

A FINE BUDGET OF NEWS

WHAT WAS FOUND IN A KINGSTON PAPER IN 1815.

A Great Army of Ontario People Carried off by the White Plague Within the Past Forty Years—A Lord Who Has Proved His Beneficence.

The Kingston (Ontario) Gazette of 1815 was a recent, interesting guest of the sanctum. It records three recent deaths, closing three remarkable lives. At Cambridge, N.Y., Solomon Cronk's funeral was attended by two wives and twenty-six children, thirteen to each mother. They were sisters and he lived week about with them in the same village. In Laurens district, South Carolina, Solomon Niblett's age at death was verified at 143 years. He was from England, emigrating when nineteen years old. He did not lose teeth or eyesight, and went hunting a few days before death. Tager Talper, of Germany, aged 120 years, had buried ten wives, who had left motherless in all thirty-one children. The eleventh wife and her five children survived the much-married Teuton.

According to the report of the Registrar-General, 87,654 persons have died in Ontario from tuberculosis since 1871. The average annual death-roll is 2,530. If economists are correct in fixing \$1,000 as the minimum value of a life, the Province loses \$2,500,000 a year through this plague to place loss of life at its lowest consideration. There should be no abatement in the interest of the societies doing battle against it. Local sanitariums should be more plentiful. At St. Louis, the interesting fact has been disclosed by the Municipal Commission that of the 5,581 cases of tuberculosis reported there within three years, more than half were in a section of the city but one-ninth of its area. No disease yields so readily to sanitation and good surroundings.

The truthful, but unversed, journal of the Laymen's Movement, "Men and Missions," New York, promised those who could attend the great convention there the pleasure of an address by Sir John A. Macdonald, of Canada. The able editor of the Globe is an orator, far surpassing the merits of the great premier statesman in that line, but his speech would not aspire, on this particular occasion, to rival in world-wide wonder and interest one from the immortal Sir John. In Kingston he told his attached followers that he hoped to look down upon their comfort and prosperity from a higher sphere. But he did not promise to speak also, even for the religion that became his latest affection.

During excavations in Genoa, a Greek tomb of the fourth century B.C. has been discovered. Among the objects in the tomb was a magnificent vase of the time of Phidias.

At Atlanta, a policeman arrested his two sons for burglary and his evidence convicted them. Faithful officer, unsuccessful father.

The man who sits on a limb and saws it off is wise compared to him who thinks he can sin without having to suffer.

In the United States \$8,000,000 was spent during 1908 (the last year tabulated) for the prevention and cure of tuberculosis, \$4,230,000 from public moneys, the remainder from voluntary contributions.

Persistence is the price of success—but we do not reflect that it is always payable in advance!

In a ballot, the inmates of the Darlington Workhouse, England, decided by a majority of 165 not to have beer with their Christmas dinner.

The champion absent-minded man is surely he who in London at Christmas sent a \$5,000 cheque through the postoffice and forgot to direct the envelope.

The figure one occurs twice in the year 1910; next year it will occur three times, which will not happen again for two hundred years.

One consequence of a constitution and parliament for Turkey has been freedom for the press. Since July last 747 newspapers have been published in Turkey alone. In Persia one newspaper has the somewhat surprising name of Gabriel's Trumpet.

Montgomery Ward & Co., the great mail order house in Chicago, has bought ground near its new building for a recreation park for its 3,000 employees. There are to be study-houses and a hospital has been completed at Calgary for \$150,000, and a wing is to be added to another hospital (the Holy Cross) at cost of \$75,000.

In the midst of the excited cries in the Old Land "Down with the Lords," one of these dreadful men has been proving their beneficence, instances of which are of almost weekly occurrence. Lord Ashton, in opening palatial municipal buildings, costing \$600,000, formally presented them to Lancaster, making with the Victoria Statue, Ashton Memorial and others, his gifts to his native town exceed \$1,230,000.

