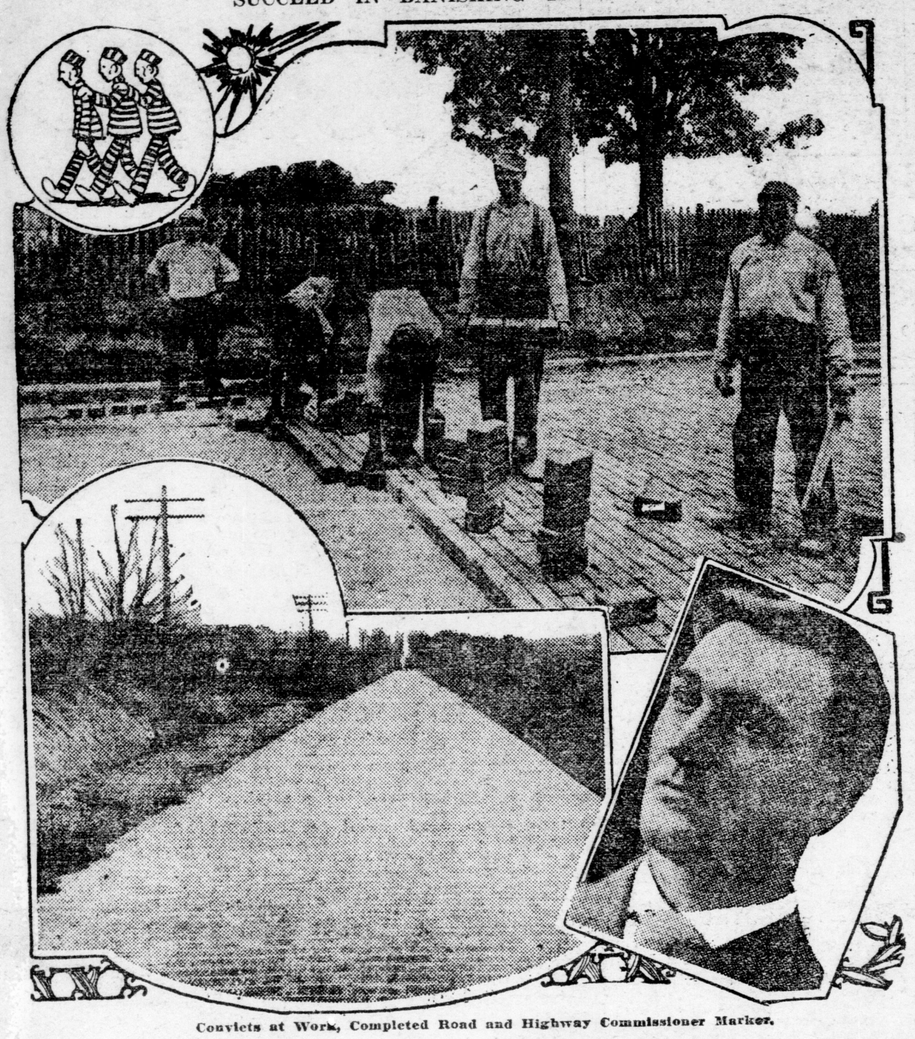
A GOOD ROAD MOVEMENT FOR ONTARIO TO IMITATE

CONVICTS BY GOOD WORK ON MODEL HIGHWAY MAY SUCCEED IN BANISHING THE GLOOMY WALLS FOREVER



Convicts at Work, Completed Road and Highway Commissioner Marker.

Columbus, O., Jan. 30.—(Special)—Unshackled and under the control of a single unarmed guard, twenty-five convicts labored a busy month to build a model brick highway just completed near the southern boundary of Columbus.

Overjoyed to breathe the open air and proud of the trust reposed in them, the men worked without hint of mutiny or attempt to escape, although often widely separated.

Each day an auto buss, driven by convicts, backed up to the prison entrance for its load of laughing, energetic "highwaymen." Each night it carried them back, tired but uncomplaining, to the shadow of the gray walls.

From beginning to end not one was reported for discipline, although several of them were life-term men and two were convicted murderers.

Quick to Learn.

Although none of them had ever worked upon paving, the convicts quickly developed skill under the direction of the engineers from the state highway department, not merely in the rougher work of grading, but in laying the solid foundation, spreading the sand cushion, laying the brick and applying the grout filler, by which the pavement was converted into a perfect monolith.

