



H. B. Hersey, Scribbler

W. N. Fowler

IN QUIET MOODS.

Good Cheer.
Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Yet it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears—
Pass it on.

Did you hear the living word?
Pass it on.
Like the singing of a bird?
Pass it on.
Let its music live and grow,
Let it cheer another's woe,
You have reap'd what others sow—
Pass it on.

'Twas the sunshine of a smile,
Pass it on.
Staying by a little while,
Pass it on.
April beam, the little thing,
Still it wakes the flow'rs of spring,
Makes the silent birds to sing—
Pass it on.

Have you found the heav'nly light?
Pass it on.
Souls are groping in the night,
Daylight gone;
Hold thy lighted lamp on high,
Be a star in some one's sky,
He may live who else would die—
Pass it on.

Be not selfish in thy greed;
Pass it on.
Look upon thy brothers' need,
Pass it on.
Live for self, you live in vain;
Live for Christ, you live again.
Live for Him, with Him you reign—
Pass it on.

—The Rev. Henry Burton.

look cold; grew worse. She called her mother. Her new dress had brought her to hell, as she thought. But it didn't though! She was saved all in a hurry, as most are, and by the light of the Furnace Door she read her title clear. The swiftest beauty transformed into an angel that I have ever seen. He turned the leaves of his record and said, "Here's one worthy of note. A master mariner, he left home all well to go 'round the Horn; said good-by to wife and six children. The first letter he got on his arrival was that four had died of scarlet fever; the next letter told him that other two had followed, and the home sounded hollow. He brought those two letters and read them in the light of the Furnace Door. Salt tears seasoned the dose; the strong man shook; then paused, then said: "It is the Lord." "He gave, He took; blessed." Why don't poets sing of the glory of the Furnace Door; it would make the world sweet with prayer. Look at the handwriting; look at the words chosen, chosen. I have chosen thee in the furnace. As many as I love I rebuke and chasten. This is the vestibule of the palace of the Great King. A cavalcade arrived suddenly at the Furnace Door, demanding the attention of my strange companion, and I had to take my sad leave, but I took in a cargo which is down below yet, and my lesson is only half learned.

H. T. Miller.

Do You Have Family Prayers.
A clergyman, occupying a prominent place as an educator, and who has opportunity to know something of the home life of many American families, deplors the absence of the family altar in the majority of homes. In fact, he declares that in comparatively few is the adage of family worship continued.

At one time it was the rule in most Christian families to have prayers either morning or evening every day, but now you rarely find a family where this is done. How is it in your home? Another thing this clergyman says is that he despairs of ever seeing the Church really alive as it ought to be unless we re-establish the custom of family worship.

Children need it. Parents need it. The guest needs it. God must be acknowledged and honored in the home.

The warmth of family piety dies down unless there be this daily rendering of homage to the Lord of the family. What is there to hinder your reading a few verses from your Bible and saying a prayer with your family to-night? Think about it! Do not know just how to begin? There is a form of family prayer in the prayer book. You have your Bible. Begin with the Beatitudes, St. Matthew 5th. Only a few minutes and you have started your family altar.

—American Church S. S. Magazine.

Furnace Light.
I dreamed that I wandered on the border of a wilderness. Rocks, caverns, sandy spots abounded. Caravan routes were seen and travellers not a few. I felt sad and lonely. At length I met a man who was more than man, that is some endowments seemed so extra, such powers of discrimination and endurance, touches of super-sensuousness, so delicate and uplifting that I more than once suspected that he belonged to the angel tribe. His functions were so great, his experience so unusual, that the more I studied the more I was convinced that length I ventured to be personal, and asked his actual vocation. "I am an attendant at the furnace door in one part of these range of hills that try the gold and silver. Further on they smelt iron, but here they test the souls of men. O, what a furnace! It is the most arduous furnace in the world; it has been at work long before they said, 'This is the place where they find the gold.' The way persons are brought would fill volumes; the time they stay; the process of recovery, and the ultimate deliverance would fill volumes more." My attendant hinted that he was a busy man, and some with broken bones, and they all came unwillingly. We have a curious illuminating power at the Furnace Door. The lurid flash is most dreadful, most delightful of all mediums of self-revelation, that I have ever listened to or recorded. I have helped them in and I have helped them out. Some have been cases of long standing and very stubborn, and yet the march continues, and of I hear the refrain: "And where our vanguard march to-day Our rear shall rest to-morrow." How dull and stupid are they on arrival. They ask questions and get no answers. They come deeply laden, and the first duty of the attendant is to unload. They tremble, they cry, and some are dumb. Maids and mothers, young men and fathers; not one good-looking; many hard, rebellious and unaccountable.