Our English ancestors buried their dead at some distance from their towns or hamlets. But as Christianity spread the practice grew up, and at length became universal, of burying around the churches, that the dead might be remembered in the devotions of the people. The Bidding Prayer in King Edward's Injunction, 1547, facilitated this.

The ribs are the frame of the ship; they may be hidden from view by the iron plates, but they give shape and strength to the vessel. We cannot dismiss the idea of creeds with a shrug of the shoulder. Written or unwritten, they are the ribs of the soul. What a man believes moulds his character; he can never rise above the ideals which he makes his own. During Christmas week 70,000,000 letters, cards and newspapers were handled by the London letter postal staff. The parcel post staff dealt with over 2,000,000. To India and China 16,000 bags went this year as compared with 14,000 in 1908, and to Australia 9,350, as compared with 8,500.

A Minnesota convict has succeeded in crossing the lemon and the grape fruit. Now if some one would cross the potato vine with the sausage plant, getting breakfast would be an easy task.

At Norristown, Pa., all but five of the 270 high school boys smoke. This was disclosed through an investigation by the school board.

At Kotron, on the French Ivory Coast, the natives believe that to destroy a turtle would mean death to the guilty one or sickness among the family. The fetich men declare that years ago a man went to sea fishing. In the night his canoe was thrown upon the beach empty. Three days afterward a turtle

came ashore with the man on its back alive and well. Since that time they have never eaten or killed one of that species, although they enjoy other species. If one happens now to be washed ashore there is a great commotion. First the women sit down, sing and beat sticks; next a white cloth is placed on the turtle's back; food is prepared and placed on the cloth, generally plantains, rice and palm oil; then, amid singing, dancing and antics of the fetich people, it is carried back into the sea.

United States railway statistics for ten years have disclosed the interesting fact that while 890,009,574 passengers were carried during the last recorded year, 101,239 persons have been killed and 814,495 persons injured by railroads since 1898. Only about one of seven of the victims were passengers. But one road has been permitted to run through the ten years without killing a passenger, the Lackawanna, which transported 193,787,224 passengers 65,340,908 miles. It is doubtful whether this remarkable showing can be duplicated by any railroad.

Our life is just as narrow as we let it be. If we live in a lonely country place, we can study plants and animals until we come to understand something of the secrets of the universe.

If our lot be in a great city, we have opportunities of studying human nature—seeing the development of characters as strange as ever novelist put into his books. Multitudes of men walked the same streets with Dickens without seeing a hundredth part of what he saw. It is the power to see and not the object to be seen, that we lack, and this power should be cultivated.

The little black pictures called "silhouettes" derived their name from Etienne de Silhouette, French minister of finance in 1759. His extreme economy was caricatured by all classes, and any cheap mode or fashion was sarcastically called by his name. About that time the profiles were produced by casting a shadow of a face by the light of a candle. Because they were cheap they were called in ridicule "silhouettes."

Instead of ice, a scarce commodity, many Turkish cities in the summer depend on snow. This is gathered from the mountains in winter, packed in trenches and covered with pine needles until the hot season. The snow sells for a high price and only the better class of people are able to buy the luxury during the extremely warm weather.

Each year are printed 17,000,000 Protestant Bibles, Testaments, and portions (Psalms or Gospels) in more than five hundred languages or dialects. Of these 10,000,000 are published by Bible societies, and sold below cost. The remaining 7,000,000 are printed commercially.

SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

True Practical Religion For Any Church to Undertake.

"A very interesting experiment was started by Doctor Pratt, of Boston—a tuberculosis class in connection with a church," says Dr. William Oser in Woman's Home Companion. "It is a nice sort of practical religion for any church to undertake. Its first class consisted of fifteen or twenty persons, chiefly young clerks, all in the early stage of the disease, and all still at work. He met them once a week in a school-room of the church, and there they discussed their cases with him. They were weighed every week, a careful analysis was made of their symptoms—how much they had gained, or how much they had lost. Each one took his own temperature, and brought his note-book, and it is a remarkable record of several years' work. A number of these young persons, some with well-marked symptoms of the disease, have been completely cured without going to a sanatorium, without going away, and while continuing their work. I know of no more encouraging feature in connection with this disease than this practical success.

