

# THE PRUDENTIAL

## A Great Life Insurance Company

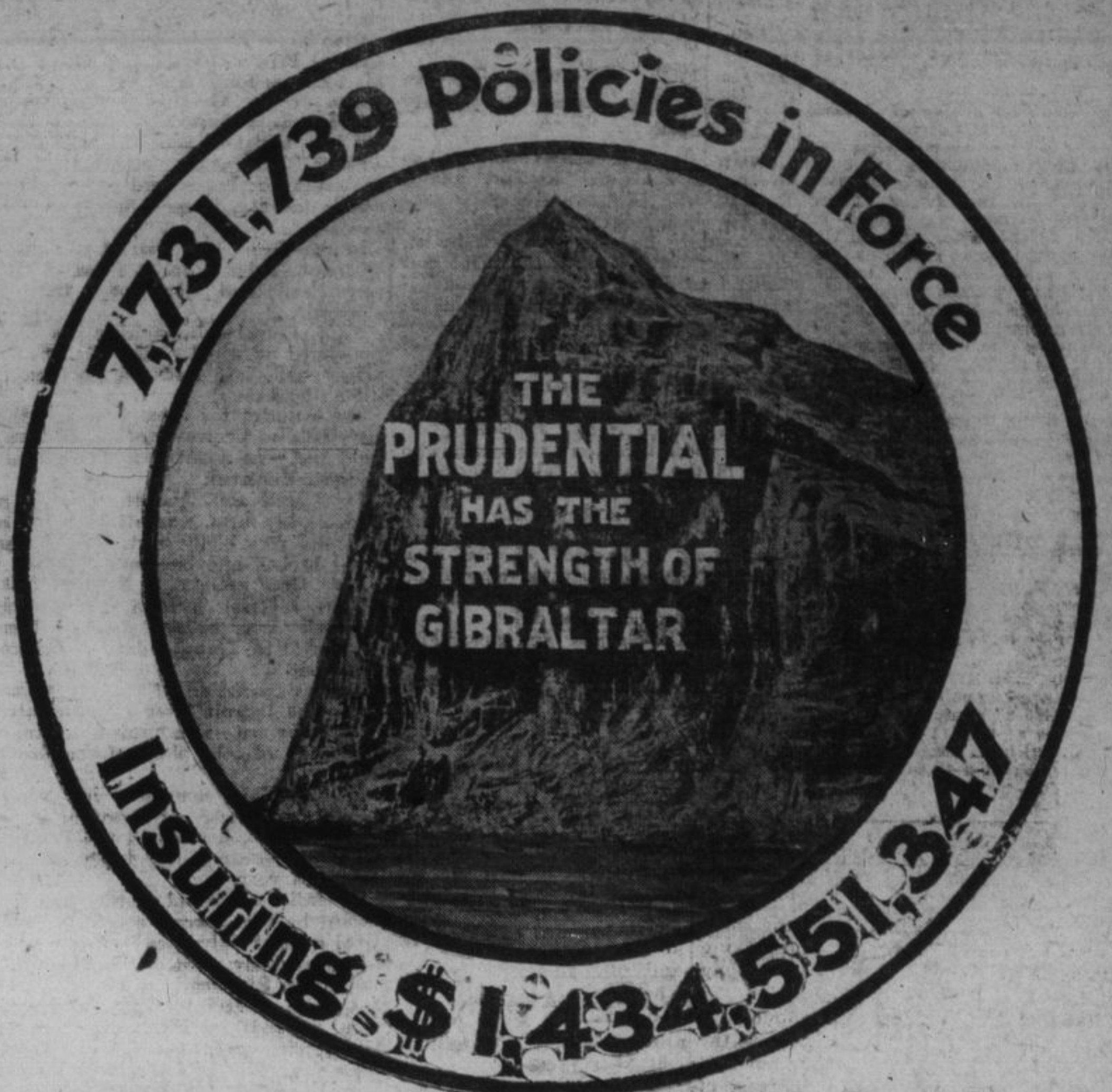
Assets, of the highest grade, 174 Million Dollars

Liabilities, Including Policy Reserves, \$136,000,000, 155 Million Dollars

Insurance in Force, 1 Billion 400 Million Dollars

On Seven and One-Half Million Policies.