But lo! the transformations! One old sinner made a speedy discovery and shouted, "Oh, blessed sins that brought me such a Saviour!"

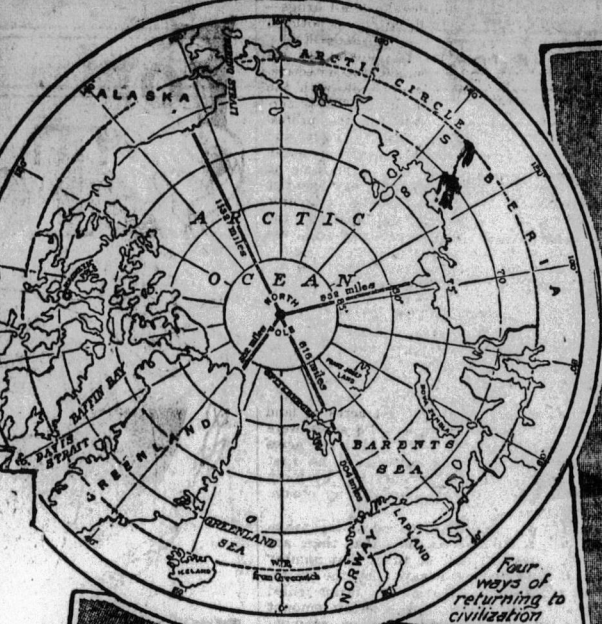
But come into this portico, where I take my rest when off duty. Talk about biographies! I could keep publishers busy for years. Here is an account of a late comer, a beautiful society girl. Suddenly she became concerned for her soul's safety. She told her mother, like a good girl. The foolish mother brought her a new dress, plunged her into society. She

The True Man and Christ.
True living is true religion; the Christian life is the sound, sane, whole human life; the man who follows truth follows Christ, whether he knows Christ or not. Yet we preach Christ insistently to every man. For we dare to say to every man, if you are true, here is what you are looking for: the way of God in men, the way of life; more life, irrepresible, growing, victorious life, and that is the way of Jesus Christ. Have that mind in you which was in him who humbled himself and in obedient unto death; practice faith in an infinite spirit of love as he practiced it to the utmost limits, to the least details; above all, learn his spirit who came not to be served, but to serve and to give his life for many, and you will prove that Christ's way is life indeed and life abounding.

The man who follows truth follows Christ, to be sure, but to follow and not know him is to walk in the dusk that precedes the day. Give to the man who follows truth to see Christ as he is; he will recognize his Master, he will recognize the life that is himself the truth. To him Christian discipleship comes as inevitably as day to them that wait in the morning.—If Christ be presented as he is. But presented in the guise of overworn creed, unreal liturgies, superstitious "schemes of salvation," the true Christ is not seen of the true man, the common man, and not on the common man rests the blame.

—Laird Wingate Snell.

Love a Preservative.
The only preservative from the withering of the heart is love. Love is its own perennial fount of strength. The strength of affection is the proof, not of the worthiness of the object, but of the largeness of the soul which loves. Love depends, not on the quality of the soil through which it passes, but on the inexhaustibleness and depth of the spring from which it proceeds. The greater mind cleaves to the smaller with more force than the other to it. A parent loves the child more than the child the parent; and partly because the parent's heart is larger, not because the child is worthier. The Saviour loved His disciples infinitely more than His disciples Him, because His heart was infinitely larger. Love trusts on, ever hopes and expects better things and this a trust springing from itself, and out of its own deeds alone. And more than this; it is this trusting love that makes men what they are trusted to be, so realizing itself. Would you make men trustworthy? Trust them! Would you



Wellman's ship the 'Triumph' at starting point at Spitzbergen

MEN AND SCENES IN PROPOSED FLIGHT OF WELLMAN TO THE POLE.

make them true? Believe them!—F. W. Robertson.

Words of the Wise.
Never give up to despair. To regret a wrong is good; to stop to think of it too long, and to plunge into remorse, is to lose the power of reparation.—Charles Wagner.

Sobering, almost alarming, to some of us is the thought of Christ as Judge. On the other hand, what judgment could be kinder or fairer? We are to face the judgment seat, but let us never forget that it is the judgment seat of Christ—the Christ who knows man, who sees and sympathizes with every individual, who, having himself suffered, being tempted, is prepared to make allowance for human infirmities, who judges us not so much by what we are as by what we want and strive to be.—Howard Allen Bridgman.

