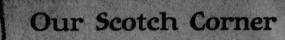
HAMILTON EVENING TIMES. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30 1905



Ralph Cameron, London (cousin), and the Earl of Dalkeith. ANNIE LAURIE.

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> anter Arundell into a book containing milar material relating to quite a num-r of families, and where it is neigh-red by references to those of Maxwells Munches and Murrays of Murray-waite.—Dumfries Standard.

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A HIGHLAND FUNERAL.

Cameron of Lochiel Conveyed to His Last Resting Place.

The funeral of Donald Cameron, of Lochiel, Chief of the Clan Cameron, took place on the 6th inst. to St. Andrew's churchyard, Fort William, Inverness-shire, and was probably one of the largest ever witnessed in the Highlands. Leaving the ancestral home at 10:30 a.m., the coffin was borne shoulder high by four sheeherds and four deerstalkers to the shepherds and four deerstalkers to the entrance gate, where it was transferred to the hearse. The pallbearers were com-posed of chiefs of clans and chieftains, The part of the same the pallbarers were composed of chiefs of clans and chieftains, their names being Clany of Clany, the Markintosh of Macleod (Macleod, Macdor, Markintosh, Loch Loyat, The cortege was escorted from Achnacarry to the place of interment by the Lochabar contingent of Lovat, Souts, and at Nevis Bridge the procession was met by the Provost and Town Council of Fort William, the Provost and Town Council of Horers, the kernel, south council of south the sheift and could be assembled to the same to the case of various clan societies, clergy plice and others. To the doleful notes of a council of the same the table, south council or societies, clergy plice and others. To the doleful notes of the forest, and kindred pipe tunes, the societies and sub couple haven's Church, where the usual burias St. Andrew's Church, where the usual burias St. Andrew's Church, where the usual burias the forest, and kindred pipe tunes, the societies of the societies. All along the routes of the chortes' the action many tokens of sorry in progent tokes, the coffin the while lay in the procession many tokens of sorry in the rowset of and the bells were tolled. The fort William Covered this there done to explain the while lay in the procession many tokens of sorry in the rowset is were tolled. The fort William Covered the there done to explain the while lay in the procession many tokens of sorry in the the bells were tolled. The child were as a solution the bells were tolled. The child were as a solution the work is a program to the solution the work is a program to the solution the solution the work is a solution the bells were tolled. The child were as a solution the procession many tokens of sorry in the work is a program to the mourter in the believer to

quiries, and learned that the mutual love of the ploughman and the extern-ant has was their principal asset for setting up house. As a sequel the laird left at his death a legacy of \$5,000, the interset of which he decreed was to be divided anaually for all time coming into five equal portions, four smong brides as a lready mentioned, and the fifth to provide oatmeal, tas, sugar, etc., for the poor of the parish. This quaint custom, besides creating m pleasurable excitement, does much ma-terial good to the bumble participants. The fund, which is invested in Govern-ment consols, at present stands at \$5, to \$60, and the next distribution-on Mon-day, Jan. 1, 1906-will be the fifty-ninth. -Cassell's Journal.



"Have faith in God." "Have faith in God." is one of our Lord's commands.-Mark II.-12. "Without faith it is impossible to please Him.".--Hebrews. xi. 6. Peter sinking, and Jafrus qualing at evil tidings, were exhorted to exaccise faith.--Luke, vill. 50; xiv. 31. Suggestion: Faith is a voluntary act of the mind that iconnects the car with the power bearing wire. In a crown that thronged and pressed Him our Lord feit the meniat louch of the sick wo-man. He averted, "Some one touched me, for power went out of Me." To he sidk. "Thy faith hath saved the."

"Faith in God is simply trusting In His love, and truth and power; Power uphoids and truth enlighters, Love enfolds us every hour; "God is Love"-Love unrepending, Very truth-He cannot lie, And omnipotent, He offers All to bless, to justify.

