old folk on the shelf, to make room for the younger ones, and there we too often forget them. The "heathen Chinese," with virtue of holding his parents in honor—all their days. Mother's Day is a grateful tribute to the goodness, faithfulness and affection of the one who first loved us and gave us care that could not be measured by any scale of human appreciation. Few can remember the time when they were too kind, too thoughtful, too affectionate to a good mother. Rather will the day recall selfish neglects.

On Mothers' Day a white flower is worn, typical of purity—a carnation preferred, because it figures the motherhood virtues. It is occasion for words of affection, a simple gift, a little outing. Every true mother, rich or poor, longs for endearments of her children, and especially do those sitting in the shadow of life, in loneliness or depression.

Mothers' Day should spread. The churches should devote the afternoon, at least, to its fulfilment.

New Joan Of Arc.

Crowds of people on Saturday afternoon took a humorous interest in a procession of militant women suffragists from the Marble Arch to Aldwych Theatre, London. Several bands, discoursed rag-time music and the Marseillaise. A large banner emblazoned with the figure of a pelican feeding its young had underneath the motto, "Strong souls live, like fire—their heat, their strength, their strength." But the heated sun, to spend their strength. Howay as Joan of Arc, mounted on a greyish-white charger, and wearing a coat of white armour, and greaves to match. A dozen horsewomen formed a bodyguard to Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, who rode in an open carriage with a banner bearing the words "To Victory," this being in celebration of her recent discharge from prison.

VAULT SAFEGUARDS.

Invented to Keep Out the Skilled Burglars— Novel Protective Feature.

Saturday Post.

The burglar or mob leader that tries to break the safe of the new National City Bank, Wall Street, New York, will go up against a fierce and untamable proposition. Since the resources of this bank aggregate four hundred million dollars, it is natural that special precautions should be taken to safeguard its vast treasure.

The safe itself, very simple and bare of adornment, stands in the centre of the great counting-room. It is fifteen feet high, twenty-five feet wide and thirty feet long. The weight is three hundred tons. The walls are strong enough to resist the bombardment of a battleship. First comes five inches of armor-plate. Next is a foot thickness of concrete; then an inch of solid steel; then half an inch of electric wires connected with a dozen stations. On the outside of this is another inch of solid steel. Just outside the walls of the vault is a grille of steel bars.

But the novel protective feature is a four-inch steam-pipe which encircles the bottom of the vault. At regular intervals are nozzles. This pipe is constantly loaded with steam. In various parts of the big building are valves connected with the steam-pipe. Should a watchman discover some one tampering with the vault, he can rush to one of these valves, turn a cock, and a moment later the safe is surrounded by a flood of hissing, boiling steam. There are other safeguards never before installed anywhere. The great vault is on stilts, and the watchman can walk under the treasure-house. At every corner of the stilts are mirrors, so that in one glance he can see all around. Scores of electric lights blaze under the safe day and night. This is perhaps the only two-story vault in the world. The floor which divides the structure into two stories is of glass. There is an iron stairway inside, just as inside a house.

Another interesting innovation in the new bank, a great time-saver, is a trolley railway to carry checks, the flow being fifty thousand checks a day. A clerk at one desk dumps a bundle of checks into the carriage, presses a button and the load goes whizzing to another clerk. By means of special grooves it can be made to drop upon any desk desired. The bank has a sort of hotel attached, too. For the benefit of clerks who have to work late at night or fall sick, a suite of living-rooms has been installed. These are provided with baths. A complete kitchen outfit is another feature (the bank feeds four hundred clerks at luncheon), and there are special rooms for distinguished guests. A roof-garden is also part of the equipment, and there is a running-track for athletic clerks.

More Provident Citizenship.

The Canadian Commissioner of the North American Conservation Conference has drawn attention to the Declaration of Principles adopted at the Conference of representatives from the United States, Canada, Mexico and Newfoundland, held in Washington in February. The declaration is not, in any sense, a treaty between the countries, nor does it bind them to any particular action. It lays down principles fundamental to the conservation of national resources, on which authorities having control over national resources may act.

As to the public health, immediate action is necessary, to prevent further pollution, by sewage or otherwise, of the lakes, rivers and streams. Forests should be guarded from fire. Forest conservation, afforestation (the planting of tree areas where no trees have existed), and reforestation, where land fit only for forests, has been cleared by fire or by the hand of man are to be promoted. Water, for domestic purposes, is to be preserved from pollution. Inland navigation is to be improved. The proprietorship of water powers is to be carefully guarded. Drainage and irrigation works are to be instituted.

The prevention of land monopolies, improved agriculture, the retention of the soil upon the watershed, so as to secure the conservation of the rainfall and promote regularity of waterflow—are some of the steps necessary to secure the highest uses of the land. Economy in the mining and use of coal and her mineral fuels, is also to be promoted. Game is to be protected, especially such birds as are useful to agriculture. No greater project has yet been set on foot for this continent than the work here outlined. It is to be followed by an International Conservation Congress at The Hague in September.

Paternal English Act.

An excellent children's protective charter has gone into operation in England. The chief features of this bill are sensible and practicable. All foster children must be fully registered. It is now a crime to allow a child under seven years of age to be alone in a room where there is an open grate unguarded. The home secretary has stated that in three years over a thousand deaths occurred as the result of unprotected fireplaces. A practical crusade is to be waged against cigarette smoking by boys. If a boy strays down the street smoking the police may search him and confiscate his packet. A leading tobaccoist has declared that any applicant for cigarettes who appears to be under age must carry in his pocket and produce his age certificate. No child under 14 years of age is to be allowed to enter a saloon or bar under any consideration whatever. Ontario's example is copied in the hearing of children's cases by the magistrates. A room separate from the court proper must be used for such hearings, or, where such accommodation does not exist, the cases will be tried at special times.