If to be true in heart and just in act are the first qualities necessary for the elevation of humanity, if without them all else is worthless, intellectual culture cannot give what intellectual culture does not require or imply. You cultivate the plant which has already life; you will waste your labor in cultivating a stone. The moral life is the counterpart of the natural—alike mysterious in its origin, and alike visible only in its effects.—J. A. Froude.

Odd London Street Names.
Those who know the city of London have probably at times been puzzled by the curious names borne by some of its localities. An antiquary thus explained a few of these: "St. Margaret Patten's has no reference to footwear. The 'pattens' is a corruption of 'patines,' the plates used for the conserved bread. 'St. Mary Woolnoth' took its name from the wool market which once stood near it, 'wool' being the old form of 'wool.' 'St. Mary Axe,' popularly pronounced 'Sim mery Axe,' gained its name from the fact that a house with the sign of an axe once stood in the street. 'Crutched Friars' does not, as one might suppose, refer to crippled monks. It merely commemorates the cross worn by members of friars who were known as 'crutched' in course of time becoming 'crutched.' Threadneedle street was originally Three Needle street, from a house bearing the sign of the 'Three Needles.' Bread street was once the only street where bread was sold, while Friday street was the resort of fish-mongers who provided the Friday diet of our pious ancestors."—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

It is claimed that thirty miles from Dallas, Texas, excavations are being made which it is expected, will uncover the ruins of a city far older than any in Egypt.

An Age of Reason
The days of mystery have passed. There must be a reason for everything, and we demand to be shown the whys and wherefores. Secret or patent medicines must go with the other mysteries.

King Palmetto Compound
Is not a secret remedy,—the formula is printed on the label, and you can get expert advice from your physician, who will tell you that it is.

The Most Useful Prescription
ever prepared. Saw Palmetto for the Kidneys, Cassara Sagrada for the Bowels, Couch Grass for the Bladder, Corn Silk, Golden Seal and Compound Keraulin,—a perfect combination.

The Cause of Ill-Health
is not a mystery either, and we know we should apply our reason to our daily habits. The modern struggle is too much for us. The result is a clogged liver, and a generally disordered condition of the Stomach, Liver, Nerves, and Kidneys. These things lead to Very Serious Results, and render the body an easy prey to germs diseases, such as Typhus, Typhoid, and Consumption.

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is to begin taking King Palmetto Compound to-day. One dose a day, and the cure begins with the first dose. It will renovate your entire system, cure Constipation and Indigestion, and purify the Blood.

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Walter Wellman, The explorer

Our Scotch Corner

Kaid Maclean.
(By Marquise de Fontenay).
Sir Harry Maclean, the Scotch commander in chief of the Moorish army, is described in all the dispatches announcing his treacherous capture by the insurgent chief Raisuli as a soldier of fortune and a mere adventurer. It may be well, therefore, to recall the fact that he is the scion of an ancient and illustrious house of the Scottish aristocracy, being a younger brother of the MacLaine of Loch Buis, head of the grand old Scotch clan of MacLaine, the founder of which was Gillean of the Battle Aca, one of the most notable figures in Scottish annals of the twelfth century. A junior branch of the family is headed by Sir Fitzroy Maclean, whose baronetcy dates from 1682, and the possessions of the house comprise, among other things, the greater part of the island of Mull.

Sir Harry himself was formerly a captain of the Sixty-ninth regiment of infantry in the British army, served as a member of the Red river expedition in Canada under Lord Wolseley and left the English service while stationed at Gibraltar to take command of the late Sultan of Morocco's bodyguard, being advanced in course of time to the position of generalissimo. The Kaid as he is called in Morocco, has never found it necessary to become a Moslem in order to strengthen his position, and, although the Moors are, perhaps, the most fanatical of all the followers of the Prophet, the fact that he has remained a strict Presbyterian has never been allowed to interfere with their excellent relations with his fine old Scotchman.

Sir Harry has had a good deal of domestic trouble. His marriage was an unfortunate one, and the social position of the now ex-Lady Maclean was such, both prior and subsequent to becoming his wife, that nobody at Gibraltar and none of the European ladies at Tangier, would consent to hold any social intercourse with her, while, in spite of the plaudits to position and the popularity of her husband, she was ignored by all the foreign legations. Three years ago Sir Harry was compelled to divorce her, her daughters testifying against her, the co-respondent being a man of the name of Spencer Lewis Mortimer.

