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SERMON FROM SHAKESPEARE

And of all my lands
 he nothing left me but my body's length
 Henry VII, Part III, Act V, Sc. 2.

Warwick, in the battle of Barnet
 had received his wound. He was the
 wealthiest nobleman in England and
 the most powerful. He had been the
 "pride setter-up and puller-down of
 kings" in his dying moments what
 was his wealth to save him. He re-
 lished that his years of energetic ac-
 tion, his ambitious and successful
 schemes and plots had left him abso-
 lute owner of just as much land as
 would hold his body's length. A sol-
 dier thought that the greedy board-
 er, the indiarubber should take it to
 heart. Man's chief end is evidently
 not to hoard and possess. He must
 have a higher destiny or else he is a
 failure and not worth living.

It was natural that Shakespeare
 should make Warwick speak of his
 wealth in terms of land, England in
 the fifteenth century was an agricul-

tural country. The ideal life for ev-
 ery Englishman was one spent,
 save when he was engaged in war, on
 his broad estates. He was a king in
 little; his retainers and his tenants
 were his subjects. He was proud of
 his broad fields, his parks with oak
 and chestnut shady. It was the ideal
 of the nation. Even an actor and play-
 wright like Shakespeare found his
 highest satisfaction in returning to
 his early home in Warwickshire and
 taking up the life of a country gentle-
 man.

Land hunger is stronger in the twen-
 tieth century than in the fifteenth.
 Let a block of land be opened up for
 settlement in Montana or Saskatchewan
 and there is a mad stampede for
 possession. It is something to own a
 portion of this earth; to that extent
 are men kings. They have their sheep
 and their cattle, their men-servants,
 they command and are obeyed.

Despite the fact that Shakespeare
 was himself a land-owner he, in a way
 despised wealth. It was so much
 "dirt" to him. He "prized not quan-
 tity of dirty lands" for itself. It was
 to him a means to an end. The
 wealth and leisure it brought him en-
 abled him to develop his higher na-
 ture.

Nations are as fond of the possession
 of territory as individuals. Tyre and
 Sidon, Palestine, Carthage, ancient
 Greece and Rome, were not only land-
 grabbers, ever broadening their terri-
 tory. Where are they? Their greatness
 buried in the soil on which they
 stood. They possess just as much land
 as holds their ruins. Yet some of
 these have immortality. Palestine,
 Greece and Rome are alive and at
 work among the nations. Their gi-
 gantic possessions, their glorious bat-
 tles by sea and by land, have left but
 little influence behind but the spiri-
 tal conquests they made, the spiritual
 efforts they put forth can never per-
 ish. That great library of Jewish
 literature, the Bible, is still the main
 factor in the moral development of
 the human race; the poetry and phil-
 osophy of Greece and Rome still have
 a refining and uplifting influence. It
 is easy to kill the body and bury it
 deep out of sight. Spirit it is im-
 possible to kill. The nations, which,
 while over-anxious about their earth-
 ly possessions, at the same time de-
 veloped a soul's life, have immortality.
 Under this will! A man might own
 a whole state or province, he might
 possess factories by hundreds and con-
 trol armies of workmen; he might be
 a Croesus in wealth, yet when his
 death hour arrives he might be forced
 to cry out as did Warwick: "Why
 what a pomp, what a reign, but earth
 and dust!" If he cultivates his lands
 to give work and food to earth's mil-
 lions; if he set the wheels of his fac-
 tories in motion with a creator's in-
 stinct for the good of humanity, he
 could leave this fair earth with no re-
 grets.

"Naked came I out of my mother's

womb, and naked shall I return thither," said Job. He was speaking merely of the flesh. His material possessions he could not carry beyond the grave. Wordsworth's words are near or the mark regarding the spirit: "scattering clouds of glory do we come from God, who is our home."

Every child is born into the world with infinite spiritual possibilities for good or evil. There is a potentially perfect being in every cradle.

When the man who has lived a righteous life faces the grim conqueror death he can do so realizing that in so far as he wrought to bring about the brotherhood of man, in so far as he has cultivated a lofty spiri-
 tual life, he can never die. Dust unto dust was never spoken of the soul. There are many graves in the world; millions upon millions of mounds that tell that they who lie beneath had to leave their broad fields and hoarded wealth. Their names are lost. But there are a few shrines; the grave of Shakespeare, the son of an illiterate glove-maker, and the grave of Lincoln, the son of a more squalid backwoodsman, attract the feet of many pilgrims. Their spirits still preach to grimes. Every man has in him im-
 mortal possibilities. He may possess, when he passes away, but six feet of land, or he may be a part of the In-
 finite, his words and deeds still at work for the uplifting of mankind.

Quebec Furnishes Asbestos.

More than four-fifths of the world's supply of asbestos comes from the province of Quebec, in what is known as the serpentine belt, running through the counties of Thetford, Coleraine, Robertson and Broughton, about 100 miles from Montreal. While the history of the industry dates back to 1877, it has only expanded to its present proportions during the last few years. The province has already produced over \$25,000,000 worth of asbestos, and is now averaging \$2,000,000 worth a year.

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"My food seemed to decompose in my stomach," writes Mr. Ralph Clements of Newbedg, P.O. "I had a stomach that failed in some way to perform its work. Digestion seemed more or less arrested and I grew thin, yellow, nervous. The stomach became distended and impeded apparently the action of the heart, for often at night it would do great stunts. At times I would vomit a mucous mass and at these times my head ached most terribly. A friend, who had been cured of a similar condition advised me to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills regularly, which I did. The result in my case was simply marvellous. Dr. Hamilton's Pills removed the cause, strength and the stomach, excited the liver to normal action, the kidneys were relieved of excessive work. Health soon glowed within me. I can now eat, sleep and live like a live man."

Be advised—Use Dr. Hamilton's Pills—they are sure to do you good. Price per box, at all dealers.



THIS YEAR'S ATHLETIC MAID.

The smartness of a sweater depends entirely on its trim and tidy fit. The shrunken, baggy or stretched sweater of last season—no matter how expensive the garment was in the first place—should be discarded and one of the new models bought for this year's wear; the shapeless last year's model being kept for use over the bathing suit. The athletic maid of 1910 will have a jaunty outing hat of soft white Panama, rolled saucily up away from her face and wound round with one of the gay Persian or Chinese scarfs which come for this purpose.

TO DRAW A CORK.

When You Have No Corkscrew Handy.

"Do you know how to take a tight cork out of a bottle without a cork screw?" was asked by a woman the other day at a gossip party. "It's a mighty good thing to know in an emergency."

"My sister and I were coming back from the mountains last week and she got faint on the cars. I had a bottle of aromatic spirits of ammonia in my bag, but when I tried to get the cork out I simply couldn't make it budge."

"Let me take it out for you," suggested a man across the aisle.

"Then borrowing my pocket knife and using his own with it he removed the cork in a jiffy. He inserted the blades on opposite sides between the bottle and the cork, each one turned in a different direction."

"Then when the blades were firmly pushed in, he simply pressed the two together, gave them a wrench side-



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