One often hears the statement: "All this fuss about tuberculosis is terrible for the poor victims, who are made social outcasts, to their great distress and to the alarm of their families." There is no justification for this feeling. There is no risk in close contact with tuberculosis if the patient is ordinarily careful about the sputum. If one is morbidly afraid of the disease and desires a place of safety from its germs, go to some first-class sanatorium for tuberculosis. There are fewer germs there in the air and on the floor than in any other place. And there is very little risk of catching the disease in the house of a tuberculosis patient if he uses caution and it is properly disinfectant.

The Russian in Canada.

Westminster. The British education helps a man to develop his individuality. The average German and Russian education tends to knock out of a man all originality and to grind him to that degree, that the goal of his ambition is to be like every body else. The average Canadian is first of all taught, in the west country, to help himself, to be independent. The Slav—especially the Russian—has great endurance. He was taught that endurance, submission, and implicit obedience to the church and the rulers were the highest virtues. He has also an exemplary and touching reverence for his parents and old age. A Galician can live on the half of what it takes to keep an Englishman. The Galicians buy everything for cash, and hate to make debts; and when they have debts they are much concerned about paying them. The Galician is fond of the hateful cigarette; he is an intemperate drinker; he gets into rows and fights; he goes often to jail. But he has lots of good qualities all the same.

A railroad disaster is never an "act of God," as the phrase runs. The blame for this sacrifice of human life at Spanish river bridge, under the most horrid conditions, rests on some man or men employed by the Canadian Pacific Railroad.

Uncle Ezra says: "The man who scatters the seeds of kindness need not worry about the cultivation; the crop will take care of itself."

A St. Louis ragman who died recently left \$60,000. This will be no surprise to the housewives who got six cents for their last year's collection of rags and papers.

Minnie Knoch, New York, who recently died, left \$10,000 to her husband and an equal amount to her dogs. When the dogs die their share is to revert to her son. How they must value the burning love of wife and mother.

WHEN THE MINE CAVED IN.

What the Women of Cherry Lived Through in Hours of Anguish.

Youth's Companion. Dread is the alarm of fire in a coal-mine. The sound smote the ears of the women of Cherry as an omen of death, for three hundred men, their husbands, brothers and sons, were deep in the mine below the frown. Three hundred, after all who could reach the shaft before the flame and gases cut them off had escaped! A week later, to the very hour and minute, twenty-one of the men were rescued; but who can tell what the women of Cherry lived through in the dragging hours of anguish of those black seven days, or the sorrow that settled into despair in the homes of the other women?

What can a woman do when the mine caves in and buries her husband underground? She can weep and suffer and pray and hope, and that is all. All? Yes, but it saved the rescued miners of Cherry. Men sought the fire in the first three terrible days. Firemen came from Chicago, and lowered their lengths of hose, and followed it presently, and dragged it with them. The fan supplied them fresh air. For three days there was hope that water would subdue the flames; but the mine led off in countless passages, and the fire subdued in one woke from its embers in another, and the battle waged uncertainly, with the advantage in favor of the fire. Then on the third day the sharp order was given to stop the fan and withdraw the firemen. This was done.

As soon as the fan stopped, the smoke increased from the mouth of the mine. The fan that kept the firemen alive had supplied oxygen for the flame; and now, when the blower stopped, the flame followed the firemen, chasing them to the shaft, and bellowing after them; and the shaft in a little while became a roaring furnace. Then a galloping team brought a load of planks, which were laid over the mouth of the mine, and after this came other wagons with loads of railway-rails, and these were laid above the planks, and then came carts of sand, and these were backed up to the mine and shoveled over the rails, till the last fissure was covered and the last faint wisp of smoke disappeared.