Rest Day General Boon.

Just what Sunday is to the laborer considered solely from the economic point of view, is illustrated by scientific data recently prepared by a leading official of a great railroad. He selected two groups of laborers from the working force of a freight house and measured the working capacity of each group in tons handled daily for a week. On Sunday one group rested; the other worked as usual. On the following Monday the men who had been continuously at service showed a decrease of ten per cent in efficiency as compared with the previous Monday, and each day after their comparative delinquency became greater. The men who had their Sunday respite, on the other hand, were as valuable to the company the second week as the first. The result has interest for employers and employees alike. It shows that not only is the command to rest one day in seven written in the Commandments of God, but it is also inscribed on every muscle and trembling fibre of man's being.

THE POPULAR BRITISH HEROINE.

Life Notes Of One Of The Best Regarded Women.

Few women have retained a more affectionate hold on the public mind than Grace Darling, Wall Street, New York, will go up against a fierce and untamable proposition. Since the resources of this bank aggregate four hundred million dollars, it is natural that special precautions should be taken to safeguard its vast treasure.

It must have been a painfully dull life in the lighthouse, but Grace, in addition to assisting to keep house, was of the greatest service to her father in his daily work. Her one exercise was rowing. Thus she became thoroughly insured to the sea, the wildest storm having no terror for her. It was on September 6, in 1838, that Grace Darling performed the heroic act which, one might almost say, has made her immortal. She was but twenty-two years of age. Towards sunset, in boisterous weather and high sea, as Grace and her father kept watch in the lighthouse, a ship was observed laboring in the gale. It was the steamer Forfarshire, bound from Hull to Dundee with a rich cargo, a crew of 20, and 41 passengers. She had started with a patched-up leak, which it was thought would carry her through her journey. The repairs gave out, the water increased, and with the fires extinguished the vessel drifted on the rocks.

It does not appear that Grace and her father realized the helpless condition of the vessel until next morning. At daybreak, looking across the sea, they espied a vessel a mile off, beating against the rocks. By the help of a glass the sufferers were distinctly seen clinging to the wreck. Darling was no coward, but the gale was so strong and the waves so high that he saw that to put out to the rescue in a small boat was not only useless, but also certain death. But Grace had no such forebodings. It was sufficient for her that there was a ship wrecked, and help was needed. And so she begged her father to allow her to launch the boat and row to their assistance. At first Darling treated her solicitations as arrant madness. At last, however, he was induced to give way, and the boat was launched and together they rowed off to the wrecked ship. The journey was a perilous one; at any moment the little boat was in imminent danger of being swamped. At last the vessel was reached, and the nine remaining survivors of the ship's passengers and crew were taken off the wreck and conveyed safely to the lighthouse. For two days the gale held on its course, thus absolutely preventing any communication with the mainland. Once landed, the survivors were not slow in spreading the news of their rescue. In the space of a few days the whole country rang with admiration of Grace Darling. From all parts of the Kingdom tourists came to see her; a public subscription was raised on her behalf, and £700 was collected; as in the modern day managers of theatres and music halls offered her large sums to appear on the stage. But she refused to consider any such suggestion. The lighthouse was her home, and nothing would take it from her despite the fact that she had many offers of marriage. But her life, though she little knew it, was drawing to a close. For some years she had suffered from ill-health, which eventually turned to consumption. A little more than four years after the event which had brought her such fame she died. Many were the stories, poems and memoirs written in her honor, some of which she read during her lifetime.

The Surveyor's Metropolis.

Canadian Courier.

Old Fort Abitibi—it's a baldheaded burg. Surely of all cities and towns in Canada this is one of the places for the average man never has a chance to behold this paradise of the winter surveyor and the hunter in the northern wilds. In Abitibi there is a church and a store and a factor's house; two or three other houses—not occupied always. The store never has a fire because if it had the Indians would live in it altogether. The factor's house is as huge as a castle and as ugly as a beaver-dam. But it's the baronial mansion, the palace and the court, and the only place in that part of the Abitibi region where hilarity once in a while reigns supreme—unless it is in the shifting camp of the survey parties. It has a few people; but not enough to constitute real population. The church has a flag-staff, a bell and a pine tree—and a service once in four months.

A Very Real Philanthropy.

This is the fifth year of the existence of the Carnegie Hero Fund; 246 heroes and heroines have been rewarded in Canada and the United States; 2,039 applicants have been refused; 914 cases are pending. The work of the committee has been carefully done and only worthy persons have received the medal of gold, silver or bronze, or the pecuniary benefits. There has been no cheapening of the honor. Sums varying from a few hundred to \$10,000 have been granted. In one case it was to lift a mortgage; in another to educate the family, and again to provide for the families of the men and women of courage who had risked their lives and lost them. In no way can the money be dissipated and squandered. Mr. Carnegie's deed of trust makes it necessary that the recipients remain respectable, well behaved, members of the community. Heroes are extended pardon and given a fresh start.

Joy Over His Own Land.

To land-hungry folk from the old lands, it seems almost too good to be true that, in Canada, broad stretches are theirs for the asking. The West-land tells of one Galician's pathetic joy, when at last convinced. At first the man was disposed to doubt the government's liberality in regard to a free homestead. "I took him with his wife, and pointed out the surveyor's stakes which marked out his land and explained to him, that as long as he stayed on it, no one in the world could take it from him or his children," says the priest who was acting as guide. "When he understood that this land was his, by the goodness of the government of Canada, he knelt down on the ground, took the soil up in his hands and kissed it."



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