#### DISPATCH HHT

# Sermon From Shakespeare

(Copr. 1909 by Bradley-Garretson Co. Ltd.) I wasted time, and now doth time waste

me. Richard II. Act V., Sc. 5. Man is born into the world with three great assets, opportunity, energy, and time. From the earliest moment that he is capable of activity till his latest days he is surrounded with opcortunities for the exercise of his powers. All men have energy, power of operating; whether they develop that energy or let it lie dormant depends ity. In work is salvation. Time on themselves. But time is a man's chief privilege. He has length cf days in which to seize his opportunities and exercise his energies.

The successful man is invariably the one who puts a proper value upon time. Take the example of Shakespeare himself,-the most successful of the world's dramatists. He knew the value of time. There is the clearest evidence in his plays that he was a most diligent student. Inspiration was not sufficient. To achieve greatness as a poet he seized the fleeting moments and crowded them with study. But unlike many students he was no miser of his learning. He gave to his age and to all time, with generous hand, the treasure he had garnered from the past, glorifying it with his transcendent intellect.

The vulgar crowd sees with jealous envy the wealth accumulated by great manufacturers, railway builders and others. The heads of these enterprises knew the value of time. While the crowd looked on helplessly they seized their opportunities, put forth their energy, and made the most of every minute.

The saddest cry that ever came from a human heart was that uttered by Richard II.

"I wasted time, and now doth time waste me."

Richard was a king; he had had a king's opportunities. He had buried his talent in the ground, and was judged for his weakness. The talent was taken from the unprofitable monarch and bestowed on the energetic Bolingbroke.

He is not alone. Down the ages

him life was "a brief candle." "a poor player, who struts and frets his hour upon the stage and then is heard no more," "a tale full of sound and fury Copyright by Publishers' Press Ltd. signifying nothing." This is a jaundiced view of life. To the man of righteous actions it is the opposite of this. It is a sturdy giant, a powerful actor, whose influence will be felt to the end of time. It signifies much. The Richards and the Macbeths perish and are but as shipwrecked bulks warning others from the rocks, but the Henry Fifths serve as beacons to cheer and guide storm-tossed humancrowded with good deeds is already a part of eternity.

## DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mncous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its norma condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. 2 Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

# UPPER KINTORE.

We are enjoying quite spring-like weather at present.

Rev. G. C. Pingle, was called to Riley Brook on Saturday to attend the funeral of Joseph Stevenson.

Messers. Donald Innis and John Stevenson spent part of last week at the Amherest seed fair, while the ladies visited in St. John.

Miss. Albina McClellan and Brother Willis, of Kintore, visited their aunt

Mrs. G. W. Barclay on Sunday. Mrs. James Farquhar was visiting at

### SAVED BY A PORTRAIT By Gracie Grant

"It is like her; I think it will do." Carberry stood back from the easel, and, not without satisfaction, scanned the painting. His face was earnest, his eyes absorbed. The painting was to him, for the moment, the aly thing that existed. Each of his works in turn had been as much to him. Probably the fact explained his extraordinary success as an artist, and more especially as a portrait-pair ter. Presently Carberry went back to the picture, and lifted his brush. Just a touch there - should he give it? He stood hesitating. At that moment a step sounded on the stair. As the artist gave the touch he had hesitated over, the door of the studio opened and another man entered.

George Strong was older than Carberry, but looked younger.

"Well, I'm glad it is done. Imogen will like to know that her mother will have it as soon as she is gone. Carberry assented. He said meditatively, "I sometimes wonder whether it would not have been even better had I painted her looking up."

Strong said carelessly, "It is a pity we are going so far away, and are unlikely to return. Had we been living here, you might have painted her again, in a hundred poses, had you liked."

"Yes, of course, you are not returning. I had hardly realised that."

When the other man was gone he left his chair hastily and took one of two turns up and down the room. With a horrible persistency his mind turned to that blank place.

Carberry said aloud, "She will not return." There was an odd, numbed desolation in the words.

He wondered again whether he would have done better to paint her looking up-with that little appeal. ing glance she had, and that quiver of her lips.

He seated himself by the table near the window, lifted a pencil that lay there, and on the back of a loost cardboard began to sketch. "Looking up, her hair would fall like this-"

There was a timid tap at the door. the artist did not hear it. There came another, and he said impatiently, 'Come in."

Then Imogen entered.