It was the only way to stop the fire, the managers explained. They had been fighting the fire and feeding it at the same time, and while pouring water on it in one or two places had been blowing it into blaze in many places. They must smother it out. And we know that they did wisely. But what of the hearts of the women who saw those planks laid above their buried husbands? To smother the fire was to drive the black damp into the remotest corner of the mine. There had been hope while the fan ran, but nothing now could live below. They cried out in agony that their men were being smothered to death in the mine. Wise men addressed them, and told them to go home and be brave. As for their husbands, unfortunately there was no hope for them. The mine had not been sealed till it was practically certain that every living man was out. Three days the fire had been raging, and no one could remain alive below. Let the women go home now, and relief would be sent to them. Everything had been done that could be done for their husbands. But when would the mine be opened? When would their husbands be rescued? The women pleaded piteously. They knew—something told them—that there were living men below. The experts were divided in their judgment, but most of them held that the mine would never be opened. The mine was ruined.

But the women would not go to their homes. They hung about the sand-covered pit, as the women lingered at the tomb of their Lord in the garden near Jerusalem. They prayed, they wept, they insisted, they would not be reasonable. Some of them were hysterical; some were furious; more were dumb, with haunting eyes that pierced the soul of every man that looked into them, and then returned to fix their gaze despairingly on the mouth of the mine. At last they made small holes in the sand, and dropped lines of hose down the shaft and let the water flow. Then, lowering a thermometer and finding the heat reduced, they uncovered the pit, and brave men went down. They brought up dead bodies, alas! very many of them. But as they worked they heard noises that meant life, and they worked till they rescued a score or more of their fellow-men, who had walled themselves in, and waited against all probability, for the coming of their friends.

Now who saved the miners of Cherry? Brave men, who took their lives in their hands, and whose fortitude had its reward in the salvation of their brothers. But not these only. The women of Cherry saved their husbands and sons by their tears and prayers and unreasonable insistence and blind faith that would not be denied. Even so in the long ago, when the wisdom of men had done its utmost, and the disciples huddled, cowed and helpless, in the Upper Room, the love and tears of women watched without at the sepulchre till life triumphed over death, and love had its answer from the tomb.

GOSSIP OF THE PARISH.

Things That Add Spice to the Religious Life.

The Countess de Martel, the novelist who writes under the name of "Gyp," has a pretty wit. She was assisting at a charity bazaar in Paris, to which came Baron Rothschild. The Countess pressed him to buy something. "What am I to buy?" said the wealthy nobleman. "You have nothing I want. Say, I have an idea. Sell me your autograph. I should like that."

Promptly the lady took a sheet of note paper and wrote: "Received from Baron Rothschild the sum of 1,000 francs for charity.—Gyp."

The Baron read, handed over the money, well pleased with the countess' ingenuity.

The late Bishop Hare, of South Dakota, often in his sermons brought out a point with an apt story. "These religious and unscrupulous financiers," he said at Deadwood, "reminded me of a little Philadelphia girl I know. She insisted, at bedtime, in saying her prayers by herself. Later her mother asked her why she had demanded this right of private prayer. For a time the little girl refused to answer, but finally, after much coaxing, she said: "'I jes' wanted to give thanks for being 'blessed to steal some Christmas fruit cake.'"

The late Spencer Trask, of New York, had

a fine artistic sense, and the so-called restorations of old buildings used to vex him. He told of a visit to a fine old church in New England. A grey dust filled the church, shovels clattered, and he found three workmen digging out of the floor with their picks a superb memorial brass that, in the process, they were breaking to pieces.

"What on earth are you about here?" demanded Mr. Trask. The leader of the men, as his pick split a fine Gothic motto, answered: "Restoring, of course. What else?"

