

INQUIRY INTO MOODS.

The Eternal Goodness.
I bow my forehead to the dust,
I veil mine eyes from shame,
And urge, in trembling self-distrust,
A prayer without a claim.
I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within,
I hear 'mid groans and travail cries,
The world confess its sin;
Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed trust my spirit clings,
I know that God is good.
I know that where His islands lift
Their fringed palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.
And Thou, O Lord, by Whom are seen
Thy creatures as they be,
Forgive me if too close I lean
My human heart on Thee.
—John G. Whittier.

Prayer.

Holy and merciful God, who didst make man that he might glorify Thee, and in Thy service find his truest joy, have pity upon those who, by their sin, have separated themselves from Thee and are seeking happiness in these paths of folly which lead at last to despair. Let Thy Spirit strive with them that they may turn and live, raise up those among their brethren who will seek and help them, defeat the forces of evil which were against their souls, visit them with Thy salvation. And grant to all who bear the name of Christ, the mind that was in their Lord, that they may seek, not their own good merely, but the good of others, and as they obtain strength from Thee may they use that strength, not to please themselves, but to bear the infirmities of the weak. This we ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

The Fourth Commandment.

One brief word on the custom of Sunday dining out, which is said to have much increased in London society during the past few years. If any of you are hereafter at the head of a family, or keeping house for father, brother or husband, do try to set your face as much as possible against this. We should think of Sunday as the children's day, the home day, and the servants' day. While you are young yourselves, don't grudge your parents the pleasure of having you with them on Sundays. Some day you will look back on those Sundays with gratitude. When you have your own home—children of your own, do prize those precious hours with them, do not give them up to society. Do think of your servants; and I may add, of cab-drivers, postmen and others whom you casually employ. Spare them as much as you can on Sundays. When a letter will do just as well on Monday, why increase the pressure of Sunday work?—Elizabeth Wordsworth.

The Value of Pain.

Looked at from one standpoint, pain is but a meaningless blot upon God's creation, a reality from which we cannot escape, and yet one which perhaps more than any other suggests doubt as to eternal goodness and wisdom. It is a mystery, that for all time has perplexed the children of men. If it were simply a scorpion whip to sting men into righteousness; if it were simply but the fiery punishment of wilful and shameless wrongdoing; then we might understand it better. But when its awful coils, in dreadful, unrelaxing, grip lay hold upon the spotless and the true, and its poisoned fangs strike deep into the soft white flesh of helpless child and lily-hearted woman, we gaze upon its work with horror and dismay.
It is not ours to solve the riddle; but as faith gazes upon the work of pain and fails to read the reason, we ask, "Is there, then, no gain in this?" "Is pain clear loss to man?" And to these questions we can answer truly, "There is a gain to man, even in this work of pain." Pain softens hearts and widens sympathy. Pain draws the mother nearer to her child. Pain wars on selfishness, and makes men think. Pain smites man's pride and teaches him humility. Our Gethsemanes are not curses, but blessings. They smite us sorely, until we sweat the bloody sweat of pain; but to a fuller, sweeter, nobler life; and the hours of agony bear fruit in years of unselfish toil and lifetimes of unfettered sympathy. Pain is the rod that smites waters of healing out of granite hearts. Pain is the chariot of fire by which men often rise to other worlds. All unwelcome is its touch, yet not unblest; by divine wisdom, even pain is yoked to the great chariot of humanity and helps to drag it forward. This, of course, does not sweep the full circle of its orbit, but this is surely one section of that circle, and one that we can see.

Fantasies of the Night.

A child of earth is indulging in a long reverie, giving rein to his imagination, and, in a flight of fancy, casting off the gyves and shackles of mortality and soaring through the universes. Gradually sinking into the waters of Lethe, his reveries have now assumed tangible form and shape, and he feels that he is no longer subject to the fettering thralldom of earth. Vaulting up wards into the ether, in the flash of a thought he alights upon a cold, dead world, without air, without water, without life. Hanging threateningly overhead is a stupendous and gigantic orb shining brilliantly in the starless heavens and lighting up the rugged scenery with a flood of reflected light, which from the configuration of the markings on the surface he recognizes to be his native earth; and he realizes that he is upon her satellite.
After exploring the wonders of those huge volcanic crater, the prominent, its misty upreared walls, Tycho and Ptolemy, soaring up to the skies, or Shickard, more wonderful than them all, its crater about four hundred miles in circumference, and of a capacity sufficient to contain perhaps every volcano on earth—depressed at the dismal and melancholy aspect of this dead, cold world, he hies off to visit that other side of the moon which is for ever invisible to us, and of the aspect of which we know absolutely nothing.