"The brick pavement is in exceedingly good condition," says State Highway Commissioner James R. Marker. "There is no evidence whatever of wear."

Other engineers who have examined the completed work of the convicts declare they had built a highway that will last at least fifty years without repairs or maintenance of any kind.

One of the life-timers who worked on the Columbus road explained the zeal with which he labored:

"My identity is lost to the world and I am merely a prisoner with a number. There is no one interested enough in me to plead for my pardon or parole. But if I can show the public that I can become useful by building roads then I may have a show of at least getting a parole."

Up in Legislature.

A good roads bill to be introduced at the coming session of the Ohio Legislature will contain a clause providing for convict work on the main market roads.

If the plan to have convicts build many of the roads of Ohio is carried out it practically will empty the penitentiary during the day time of every able-bodied man. For years the Columbus penitentiary has been regarded as insanitary. It is filled with tuberculosis germs and most of the prisoners who enter in good health contract disease.

Governor Cox, in a message to the Legislature recommended the removal of the state prison from Columbus to a rural district.

LORD MORLEY AT 75

Says That Two Men Made Him—Mill and Gladstone—His Career in Literature.

A very interesting appreciation of Lord Morley, now in his 75th year, appears in the Bookman, by Mr. Alexander Mackintosh.

"Sir Algernon West has quoted Lord Morley as saying, many years ago, 'I wonder if I should not have been happier writing obscure philosophical works, which nobody would read, on the Hog's Back, than leading a political life.'

Literature Below Action.

"This, we may be sure, was not an abiding feeling on his part. He has observed that a French philosopher rated literature, 'as it ought to be rated,' below action, and he has personally shown a high ambition in the political world and a noble pride in the position of ruler and leader. 'Most literature, nearly all literature,' he writes apropos of Turgot, 'is distinctly subordinate and secondary; it only serves to pass the time of the learned or cultured class, without making any definite mark either on the mental habits of men and women, or on the institutions under which they live. Compared with such literature as this, the work of an administrator who makes life materially easier and more helpful to the half-million of persons living in the Generality of Limoges or elsewhere must be pronounced emphatically the worthier and more justly satisfactory.'

Two Men Made Me.

"'Two men have made me'—he said late in life—'John Stuart Mill and Mr. Gladstone.' The influence of the Liberal leader concerned the second stage of his career. His early debt to the philosopher was acknowledged fully by the grateful 'pupil,' who held in affectionate remembrance Mill's 'wisdom and goodness, his rare union of moral ardor with a calm and settled mind.' Burke and Wordsworth, Goethe and Emerson, were among the teachers who influence him through the printed word; for a time he felt the spell also of Carlyle, and he owed much in his walk through life to the companionship of George Meredith. On leaving Oxford he had a considerable struggle to secure his footing as a man of letters. He combined tutorial work with journalism, taking a mastership at a school at Charlton in Kent. His literary apprenticeship was served under the Rev. Frederick Arnold on the Literary Gazette, the title of which was subsequently altered to the Parthenon, and he himself became its editor before he was 25."

John Morley succeeded G. H. Lewes as editor of the Fortnightly Review in 1867. "The system of signed articles introduced by Mr. Lewes was maintained, although not inflexibly, by his successor, and in the valedictory article which he wrote in 1882, reviewing his fifteen or sixteen years' editorship, he held that it had on the whole been justified. He claimed, too, that reviews, of which his own was the first English type, had brought abstract discussion from the library down to the parlor, and from the serious student down to the first man in the street.

John Morley as Editor.

"Believing in an open mind as the true secret of wisdom, he made his review the organ and instrument of all that tended to progress and freedom. A certain dissent from received theologies, as the editor noted, was found in company with new ideas of social and political reform. Mr. Harrison wrote in its pages his powerful defence of trades unions; it contained Mr. Huxley's memorable paper on the Physical Basis of Life; and Mr. Chamberlain, the rising Radical leader, contributed to it the most pungent articles he ever penned. In a single number we find a criticism by Mr. Chamberlain on the Liberal program, a review by Mr. Leslie Stephen of Disraeli's novels, an article by the editor on a recent work on supernatural religion and chapters of 'Beauchamp's Career.' The contributors included Bagehot and Freeman, Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer, Swinburne, William Morris and the Rossettis.

