HAMILTON EVENING TIMES SATURDAY. DECEMBER 18. 1909

Heart of Gold

40

IMPERIAL BANK

OF CANADA

Head Office, Toronto

Capital Authorized \$10,000,000.00-

Capital Paid Up ... 5,000,000.00

Reserve Fund 5,000,000.00

Drafts, Money Orders

and Letters of Credit

Issued

Available in any part of the world.

Special Attention Given to Collections.

Savings Department Interest allowed on deposits from date of deposit at all Branches of the Bank

72 James Street North

throughout the Dominion of Canada.

Dominion Vinegar

Works Co.

HAMILTON, CANADA

Manufacturers in bond of

White Wine

and Cider Vinegars

Dominion Vinegar equalled

by few, excelled by none

Strength Guaranted

9

HAMILTON BRANCH

Frances in T. P's. Christmas Number.) This is the story as I was told it: It was curious to find myself in the Irawing-room so late at night. It was till more eurious to find myself face to ace with George Howard after all these ears, and to feel that the old compel-ing power which his affection gave him over me was stronger than ever, but more intangible.

re intangible. 1 want you," e visits

The absurdity of the request made me rugh. But he just turned round and valked towards the door. Immediate-v I found myself following him, as if augh. by I found myself following him, as il drawn by an irressible magnetic thread, ont into the darkness of the night. We trudged through sludg-covered streets until we reached a small square - a square where the houses were old and dilapidated, the road paper-strewn, and where the few miserable trees seemed to

there the few miserable trees seemed to tive offence to the keen north wind. I had seen the square many years be-ore, and knew it was in Islington; the ouse before which we at last stopped lso seemed vaguely familiar. My com-anion then spoke for the first time since the left my house. "I want you," he said, "to look into a method was table to be a method with the second second second second second second second the second second second second second second the second second second second second second second the second second

we left my house. "I want yon," he said. "to look into the small back room of this house; tell me what yon see." I was going to laugh again when I realized that by some strange clairvoy-ant power I was in a small, sparsely-fur-nished room. I told my companion what T saw: A young, pretty girl in a very shabby dress was cooking a savory broth over the fire; another girl, looking wretchedky ill, sat propped up in pillows on a low chair near. The girl who was cooking held the spoon with which she had been stirring the dish raised threat-eningly in her hands as she said in mock tragic tones; "Not another word, or I shall let this delicious confrction burn." But the sick girl continued: "I know you are going without proper food your-self so that I may have the nourishment the doctor ordered. I must go to the lowerist."

said the man, dreamily, "when we were first engaged, we spent all our time plan-ning a little home in the country; our only gold was to be that which came with the sun's morning rays, our only amusement to watch the face of Nature as it smiled softly in spring, gleamed gloriously in summer, or became sad-dened in autumn?" "Yes," intercupted does not in our invitated voice. "and

my companion. "Yes." I replied, "it'is darker in colo than the girl's, and it is tinged with

"The touch of gold," he muttered, sadly. In what seemed to me less than a minute of time we were in a wide Ken-sington street. I knew before we reached it that I should be called upon to vidt No. 45, and Learn in a charming

I nose that proclaimed his Jewish He was rubbing his hands rapid ether, the palms emitting a crisp y sound. It was not until he be talk that I knew he was no 5 talk that I knew he was not Then I saw a talk graceful we-earing a magnificent dress of deep (vet, standing by the mantelpiece, mained gazing in tired abstrac-the fire, even while she answer-man's remarks and her voice

Strongly Recommends "Fruit-a-tives" to all Sufferers.

JAMES DINGWALL, ESO.

taking "Fruit-a-tives." I long sufferer from Chronic and the only medicine derived from taking "Fruit-a-tives." I was a lifelong sufferer from Chronic Constipation, and the only medicine I ever secured to do me any real good was "Fruit-a-tives." This medicine cured me when everything else failed. Also, last spring I had a severe ATTACK OF BLADDER TROUBLE, and "Fruit-a-tives" cured these complaints for me, when the physician attending me had practically given me up. I am now over eighty years of age and I can strongly recommend "Fruit a-tives" for chronic constipation and bladder and kidney trouble. This medicine is very mild like fruit, is easy to take, but most effective in action." (Signed) JAMES DINGWALL. Williamstown, Ont., July 27, 1908. 50c a box, 6 for \$2.50 ot trial box. 25c at dealers or from Fruit-a-tives, Limited. Ottawa. from lifelo ong sufferer i and the only

Ottawa.