Leaving this arid and lifeless wilderness he speeds away, past our next neighbor Mars, unravelling the mystery of the great canals, past mighty Jupiter, past stupendous and majestic Saturn, and past other of the planetary wonders of the midnight skies, up to the dazzling glory of the sun itself, the mighty surging tornadoes of fire, and the infernal whirlwinds of flaming gases ever wildly raging with convul-

sive energy on its surface transfixing him with awe and wonder. Then, hurried into the abyss of space, midst rush- ing immensity, entering on a perilous planetary train on their long orbit round the great central pivot of all the universes of God, midst blazing, coruscating suns in the zenith of their effulgent lustre, and midst lightless, lifeless orbs whose fires have in the long course of the aeons faded away into eternal darkness, startled at the overpowering glory of it all, he awakes—and behold it is a dream.

But although all this is fancy, yet for those who have not spurned and condemned the commands of their God, but have with His never refused help lived the life of the righteous, and whose sins, inherited and committed, have been expunged from the record through the great expiation made on the cross by the Redeemer of mankind, for these a time will come when they on angel wing will surely be accorded permission to visit all these wonders of creation and to roam through all this vast and glorious universe.—By A. Baker.

THE HIDING-PLACE.

I once met a man of venerable appearance on the shores of a lonely river; his whole demeanor was full of attraction; he moved as if he had been sent. He said, "Come up the slope." Soon an opening like the folding curtains of a tent, half canvas, half cloud, welcomed us; in another enclosure, until the seventh was reached, a sevenfold doorway never to be opened or destroyed. Eyes grew with a strange expanding power. I wondered with a worshipful desire, the harp of a thousand strings thrilled within me. Thought seemed to stretch, powers of vision found new horizons. "This," said my guide, "is the secret place of the Most High. It is not what men call heaven; but it is its vestibule. Hard by are the munitions of rocks, a little beyond are the everlasting hills. "Where is the power of the great King?" "I ask not," said my mentor. "Can you keep a secret? You cannot but keep it. It is an utter impossibility for you to reveal the glad communications which are given. You may reflect this beautiful light, and respond to voices many, but these are only garments of your personality. Know that thou art a part of God—a secret, private, separate, sacred person, unlike all others, though they be millions on millions. The gentle coming light, the conscious warmth, the mental glow, the unfolding power, are part of your make-up. The method of approach, the first glad smile, the silent touch was inviolable, as inscrutable as the reasons why you were called and chosen. He who said "Shall I hide from Abraham the thing that I do?" bends over you now, and on this my mentor vanished and I was left alone.

Moments, impulses, upliftings, came like a flood. Like a ship I felt the stir of the helm; no voice was heard, no person seen. The strangest thought of all was, I felt at home; the greatness was not crushing, the elevation did not make me feel faint, and yet what clouds, and loss, and tears, were to be mine, and these, hide myself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be ever past. For, behold the Lord cometh out of His place to punish the inhabitants of the earth for their iniquity."
"In Him I hide my raiment vile,
In Him I clothe myself anew,
And in His cross my crosses smile,
And in His joy my joys are true.

And in His love my world is nigh,
His life my pulse, His breath my air,
His will my heart, His light my sky,
His heaven my dwelling everywhere."
—H. T. Miller.

Wonderful Miracles Worked By Dr. Hamilton's Pills

Learned Physicians Astounded by the Increasing Numbers of His Cures.