When Josephine was six years old she was taken for the first time to see a trained animal show, and went home much pleased. As she was at times slow to obey, her mother thought this a good time to teach her a lesson, so she said: "Don't you think, Josephine, that if dogs and ponies and monkeys can learn to obey so well, a little girl like you, who knows much more than animals, should obey even more quickly?" "Of course, I would, mother," came the instant reply, "if I had only been as well trained as they have been."

"I believe I'll open a dramatic school," said the seedy-looking man. "Why? You never have been on the stage, have you?" asked the preacher. "How are you able to teach people to act?" "It's simple enough. You're teaching people how to be angels, aren't you? Have you ever been in heaven?"

"You seem glad your wife has joined the Suffragette Club." "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "It's a relief to find Henrietta with a regular audience of her own. I've gotten a sore throat trying to furnish laughter and cheers every evening."

"Did the minister say anything comforting?" asked the neighbor of the widow recently bereaved. "Indeed, he didn't!" was the quick reply. "He said my husband was better off."

"Yes; I am going abroad." "And how are you going to arrange your itinerary?" "I understand coronet braids are the latest thing."

"Do you think you will keep your new cook?" "We don't know. She has taken us on trial, but we are in hopes that we will suit."

"I like to hear you preach extempore, sir," remarked the old parishioner to the new parson; "your language is that wonderful fluid and spirituous!"

HOW PATRICK HENRY DIED.

Thankful That the Goodness of God Was a Comfort as He Was Dying.

For centuries the world has admired the calmness and fortitude of Socrates in the presence of death, but if Socrates died like a philosopher, Patrick Henry died like a Christian. In his last illness, all the other remedies having failed, his physician, Doctor Cobell, proceeded to administer to him a dose of liquid mercury. Taking the vial in his hand, and looking at it for a moment, the dying man said: "I suppose, doctor, this is your last resort?"

"I am sorry to say, governor, that it is." "What will be the effect of this medicine?" "It will give you immediate relief, or—"

The doctor could not finish the sentence. His patient took up the word: "You mean, doctor, that it will give relief or will prove fatal immediately?"

"You can live only a very short time without it," the doctor answered, "and it may possibly relieve you." Then the old statesman said: "Excuse me, doctor, for a few minutes, and drawing over his eyes a silken cap which he usually wore, and still holding the vial in his hand, he prayed in clear words a simple, childlike prayer for his family, for his country, and for his own soul, then in the presence of death, afterwards, in perfect calmness, he swallowed the medicine."

Meanwhile Doctor Cobell, who greatly loved him, went out upon the lawn, and in his grief, threw himself down upon the earth under one of the trees, and wept bitterly. Soon, when he had sufficiently mastered himself, the doctor returned to his patient, whom he found calmly watching the congealing of the blood under his finger-nails, and speaking words of love and peace to his family who were weeping round his chair. Among other things, he told them that he was thankful for that goodness of God which, having blessed him through all his life, was then permitting him to die without any pain. Finally, fixing his eyes with much tenderness upon his dear friend, Doctor Cobell, with whom he had formerly held many arguments respecting the Christian religion, he asked the doctor to observe how great a reality and benefit that religion was to a man about to die.

And after Patrick Henry had spoken these few words in praise of something which, having never failed him in his life before, did not then fail him in his very last need of it, he continued to breathe very softly for some moments, after which they who were looking upon him saw that his life had departed.

Silly Waste While Poor Suffer.

A banquet was given at Baltimore the other day in honor of a black and tan dog. This animal was the property of a man who bears the name of Walter Wallenhorst. The despatch does not say whether Mr. Wallenhorst earned his money or whether it was left to him by indulgent parents. It does develop, however, that Mr. Wallenhorst had money, for the principal act of the evening was the presentation to the honored pup of the occasion of a \$15,000 collar. This dog, which will now wear a collar containing 700 stones on state occasions, is evidently not unlike other dogs in some respects, for an eye is missing as the result of a dispute with a cat. The rich crowd which banqueted the monkey at Newport, and has been holding the belt for so long, should now ship the trophy to Mr. Wallenhorst, of Baltimore, Md.