"Character is impressed on everything that Lord Morley has written. The same individuality, serene, sedate, self-respecting, self-collected, is visible from his earliest volume to his latest. His modes of thought and expression sometimes recall George Eliot."

WHAT A REAL TONIC WILL DO

STRIKES AT THE ROOT OF DISEASE AND GIVES NEW HEALTH.

If you look in your dictionary you will see the word "tonic" defined as "a medicine that increases the strength and vigor of the system." That tells why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a real tonic. Thousands of men and women are ailing today, not sick in bed, but without strength and ambition, utterly tired out after a day's work. No one organ seems to be at fault, yet the whole system is lacking in health. They do not sleep well and are always tired and nervous, many have headaches, backaches and stomach trouble. All these people need the tonic help of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The beneficial influence of this medicine reaches the whole system. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do more than relieve the symptoms, they actually remove the cause of the trouble. The case of Mrs. J. H. Sharpe, London, Ont., is one in proof of the above statements. Mrs. Sharpe says: "I was so run-down and weak that life was a burden. The least exertion would exhaust me so greatly that I could hardly breathe. If going upstairs, I would have to rest several minutes when I reached the top. My heart would palpitate until I felt as if it would choke me. I was extremely nervous, in fact a complete wreck, and would sometimes have to remain in bed for a couple of days or more at a time. I found no help from medicine, until I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and my experience with them was that they made a complete cure. I gained in weight, and my friends tell me I look younger than I did ten years ago — I know I certainly feel younger. I feel sure that what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me they will do to other women, if given a fair chance."

If you are at all unwell do not fail to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and you will find new health and strength. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Importance of the Individual Soul

[From a Sermon by Rev. R. J. Campbell, City Temple, London.]

When all is said and done, religion strikes deeper than any purely social and political question; in the last analysis it is a matter between the soul and God, none else intervening. Every individual soul is a universe in itself and contains depths of mystery, vastnesses unexplored, which stand related to the concerns of this world very slightly, if at all. Once in an Italian town I remember going into a queer little square in which people were doing their marketing with a considerable amount of bustle, stir, and excitement. Booths had been set up in places, but for the most part the wares were simply spread on the pavement, and the proprietors and purchasers stood or squatted around, chattering and bargaining with a good deal of energy and noise. But at intervals on three sides of the unpretentious square, considerably encroached upon by shops, were unimposing-looking doorways belonging to private houses. It was one of these of which I was in search, and it was not easy to find. It seems to be a way the Italians have to hide important residences in out-of-the-way corners with exteriors which give no indication of what lies behind. For I was amazed to discover, when I got inside the house in question, that it was both commodious and stately, and possessed gardens of rare beauty, vastly larger in extent than the market-place one had just left. Once within these gardens one might have been fifty miles away from that scene of buying and selling; not a sound of it came through the high walls and thick shrubberies. No doubt it was much the same with every other house which opened on to the public square. I am reminded of this just now when I think of the relation of

The Individual Soul

to the world of human affairs in general. The whole of human society in its outside aspects, its multitudinous interests, its struggles and conflicts, its gains here and losses there, is but a small thing compared with any one of the individual souls composing it. Behind the doors of every heart are values and realities compared with which the entire fabric of earthly society, and everything in it, is but as the dusty little Italian square on which silent mansions looked. There is a sense in which the humblest individual human soul matters more than the whole of human history put together; it is a bigger thing. When market day is over, the booths will be taken down, the merchandise removed, the pavement swept clear of all traces of the business that has been going on; nothing of it will be allowed to remain. But the great gardens of the soul will be almost as they were before, little affected by what has found its way through the outer door from the now deserted market place. And every soul has also a secret door which leads forth into the infinite, and through that door solemn intimations come concerning its life and destiny. In Miss Evelyn Underhill's charming book of poems, entitled "Immanence," which has just appeared, there is one called "Introversion," which is exquisitely expressive of the thought in my mind.

What do you seek within, O Soul, my Brother?
What do you seek within?
I seek a life that shall never die,
Some haven to win,
From mortality.

What do you find within, O Soul, my Brother?
What do you find within?
I find great quiet where no noises come.
Without, the world's din:
Silence in my home.

Whom do you find within, O Soul, my Brother?
Whom do you find within?
I find a friend that in secret came:
His scarred hands within
He shields a faint flame.

