

Sermon From Shakespeare

(Copr. 1909 by Bradley-Garretson Co. Ltd.)

So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Merchant of Venice, Act V., Sc. 1.

There is no mightier force in the world than good deeds. Whole libraries have been written on how to act; the pulpits have been teaching truth and righteousness, charity and love, but one noble deed has more far-reaching influence than any book or sermon. The act of the Good Samaritan has been speaking eloquently for two thousand years to the civilized world.

A good deed has a two-fold influence. It blesseth him that gives and him that receives. A light within a house enables the inhabitants to see objects distinctly. It scatters the physical darkness. So a good deed illuminates the soul of the doer. It makes him realize that his mission on earth is not self-pleasing and self-serving. It is to do good. A light which shines out into the world may not dispel the outer darkness, but it serves as a beacon to the traveler. He knows from it where rest and food and warmth are to be found. So a good deed is a beacon to humanity. The dullest eye can see it. The weakest heart would fain erect similar lights.

History teaches how wonderful is the power of example. A short time ago operator Binns stood by his instrument sending messages for help for his sinking ship north and south, east and west. In imminent peril of his life he stuck steadfastly to his heroic task. How the story of his gallant act thrilled. There was not a reader or hearer of it but felt an impulse to do likewise in times of danger. That deed will continue to shine forth so long as steamships plough the ocean. If the world were to be asked who was the greatest hero of the Crimean war, it would not select a British or French or Russian general. Florence Nightingale was the true hero of that war. She fought disease and death. A ministering angel, she left the comforts of home for the discomforts of the tented field and trying march. Her good deeds shine out with dazzling brilliancy in a very naughty world. The example she set has been followed, and in every great war since the Crimean war, hundreds of tenderly-nurtured women have been ready to follow her example. The Anglo-Saxon seaman has remarkable coolness and daring in time of danger, stoical indifference to death, a stern sense of duty. When his ship strikes, the first thought is of the women and children. There are hundreds of examples of hardy sailors calmly waiting death while they helped others to escape. They remembered such scenes as that on the Birkenhead. Seamen in the past taught them how to be brave. It is not only John Brown's soul that goes marching on. There are hundreds of sailors whose bodies rest in the depth of the ocean, hundreds of soldiers whose bones lie in alien earth, who, by the force of their good or brave deeds, are still marching along leaders of men.

It is not every one who has the opportunity to be a Florence Nightingale or a Jack Binns, but every one has a chance to do good deeds in humble life. The weak child may need a helping hand, the feeble old woman in the crowd may require a supporting arm. When strength helps weakness, when wealth aids poverty, when sympathy soothes suffering, how sweet it is!

The spread of Christianity has been due not so much to teaching as to example. The self-sacrifice, the self-denial, the courage and confidence of professing Christians in times of danger, suffering and death, their integrity and trustworthiness, convince a world, slow to believe, of the truths of the teaching of Him of Nazareth. Christ taught the brotherhood of man; he had a kindly word for Jew and Gentile alike. He taught that God is love—he fed the hungry, healed the sick, comforted those in sorrow. His immediate followers during his lifetime could not have comprehended any complicated system of philosophy such as Plato and Aristotle gave the cultured Greeks. He added a new commandment to the ones known to the Jews; the sum and substance of his teaching was that men should "love one another." His deeds while he was on earth enforced his teaching and still shine out with growing splendor in a naughty world. Our hospitals, our lunatic asylums, our institutions for the deaf and dumb and the blind, are largely the result of following the light set up in Palestine by Christ. For many centuries that light burnt with a feeble flame; mists of superstition almost hid it from the hu-

man eye; but the good deeds of Christian men and women have kept it burning and, of recent years, have caused it to shine forth to the world with unwanted splendor.

In writing the line, "So shines a good deed in a naughty world," Shakespeare may have had in mind the words of Jesus. The Sermon on the Mount may have suggested the expression. The doers of good deeds were the light of the world and Christ's followers were commanded to let their light so shine before men that they might see their good works. By the power of example society is made better. Kindly acts make tender hearts; heroic deeds make heroes.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO,)
LUCAS COUNTY.) SS.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Hon. Mr. Fielding.

English Possibilities Still Discussed.

The London correspondent of the Montreal Herald, writing from London Jan. 3, says:

The Hon. W. S. Fielding is staying with his daughter, Mrs. Macfee, at her residence in Sloane-Gardens.