Every housekeeper agrees that a dollar does not go as far as it used to, but she will readily admit that it goes faster.

That Missouri woman who "carried off a piano in a popular contest" must be an Amazon.

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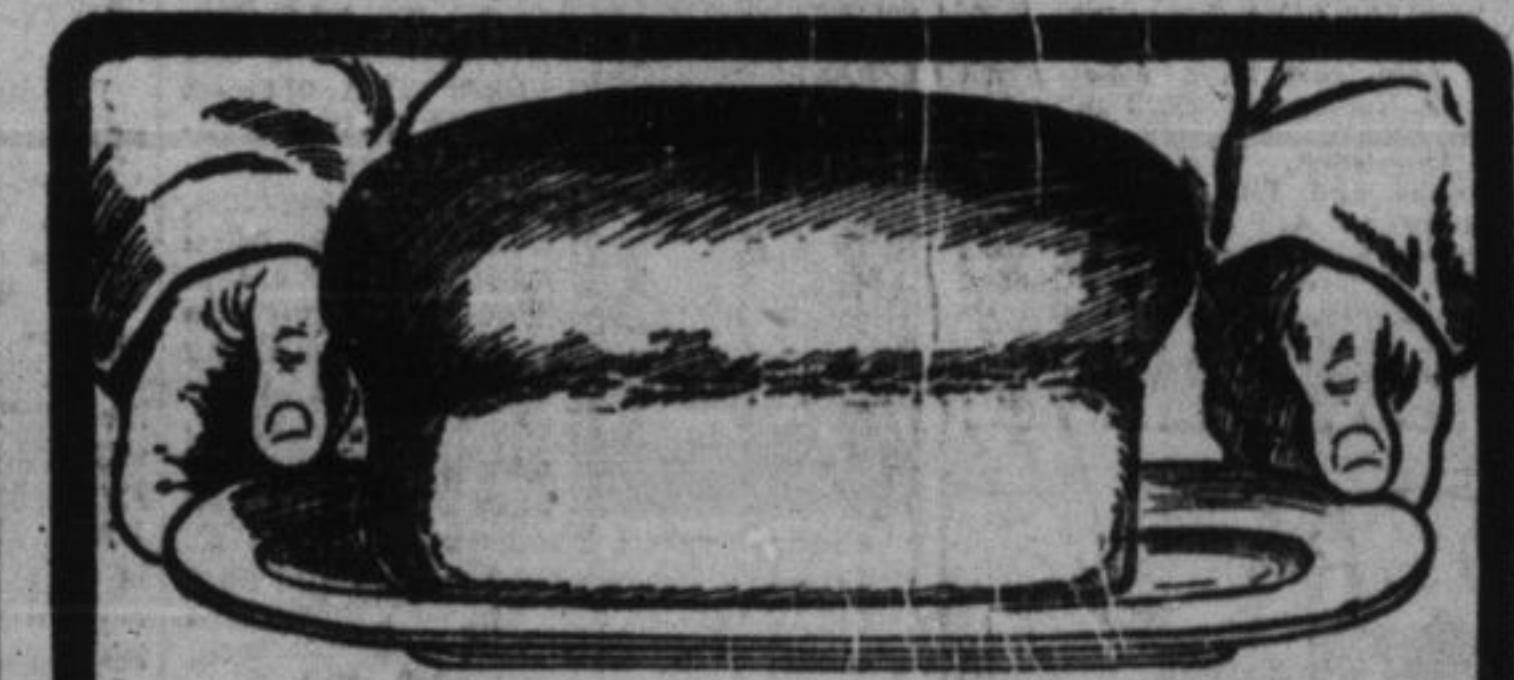
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