refusal to an old friend, who in direst need had asked for a trifling loan of money. In a dress closet is a motor coat bought to day for five hundred pounds, and a gown which cost two hun-dred. And yet the bells are beginning to peal out peace on earth to men of good-will. But look at the woman's heart" heart. As I looked I heard a bitter, mocking

As I looked I heard a bitter, mocking laugh from George Howard. The woman had no heart: a large, shapeless lump of gold had taken the place of the throbbing organ of life and love. Suddenly I realized that this mockery of a heart was mine, and it be came so weighty that it dragged me down down into such dark and murky depths that I called to George to save me; but he only laughed louder, and the sad contempt of his eyes was so terrible that I preferred the black horror which was closing in around me. I awoke. On my hed was the satin and lace coverlet, from my table gleam-ed ornaments in gold, on the writing table beyond I knew there were the two letters, and in a dress closet lung my

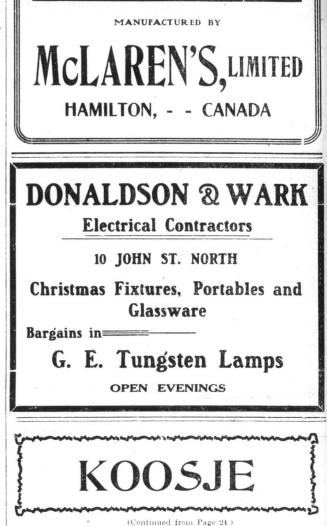
table beyond i knew there were the case letters, and in a dress closet hung my new gown and coat. And I had once been the girl who gave up her lunch to huy meat to make soup for a sick friend! The bells were now really ring-

The bells were now really ring-ing out "Peace on earth to men of good will." With their chines there seemed to mingle the crics of hundreds of little children who were without bread in this snow-clad city! Did the spirit of George Howard really take pity on me and show me the bard ening precess of gold in these scenes from my We? Who can tell? Far away from the noise of cities, in a little village whose straggling white cottages reach to the sca shore, there may be seen a marble monument creeted to the memory of a woman who had left Fashion's broad theroughfare to live amongst the poor as a helper and a

amongst the poor as a helper and a friend. The only inscription on the "SHE HAD A HEART OF GOLD."

T this time of the year when it is so natural and easy to think kindly of every one, we want specially to say how grateful we are to the multitude of Canadians who have kept our mill busy all year-frequently working overtime-by their appreciation of good quality in using so generously

McLaren's Invincible Parisian Coffee McLaren's Invincible Jelly Powder McLaren's Invincible Gelatine McLaren's Invincible Flavoring Extracts McLaren's Invincible Cake Icings **McLaren's Invincible Spices** McLaren's Invincible Baking Powder **Ocean Wave Baking Powder**



eers were eating cakes and drinking them by the stove while you prepare it, caccolate and liquors with a good deal of fun and laughter, when the door was opened timidly, thereby letting in a gust of bitter wind, and a woman struct fearfully in, followed by two mad erying children. Cerb the lady give her something.

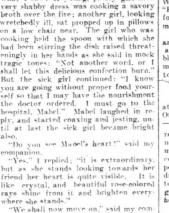
eemed as if a curse had fallen He began to wish you back

another," Truide said it seemed as upon us. He beg again and to blam between you Cerebi the lady give her something to eit's he asked. They had had nothing during the day, and the little ones were aimost famished. Koosje, who we

were aimost famished. Koosje, who was very charitable, lifted a tray of large, plain buns and was about to give her some when her eyes fall upon the poor beggar's faded face and she exclaimed: "Taride!" Treide, for it was she, looked up in statthe surprise.

surprise

"It is very good and warmed us," "! did net know or I would not have ome in, Koosje," she said humbly, "for I treated you very badly." "Ver-ry bad-ly," returned Koosje, eminplaining tones. her faint "Man one would i should have would have let "Dead!" nurmured, Truide, sadly, "Dead! So ah, well! I suppose I must do something for you. Here, Yanke," opening the door and calling "Yanke!" "Then where is Jan useful in the shop than Yanke-if wou "And, after all." Koosje said, philo "Yanke!" "Je, jerrouw!" a voice cried in reply, The next moment a maid came run-ning into the shop. "Take these people into the kitchen and give them something to cat. Put "And, after all," Koosje said, philo-sophically, shrugging her shoulders, starvings and the rest. I owe you some-thing for that. Why, if it hadn't been for you I should have been silly enough to have married him myself."