As the very Truth Eternal, Why not then believe His word? Why not then accept the offer, Which from childhood we have heard? God, Almighty is, in power, Nought for Him can be too hard, Why not lean upon Him wholly? Why, for man's, God's help discard?

Do you lie in Doubting Castle, Scourged by the giant grim, Despail Courage, take as key God's promise, Every door, 'twill open there; You shall wak out in the sunshine Of His love and liberty; You shall find your wisiful longing Has become a certainty.

Are you groping in the shadows Which conflicting creeds do throw? Trust the Christ, His teaching follow. He the truth will make you know: He will show you priceless treasure. All the fulness of God's grace, Which, unmerited, unasked for, is prepared for all our race.

is tied. The procedure followed is the essence of simplicity. At the close of the wed-ding ceremony the bride retires to the vestry in order to sign the marriage re-gister and to have her competitive qual-ifications ascertained. The "birth lines," as they are familiarly designated, show her age, but no documentary evidence of stature, however authoritatively at-tested, can be accepted. Proof must be forthcoming on the spot. For this pur-pose the candidate has to submit to an ordeal, the first part of which consists of removing her shoes. Then*comes the undoing of her hair until the tresses, length permitting, hang loosely over the shoulders. These temporarily herefit of part of Have you wandered from the sheepfold? Know the shepherd kind and true, Bver seeks the lost to save them, Answer, for He calls for you: Are you lying in the darkness, Helpless, speechless as the dumb? He His trensure will discover For with searchlight He doth come,

Did you wilfully desert Him? Have you squandered all in sin? Go to him, your sin acknowledge, Full forgiveness that will win; If you once but prove your Saviour You will rise all fears above, You will rust in Him forever, In His power, truth and love.

The Glad New Year.

The Glad New Year. The glad new year: What secrets lie With its folded, untried days: We long to know them, you and I: We long to try the untrod ways: And yet the leaves of memory tura, To many a page we linger o'er: Above the hones dead evermore. "Behold, I make you all things new." New grace and strength for each day need: New wants before the throne to plead: New trials of our faith; ah, yet, Tempations new our hearts to prove-To be our bane or happiness. income of the permitting, hang loosely over the shoulders. Thus temporarily bereft of part of her adarnment, she steps on to the meas-uring stand provided for this special purpose, and always kept on the prem-ises. Now comes the crux of the cere-mony. The judge carefully wields the sliding indicator, and in the gentlest possible manner checkmates any sus-picion of unduly manipulating the head and feet. Measuring completed, the pastor en-ters the particulars in the bride's regis-ter. The entries close with the end of each year, and it is an interesting group that wends its way to the manse on the first week day of the year to receive the downies.

O gracious God! this prayer we make-We shrink from voicing out our fear-Yet. hest our burdened hearts should bre Grant us our need this coming year; Take-take-we yield up all to thee. But give-thyself with what is best; And my our every moment he, Within thine arms-eternal rest.

L. Misunderstood: O cruel world! "Of all sad words of tongue or pen," Far sadder 'tis than "might have been." What memories come, and grief, Anguish without relief. Recalling, we are misunderstood! II As backward through the misty years

Recailing, we see II. As backward through the misty years Winged mimory speeds its hasty flight. Visions dark as the murky night-Visions of sick ning pain. Sad walling's deep refrain. Wrung out from crushed and bleeding hearts. III. Miunderstood! Misunderstood!

III. Misunderstood! Misunderstood! Actions born of earnest prayer, Sublime the dead, purpose divine, Motives pure and heavenly fair, All meant for truest good "All, all misunderstood: ret, worse-misudged, maigned, misturned.