Sir Harry is a man of medium height with a keen blue left eye—he lost the right one years ago—and gray hair and whiskers. He invariably dresses in the uniform of his rank—a blue, gold embroidered jacket, large knickerbockers, a blue turban and a white, flowing mantle. He looks every inch a Moor. But from

the moment that he opens his mouth to talk English, the fact that he is a Scotchman is apparent. His elder brother, the chief of the clan, should mention, has reverted to the old way of spelling the name and is known as the MacLaine of Loch Buis, while Sir Harry has retained the modern way of writing his name, that is to say, MacLean.

Caid Maclean's Father.
In one of London's historical and tranquil suburbs dwells a venerable old Scotch gentleman who since his youth has been in the service of Crown and country as a member of the Army Medical Corps. As a young man he was attached to the 11th Hussars under the famous Earl of Cardigan, and he has ever since held staff appointments. In April last he completed his 95th year, and although he leans heavily on his stick when walking he is in full possession of his faculties, his mind is alert and keen, and at the present both mind and heart are concentrated on the man whose courageous attempt to assist in solving a very difficult problem has brought him into special prominence in the eyes of the world. This fine old gentleman, who morning and evening eagerly scans the newspapers for the good news that he is hoping and praying for, is now the head of a family which, in generations past, still served king and country. His rank is Deputy Inspector General in the Royal Army Medical Corps, and his name is Maclean; his son's name is Caid Sir Harry Maclean. Noblesse oblige, and the name has been honorably borne from the days of Culloden, when a General Maclean and his three sons fought side by side with the Camerons, the father alone living to tell the tale. The grand old Scot speaks proudly and with beaming countenance of his son, Raisuli's prisoner, and tells how King Edward showed him gracious courtesy when he invited him to dine at Buckingham Palace, and after dinner presented him with one of his own walking sticks, and asked him to come in Highland garb when next he visited his Majesty, and also to bring his bagpipes with him and give the King a skirl. Sir Harry's father also refers to the warm welcome the Caid received at the hands of the German Emperor on the occasion of his memorable visit to Tangier. His Majesty complimented him on the way he had organized and commanded the Moroccan army, and presented him with a gold snuff box. Sir Harry Maclean has three daughters now in Tangier, and a son, Lieut. Andrew De Vere Maclean, is the 2nd East Surrey Regiment, now in India. A brother of the Caid, Colonel Fitzroy Maclean, also in the Army Medical Service, is at present in Pretoria; another brother, Mr. Alan Maclean, was until quite recently British Consul at Casa Blanca. He is now in Spain, and his place has been taken by Mr. Archibald Madden, a cousin.

A SCOTTISH MEDICANT.
Singular History of Old Time Knight of the Road.
(Chicago Scottish-American.)
There are few north-country people who have heard not of "Uilleam Aberach" and "Scorus an Eilan," while possibly quite a number of the older ones may still remember such well known worthies as "Ferraich a' Ghunna," "John Banks," "Big Eacham," and many others. "Uilleam Aberach"—who was a scion of the Aberach branch of the Clan MacLachlan—was born in the parish of Strathly, Sutherlandshire, some years before his countrymen took up arms in the rebellion of 1745, and was, indeed, on the road with his pack—when still quite a youth—ere the wild clansmen of the north had turned "their swords into plowshares" and their spears into pruning hooks" after the bloody slaughter on "wild Drumossie Moor." The youthful packman was full of energy and enterprise, and notwithstanding the fact that there was then no road to speak of north of the Highland capital, he travelled through the greater part of Sutherland, Caithness, Ross and Inverness Shires, disposing of his wares, and gradually accumulating capital which enabled him some years later to establish himself as a merchant at Crask, in the parish of Farr, with agencies elsewhere. By reason of his excellent business capabilities he became a man of influence, not only in his native country, but throughout the entire north. In an hour, however, a flaxen-haired maid—evidently "Fair Annie of Kirtom"—won his

