

**Lipton's Royal Gift.**

An interesting piece of news has just transpired Ten days ago, Sir Thomas Lipton visited Marlborough House and presented the Princess of Wales a cheque for £100,000, to start dining rooms in London at which working people may secure substantial meals for from two to eight cents. There will be a central dining room, capable of accommodating 2,000 people simultaneously. It is expected that from 8,000 to 10,000 diners will be served there daily. Trustees, of which the Princess of Wales will be one, will be shortly appointed to manage the project, which will be known as the Alexandra Trust."

**Ancient Wheat Fields**

A wheat field a thousand years old is quite a common sight in England. Of course, it has not grown a crop of corn every year in the ten centuries, but during that long sequence of ages, in the fixed and abiding order of this ancient country, that particular area of land has been cultivated, with the production of wheat as its main object, and it has remained as part of the English granary from the days of Edward the Confessor until those of Victoria. Many of the wheat fields are far more ancient than this, but the record of Domesday Book is a practical voucher for a period of 1,000 years. The custom of the Saxon cultivators, and the evidence of local names, are proof of a still greater antiquity of cultivation on some of the cornland; and beyond the days of the Saxons lie the last two centuries of Roman occupation, when England was the great wheat growing country of the West, and supplied the population of Rome with daily bread

Sparrows are proverbially audacious. Two recently reared their frail habitation in a railway signal box, unmindful of the various noises resulting from shunting the trains. A train used to make a daily run carrying a blackbird's nest and eggs amongst the woodwork underneath one of the carriages. Upon unloading a railway wagon filled with limestone at St. Helens a nest with five perfect eggs was found, which looked like a blackbird's. A similar find was made in a coal wagon at Banbury. The nest had probably been carried from Cannock Chase pits, and must have bewildered the birds by its sudden disappearance. In a hole in one of the buffers of a railway carriage, running daily, a tomtit made its nest and hatched the eggs in spite of the frequent and violent concussions when the carriage was shunted. These usu-

ally timid creatures appear to get as accustomed to shocks and loud noises as do people to earthquakes and hurricanes. Imagine anyone looking for a nest in the ammunition box of a gun carriage; yet a bird once built there, nor was it frightened away by the daily firing of the weapon.

**A poorly paid Profession.**

(London Telegraph.)

"There was not," said the Lord Mayor, in presiding over a meeting of the Mansion House on behalf of the Queen Victoria Clergy fund, "a man who swept the streets of the city of London who was not better paid than many a one of a considerable body of clergymen. It was not necessary for all clerics to keep up appearances, but just fancy ministers of the Gospel, who have been educated in universities, having to subsist upon something like £50 or £60 a year! Many people would not think of paying such a sum to their coachmen or gardeners."

The Archbishop of Canterbury, who was among the speakers, stated that there were 14,000 benefices in this country, of which 6,000 were under £200 a year. Out of the 6,000 about 4,600 had an average income of £150 a year while the remaining 1,400 had only £65, although they had most important work to perform

A few years ago these incomes were larger, but the rent of land had fallen, in some cases fifty per cent, and tithes about thirty per cent. People insisted that their clergymen should be educated gentlemen, who had, consequently, to spend a good deal upon their training. They were also required to have that culture which would enable them to enter any society. No more serious complaint could be made against a clergyman than that he was not a gentleman. But if the community wanted gentlemen it should pay them as such. He therefore appealed to the laity for more liberality to the fund. Resolutions were agreed to strongly commending it to public support.

**The Worrying Habit.**

A prime necessity of our permanent freedom from worrying is the possession of the personal quality commonly known as sand. If a man has not been endowed with sand by nature, he must pick it up himself. Nobody is going to give him any, but he can do this easier than he thinks.

Most of the things we worry over are only bugbears that fade and disappear upon the first attack. Herein lies the first secret of success—in attack—and the great secret lies in persistence, in keeping always at work. The man who

actually does this, wasting no time will find the first thing he knows that he's stopped worrying, and he laughs a little as he says to himself that he's got no time to worry and the next thing he knows he finds his sand box is no longer empty, he's actually got some sand of his own.

A good life is the best sermon a man can preach. Beautiful living is the most eloquent of all preaching; every one ought to preach by faithful practicing.

THERE was a time when the infantile population of the pottery districts were rocked to sleep in earthen cradles which could be as easily washed as the occupants themselves. The cradles were proof against all application of bread and butter or bread and molasses and never required any ornament other than the coloring felfet glaze of the ware.

One man can have no greater enemy than a violent temper.

Let each man find his own in all men's good. And all men work in noble brotherhood.

TENNISON.

Time was—is past; thou canst not it recall.  
Time is—thou hast: employ the portion small.  
Time future—is not, and may never be.  
Time present is the only time for thee.

**"The bush that follows the Prayer."**

By Martha A. Kidder.

The prayer is ended, and the white-robed priest  
Has blessed his people. Now again he kneels  
Before the altar; o'er each spirit steals  
A holy calm; though now the sacred feast

Is o'er, yet blessings in each earnest breast  
Shall sweetly linger, calming grief and care.  
As all uniting in this silent prayer  
Are one in spirit, finding here their rest.

Oh! when, the silence broken, forth we go  
To work for Thee, dear Saviour, may this peace  
"That passeth understanding" never cease,

That peace which only those who love Thee know.

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