Total Payments to Policyholders plus amount held at interest to their credit 313 Million Dollars



# Total Number of Claims Paid, 1,180,000

## The Prudential Insurance Co. of America

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey.

HOME OFFICE, NEWARK, N.J.

### Agents Wanted to write Industrial and Ordinary Life Insurance Good Income-Promotion-Best Opportunities-Now!

Branch Office in Kingston—J. T. LEFEVER, Supt., 2nd Floor, Telegraph Building, No. 38 Clarence St.

Ordinary and Industrial policies Ages 1 to 70. Both sexes. Amounts \$15 to \$100,000.

Prudential Agents are now canvassing in this vicinity. They have a most vital story to tell of how Life Insurance has saved the home, protected the widow, and educated the children. Let them tell it to you.

NO. 118.

### ELDER MARSTON'S REVIVAL.

(Continued from Saturday's paper.)

"Father," she cried, as she burst into the wide sitting-room, "Elder Marston is a counterfeiter. I went to the school-house for a book after the people had left to-night and found him making money." The dim light in the room grew dimmer; she thought the words "making money, making money" were repeating themselves over and over again. She tried to walk to the settee, but could not lift her feet along the rapidly rising floor. The settee became frightened at her staring eyes, and ran far away, almost out of sight, down a long, icy road. Her feet were very cold, but her face was burning in the flames of ignited matches. A crash like millions of goblets broken with blows drowned the words "making money, making money, making money," and then came silence. Help was summoned, and the fainting girl was carried to her bed. One of the boys saddled a horse and galloped for a physician. David, the hired man, took down the shot-gun and ran to the school-house. When nearly there he heard the door close with a bang, and although he could see no fleeing figure he fired, and then called out: "Halt, thou, or I'll shoot again!" "Why, shoot again, certainly," responded a voice which David had heard in song, in prayer, in preaching service every night for a month. He ran as he never had run before. He hallooed for help, shouting the names of the nearest neighbors, and shouting again.

Lamps were lighted in the school-house, and there the farmers gathered while David told them what the girl had seen. One of the earliest arrivals was Charley Cook. The recent converts looked at this reformed son of Babel for their cue. They were dumfounded at Marston's brazen infamy. To their simpler natures such evident blasphemy loosened the very grasp of God. Scoffers whispered in their ears that the preacher had done this very work for years, and revelled in sin every summer. "He was too good any way; these perfect men are always seamy." But through the promptings of temptation a strong voice pitched in earnest supplication, drew all to view the figure of Charley Cook, and his simple devotion stemmed the rising tide of infidelity. He was kneeling on the littered floor near the centre of the room where he had stood or knelt every night since his conversion, and where he had tried to atone for sins committed. He bent down there now, his rough wool hat beside him, his hard hands clasping the sacred book from which the light was drawn that had dispelled his darkness, and lifted up his voice in prayer. "Lord," he said, without a trace of formal intonation, "can't a traitor carry good-news? Can't a lost man light a beacon-fire? Can't a hungry man bring bread? Can't a sick man heal? Help us to ask if this message is good, if this beacon-fire leads up out of trouble; if this bread satisfies, if this medicine cures us. And if they do, help us to take 'em, no matter how they come. Amen." And then he rose and went out and led the chase with such tireless vigor that by another nightfall the culprit was overtaken and landed in jail.

No event in twenty years had so engrossed attention as did this trapping of the counterfeiter, this unmasking of Elder Marston. In the weeks following his arrest the school-

house where his last work had been performed became a place to visit. Men came for miles, and told of other services where crowds had flocked to hear him preach, where doubtless he had been as infamous as here. But they found nothing in the place or its surroundings that could criminate the man. The closest search failed to reveal the hiding place of the tools. In that brief while granted him between the flight of Maxa and the arrival of David every vestige of his work had been obliterated. His craft had not deserted him even in the rush of moments that followed detection. This phase of the case won comment; and while sincere men who had believed Elder Marston were grieved beyond expression at the awful revelation, they pinned their faith to Maxa's testimony, glad to know her sense of justice was so strong as to beat down all barriers of timidity. She could tell exactly all she knew. And now that her preliminary hearing was at hand, crowds of countrymen flocked to the city for what was to them a veritable judgment.

In the city such curiosity had been aroused that Commissioner Bayne concluded to hold the inquiry in quarters more commodious than the little office where his customary business was transacted. The "old hall" was near at hand, once used for sittings of the Federal court, now seldom occupied above the first floor, whose crowding occupants monopolized since its erection had the ancient walls inclosed so dense a throng. The newspapers had exploited Elder Marston's record with a brilliancy of description that won attention. It was understood that the prisoner would appear as his own attorney. His shrewdness, his logic, his eloquence, were said to be phenomenal. The hall would not contain the crowd that came to witness the proceedings. Men pushed inside the bar, and took up positions about the desks and tables. They were packed about the deep windows through whose small, untidy panes the light had come so long. Officials of all grades took seats of honor near the bench.

A hush of habit fell upon the audience as the gray-haired commissioner took his seat and ordered the prisoner to be brought in. A murmur of comment followed as a slender, dark-faced man entered the room, searching swiftly with his deep-set eyes till they rested on Maxa Haven. Was it anger or appeal she read in them? A swaying, crushing movement of the crowd, a soft, low noise of many feet roused a few to apprehension, which was stilling in a moment by the rage to hear. There was a sense of offending in the incident. The formal arraignment was listened to in a hush that drove the great crowd forward half a man's breadth, that bent the body and turned the ear to catch the faintest sound.

"Not guilty," said Elder Marston, calmly; and it was his first utterance since arrest. "Ah! he will fight." The audience breathed again; it swayed back with loosened tension; feet were shifted to an easier position. An attorney rose to state the case—when the commissioner, looking past him with dilated eyes, saw the centre of the room slowly sinking. Before he could open his lips in warning they saw their danger. A straining timber crashed, the first shot in the broadside of ruin. "The floor is falling," yelled a hundred voices; in a breath—voices that rose from

articulate rills to yells and shrieks, then sank to smothered groans as the whole mass sank swiftly down. Dastards and heroes had mingled on equal footing in the audience; they could be distinguished now. Strength was panic-stricken, and weakness was unfeeling. But as the scores of persons uninjured sprang from the windows and the lower doors, the work of rescue began. Out into the sunshine as from the shadow of death strong men assisted their fellows to safety, till the last mingled body was stretched in the gracious light of a winter sky—out from the suffocating horror of the dust cloud to the thankful consciousness of life.

All but one. When Elder Marston's ear first caught the sound of breaking wood he knew the avalanche was coming. Calmer than others, because he knew what they were there to learn, he darted one thought at what might be the end, then turned his eyes and studied Maxa Haven. He felt the floor quiver as the crowd drew back, and his last look on the hundreds swept downward was on the girl, was on the persecuting witness, clinging there with both hands to the broad ledge of the window, clinging and crying for help. He knew how much this ruin meant. Surely some lives would be lost; why not hers? He knew the tale locked in that honest heart and waiting for the telling by those honest lips; and he knew that with her silenced he could not be convicted. But one glance backward as he reached the air changed all his swift-formed plan. Through the rising cloud of dust he saw that she had gained a footing on the broken timbers which the floor had left, and was standing pressed close against the wall and gazing at the crush below. She would be saved unharmed.

Conviction lay that way; but—could he not escape? Nothing was easier. In the mad confusion which had seized the town he had safe conduct through any streets he chose. He was already on the outer circles of the crowd, the spirit of flight stirring within him, when he heard a later cry, a sharp voice lifted and repeated over and over again: "The walls are falling! Look out! There was Elder Marston's battlefield. Just silence now, and all the world could not bring home that charge. Just silence, and those trembling walls, that vaulting roof, would hush forever the lips that could accuse him. Doubtless she was screaming. Let her scream. So were scores of others. No one thought of looking up there. Only he knew. Dared he keep silence? Would not his hands be red? All this in an instant. Then came the revelation that erased the last vestige of that wicked thought, and Elder Marston turned back through the crowd, pushing and pressing nearer till he stood under the window where Maxa was clinging.

"Can't a hungry man bring bread?" Charley Cook had asked in his prayer. Aye; but he will feed at times: "Can't a sick man heal?" Yes; but there is contagion in life; the healer is better that he bettered his friend. "Help me with this ladder," he cried. "There's a woman." They were slow to obey him. They had drawn back from the walls. A loosened brick fell at his feet, but he did not mind the warning. If only he might save that girl! He was better than any three as they raised the ladder. He waited for none of them, but sprang up swiftly before it had touched the house. He stood on the broad ledge and tore the sash from its fastenings, threw it behind

him blindly, and stooped down with hands averted, and heart brimful of blessing. He lifted her to safety; but in the effort which thrust the girl beyond the reach of danger the rescuer lost his balance and fell with the crumbling walls, under the heavy roof, into a tomb where he lay acquit, beyond the reach of human questioning.

#### The Growing Good Feeling.

Canadian Courier.  
Toward organic union it is important to make haste slowly, for the issue involves delicate complications. The very consideration of such a step, however, shows how far we have travelled along the road of toleration and understanding. To the stiff Presbyterian and ardent Methodist of a generation ago such a discussion would have been impossible. They would have imagined the reproachful ghosts of John Calvin and John Wesley to be haunting their erring footsteps, had they talked of such a possibility as united effort of church boards. Whatever the spirit of worship may be, it is highly improbable that all Christendom will ever find a universal temple. The form of church service which appeals to one temperament will be repellant to another, but that circumstance need not prevent a helpful comprehension where combined action is desirable as in mission fields. There are observers who prophesy that the outcome of this movement will be a church of magnificent membership, numerically considered, which through its very magnitude, will tend to an excess of authority. The outcome, in the meantime, is a broader friendliness between those of differing creeds, a closer comprehension of the humanitarian spirit underlying the work of the churches. While there is vigorous expression of opinion in the councils of the three denominations concerned, there has been a comforting absence of bitter denunciation.

#### Art of Genuine Hospitality.

Emerson.  
I pray you, O excellent wife, not to cumber yourself to get a rich dinner for this man or this woman who has alighted at our gate, or a bed-chamber made ready at too great a cost. These things they can get for a dollar at any village. But let this stranger, if he will, in your looks, in your accent, and behavior, read your heart and earnestness, your thought and will, which he cannot buy at any price in any village or city, and which he may well travel fifty miles and dine sparingly and sleep hard in order to behold. Certainly, let the board be spread and let the bed be dressed for the traveller, but let not the emphasis of hospitality lie in these things.

#### Odd Names Given In China.

Chinese children are endowed with strange Christian names. Their girls, for instance, are not called Mabel, Jenny or Matilda, but Cloudy Moon, Celestial Happiness, Spring Peach or Casket of Perfumes. Their boys get less attractive names, being made for work and wisdom rather than pleasure and dancing. Thus we find a little two-year-old Practical Industry; three-year-old, Ancestral Knowledge; four-year-old, Complete Virtue; five-year-old, Discreet Valor. To their slaves they give still another set of names. Not Far Mé, Joy to Serve, Your Happiness and Humble Devotion may be taken as typical examples.

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is made from the finest carefully selected cocoa beans, roasted by a special process to perfect the rich chocolate flavor. Cowan's is most delicious and most economical.

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