Halifax, N. S., Nov. 16.—That unusual knowledge is possessed by Dr. Hamilton is evidenced by the statement of Mrs. MacLeod, 314 Campbell Road, of this city. For years this lady suffered with torturing reeling headaches that could only be allayed by strong narcotics. "Different physicians," she states, "failed, so I decided to see what Dr. Hamilton could do. I purchased a few boxes of his Mandrake and Butternut Pills and their use immediately gave me the most grateful relief. Headaches and their depressing influence left me. Spells of fainting weakness, long hours of sleeplessness, fear of nervous collapse, all these disappeared after treating with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. My restoration to vigorous health is complete and no remedy could do more than Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. By searching out all weak spots, by enriching the blood, nourishing and purifying the system, Dr. Hamilton's Pills work marvels for the sick and weak, 25 cents per box of all dealers.

BRIDGE.

Who doesn't play?
Even children die for it!
The enthusiastic betters are chips off the old block.
A woman has learned that her son always carries a pack.
She heard him hint for an invitation to play in the nursery of a certain belle-to-be.
He told a little boy he'd play with him as soon as he could earn or save up \$5.
"Why may yet come to have bridge afternoons in the nursery instead of doll parties."
Mistress (to servant who comes down very late in the morning)—Doesn't that alarm clock I gave you wake you up in the mornings, Jane?—Jane—Oh, no, mum, not now, thank you; it worried me at first, mum, but I've got used to it.



Princess von Buelow, the Imperial Countess Poradowski-Wehmann, and Minister of the Interior. TWO GERMAN NOTABLES.

Our Scotch Corner

(By Alexander Wallace, in the New York Scottish American.)

It was only a three-line paragraph in the issue of your valued and valuable paper of Oct. 30, but my! how it set me to thinking. Thirty years ago "Wullie" (Davidson) was appointed to the honorable position of lamp-lighter for Laurence-kirk, a village famed in Scotland's history as well as in her literature. How quickly the years pass! I remember the night, even to the day when "Wullie" was appointed. I also knew his immediate predecessor, and that for a number of years; and the sprinkling of grey hairs now showing in my locks and whiskers, combined with that memory, remind me that I surely must be growing old.

The occupation of lamp-lighter in Laurencekirk has allied to it—or did—several other important functions not closely related to it. In municipal matters the occupant constitutes the Department of Street Cleaning and Lighting, and an officer of considerable standing in the community; while in the affairs of the church he also has a hand, the latter probably more the result of custom than anything else.

"Wullie's" predecessor, whom I recall, done, old Jamie Jolly, was the village white wings, town-crier, lamp-lighter, beadle, grave-digger, and last, but by no means least, town officer. In the latter capacity he appeared in full regiments—a blue frock coat, with glittering brass buttons, and a red neck band. But it was only on "high" occasions, such as the annual flower show, where he acted as doorkeeper, that he donned his official robe.

As "white wings," Jamie's dump cart—and "Wullie's" too—was a wheelbarrow, which he trundled from one end of the village to the other, spreading tidiness wherever he went. The accumulations thus collected were piled in a heap in a secluded spot near his home, and I think, formed one of the few prerequisites of the position.

As a town crier Jamie was a success, though hardly possessing the sonorous or profound voice of "Wullie." His forte was in announcing coups of growing potatoes, household effects, etc. This was done at equidistant spots along the main and side streets, the "cry" being always preceded by the ringing of a hand-bell. In fancy I yet hear his mellifluous though somewhat monotonous tone, and the good old soul's introductory "Notice!" Jamie was at home with the ordinary, everyday phrase-

ology these announcements contained, practice having made perfect; but I remember one occasion when an unusual word phased him. It was when technical education was to be introduced into the evening school of the Free Kirk, notice of which was made public through the instrumentality of the town crier and his bell. "On reaching the word 'technical' Jamie at first hesitated, then stammered, cleared his throat, and finally out with something that fell on my boyish ear as 'technical.' It served its purpose, however, for none of his listeners was a carping critic.
In his day the old man made the graves of a large number of the villagers.