What would you do within, O Soul, my Brother?
What would you do within?
Bar door and window that none may see:
That alone we may be
(Alone! face to face,
In that flame-lit place!)
When first we begin
To speak one with another.

It is then to your inner life that I would fain speak my last words this morning, the life in which you are conscious of being compelled to dwell alone with the divine immensities. The soul, as Mr. Rudyard Kipling says, is

A Very Lonely Thing;

it is only in its forecourts that it contacts other souls; in its inner chambers it dwells solitary and aloof from its kind. There is at times something awful in this realization, and it is no wonder that most people shrink from facing it. The average Englishman dislikes being introspective; he is uncomfortable at once if he is obliged to analyze his own feelings or penetrate beneath the surface of the commonplaces of existence; and perhaps this is because of his half-conscious fear that the process would result in showing him thath is hold on the outer world and on human companionship is very small, and that by far the larger part of his being is isolated and inarticulate.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our sweet communing falls
To remove the shadowy screen.

It is strange and solemnizing to reflect that every one of us must die alone; absolutely alone we must make the great adventure which means the quitting of our fleshly tenement, and journey forth into the mysterious beyond. To know this, as we cannot help knowing, ought to move us to recognize that, first and last and all the time, the soul's one and only intimate companion is God. The question of all questions is that of our relationship to God and of the quality of our spiritual life. Nothing else is of much importance.

Well, now, in the light of this reflection, what does life look like to you in these opening hours of

A New Year?

For some of you the question ought not to be difficult to answer. Like Israel of old, the hour of temptation and trial has perhaps found you comparatively unprepared for resistance; you have allowed the world to invade and waste your spiritual territory and to lay siege to the citadel of the soul itself. It mocks your appeal to God and derides your feeble efforts to defend the innermost shrine of your being from its polluting touch. Many of you have suffered terrible things in the year that is past, and you have not much hope of deliverance in that which lies before you. Your spiritual reserves are inadequate to the building up of a rich and fruitful inner life; your higher resources have been devastated, your finest susceptibilities crushed and maimed. I do not say you alone are to blame for this. You may have been mercilessly assailed by trouble and misfortune; you may have had sorrow heaped on sorrow till the tears are frozen in your heart; your dearest affections may have been lacerated and mangled beyond restoration; the blows of fate may have followed each other in such quick succession as to give you no time for recovery; and the cumulative effect of all this may be to render you for the time being incapable of responding in any high degree to the call of the Spirit. On the other hand, it may be that you have been frivolous, shallow, careless, selfish, and worldly-minded—trying to keep as far away as you can from the thought that one day you must leave behind you all the things you have been living for. If God's lightnings have fallen and destroyed the false security in which you dwelt, it is only to save your soul. And, in any event, tribulation is often God's only means of recalling us to reality and re-awakening the divinity within us. It may have other purposes, too, but this at least is clearly discernible.

To all sinful, troubled, careworn, anxious, or depressed souls here this morning, therefore, my message is this: Believe me that it is God's will that you should be

Set Free From All Fears.

from all power of evil, and become spiritually rich and strong. It may not look like it now, with the enemy at the gate; but stand firm in faith and wait for your deliverance. Christ your savior will arise within you and destroy that which now threatens to destroy you. It may be long before the Christ is fully formed in you, long before the spiritual man has grown the fruits of righteousness for the refreshment and beautifying of character and life; it may be a slow growth and a hard struggle in daily dependence upon the spontaneous grace of God; it may not be this year nor next that you attain to spiritual plentitude. But it will come, so sure as God is God, if you but be strong in the Lord and the power of his might, and are of those who through faith and patience inherit the promise.

A GLIMPSE OF CHINA.

"The truth seems to be that the instinct for trade in China is stronger than any adverse internal conditions," says the Times. "Given bumper crops, the people will buy and the merchants will somehow supply their wants. China is a vast organism which does not continuously require a heart. Four hundred million of people within her borders have to live and be fed. They constitute a political entity which is practically indestructible. They will even accept an alien domination, like that of the Manchus, if they are still able to go about their daily business.