The next house we stood before I re-

panion. The next house we stood before I re-cognized at once as a buarding house in Bedford Square, with pretensions to smartness. Here I saw a drawing-room, a bright room, but with a tawdry. arts-ficial atmosphere. Sitting on a sofa were a man and a woman, both about twenty-five years of age... The man was saying: "I cannot understand it. Two years ago all the hesitation was on my part, hecause my health was so bad; new you think only of money." The woman answered: "We cannot lite on dreams, and if you really eared for me you would try and write something to make money. I am sure you have more brains' than James Thorne, and he is making three thou-said the man, dreaminy, "when we were first engaged, we spent all our time plan.

the woman in an irritated voice, "and two nothing to eat but dewdrop soup distilled rainbow." "Do you see her heart?" again tsked

tinged with

to visit No. 45. The first person 1 saw in a charming room a bouldor evidently, from its pale blue silk covered walls was a handsome faced man, short of stature. There was a strength and grip about his chin and jaw, and bright, keen, brown eyes and a lawed blue that weaking a blue lawed blue about the lawed blue weaking a blue lawed blue lawed blue blue states a strength and grip about his chin and jaw, and bright, keen, brown eyes and a He-Can I see y

on as one ure, even while she answer d the man's remarks, and her voice ounded unpleasantly mechanical as she aid; "Yes, I think it was the most sue-essful hight we have ever had; every ne came, even had; been



Kidney Disease For Years

This Well Known Gentleman

"I have much pleasure in testifying t almost marvellous benefit I hav lerived fro

"Keen your hands off he, curse you! licar me right out to the end. You come here to see how paupers The season of Christians speud. You come here to watch us feeding. As they watch the captured heast. Hear why a penniless pauper Solite on your naitry feast

"I came to the parish craving Bread for a starring wife starving wife woman who loved me years of life, you think they told me, awful grief? d for the rough fifty what do y ocking my the House was open to us they wouldn't give 'out relief."

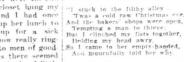
"Then I told her "the hou She had heard of the wa

the spirit flies; arched and parted

rags

etween you. A ver and then stronger. So at for absinth, and me, and then he died. "Just





through that eve I watcher her lding her hand in mine,

"Then the room was bathed in And I saw in my darling's ey The faraway look of wonder

God, she moaned

o the filthy bylands! , through the mud and slush.

'Do you think I will take your bounty And let you smile and think four doing a noble action With the parish's meat and drink? Where is my wife, you traitors-The noor old wife you alow?

paltry feast.

"Last winter my wife lay dying. Starved in a filby den: I had never been the the parish-I came to the parish then. I sanilowed my pride in coming. For ore the ruin came. I beid up my hand as a trader. And I bore a spotless name.

Christmas Day

h the cold, bare walls are bright h garlands of green and holly id the place had a pleasant sight; with clean washed hands and faces, a long and hungry line paupers sit at the tables, this is the hour they dur-

the guardians and their though the wind is east

hough the wind is east, o come in their furs and wra watch their charges feast; mile and be condescending, t pudding on pauper plates, we hosts at the Workhouse ey've paid for-with the rate

the paupers are meek and lowly With their "Thankee kindly, mum long as they fill their stomachs, What matter where it comes? It one of the old men muturs,

ut one of the old men mutures, And pushes his plate aside; Great God!" he crice, "but it chokes For this is the day she died."

The guardians gazed in horror, The master's face went white: "Did a pauper refuse their pudding?" "Could their eyes believe aright?" Then the ladies clutched their husbr Thinking the man would die, Struck by a bolt or something. By the outraged One on high.

But the pauper sat for a moment, Then rose 'mid silence grim, For the others had ceased to chatter, And trembling in every limb, He looked at the guardians' ladies, Then eyeing their lords, he said: "I eat not the food of villians Whose hands are foul and red;

Whose victims cry for vengeance From their dark and unhailowed graves. 'He's druk!' said the Workhouse mas Or else he's mad and raves.' Net druk or mad.'' cried the pauper, ''Eu' only a hunted beast, Who, torn by the heunds and mangled

"I care not a curse for the guardians, And I won't be dragged away. Just let me have the fit out, It's only on Christmas Day That the black past comes to good me, And nrey upon my burning brain. I'll te'l you the rest in a whisper-I swear I won't shout again.

the hounds and mangled vulture's feast.

In Workhouse



Sheyou can. here while I go over.

THE RETORT CRUSHING.

Christmas Fears.