"Father and mother, sister and son,
Came to his solitud', one by one."
He had a most retentive memory, and after a lapse of many years could show inquirers the spots in the graveyard which marked the final resting places of many, which nothing but a low green mound or a flat surface otherwise indicated. It was no uncommon occurrence, when filling the loose earth into the grave, to see the tears trickle down the old man's bronzed and weather-beaten cheeks, as he silently sorrowed with those who had long since relative or a friend.
For long years he officiated as beadle, but I never heard any stories accredited to that sometimes self-important functionary of the Auld Kirk. On Sundays, wet, weather and dry, Jamie was at his post, standing on the outside of the parish church tolling the bell—the sweet, solemn voice that calls the Christian to the House of Prayer—at a quarter of an hour, and again at five minutes before the entrance of the minister. The position of village lamp-lighter was an arduous one, entailing many "ups and downs" on a ladder which was carried on his shoulder from lamp-post to lamp-post, by means of a lighted oil lamp, perforated at the bottom. In his later years the oil limbs had naturally become a little stiff, and one of the enjoyments of the village boys was to perform the task of lighting, their reward assuming the form of a penny or a cake of gingerbread. This was for "turning on the light" at dusk in the dark nights only (for Laurencekirk was thrifty, and never "lighted up" during the summer or when the moon acted as

Princess von Buelow, wife of the Chancellor.

a "lamp to the pathway" of the inhabitants), and anon enshrouding the village in total darkness at about 9.30 or 10 p. m.

It is now over thirty years since Jamie was gathered to his fathers. He sleeps in the little kirkyard which off had been the scene of his daily toil. "Wullie" is a worthy successor. His favorite catechism of the village youngsters, to all of whom he was known, was to inquire almost daily how they were progressing in their school studies; and in the case of the lads who, perhaps only a week or a month, had begun to serve their apprenticeships, to ask, naively, "Is yer time out yet?" He is a genial, jovial fellow, and that he may long be spared to perform his varied duties in this work-a-day world is the sincere wish of one who in his boyhood days knew him well, who enjoyed his friendship and his pawkie humor, and who is thankful for his homely yet sound advice, tendered during the period when that counsel was most stimulating and encouraging.

LIFE'S PLEASURES REST ON NOURISHING BLOOD

Is Yours Rich; or Weak?

If your color is poor, your blood is poor.
If you lack strength, can't get fat, can't do your work, it's because your blood is too thin to nourish the body.
Your condition is like an expiring fire. Fuel must be added or the fire goes out.
Nutrition, new building material must be instantly infused into the blood—the vital system must be quickened and enriched. Do this and your health is assured.

Simply try Ferruzone.
Its marvelously stimulating influence upon the appetite, upon the formation of rich, red blood makes available for building up of the system the very nutriment it requires.
The heart, strengthened by the increased nutrition Ferruzone supplies, is more regular in its action, and imparts an impetus to the circulation that ensures the proper discharge of all the functions of the body.
There very quickly sweeps through the whole body a stream of vitalized, strength-giving blood.
Quickly color is restored to the cheeks.
Elasticity, endurance and vigor come to the muscular system.
In brief, the old time strength and vigor are restored, and those inestimable charms that spring from good health, high spirits and endurance are gained by even short use of Ferruzone.

A true, uplifting tonic, a medicine that goes to the root of things—one that makes the weak strong, makes the sick well—makes the despondent ones happy—that is Ferruzone. Truly a wonderful remedy, try it, 50c per box at all druggists.

SCREWS IN STONE WALLS.

German Engineer's Plan for Obtaining Firm Anchorage.

A Duesseeldorf engineer, knowing from experience that wooden dowels for the purpose of securing screws in stone are liable to rot and decay, and do not afford the desired solidity, has devised an ingenious method of obtaining a firm anchorage. For this purpose a wire of suitable thickness is coiled on to the screw, so as to follow the threads of the same and to form a kind of screw nut. The coiling may begin near the head or thick end of the bolt, and proceed toward the point by lying the wire into or between the threads so as to touch the bottom of the same, the section of each screw thread being preferably triangular, or trapezoidal, and the core of the screw conical (similar to a wooden screw).

After arriving at the point of the screw, the wire may be wound backward over the helix already wound on, but with a steeper pitch, so as to leave wider interstices between consecutive coils of the wire. After the wire has been laid on so as to form a nut, or wire coil is introduced into a hole which has been drilled or otherwise formed in the wall for this purpose, and which is slightly wider than the diameter of the nut measured over the outer layer of the wire, after which the interstices are filled with plaster of Paris cement or similar binding material.