MILLIONS **OF WAIFS**

.................. Father Knickerbocker pays approxi-mately \$2,500,000 a year for the main-tenance and care of "dependent children." nativity \$2,500,000 a year for the main-tenance and care of "dependent children." This is really a monumental column in doltars raised in New York city to the tragedies of families—the sorrow and the suffering of women and children. Week in, week out, day after day, the stories of these tragedies are told at the Bureau of Dependent Children in the old Charities building, 66 Third avenue. Seven thousand applications by desti-tute mothers left starving with their little broods have been made for help already this year, and these figures will have mounted considerably higher before its close. Just think of it, 7,000 pitcous appeals mothers for themselves and untold wealth! "If only the philanthronists or some of

"If only the philanthropists or some of

"If only the philanthropists or some of our millionaires would sit here for an hour or two a day for a week!" said the kindly man who listens daily to the mothers' stories of their sorrows and wrongs, "they would see and hear what would make their hearts melt with pity." It is a story of the bread winner taken away, willed it may be at his work, and the family left penniless and thrown out on the street. A mother, ill and weak, having tottered out of a hos-pital and unable to earn longer the few dollars with which she had struggles to keep her children with her, or it may be that the hospital claims her and that she must go, to add still further to her burden. With pale, pinched faces the women

she must go, to add still further to her burden. With pale, pinched faces the women come, darkenings around their sunken cyes, their lips bloodless, their clothing thin and threadbare, their shoes broken, the uppers merely remaining—the stamp of hunger and poverty over all. It is noontime, but perhaps they have had no breakfast, or if they had, it was a meal marely in name—a piece of stale bread, a cup of water. And hanging on to their skirts are four, five, or six little ones, with the hunger pallor in their eager faces, their clothes in rags and their little feet sticking out every-where into the cold through their broken shoes. In the majority of cases there is also a baby in arms, a poor little bundle of rags crying for what the mother cannot give it. Malnutrition, the physician calls the hunger pinch, and the great word never gets through the ears to the heart. Death and sickness are mainly re-sponsible for these conditions, and Fred-erick E. Bauer, the superintendent of the bureau, will tell you that the general situation among the poor of this city was never so distressing as it is to-day. For when the hunband and father dies or cannot work there is never a penny to keep out black poverty. They struggle for existence with a few dollars a week had always been desperately hard, al-ways a mother of keeping body and soul together and a roof over their heads. Strikes, especially last year were re-sponsible for quite a large precentage of the applications, the wives of iron workers, tinsmiths, and bricklayers being obliged to seek temporary relief for themselves and their children. Savings had been swept away, credit was gone, and nothing remained but to part with the little ones until there was a return to .normal conditions in the building trades.

trades. Another cause of suffering, and one which Mr. Bauer hopes will be vigorous-ly dealt with, is desertion. Under a law recently passed, wile desertion has been classed as a felony, and the deserted, if found, may now be extradited from any state in which he has sought a re-fuge. Fully thirty per cent. at least of the applications to the bureau arise, ac-ording to Mr. Bauer, from wife deser-tion.

"The public at large," said Mr. Bauer, "have little idea of the number of de-sertions there are. It is something shocking. These men seem to have no heart, to be even without the brute inheart, to be even without the brute in-sinct, for when a poor woman is most in need of attention is the time they select to clear out. It may be the strug-gle is too much for them and they lose nerve, but it is rather hard, you will ad-mit, to leave a wife to struggle for her children at a time when she should be going to a hospital. "The fact is, the poor women are not able to undertake the task, and if we do not look after the children they must



Galloping Consumption CURED Twelve Years Ago.

Twelve Years Ago. Maganetawan, May 27, 1904. "It is 12 years ago since Psychine Gwel me of Galloping Commission. I caught cold working as fireman on the C.P.R. The doctors said there was no hope for me. I had Nets Swests, Galls and Fever, and fre-quently coughed pieces of my lungs. I was fast sinking aways. Was advised by Mrs. Stewart, a neighbor, to try Psychine, and two months' treatment put me right on my feet agais. Have had no return of lung trouble since. Psychine saved me. To day I work on my fara near here. I am its feet tal and welf over 175 Hs. Use my testimonial and photo if you desire." A.E. MUMFORD.