Carberry turned, looked at her in half-frightened, half-patient fashion. Why had she come? Her coming emphasised the fact that she must go. Something harsh in his manner reached her: The girl paused halfway toward him. She looked at him timidly. "I believe I am disturbing you. I-I thought I should like to see the portrait if it were finished." He breathed more freely, came over and took her hand. He said evenly, "You do not disturb me. Yes, it is finished. I hope to send it to your mother - to-morrow. She will have it when you are gone.' A deep note, something unknown, in his voice arrested her. She gave him a little eager glance, then she said. "Is anything the matter?" He replied laughing, as if to himself, "I shall feel it quite a wrenchto part with the portrait. So much of oneself goes into one's work; by the time a painting is finished it is a part of oneself, and to lose it is like losing a limb." Imogen shrank back a little. She said, "You will soon start upon another painting, and the portrait will be forgotten.' The girl moved close to the portrait, then she moved back. Carberry returned to the table by the window, and turning the sketch that lay there face downwards he stood looking at the blank side of the cardboard, then he turned it again. He called her. 'Come and look at this.' When she came, he said, "I wondered afterwards whether this pose would have been better. What do you think?" The bride looked at the sketch with a whitening face. Had she, indeed, betrayed herself like that! had she looked like that - appealing, wistful, yearning, giving her secret away? She said shakily, "I think perhaps the other is better, but-Carberry knew that she went to the window, and without turning he could see her bend to lift the dropped chrysanthemums from the floor. She stood for a moment with them in her hands, as if she had forgotten them; then, instead of returning them to the vase, put them into the band of San Francisco Inventor Promises to her dress.

He muttered to himself as the door closed, "Strong is a good fellow, and she will soon forget."

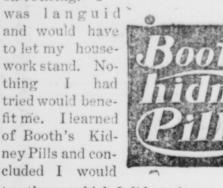
He had left his pipe on the mantelshelf. As he searched for it his eyes met those of the little faded painting He thought, "Dear little sister, you got me out of many a scrape in the old days. You have saved me from dishonour now."

"What is an ultimate consumer? "Oh, the ultimate consumer, my boy, is the one that gets the hash.'

# Bearing Down Pains

What woman at sometime or other does not experience these dreadful bearing down pains. Mrs. E. Griffith, of Main street, Hepworth, Ont., says:

"A heavy bearing-down pain had settled across my back and sides. I was often unable to stoop or straighten myself up. Many times each night I would have to leave my bed with the irregular and frequent secretions of the kidneys and just as done out in the morning as on retiring. I



try them, which I did, and soon found the long sought relief. My back strengthened and I began to feel better and stronger. I now enjoy my sleep without being disturbed and feel grateful to Booth's Kidney Pills for what they did for me."

Booth's Kidney Pills are a boon to women. She would know less of backaches if she took more of these wonderful pills. They are nature's greatest specific for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. All druggists, b0c. box, or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

#### ETIQUETTE ON TIPS.

Schedule of a Chicago Waiter Who Will "Do" Europe. ;

John Henry Williams Rehm, a Chicago walter, who will pass the summer in Europe, travelling on the proceeds of tips paid him, gives the following precepts on tipping He plans to follow them in giving his own money away:

When dining alone, 10 cents.

When dining with a woman, 25 cents.

When entertaining a party, 50 cents or more.

When in doubt, 10 per cent. of bill. Deduct accordingly, when the waiter refuses to smile.

Never offer a tip until after service is over.

Be liberal, but don't overdo it.

Rehm will take his wife and two daughters on the trip. They will sail on the Lusitania in the best quarters available and for three months will "do" Europe in style.

#### STREET BOY VIOLONIST MAY BECOME MASTER

David Paget, a London street-boy viclinist, has fallen in the way of good fortune. Paget, who is only fourteen years of age, earned a livelihood by playing outside the doors of theatres. Recently he came into prominence by winning first prize in a competition organized among street musicians. Subsequently he secured a position in one of the great London theatres, and then influential people interested themselves in him. On the occasion of the recent visit of Emperor William of Germany to London, through the influence of the wife of a Westminster magistrate, Paget was permitted to play before His Majesty.

The boy's achievements, chronicled in the newspapers, caught the eye of Kubelik, the famous Bohemian violinist, who had just arrived in London. and the famous artist asked that the boy should be presented to him.

To demonstrate his abilities, the lad played the intermezzo from "Cavalleria, Rusticana" so effectively that Kubelik exclaimed: "Bravo, bravo!" Then, handling the boy's poor instrument Kubelik remarked that he must have a proper violin.