affections, which she, alas, did not return, preferring rather the blandishments of a handsome young "knight of the chisel" in the neighborhood. She accepted the carpenter, and from that hour Uilleam's reason deserted its throne; his business aptitude was gone forever; he neglected his affairs and again took the road, but this time as a mendicant and gaberlunze "all up and down the north he wandered" until summons came to him to cease from his wanderings. Possessed of a poetic genius second only to the famous Sutherlandshire bard, "Rob Donn," he sang in "the language of Eden" the praises of his lost love, and wherever he went the poor hapless wanderer was received with sympathy and consideration. In referring to "Uilleam" in his "Sketches of Sutherland Characters," Alexander Mackay says that on one occasion Uilleam shipped from Thurso to Leth, and that on his arrival there he immediately made his way to a wholesale establishment with which he had dealings in his palmy days. He sought an interview with the head of the firm. When the smartly attired business man saw the strange-looking creature who confronted him he immediately ordered his removal from the premises. But Uilleam was not to be shifted so easily. In a peremptory tone, and with a regal wave of the hand, he ordered the chief clerk in the counting house to look up his ledger and he would—on a certain date many years before—find an entry against "William Mackay's merchant, Crask." The clerk obeyed his instructions, and was surprised to find that the amount was considerable. Uilleam paid it without a grudge as if he had been a millionaire, and having obtained a receipt, proudly took his departure. It is thought that upon this occasion he visited London, as he was for a very considerable time away from his native haunts. He, however, again turned up, and it is needless to say that a hearty welcome was accorded to him by the warm-hearted Highland peasantry wherever he went. At a very advanced age Uilleam Aberach ended his pilgrimage—in 1829—laid down his meal packs, and went to rest under the roof-tree of James Mackenzie, of Strath Halladale, and his remains were interred in the churchyard of Bal-na-h-Eaglais.

GLIDDENING.
It's a Hair-Raising Experience in More Ways Than One.
Gliddening as a cure for baldness has not as yet received the endorsement of the medical fraternity or the scalp specialists, but so far as testimonials go, says the Motor World, it has the strongest kind of praise from J. W. McGorray, a well-known Cleveland undertaker, who was a passenger in the last tour.
While Mr. McGorray did not encounter any hair raising experiences in the popular sense he found soon after he started that a modest but unmistakable crop of fuzz was developing on his head, which had for many years been garnished with the hirsute luxuriosness of a china egg. By the time he reached Chicago his hat did not fit any more on account of the new hair, and upon his arrival in New York he had to have a hair cut.
"I have thrown my wig away," he wrote his brother, Sheriff McGorray, of Cleveland.
The latter has planned a theatre party to celebrate the new crop when his own returns home. And it will be the first time in a great many years that Undertaker McGorray has not sat in the bald-headed row. He plans to study chemistry of exhaust motor gases to discover the secret of his transformation.
Every man has an open countenance when he gets in the dentist's chair.

BAD BLOOD
"Before I began using Cascarets, I had a bad complexion, pimples on my face, and my feet were so itched that I should have been howling for relief. I had a very bad case of indigestion, and the pimples had all disappeared from my face. I feel much better now, and my feet are just as comfortable. I have taken only two boxes of Cascarets."—Clarence K. Griffin, Sheridan, Ind.
Best For The Bowels
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THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips, No Dose Necessary, Guaranteed to cure or your money back.
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Walter Wellman, The explorer

A REAL PEARL BEFORE SWINE.

Just Rescued in Time—The Ohio River Fisheries.
W. M. Bostoff and Henry Voit, mussel fishermen who have been taking the bivalves from the Ohio River six miles below New Albany, have been finding in the last few days a number of pearls, and so much excitement has been created among the river men on account of their good luck that the mussel fishermen will receive large additions to their numbers. Bostoff was in New Albany Saturday, and exhibited a handful of pearls, among which were several that were conspicuous for their size, shape and purity. One in particular, a pure white pearl the size of a pea, attracted great attention and all sorts of valuations were put upon it by persons supposed to be experts. The majority of the gems, however, were of small size, irregular in shape and would sell for but little.

When the mussel fishing excitement at Leavenworth, sixty miles down the river from New Albany, was at its height a few years ago, a pearl, sold afterwards for \$300 to Eastern jewellers, was picked up in a peculiar and remarkable manner. At that time great quantities of the bivalves were taken from the river and the meat fed to hogs. As the finder of the pearl was feeding the hogs, while in the act of pouring a bucket of meat into the trough he observed a tiny white ball, which he quickly snatched from the swine. Upon examination it was found to be a pearl of the purest quality.

Grampan a Speed.
Grampan attained a record of 16 1/2 knots on steam trials at the Clyde. The vessel is 502 feet long and 60 feet broad, with accommodation for 200 first, 350 second, and 1,400 third-class passengers. She is expected to make the trip from Glasgow to Quebec under seven days.

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