"Just now large areas in China are in a condition somewhat resembling that of Europe in the Dark Ages, when life and property were insecure, and small communities had to defend themselves, but fields were tilled and human hope survived and triumphed over all misfortunes. Yet we are disposed to adhere to the belief we expressed three months ago that the longer even a weak government endures in Pekin the stronger it will become. Nobody is known to the outside world who could take the place of President Yuan Shihkai, and the Manchu dynasty has evidently lost all chance of regaining power."

CAPT. ROALD AMUNDSEN, discoverer of the South Pole, who is making a tour of Canadian cities. This picture was taken in Toronto, and shows the explorer with Mr. Carl J. Prinz, the Norwegian consul, Mrs. and Miss Prinz. Capt. Amundsen plans to leave San Francisco in August of next year and spend six years in drifting up to the North Pole from the Pacific to the Atlantic, returning by the east. (Amundsen) in tall hat.

Family Cough Syrup

Cures Any Cough in Five Hours.

NEW PRESCRIPTION HERE.

Here is given the most effective cough prescription known to the medical world. It is a mild laxative, too, and this is what a body needs when suffering with coughs and cold on the lungs. A cough or cold indicates poisons in the system, causing inflammation and congestion. Nearly all cough syrups relieve, but make the trouble worse by their constipating effects. This prescription not only relieves quickly, but it cures any cough that is curable. Get one-half ounce fluid wild cherry bark, one ounce compound essence cardiol and three ounces syrup white pine compound. Mix in a bottle. Take for acute cough or bronchitis twenty drops every half hour for four hours. Then one-half to one teaspoonful three or four times daily. Give children less according to age. A few hours' treatment will cure and heal the throat and lungs of all but consumptives. Cut this out and give it to some friends who may need it to be saved from an early death by consumption.

A Windsor Lady's Appeal

To All Women: I will send free with full instructions my home treatment which positively cures Leucorrhoea, Ulceration, Displacements, Falling of the Womb, Painful or Irregular Periods, Uterine and Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also Hot Flushes, Nervousness, Melancholy, Pains in the Head, Back or Bowels, Kidney and Bladder troubles, where caused by weakness peculiar to our sex. You can continue treatment at home at a cost of only about 12 cents a week. My book, "Woman's Own Medical Adviser," also sent free on request. Write today. Address Mrs. M. Summers, Box H 12, Windsor, Ont.

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Tickets and all information from any steamship agent, or W. Fulton, C. P. A., C. P. R., London.

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S. S. "BERMUDIAN," twin screw, 10,518 tons displacement, sails from New York 10 a.m. every Wednesday. Submarine signals, wireless, orchestra. Record trip, 39 hours 20 minutes; fastest, newest and only steamer landing passengers at the dock in Bermuda without transfer. S. S. "OROTAVA," 10,063 tons displacement, sails from New York 10 a.m. every Tuesday, beginning Feb. 11. Tickets interchangeable with R. M. S. P. Co.

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For full information apply to E. de la Hooke, W. Fulton or R. E. Ruse, ticket agents, London. Quebec Steamship Company, Quebec. wty

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	From Portland.	From Boston.
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Sicilian	13 Feb.	
Ionian		20 Feb.
Numidian	27 Feb.	

For tickets and full particulars of rates, etc., apply to local agents or THE ALLAN LINE, 77 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the East—*3:52 a.m., 10:56 a.m., *11:12 a.m., *11.28 a.m., *6:30 p.m., *8:00 p.m., 10:45 p.m.

Arrive from the West—*12:14 a.m., 8:43 a.m., 8:50 a.m., *11:55 a.m., 1:10 p.m., *4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the East—*12:19 a.m., *3:48 a.m., 7:20 a.m., 9:00 a.m., *12:05 p.m., 2:05 p.m., *4:25 p.m., *6:53 p.m.

Depart for the West—*3:57 a.m., 7:40 a.m., *11:18 a.m., *11:35 a.m., 1:40 p.m., 8:20 p.m.

LONDON AND WINDSOR.

Arrive—10:23 a.m., *4:00 p.m., 6:50 p.m., 11:05 p.m.

Depart—6:35 a.m., *11:43 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 8:05 p.m.

STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—11:15 a.m., 1:30 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 11:25 p.m.

Depart—6:00 a.m., 10:25 a.m., 12:20 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m.

LONDON, HURON AND BRUCE.

Arrive—10:00 a.m., 6:10 p.m.

Depart—8:30 a.m., 4:40 p.m.