First the virtuoso handed to Paget the Emperor violin which is claimed to be the most perfect specimen of the workmanship of Stradivarius, and upon this instrument the boy, at Kubelik's request, gave a further demonstration of his powers. At the end of the performance Kubelik said to Paget, "You must let me give you a violin," and the boy, with eyes filled with tears, nodded his acceptance of the offer.

come a myriad voices uttering the same tragic moan. Time wasted cannot be recalled; a year misspent is worse than if a man's life had been shortened by a year. He has missed opportunities and formed habits in that time that injuriously affect his entire future existence.

The difficulty with most men is that they act as though life were to have no ending, as if they were on earth for eternity. To-morrow is ever on their lips. Deferring action has caused the loss of fortune, the loss of lives. "Do it now!" should be the watchword of every individual. "Dost thou love life?" said Benjamin Franklin. "Then do not squander time, for this is the stuff life is made of." Longfellow expressed the same thought in his Psalm of Life. "Art is long and time is fleeting." To acquire eminence in any walk of life time is a great factor. There are no dcubt hundreds of sculptors, painters, poets, born into the world for every one who wins recognition. The one who does is the one who knows the value of time.

There are various ways of wasting time. The most common is the method of the sluggard. He eats and sleeps, enjoys sunlight and cool breezes. So long as he has food, clothing and a bed he is content. He is on a level with the beasts of the field. But time works its revenge. The old age of the sluggard is usually spent in poverty and suffering. There are those who squander time. They have energy and intellect, but they deliberately seek a life of pleasure. They fleet from flower to flower gathering They rush into excesses. sweets. They live purely sensuous lives. Sin has been described as energy gone wrong. These men had energy and opportunity. They misdirected their energy; they neglected their opportunities and their sin in the end brings is own punishment. They become surfeited with pleasure, but not until they have squandered their fortunes and wasted their strength and intellect. Their closing days are filled with regret and bitter complainings. They vainly cry: "O, call back yesterday, bid time return." In life that is the one thing that is impossible; our yes terdays are dead beyond recall. Life may be spent in a tyrannous use of power. Macbeth and Richard 111 were energetic, but they passed their time in plots and murders.

To the sluggard, to the spendthrift, to the abuser of his power, the de stroyer of the works of time, a glance backward at life is a sad thing. The cry of Macbeth at the close of his caDonald Innis's Wednesday last. Most of the young men are away in

the bush. The young people are preparing an

entertainment for the Xmas tree on the

21st. Mrs. John Connor is improving after her late illness.

#### Early Morning Drinking.

An agitation is at present being made in Victoria for legislation compelling the early closing of hotels. Mr. Ernest Jones, Inspector-General of Insane, according to a correspondent of the "Lancet", has given his opinion that if the hours of business are to be curtailed, hotels should be closed in the morning rather than at night. He states that the ill-effects of alcohol are almost all traceable to the "early morning nip," and that if facilities in this direction were abolished there would be public benefit. The opinion is said to be strengthened by experience gained in the Government inebriate retreat at Lara, which is under the direction of the Lunacy Department.

### **A Strange Superstition**

In many parts of Great Britain the superstition still survives that it is folly or madness to save a drowning man, as he will sooner or later do an injury to the rescuer.

The superstition comes down from our ancestors, yet traces of it exist among the Sioux and other Indians, who seem to have inherited it from aboriginal sources.

The belief is most prevalent in Cornwall and various parts of Scotland. Chinese have the same superstition.

## Dizziness

Mrs. J. B. Renaud of Goldrich St. Sturgeon Falls, Ont., says:

"I have suffered for months with a very weak stomach I had dizzy spells, and at times could not retain any food at all. I tried any number of remedies and prescriptions but none seemed to relieve me until I tried Mi-o-na Tablets. I used one bcx only and they have completely cured me of my troubles. I am pleased to recommend Mi-o-na as 1 know it to be a remedy of merit."

Mi-o-na is sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents a box, and is guaranteed to cure dyspepsia, indigestion, sickheadache, nausea, heartburn, sour stomach, belching of gas, dizziness, heavy stomach and car sickness, vomiting of pregnancy and the after effects of overeating or drinking-or money back. Postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaran-

He said unthinkingly, "They must be faded."

She coloured, and replied, "I always feel sorry for fading things."

"I will give you some of the others," said Carberry.

She asked him suddenly, "Mr. Carberry, do you ever make mistakes? What would you do if you made a big mistake?"

He did not say, as she expected. "I would try to remedy it"; but, "I would try to bear the consequences without whining."

Looking at him blankly, her despair giving her courage, "I-I wonder were you ever in love-

Carberry laid his hand gently on her arm, and led her to the mantelshelf above the cavernous grate There was a portrait there, small ill-painted, faded. He said, "That is the only girl I have ever loved will ever love.

All the colour went out of the bride's face. She said bravely, " suppose she died." When he did not reply, she said, "I am sorry," and stumbled over the words.

He pretended not to see the tears in her eyes when she went away

# A HAUTIN IVIE LURAL

### Recent Insect Discovery Among Grape Vines is of Remarkable Appearance, Built Like An Aeroplane

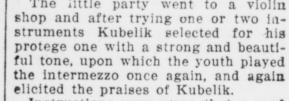
A resident of Cliffondale, Mass, had the surprise of his life the other day when he started to water his garden. Picking up what he thought was a rather delicate colored piece of grape vine twig he was astonished to find that it had a sting in it, and in a few seconds realized that he had been stung by one of the strangest species of insect that he had ever seen.

The insect is one of the most peculiar species that one could imagine. From the top of its tail its head it measures five inches. has six legs, in two sections, each three-quarters of an inch in length. The first section of the legs is a light brown color at the point where they join the body of the insect. The second section of the legs is of a brilliant green tint. The body of the insect resembles the color of the small branches of a grape vine. On the tail are horns about an eighth of an inch in length.

The head is about the size of a small shot and contains two little eyes as black as coal. Just at the side of each eye are two light red feelers which extend for two inches. It is built like an aeroplane and flies just like one.

SKYSHIPS

WILL GO SOME



Instructions were given that a good supply of requisites should be provided for Paget, and Kubelik ordered that there should be attached to the case a plate bearing the inscription:

"To David Paget, with best wishes for his promising future, from Jan Kubelik, May 25, 1911.'

#### THE DISAPPOINTED PERSON.

The disappointed person may be old or young and of either sex, but in each and every case he or she is an uncomfortable companion. We are all in agreement on that point, yet we are very apt to lose sight of the important fact that we are all liable to fall into the same mental condition. A cherished desire remains unrealized or a plan fails, we feel angry with fate or circumstances, and we refuse to be comforted. When we are talking of somebody else, we like to recall Napoleon saying that we never know when we are beaten, but when our own turn comes the case is different. There is another fact which has its bearing on this question of disappointment; it is that we human beings like to be regarded as martyrs and to attract to ourselves the sympathy of our fellows. Now, if we remain cheerful and spring up quickly after receiving this knockdown blow, how can we expect the sympathy of other people? We may not be conscious of this, but it is true, notwithstanding.



# Expected Death Any Day.

To get well and keep well after being pronounced incurable by his physician was the wonderful experience of Mr. A. P. Chapman, who was snatched from the very jaws of death by the timely use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

'For two years I had suffered from advanced kidney disease, was stooped. back-weary, hollow-eyed, and completely played out. One Saturday night I was seized by an acute attack and became so sick I had to call in my physician. For a week he attended me constantly, but I grew weaker and sicker every day. The pains in my back, the blinding headaches, the awful weakness from which I suffered almost killed me-the doctor saw it was, hopeless.

"As a last hope I was persuaded to take Dr. Hamilton's Pills. brought back my strength, aided my stomach, created new appetite, cleansed my blood, and gave me relief from pain. After I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills for a month I was like a new I continued the treatment for man. three months and was cured."

Surely there is an obvious moral and lesson here for all men and women. If you are suffering from any derangement, give Dr. Hamilton's Pills an immediate and thorough trial, your faith in them will not be disappointed, 25c

**Speeding 250 Miles** an Hour. Combining the virtues of aeroplane and dirigible, Edward M. Greene, of San Francisco, announces the early construction of a skyship which will

Turn Out Airship Capeble of

travel 250 miles an hour. Greene is the inventor of the rotary snowplow, the gasoline-driven rock drill and other notable labor-saving devices.

Plans of the airship are on file with the United States war department and the department of commerce, and the postoffice department has requested designs for mail-carrying machines. Leading aviation experts have pronounced the scientific principles of the invention the soundest yet evolved.

"Experts have only recently discovered that the Bleriot monoplane is carried on the waste draught of its forward propeller," says Greene. "They have also found that it takes 5 per cent of engine power to lift an aeroplane, and thus only 5 per cent can be used to drive it.

"An aeroplane cannot make much more than 100 miles per hour. The

### good-bye, and he seemed not to no. machine I shall construct will make dealers, or The Catarrhozone Company, tice. reer finds an echo in such hearts. To teed by E. W. Mair.