When this has become sufficiently hard and firm, the screw bolt which has served as a core or another screw bolt having the same diameter and pitch, is screwed in and out without damaging the wall, because the wire serves as a screw nut, which is secured to the stone or wall by the cement or other binding material.

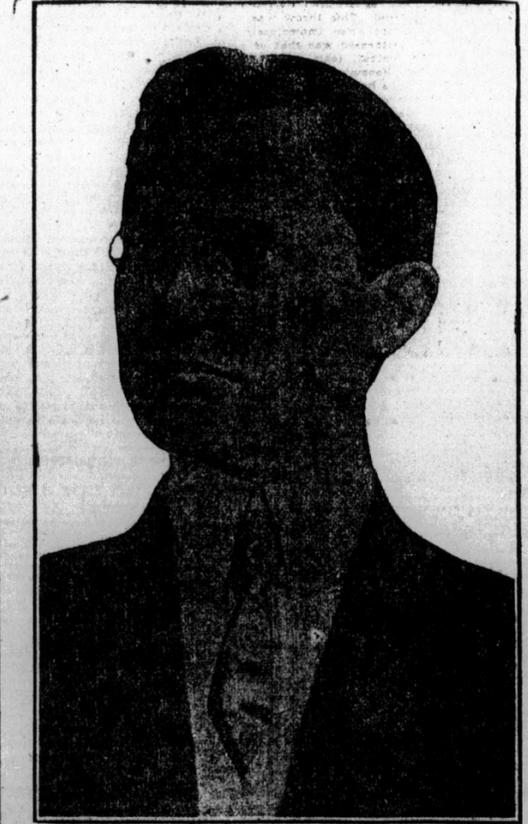
DIABOLO.

The "spools" should be rubber-tired.
A jeweler has fitted one pair of sticks with silver handles.
The diabolo dress is quaintly plain, with sleeves to the elbow.
The play is quite as good as dumb-bells.
After tossing the spool from the twine it takes some time to catch it again.
The diabolo is called "flying come" everything from "the diabolo" and "flying come" to the devil of a game.

HIS FLESH HORRIBLY BURNT.

His druggist sold him a cheap corn cure. What he should have bought was Putnam's Corn Extractor; it's purely vegetable and acts in 24 hours. Insist on only "Putnam's."

Wigg-Roosevelt is down on the nature fakery. Wagg—Yes; it's a wonder he doesn't get the big stick after that fellow who wrote the yarn about Jonah and the whale.



CALEB POWERS ON TRIAL AGAIN.

This hitherto unpublished photograph of the man accused of complicity in the assassination of William Goebel, Democratic Governor-elect of Kentucky, was taken recently. It shows Powers as he appeared in court in Georgetown, Ky. Twice he has been convicted and sentenced to life imprisonment. Once, the last time, he has been convicted and sentenced to death.

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A VICIOUS PROPOSAL

CHARGE OF THE "LONG" BRI-GADE.

One per cent, five per cent, Ten per cent, downward, into the Stock Exchange. Rushed the six hundred. No time to reason why. Banks will not cavil. Some one has blundered. Sell! Sell the only cry! Into the Stock Exchange Rushed the six hundred.

Brokers to right of them, Brokers to left of them, Brokers in front of them, Bellowed and thundered. Bulls could not stem the tide, Bears could not hide. Few laughed, but many cried: Into the Stock Exchange Rushed the six hundred.

Oh, what a sight was there! Arms lifted high in air, Tearing each other's hair— Outsiders wondered! Nothing would do but fray, Closed on that Saturday. When someone blundered, May it this lesson teach— "Go not beyond your trade!" All have been plundered! Save us from want and care!" Cried the six hundred.

Closed were the doors that day, Closed on that Saturday. When someone blundered, May it this lesson teach— "Go not beyond your trade!" All have been plundered! Save us from want and care!" Cried the six hundred. John D. Wilson.

Muggins—You seem to believe in spending money as you make it. Bug-gins—Sure thing; a bird in the hand is worth a whole aviary in the hands of your executors, my boy.

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