Trains marked * run daily. Those not marked, daily, except Sunday.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Arrive from the East—*11:42 a.m., 6:50 p.m., *8:15 p.m., *11:12 p.m.

Arrive from the West—*4:30 a.m., 11:20 a.m., *12:15 p.m., *5:45 p.m., 5:15 p.m.

Depart for the East—*4:38 a.m., 7:00 a.m., *12:25 p.m., *5:55 p.m.

Depart for the West—8:00 a.m., *11:50 a.m., 7:00 p.m., *8:25 p.m., *11:20 p.m.

Trains marked * run daily. Those not marked, daily, except Sunday.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY.

Arrive—7:04 a.m., 11:10 a.m., 4:55 p.m., 9:40 p.m.

Depart—7:20 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 5:20 p.m., 10:11 p.m.

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Arrives—8:45 a.m., *12:50, 1:50, 5:10, *10:10 p.m.

Depart—5:40, *7:10, 9:45 a.m., 2:30, *4:20, †7:00 p.m.

*To and from Walkerville. All trains to and from Port Stanley, except trains marked with star. †To St. Thomas only. All trains week days only.

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The Empress of Russia will leave Liverpool April 1, calling at Gibraltar, Villefranche and Port Said, proceeding via Suez, Colombo, Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, Nagasaki, Kobe and Yokohama, arriving Vancouver June 7, 1913. Vessel remains 16 days at Hong Kong.

Empress of Asia will sail from Liverpool June 18; particulars of trip will be announced later.

Most direct connection for April 1 sailing is via "Empress of Britain," from St. John, N. B., March 21.

RATE FOR ENTIRE CRUISE, $639.10, exclusive of maintenance between arrival time in England and departure of "Empress of Russia," and stop over at Hong Kong.

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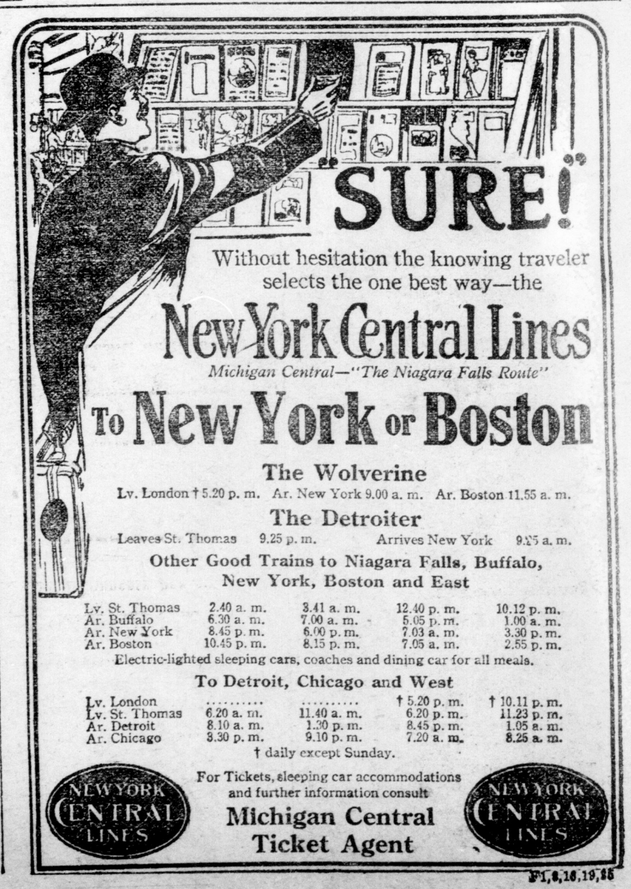

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Ar. New York	8.45 p. m.	6.00 p. m.	7.03 a. m.	3.30 p. m.
Ar. Boston	10.45 p. m.	8.15 p. m.	7.05 a. m.	2.55 p. m.

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Lv. London	.....	.....	† 5.20 p. m.	† 10.11 p. m.
Lv. St. Thomas	6.20 a. m.	11.40 a. m.	6.20 p. m.	11.23 p. m.
Ar. Detroit	8.10 a. m.	1.30 p. m.	8.45 p. m.	1.05 a. m.
Ar. Chicago	3.30 p. m.	9.10 p. m.	7.20 a. m.	8.25 a. m.

† daily except Sunday.

For Tickets, sleeping car accommodations and further information consult

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