Those who heed these signals should instantly seek a sure cure in **PSYCHINE** and even if disease has taken its hold this wonderful medicine is able to check further ravages and to restore the patient to sound health. 0 All Druggists. One Dollar. Free Trial.

The Greatest of all

Tonics

ON THE RAILROAD

They receive other signals of danger equally

A slight cold or cough is nature's red lamp of

If these signals of danger are neglected there will surely follow Pneumonia, Bronchitts, La Grippe, Pleurisy, Fevers or Consumption.

Dr. T. A. Slocum Limited, 179 King Street West, Toronto, Canada

along the tracks.

important.

danger.

An Ancient Puzzle,

The Last Grand Charge. It was just before the last grand charge, Two soldiers drew their rein. For a parting word, and a clasp of the hand-They might never meet again.

One was a youth with clustering curls, Nineteen but a month ago; Red on his cheeks, down on his chin; He was.only a boy, you know.

The other was a ster, not cold, proud mat, Whose faith in this world had grown dim. He only trusted in those he loved, They were all the world to him. They had ridden together through many a charge: They had marched for many a mile, And even before they had faced the foq With a calm and (earless smile.

But now they looked in each other's eyes With a deep, despairing gloom, And the cold, proud man was the first to speak, Saying, "Charlie, my hour has come."

We shall ride together, up yonder steep; But you will ride back alone. Will you promise a hithe trouble to take, For me, when I am gone?

You will find a face framed on my breas, I will wear it in the fight: With dark blue eyes and sunny har, And a smile like the morning light.

Like the morning light was her love for

me. When she promised to be my wife. And little did I care for the frowns of fate With her to gladden my life.

Write to her, Charlie, when I am gone; Send her the fair, framed face; Tell her when and how I died, And where is my resting place.

Tell her I will wait for her, In the borderland between Heaven and earth, until she comes It will not be long, I ween."

Tears dim the blue eyes of the lad, And his voice is low with pain. 'I will do your bidding, If I ride back again.

But if you ride back, and I do not, You will do as much for me; My mother at home must hear the news-Write to her tenderly.

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Vest Pocket

The Watch-Dog in your

TOU can buy Health Insurance now. Several good "Accident" Companies sell it. Sixty dollars per year will bring you

\$25.00 per week, for every week you are But, your time alone may be worth far

And \$200 per week might not pay for

They strengthen they strengthen they strengthen they be exercising them. prevents Sickness, is worth ten times as much money as other "Health" Insur-

Yet "Cascaret Insurance" will cost you

kess than Ten Cents a week. That gives you a "Vest Pocket" Box

to carry constantly.

"Indigestion" means food eaten but anly partially digested. "Constipation" means food retained in the body undigested too long, till it decays. It then supplies the poisons of decay to the system, in place of the nourishment ons of decay

it might have supplied. Isn't that a tremendous handicap worth

Insuring against? What does it cost to Cure Constipation or Indigestion, with their train of small and great ills, and to Insure against a

return of them? Not so very much.

One 10 cent box of Cascarets per week, at most, perhaps half that. One candy tablet night and morning, aken regularly for a short time, is war-ranted to cure the worst case of Constipa-

tion or Indigestion that walks the earth. One tablet taken whenever you suspect you need it will insure you against 90 per pent of all other ills likely to attack you. Because 90 per cent of these ills begin

in the Bowels, or exist through poor Nutrition.

Cascarets don't purge, don't weaken, don't irritate, nor upset your stomach. No,-they act like Exercise on the Bowels, instead.

They stimulate the Bowel-Muscles to contract and propel the Food naturally past the little valyes that mix Digestive

Juices with Food. They strengthen these Bowel-Muscles The Bowel-Muscles can thus, is a short time, dispense with any Drug assistance whatever. * * *

The time to take a Cascaret is the very minute you suspect you need one. --When your Tongue is coated a little. -When your breath is not above suspicion.