Christmas Fears. I have no use For painted ties, So save your paint A save your oyes I do not yearn For waistcoats gay, Embroidered in A dainty way; Suspenders I Am forced to wear, Suspenders I. Am forced to wear, Me-Not' a pair; Of socks, I own A goodly stack, But id you buy eem. Buy 'em black.

ou across the street

cession light we have even ind; every one came, even Lady Darer. I saw you talking business with Lord Hadford and Mr. Thomas. I suppose it is settled that they join the board?" "They took the suggestion like sugar," replied the man. Then, after some further talk which was all about the influence of money, be wide 2 Dou't you think it was a mirrix? said: "Don't you think it was a mistike said: "Don't you think it was a mistice to have had Ferrars to play?" No one had ever heard of him." "But he plays so delightfully," said the woman, "and he asked me to let him come, as it might mean the beginning of a craze for

Stay

"Up to the blackened ceiling The sunken eyes were east-1 knew on those lips all bloodless My mark had been the last; She'd called for her absent husband-Ob. God' had 1 but known'-Had called in van and in anguish, Had died in that den-alone.

"Yes, there in a land of plenty, Law a loving woman dead, Cruelly starved and murdered For a loat of parish bread. At vonder gate, last Christmas I eraved for a human life, You, who would feast us pauper: What of my murdered wife?

"There, get ye gone to your dinners, Don't mind me in the least; Thinking of the happy paupers Eating your Christmas feast! And when you recount their blessings In your smug parochial way. Say what you did for me, too, In your smug parochial Sav what you did for me Only last Christmas Day

THE BOT

-George R. Sims RHEUMATISM

AL.

I want every chronic theumatic to throw sway all medicines, all liniments, all plasters, and give MUNYON'S RHEUMA-TISM REMBDY a trial. No matter what your fields may say, no matter how prejudiced you may be against all adver-thed remedies, go at once to your deni The and set a both of the MENULAY. The and set a both of the MENULAY. TISM REMEDY. If it fails to give satis-faction, I will refund your money.—Munyon Remember this remedy contains no sai-brile acid, no opium cocaine, morphine or to the same of the put up under the acid of the same of the put of the same det. For sale by all druggists. Price, 25c.

Ireland's Oldest Inhabited Strong- | Talbot de Malahide. This lady's third husband was John Cornwalshe, chief

hold.

Malahide Castle, on the sea coast, about ten miles north of Dublin, it is claimed, is the oldest inhabited strong-hold in Ireland. A most picturesque old place, it has extensive encircling place, it has extensive encircling woods, which makes it an ideal residence in eith-er winter or summer, while the little town of Malahide is similar to an Eng-lish village adjoining a nobleman's well cared for estate. Malahide furnishes the musually rare instance of a baronial estate having continues for nearly seven centuries and a half in the heirs male of the ancestor on whom it had been origin-ally conferred. Henry II, gave the man-or to Richard de Talbott in 1174, and his male descendants have resided at Malahide ever since, except for a brief period during Croinwell's time, when they were driven out for seven years. In the great hall at Malahide is a suit of arihor with a gash in the side about which a romantie story is told. The wearer of this armor had just been mar-riede in Malahide Church when there came a sudden call to arms, and though the birdegroom's side was successful he himself fell in the fray. Tils bride— "maid, wife and widow" in one day— soon, however, consoled herself, for she was married twice after that tragic day. the first time six months after that which makes it an ideal residence in eith

was married twice after that tright day, the first time six months after that tragic day, the first time six months afterward: By her second husband she had a son, Thomas Talbot, whom Ed-ward IV, appointed Lord Admiral of Malahide and the seas adjoining, an her-

Many a budding playwright finds it as hard to get an andience with the public as with the President. The woman who can't look pleasant even when she is having her photograph taken might as well give up trying. To strain at a gnat and swallow a camel may merely prove that we don't like gnats. editary honor borne by successive heads camel may of the family down to the present Lord like gnats.

Curious Infection. A curious instance of infection is described in the Journal de Medicine et de Chirurgie pratiques. The regi-ment of Eleventh Dragoons was sta-tiond near the Savoureuse, a river filly named, which waters a typhoid-infected valley. The river was so un-savory that the men never bathed in it; but the horses were daily water-ed on its banks. The horses after being walked in the pools of the river, which was nearly dry at that time of year, were groomed and taken back to camp. The implements of their toilet were usually kept in the nose-bags, and a good many of the troop-ers who took a piece of bread with them to eat on the way back were in the habit of putting this also with the brushes. An epidemic of typhoid in the regiment was most clearly traced to this cause, and the epidemic ceased when the use of the river was stopped.

baron to Henry VL, and, dying when over eighty, she was buried at Malahide,

Curious Infection.

baron to riemy this buried at Malalude, over eighty, she was buried at Malalude, where her tomb may yet be seen.—Court

Many a budding playwright finds it s hard to get an audience with the