In spite of the denial before he left Canada, the rumor is still current that he intends to abandon Canadian politics and seek a seat in the Imperial Parliament. More than one invitation to take such a step has been extended to him in the past and now that his political fortune in Canada has waned it is considered probable that he may accede to the pressure brought to bear on him, not only by fellow Canadians on the Government side, but it is whispered by Liberal ministers who seek the alliance of so distinguished a Canadian statesman to aid them in the coming fight.

The House of Commons would welcome so able an exponent of the Canadian point of view on questions of Imperial policy.

The January Rod And Gun

Rod and Gun in Canada issued by W. J. Taylor, Limited, Publisher Woodstock, Ont., opens its January number with an article entitled "By Trail and River to Dawson." This describes graphically the difficulties encountered during a five hundred and fifty mile trip over the White Pass to Whitehorse and by small boat down the Yukon River to Dawson. "In Algonquin Park" a tale of "the very best vacation" follows and other articles including the story of an equestrian who rode a moose in the Temagami region, Adventures with a Three Legged Grizzly in British Columbia, a timely article on The Passing of our Ducks by Forest Conover and other articles of interest to lovers of outdoor life in the various Canadian Provinces combine to make this issue an attractive one.

Indigestion

If you are suffering from indigestion and the attended distressed stomach, you should give Mi-o-na, the guaranteed remedy a trial. Mr. William Shafer of 230 Queen's St. S., Berlin, Ont., says: "For years I have been a sufferer from acute indigestion, which caused the most distressing pains in my stomach. I decided to try Booth's Mi-o-na Tablets and they have done me more good than anything I have ever used. I am now more free from this trouble than I have been for years. I am pleased to endorse and recommend this remedy to all who suffer with stomach trouble."

Remember Mi-o-na Tablets are guaranteed to cure acute or chronic indigestion and turn the old stomach into a new one in a few weeks. All druggists 50c. a box or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co. Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

RESCUED FROM THE IDOL

By Angus Frantier

The sun was beating pitilessly down with that intense white heat that only those who have travelled in tropical countries can realize. The long white road was covered with a cloud of dust in which swarms of flies buzzed noisily while its entire length was taken up by a straggling mass of humanity, all pressing towards one goal.

And in the midst of this motley crowd a single European mounted on a stout pony, his pith helmet showing up with marked distinction amongst the rainbow-hued headgear surrounding him.

Dismounting from his pony at some little distance from the entrance to a temple Roydhouse flung the reins to one of the numerous hangers-on who swarmed round him, eager to pick up a few annas; and proceeding on foot he strode toward the grotesquely-carved and gaudily-decorated portals of the holy palace.

As Jack Roydhouse entered from one side, a long procession of priests trailed in from the other, several of them carrying lights that burnt with the same curious faint blue light. And as they advanced they chanted in a low tone some sort of doxology in praise of the deity they worshipped.

Suddenly waving their torches the lights flashed up brilliantly, revealing to Roydhouse's astonished gaze the idol he had come such a distance to see. Grotesque in the extreme, and yet so strangely weird that it was absolutely forbidding; whilst to add to its barbaric splendour it bore on its legs and arms jewels that would have been worth a king's ransom.

But it was the head that naturally attracted Roydhouse's attention. Was he dreaming? He rubbed his eyes and gazed again. True, the face was hideous to a degree, with protruding ears and a long, beak-like nose. But the eyes! By what conjuring trick had those priests effected such a marvellous deception.

At the termination of the ceremonies, and when the worshippers began to file slowly out, Roydhouse, passing through the Hall of Columns, suddenly felt himself plucked by the sleeve, and a native woman, closely veiled, with one finger held to her lips, thrust a small piece of paper into his hand; then, disappeared from view.

Half a mile down the road he seated himself on a moss grown stone, and drew forth the strange note.

It read:—"I see you are an Englishman. For God's sake come to the south entrance of the temple at midnight. You may be able to rescue me from a living death. You will—"

There the strange letter finished. Evidently the writer had been interrupted.

Leaning against some palm stems, and almost indistinguishable amid the luxurious undergrowth, were the forms of two men.

"Keep quiet, man. See! the door is opening."

Roydhouse gazed intently in the direction indicated, and sure enough the small door had opened an inch or two. Slowly, and without any sound, it swung back, till it was wide enough to admit the passage of a female figure clothed in white.

For one second the figure hesitated; then, evidently recognising the Englishman, advanced and he at once discovered that it was the Indian woman who had thrust the note into his hand.

"'Tis even here, my lord!" And the woman as she spoke took his hand and placed it upon what he could feel was an iron-bound door.

"'Tis through here I pass the mumsahib her food, and it was through here she gave me the letter to my lord."

Then, as though another door had been opened farther off the sound of a chant came suddenly surging on his ear, and at the same instant a piercing shriek rang out, and a voice in unmistakable English called "Help!"

Roydhouse blew out the lock with a revolver shot, and there, facing him, and struggling in the grasp of two priests, was what he might have taken for a human being, but for the head.

To his last hour he will never forget the sight—the tall, graceful form, the bare white arms. But the face, with its ghastly whiteness, its protruding ears and beak-like nose! Then in an instant the solution flashed across his brain. It was a mask similar to those he had seen used by the lamas in distant parts of Tibet, and darting forward he wrenched the wearer from the hands of those who held her, and before they had recovered from their surprise, had knocked one senseless with the butt end of his revolver, and sent the other sprawling with a well-planted blow between the eyes.

With his knife he quickly severed the cords that bound the hideous thing, and as it fell apart there was revealed to his gaze the blue eyes and golden hair of Maisie Pargiter, daughter of the Colonel, who had mysteriously disappeared some time before.

During the ride back to Faizabad, Maisie confided to Roydhouse how she had been kidnapped by the priests, and being taken to the Rock Temple had been forced to act the part of an idol; and how, the body of the real idol being hollow, she was concealed within it with the exception of her head, which, enclosed in the hideous mask, was visible to the public gaze; and as her eyes were allowed to be seen, the priests had reaped an abundant harvest from the credulous natives, who came

to worship at the shrine of the idol with the Living Eyes.

A week after the occurrence related above, Murray Bover, coming suddenly into Roydhouse's room, caught his friend gazing intently at a small locket in which reposed a tiny curl of golden hair.

"Hullo, old man!" he cried gaily. "Let's know when the wedding is coming off."

No preacher can make a success at fishing for men and angling for flattery at the same time.

GOLF'S FINEST AMATEUR

Harold H. Hilton, who may fairly be rated as the finest amateur golfer the world has seen—and probably the equal of any professional either—is rather a small man. He stands five feet six inches, weighing about 155 pounds. He was born at West Kirby, England, in 1869, so is now 42 years of age.

Twenty years ago Mr. Hilton first came into prominence as one of the two final contestants for the amateur championship of England.

The following year he made a sensation by winning the "open" championship of Great Britain, beating all the best professionals and amateurs of the day. In golf there is no bar to amateurs playing against professionals. But prior to 1892, no amateur had ever won the open championship.

In 1896 he was again "runner-up" for the amateur championship.

A year later, Hilton repeated his extraordinary feat of 1892, winning the open championship of 1897 against such men as Harry Vardon, J. H. Taylor and a field of 70 others of the best players in England.

Hilton again came into the lime light in 1900 by winning the amateur championship, and repeated it the following year.

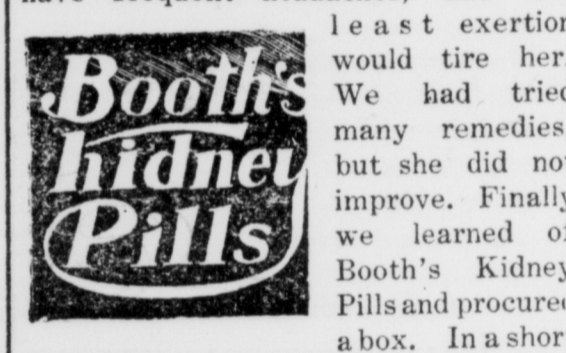
From that time his gold seemed to fall off, and the experts supposed that he was past his prime, but this year at the age of forty-two Hilton re-emerged by again winning the amateur championship of Great Britain and then coming over to America to win that of the United States.

Hilton thus has the remarkable record of having won the open championship of the world twice, the amateur championship of Great Britain three times, and the amateur championship of America once.

In letter-writing, with men the greatest difficulty is in beginning a letter; with women it is more difficult to leave off. Hence the feminine postscript.

6 Year Old Girl Is Cured of Kidney Trouble

Mrs. Alex. Moore, of James St., Oxford, N. S., says: "Booth's Kidney Pills cured our little daughter, Christian, age six years, of many symptoms of kidney weakness. She complained of a sore back, the kidney secretions were frequent and uncontrollable, especially at night. Her stomach was weak and her appetite poor. This caused her to have frequent headaches, and the



least exertion would tire her. We had tried many remedies, but she did not improve. Finally we learned of Booth's Kidney Pills and procured a box. In a short

time she was well and does not now complain about her back, the kidney secretions have become normal, and she plays around the house with no apparent fatigue. We always recommend Booth's Kidney Pills."

Booth's Kidney Pills carry a guarantee that if you derive no benefit your money will be refunded. Booth's Kidney Pills are a specific for all diseases of the kidneys and bladder. Sold by all druggists, 50c. box, or postpaid from the R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

Hyomei The Breatheable Remedy for Catarrh

The rational way to combat Catarrh is the Hyomei way, viz: by breathing. Scientists for years have been agreed on this point but failed to get an antiseptic strong enough to kill catarrh germs and not destroy the tissues of the membrane at the same time, until the discovery of Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me).

Hyomei is the most powerful yet healing antiseptic known. Breathe it through the inhaler over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane four or five times a day, and in a few days the germs will disappear.

A complete Hyomei outfit, including the inhaler, costs \$1.00 and extra bottles, if afterwards needed, cost but 50 cents. Obtainable from your druggist or postpaid from The R. T. Booth Co., Ltd., Fort Erie, Ont. Hyomei is guaranteed to cure asthma, croup, sore throat, coughs, colds or grip or refund your money back. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

Some More Facts About The West

Financial Post Presents Conditions that New Brunswickers will do well to Consider—Contrast These Conditions with Those at Home.

Referring to a letter in Tuesday's Telegraph headed "Why Should New Brunswickers Go West?" a correspondent calls The Telegraph's attention to a Winnipeg despatch which appeared in the Financial Post of Canada (Toronto) on January 6, which, as he points out, gives authoritative confirmation to the letter printed in these columns yesterday. No one objects to having the truth told about conditions in the Maritime Provinces, and the Financial Post of Canada evidently believes it is time to tell the people of Eastern Canada something about conditions in the West, in order that eastern people may not be carried West under false pretences by the transportation company.

The article from the Evening Post follows here:

Winnipeg—Though the general public wears a smile of satisfaction when looking back over the twelve months just ended it falls off when the immediate future is looked into. There is good reason for adopting a determined and serious mien towards a very serious problem that awaits solution.

Mr. Rod Mackenzie, the secretary of the Manitoba Grain Growers' Association, puts the facts in this way: "A great deal of the wheat at present stored in sheds, elevators and heaps throughout the country would be all right for milling, if it could be got to the mills before the coming of the spring. Warm weather will make this grain, which at the present time is very valuable, absolutely worthless. The Grain Growers' Association had definite information that the S. O. line had 1,000 cars empty in the West that have come in loaded with coal and which because of the present freight discrimination in favor of Port Arthur and Fort William, will have to go back empty. More than that the C. P. R. has definitely refused to use these cars for the carrying of grain. It was for this reason that an appeal was made to the government to force the Canadian Railways to allow the use of these and also the change in the freight rates to allow the shipping of wheat to Minneapolis and Duluth. The Canadian railroads are not equal to the task of moving the crop of 1911 before the warm weather would destroy a large part of it; it was not sufficient to succeed in getting it all housed in elevators, for, unless it could be thoroughly dried or milled it would be as useless in storage as in the fields. The grain was not too moist for milling if it could be used within the next two months; within that period it would make first grade flour."

Mr. Mackenzie accurately states the position from the standpoint of the organized farmers. They are in a serious position. But individual farmers in many cases have before them a still more dreary outlook. When with wheat threshed and ready for delivery, hauled from twenty to forty miles to a railroad point they find no storage available and no buyers, the circumstances are indeed as grievous as they are common. Many of the farmers not so fortunate as to be near a railroad depot have not had occasion to be joyful during the Christmas season and some of them were not able to take home with them in return for loads of wheat the little comforts which mean so much to mothers and children especially at Christmas time.

Particular attention is being paid at the present time to Saskatchewan. It is estimated that 20,000,000 bushels of such wheat as Mr. Mackenzie refers to, is awaiting shipment. It would grade "tough," but has its value. What appears to be the difficulty is that the Canadian railroads impose a local rate from the shipping point to the boundary which makes the carriage charges prohibitive on all grains with the exception of barley, for which the price at Minneapolis is so very much higher than in Winnipeg. What the farmers are now urging is that the rate from Canadian points in the west to Minneapolis and Duluth be made through rates to correspond to those to Fort William. If such a change was made the "tough" grades of wheat would be sent to the Minneapolis market where they command a higher price than at Winnipeg.

There are other aspects of this question that are well worth looking into. If this grain is not marketed before springtime it will be exposed to further damage or to destruction. With transportation facilities and markets at the present time it would be turned into cash, which the farmers need to meet their loan and interest payments as well as their store bills.