-When your head feels dull, dizzy, or achy. -When you have eaten too heartily, or

too rapidly. --When you have drunk more than was

good for your digestion. --When you have a touch of Heart-burn, Gas-belching, Acid-rising-in-throat, or a Coming-on-Cold.

* * * Carry the "Vest Pocket" Box where it

belongs, just as you would your Watch, Pocket-knife or Lead-pencil. It costs only 10 cents. At any drug-

Be sure you get the genuine, made only by the Sterling Remedy Company, and never sold in bulk. Every tablet stamped "CCC."

A sample and the famous booklet "Curse of Constipation," Free for the asking. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York. 200

Dost ne'er misjudge, misunderstand, No act or motive pure shall fall Unseen, nor fail to be Rewarded full by Thee, blessed Lord, just Judge and Friend!

Some bounder Lordy, Just Stage and the stage of the stage

IV. But O, what comfort! what relief! Comes with thought that Thou, above

Misunderstood.

The Transformer

Love is the Lorg's good angel. Love came in at a door. And touched a woman who wept for w And soon she was sad no more, i thought it was joy i wanted. (Love's laugh was merry to hear); "Take me, and he glaf for ever; It was Love you wanted, dear."

Love went into an office. And a hanker's book was there, But the man saw under the figures, "I thought it was weath I wanted. But I never was rich before: Love whispered: "She waits your coming, Close the book and open the door."

Love came into a mean street, And lingered here and there; The homes he touched were transfigured, Rooms were no longer bare; The women sang as they did their work, And the men laughed out for glee; "For the poor folk must need me,"

Love works miracles every day, Love works miracles every day, Pleasure and riches are his to give, Whoever the people worthy of Love, And let the small things work of the source it is only the loved and the loving it is only the loved and the loving Who life at its best may know. <u>Marianne Parningham</u>. Swiss Chocolate Trade.

Swiss Chocolate Trade. The total exports in 1904 of Swiss chocolate amounted to about 15,000,009 pounds, valued at over \$5,000,000. Most of the Swiss factories give a good deal of attention to the export trade. The United States bought hearly \$600,000 worth of Swiss chocolate last year and large quantities were also exported to Germany, France, Italy and Belgium.

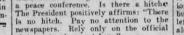
Blobbs-So your investment turned out badly, chi I thought you got in on

Hirst's Pain

Exterminator

-sc. a bottle

At all dealers



<text>

The following interesting and ingeni-ous puzzle was found some, years ago in a remote village of Devon, England. It was inseribed in ancient Roman characters on a curiously shaped stone of black basalt and aroused much interest among the local antquarians: I FY OUO WEFO RYOUR PAPE RPA YU P

is the poor man's friend. For 40 years, it has been the old reliable iamily medicine. It never fails to relieve pain of every kind. Keep a bottle in the house, as Miss Alice Jorks of Dunnville does, and ave doctor's bills— "I world not be without Hirt's Pain Faternianch. Have used if for years, and we could not get anything to help if methy and in the back for three years, and we could not get anything to help if used to the set anything to help if used it with pleasure."

A woman hates to get married o Wriday, unless it's her last chance

They turned with a hoarse, despairing cry, From the hill which they could not gain, And the few, and the few who escaped from death Rode slowly back again.

But among the dead who were left behind Was the youth with the curly hair: And the cold, proud man who rode by his side Lay dead beside him there.

There was no one to write to the blue-eved

girl The words her lover said. And the mother at home, who waits for her

A woman, remarks Peter, thinks she must say that it's hard to give up a daughter, as soon as the daughter's en-gagement is announced.

pecially adapted for children, or account of its absolute purity. **Baby's Own Soap** is used by young and old alike commands an immense sale. Dont trifle with imi ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO.