

MARCH OF TEMPERANCE.

The Railroads and Manufacturers Closing the Doors.

Three great elements have produced the "dry" movement, says The Delineator. Temperance people have been the moral force, doctors the scientific, employers the economic. The result is a dry belt, absolutely new in history. Perhaps some people can remember smiling half sadly at the spectacle of the little round-faced boys of the Royal Legion marching at some W.C.T.U. entertainment under a banner inscribed "Tremble, King Alcohol. We Shall Grow Up." Well, North Carolina gave sixty thousand majority against prohibition in 1881. In 1908 she gave forty-four thousand majority for it. The boys had grown up. The movement against intoxicants has changed its name three times. First it was "temperance"; then "prohibition"; now comes "Anti-Saloon." It exactly represents the present phases of the movement. It is no longer dealing with individuals, whether children or drunkards. It is voting to exterminate the saloon. It is not possible that majorities in the dry territory were composed entirely of total abstainers. No moderate drinker joins a temperance society or the prohibition party. Only total abstainers entered those. But there must be thousands, perhaps millions, of moderate drinkers in the Anti-Saloon movement. They are not teetotalers, but they are anti-saloonists.

It has been growing harder and harder for men who drink to get or keep jobs. One after another, the great railroads have posted notices warning employees of instant dismissal if known to drink. The rule has more practical effect than a thousand temperance lectures. Frick's great iron and steel works at Homestead are under an absolute total-abstinence regime. The Marshall Field Company enunciated a rule, followed by other mercantile establishments. "We will not, to our knowledge, place a young man who drinks in our business."

The U. S. Labor Department, using percentages based on several thousand reports, found that ninety per cent. of the railroads, seventy-nine per cent. of the manufacturers, eighty-eight per cent. of the trades and seventy-two per cent. of the agriculturists discriminate against drinking men as employees.

Good Spot For Antiquarians.



The parish of Danby, near Whitby, in Yorkshire, is a happy hunting-ground for the antiquarian. Here may be traced the beginnings of English history, and the succession of ages has left many links. There are ruins of a British village, consisting of pits which served as houses. These ancient dwellings are in two parallel lines, divided by an open space, and bounded by banks and flanked by a mound. Not far away are a number of Druid stones and three large tumuli. The castle, also close by, is of early fourteenth century foundation, and has a peculiar vault, with deep, transverse ribs. In this fortress Catherine Parr lived for a while, previous to her marriage with Henry VIII.

The illustration is of the venerable parish church of Danby, a weather-beaten, age-honored fane, dating from Norman times. The oldest, sturdiest part is the tower, much of the main body being in the later stages of church architecture, chiefly Gothic. The patron saint is Hilda, a descendant of the Royal Northumbrian line, born in 614, who became a professed nun, and in 649 rose to be Abbess of Hartlepool. Nine years later her great work of building Whitby Abbey began, and this famous convent founded the neighboring churches dedicated to St. Hilda.

Napoleon and the Humane Dog.

The night after the battle of Bassano the moon rose brilliant over the sanguinary scene. Napoleon, who seldom exhibited any hilarity, or even exhilaration of spirits in the hour of victory, rode, accompanied by his staff, over the plain covered with the bodies of the dying and the dead, and seemed lost in painful reverie. It was midnight. The confusion of the battle had passed away, and the deep silence of the calm night was only disturbed by the moans of the wounded. Suddenly a dog sprang from beneath the cloak of his dead master, rushed to Napoleon as if frantically imploring his aid, and then rushed back again to the mangled corpse, licking the blood from face and hands, and howling piteously. Napoleon was deeply moved by the affecting scene, and to his officers, with hand pointed towards the faithful dog, said with evident emotion, "There, gentlemen, that dog teaches us a lesson of humanity."

Spread of Dread Pellagra.

Technical World. Is Pellagra to be the new scourge? Twenty states of the Union already have felt its afflicting blight. For a time it seemed to be a sectional malady, confined to the South, yet at the moment scientists in other states were giving thanks for its remoteness, it "jumped the reservation" and appeared, as the rural newspaper chronicler would say, "in their midst."

"Moldy corn causes pellagra," exclaim a coterie of physicians and experts in the affected regions—North, West and South. But pellagra victims are found who have never eaten corn, cornbread or corn products. Government scientists and the Army Medical Corps admit being puzzled as much as laymen; such places as Peoria, Ill., and Worcester, Mass., are called upon to cope with outbreaks for which no curative or remedial treatment is known.

Pellagra has been known under that name since 1735 in northern Italy, Portugal, Austria, Roumania and southwest France, but its spread to America is of comparatively recent date. Pellagra begins in the spring. It brings weakness, lassitude, giddiness, headache, articular pains, severe burning sensation in the small part of the back, radiating to the limbs, especially the hands and feet. Often the victim is slightly jaundiced. Last of all the skin is affected but limited to the parts exposed to the sun, which turn a deep red. Sometimes

this redness develops in twenty-four hours. In some cases the skin when attacked by the disease develops indolent ulcers preceded by violent itching and burning. With the subsidence of the acute conditions the outer layer of the skin scales may be rubbed off as if the integument had been covered with bran. Stripped in this manner of its outer coating the skin appears thick and leathery. For four or five summers this condition may be repeated; the skin grows dry, wrinkled and withered. It is not unlike that seen in extreme old age. And then? This is the question that overturns all medical diagnoses. In its ultimate development pellagra is the jumping-jack of diseases, for meningitis, insanity, manias of all forms, utter imbecility follow, and then death.

Royalty at Milton Abbas.

Milton Abbas, where the King has been staying as the guest of Sir Everard Hambro, is a curious village in Dorset. The place looks extraordinary and unexpected. Indeed, there is nothing like to it in any part of England—straight street, mounting uphill through a thicket. On either side of the way are mathematically placed cottages, all exactly alike, twenty on one side and twenty on the other. The space between any two adjacent houses is the same, and in every space is a fine chestnut-tree. The cottages are square, have yellow walls, thatched roofs, and an arrangement of windows characteristic of the common doll's house. Between the rows of dwellings and the road is a stretch of grass. On either side of the highway, with precise repetition, is the unvarying line maintained—yellow house and chestnut-tree, chestnut-tree and yellow house. Two only out of the regiment of cottages have dared to break forth into bow-windows. In the centre of the settlement are a prim church and an almshouse, somewhat over-reddened of charity, while at the end of the avenue is a quaint little thatched-roof inn.

The mansion house of Milton Abbas occupies the site of an old religious building founded in 938 for secular priests, who were made to give place to Benedictine monks in 964. At the dissolution it was given by Henry VIII. to Sir John Tregonwell, his proctor in the divorce from Queen Katharine. In 1752 it came into the possession of Joseph Damer, afterwards Earl of Dorchester. It was he who built the present village of Milton Abbas, well out of sight of the great house. The monastic buildings were pulled down in 1771. The present home, designed by Sir William Chambers, is a large square mansion with a central court. The monks' hall or refectory is still shown.

A Remarkable Philanthropist.

The world has been made infinitely richer by the Christ-like life of such a man as Chas. N. Crittenton, of New York. Consecrating his great wealth and himself for over a quarter of a century to a work from which many even of our grandest philanthropists have shrunk, he accomplished results that would have been impossible except to one sustained at every step by divine blessing and direction. His active brain and generous heart, receiving inspiration from a child, planned a chain of refuges extending around the world, for the most despised of all classes. Seventy-four missions for the rescue of the outcast, whom society usually spurns and condemns, exist to attest the tremendous earnestness and the triumphant energy of this wonderful man. He was, in the largest sense, the "friend of the unfortunate." Neither George Muller nor Dr. Cullis, world-wide as is the fame of their philanthropies, ever planned so grandly or built so well as he. He was his own pioneer and evangelist, going out into the highways and byways and giving to the poor victims of misfortune and sin the invitation to a better life. Those who accepted it, no matter to what depths they might have fallen, were surprised to find themselves treated with a gentleness and a consideration in strange contrast with their familiar surroundings. He was the highest modern type of the "good Samaritan."

The Englishman in Canada.

Canadian Gazette. The average Englishman knows quite as much of Canadian conditions as the average Canadian knows of English conditions. We are agreed upon the desirability of a closer knowledge of each other, and are attaining it each year and month. As for the shortcomings of the Englishman in Canada, we agree with Miss Binnie-Clarke, who has noted marked change in the character of emigration. No doubt many Englishmen who went to Canada at one time did nothing to raise the reputation of the Old Country. But now the Englishmen arriving in the Dominion who leave a deal to be desired are far fewer, and a great many others do well. The failures were, in a large measure, those sent out by emigration societies persuaded people to go who could not get on in England; parents sent their sons who did not know what else to do with them, so that the young men came out in a half-hearted sort of way, and without any strong resolution to adapt themselves to the new conditions and make their way in spite of difficulties. English women always did well, Miss Binnie-Clarke says, and she is endeavoring to persuade the government to give free grants of land to women as well as to men.

Effort to Save Crumbling Ruins.

Preserve the missions, is the keynote of an effort to preserve the crumbling ruins of the old Spanish missions in California. Wealth and influence are being exerted, and plans to make the movement country-wide have touched the responsive chord. President Taft lent his influence to the preservation plans in a speech at Riverside. The stories of the missions are like pages from medieval history. Yet they stand almost in a state of decay, with the exception of the edifice at Santa Barbara, which, thanks to the public spirit, has been restored in all its beauty. Three of the finest of the missions—San Juan Capistrano, San Antonio, and San Batista—are in need of immediate attention. San Fernando Mission, in the San Fernando Valley, is deserted and rapidly going into ruins. Some effort at preservation has been made at San Gabriel, and it is in fairly good shape.

One of the Kindly Sort.

Bishop Doane. I may be perhaps among those who are described as making Christian unity a fetish. I would rather be called any names than to be counted among those indisposed to any effort for uniting the forces of Christianity in the battle against error and ignorance and sin. The Bishop of London has confessed to a beautiful motto as his favorite: "Look straight into the light and you will always have the shadows behind."

THE NOBLE HELMSMAN.

'Twas on Lake Erie's broad expanse, One bright midsummer day, The gallant steamer Ocean Queen Swept proudly on her way. Bright faces clustered on the deck, Or leaning o'er the side, Watched carelessly the feathery foam That flecked the rippling tide.

Ah, who beneath that cloudless sky, That smiling bends serene, Could dream that danger awful, vast, Impended o'er the scene— Could dream that e'er an hour had sped That frame of sturdy oak Would sink beneath the lake's blue waves, Blackened with fire and smoke.

A seaman sought the captain's side, A moment whispered low; The captain's swarthy face grew pale, He hurried down below. Alas, too late! Though quick and sharp And clear his orders came, No human effort could avail To quench the insidious flame.

The bad news quickly reached the deck, It sped from lip to lip, And ghastly faces everywhere Looked on the doomed ship. "Is there no hope—no chance of life?" A hundred lips implore; "But one," the captain made reply, "To run the ship on shore."

A sailor whose heroic soul That hour should yet reveal, By name John Maynard, eastern born, Stood calmly at the wheel. "Head her south-east!" the captain shouts, Above the smothered roar, "Head her south-east without delay! Make for the nearest shore!"

No terror pales the helmsman's cheek, Or clouds his dauntless eye, As in a sailor's measured tone His voice responds, "Ay, ay!" Three hundred souls, the steamer's freight, Crowd forward wild with fear; While at the stern the dreadful flames Above the deck appear.

John Maynard watched the nearing flames, But still with steady hand, He grasped the wheel, and steadfastly He steered the ship to land. "John Maynard, can you still hold out?" He heard the captain cry; A voice from out the stifling smoke Faintly responds, "Ay, ay!"

But half a mile! a hundred hands Stretch eagerly to shore, But half a mile! that distance sped, Peril shall all be o'er. But half a mile! Yet stay, the flames No longer slowly creep, But gather round the helmsman bold With fierce, impetuous sweep.

"John Maynard, with an anxious voice The captain cries once more: "Stand by the wheel five minutes yet, And we will reach the shore." Through flame and smoke that dauntless heart Responded firmly, still Unawed, though face to face with death, "With God's good help I will!"

The flames approached with giant strides, They scorched his hands and brow; One arm disabled seeks his side, Ah, he is conquered now! But not his teeth are firmly set, He crushes down the pain— His knee upon the stanchion pressed, He guides the ship again.

One moment yet! one moment yet! Brave heart, thy task is o'er! The pebbles grate beneath her keel, The steamer touches shore. Three hundred grateful voices rise In praise to God, that He Hath saved them from the fearful fire, And from the engulfing sea.

But where is he, that helmsman bold? The captain saw him reel— His nerveless hands released their task, He sunk beside the wheel. The waves received his lifeless corpse, Blackened with smoke and fire, God rest him! Hero never had A nobler funeral pyre!

Two Rare Old Friends.

Ye might search the world's ends, But ye'd find no such friends As Father O'Shea an' Father McCrea. Very caustic in wit Was Father O'Shea, But as droll every bit Was Father McCrea; An' O, such a volley o' fun they were pokin', The wan at the other as good as a play, Wid their ready replies, an' their innocent jokin'.

When Father O'Shea met Father McCrea, Now, upon a March Sunday it came to pass Good Father McCrea Preached a very fine sermon, an' then after mass, Met Father O'Shea; "'Twas a very appropriate sermon for Lent Ye delivered this minute, For the season o' fastin' 'twas very well meant— I could find no meat in it," Said Father O'Shea.

Then quick as the laughter that gleamed in his eye, Good Father McCrea Raised a finger o' protest an' made his reply To Father O'Shea: "Faith, I'll have to be workin' a miracle next To comply wid your wishes. Dare you ask me for meat, my dear sir, when the text Was 'the loaves an' the fishes?'" Said Father McCrea.

Very caustic in wit Was Father O'Shea, But as droll every bit Was Father McCrea, Though ye'd search the world's ends Ye would find no such friends As Father O'Shea an' Father McCrea, why sing it at all?"

GOSSIP OF THE PARISH.

A clergyman, noticing the simple appearance of the couple he had just married, ventured on a little advice. He explained to the young man his duties as a husband, then told the young lady how she should conduct herself, winding up with the old injunction that she must look to her husband for everything, and, forsaking father and mother, follow him wheresoever he went. The bride appeared very much troubled at this and faltered out: "Must I follow him to every place he goes?" "Yes," said the clergyman, "you must follow him everywhere until death doth you part."

"Gracious!" cried the girl; "If I had known that before, I would never have married a postman." When the Bishop of Truro, Dr. Gott, was Dean of Worcester, his absent-mindedness was so notorious that he earned the sobriquet of "Dean Forgoit." On one occasion he invited friends to dine with him; on their arrival a short time before the dinner hour he suggested that, in the interval of waiting, would they like to walk through the grounds? After spending about a quarter of an hour in admiring the flowers, shrubs and greenhouses, they came upon a door in the garden wall. "Ah!" said the dean to his astonished guests, "this will be a much neerer way for you to go home than by going back to the front." And, all unconscious of his invitation, he opened the door and bowed them out.

Herbert Gladstone, appointee for governor, general of United South Africa, was guilty of an amusing bull in a debate on disestablishment. Dilating on the hold on the affections of the people by the Church of England, he said: "When an Englishman wants to get married to whom does he go? To the parish priest: When he wants to get his child baptized, to whom does he go? To the parish priest. When he wants to get buried, to whom does he go?" The House answered with a roar of laughter, in which Mr. Gladstone himself joined, adding: "As I was contrasting the English church with the Irish, the bull is, perhaps, excusable."

An Englishman, motoring through a remote part of Ireland, came upon a poor old woman seated with all her humble furniture about her, in the road before her little cottage. The Englishman was deeply moved. Here, before his very eyes, an eviction—a genuine Irish eviction—was being enacted. He alighted from his car, and generously presented the old woman with a five-pound note. "Tell me," he said, "what is the cause of your trouble, my poor old creature?" Bowing nearly to the ground with her gratitude, the old woman replied: "Sure, sor, me ould man's a-whitewashing the inside."

A Western Sunday school class received a visit from the Bishop. Boys and girls were much impressed by the dignity, and there was a conscious effort to answer all questions smartly. When the lesson was concluded, a little boy raised his hand politely, and shyly said: "Please, Mr. Bishop, may I ask you a question?" "Certainly, certainly," replied the Bishop, good-naturedly. "It's about them," said the boy, eyeing the bishop's robes. "Is they all you have on, or has you pants under 'em?"

A ready-witted clergyman was attending a regular meeting of ministers. One of the preachers in excited manner, and with strong indignation, demanded: "What, sir, would the Apostle Paul have said could he have seen the life of luxury led by our present race of prelates and church dignitaries, rolling about in their carriages and living in palatial residences?" "Well," replied the witty clergyman, "I should think he would have remarked that things in the church are decidedly looking up."

A farmer's son was applicant for a position under the government, but had been repeatedly turned down. In despair the father said: "Well, it's hard luck; John has missed that civil service examination again. It looks like they jest won't have him?" "What was the trouble?" "Well, he was short on spelling, and geography, and missed purty far in mathematics." "What is he going to do about it?" "I dunno. Times is mighty hard and I reckon he'll have ter go back ter teaching school for a living!"

A Canadian author wrote an anthem for a recent celebration in Toronto. Toward the end of the exercises, when the people were going out a few at a time, the author rushed to the conductor and said: "Is it over?" "Practically." "But, great Scott! man, they haven't sung my anthem!" "Well, said the conductor, "so long as the people are going out peacefully and quietly."

The Sentiment of Christmas.

In or near the day read the wonderful Christmas Carol of Charles Dickens. Is it not remarkable that, though the literary critics have poo-pooed at this story, have called it "cheap fastid" and a mass of "silly sentimentalities"; have condemned it as false in its tone and "unscientific" in its philanthropy, it still retains its hold upon the human heart. No great literary composition has ever escaped the condemnation of these short-sighted literary critics. Volumes could be written upon the monumental mistakes made in attempting to measure the permanent value of contemporary works.

That beautiful story contains the spirit of Christ and Christmas, as do few other compositions in our language. Read also the wonderful story in Matthew's second chapter, and as you read, if you hold your soul open to its sacred influences, lo! Christ shall be born again in your soul.

Lady's Munificent Bequests.

Frau Franziska Speyer, the widow of Herr George Speyer, of the Speyer banking house, who died in Frankfort-on-Maine, has left \$2,500,000 to charities. Fifty thousand pounds is left to Frankfort academy for social and commercial science; £50,000 to the George Speyer House for the investigation of remedies for devastating epidemics. Large sums are for the study of lupus and cancer, and to Jewish charities and hospitals, to the pension funds of the Speyer branches in London and New York, and auxiliary funds for theatre, chorus and orchestra employees.

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