

CANADIAN GOVERNMENT AND MUNICIPAL DEBENTURES

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people may grow away from each other in tastes and feelings. Better to marry in the full ardour of love if age and other things are suitable, and work and economize together.

According to an American paper this is the English notion of things. "This," said a well-meaning sexton, when showing the belfry of an interesting village church to a party of visitors, "is only rung in case of

a visit from the Bishop of the diocese, a fire, a flood or any other such calamity."

The death last week of Mr. Percy H. Broughton, who was so terribly frost-bitten during his heroic work in Baffin Land, brings to an end a noble life of service. Mr. Broughton went to the Far North to relieve the Rev. A. L. Fleming while on furlough. Recently he has taken services in the

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Not everything that tastes good is good for you, but when you eat

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you treat yourself to palate-joy and stomach comfort, and you get the maximum of nutriment with the least tax upon the digestion.

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east under Archbishop Worrell's instructions.

Major the Rev. Hugh Speke, who until recently has been working in Alberta in connection with the Archbishop's Western Canada Fund, was killed in action in France on August 11th, being shot in the head. An officer wrote of him, "For the death of a hero, blessed be the Lord. And he was a hero in both of the professions of peace and war, which his life, character and work adorned."

The war has been responsible for women railway ticket collectors in London, but it is in Lancashire that women are replacing men more than in any other part of England. Hundreds of women are engaged in farm work in that county, and, with one exception, the Manchester banks are staffed almost entirely by girl clerks. A curious fact is that girls of 18 or so are found more adapted to banking than those of 25 and upwards.

The Right Hon. David Lloyd George, Minister of Munitions, announced last week that one hundred and eighty factories, transformed into munition plants, were taken over by the Munitions Department on the 7th inst. This makes a total of 715 munition plants which have been transferred from the control of private companies to that of the Munitions Department since the act creating the Ministry of Munitions became law.

Some notion of the keenness of the young back-blocks New Zealander to "do his bit," as New Zealanders express it, may be gathered from the fact that for the past three months the registration of men for enlistment in one country district have been somewhere in the region of a thousand. As soon as the heavy casualties in the Dardanelles were published, no less than 250, all of a fine type, offered themselves in three days, though many had to come a great distance to do so.

All English battalions were recently warned to keep a careful watch for any contrivances which the Germans might use with the object of producing poisonous gases. Shortly afterward a certain regiment on taking over some trenches found an old bagpipe left in the lines. At once the colonel, who possessed a rare sense of humour, sent the following message to brigade headquarters: "A weird instrument has just been discovered in my trenches; it is believed to be used for producing asphyxiating noises."

It is frequently asserted that the present opportunity for preaching the Gospel in China is unique. A proof of this is seen in the result of a Preaching Mission, conducted in St. Mark's, Wuchang. Every night for two weeks the church was crowded to the utmost, and the second week overflow meetings had to be held. These were not sight-seers, but persons really interested in "the doctrine." A large number of inquirers resulted, and the missionary staff of this church found themselves fully occupied in giving interviews and instructions. Among others a number of soldiers presented themselves to the missionary and asked to be entered into a Bible Class.

British and Foreign

The S.P.G. recently received £1,000 from an anonymous donor.

The Bishop of London preached the University sermon in Great St. Mary's, Cambridge, on a recent Sunday evening. He attracted an enormous congregation, including a very large number of soldiers.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has provisionally accepted the invitation of the Bishop of Chelmsford to preach the sermon at the opening of the next Church Congress, which is to be held



at Southend, in Essex. The opening service will be held at St. Mary's, Prittlewell, on October 12th.

The Ven. Archdeacon Telley Rowe, Archdeacon of Rochester, died with great suddenness a short time ago on one of the platforms at Victoria Station, London, England, when returning to Rochester after attending the meeting of the Lower House of Convocation, Canterbury. The funeral service was held in Rochester Cathedral.

A curious effect of the war has been the establishment of a kind of branch of the Theological Faculty of King's College, London, in Holland. At the outbreak of the war three students who had entered their names to begin the Theological Course joined the Royal Naval Division, and after the fall of Antwerp were interned in Holland. In their enforced leisure they wrote, asking the Theological Board to suggest books and a course of study, which, with the assistance of an English Chaplain, they are now pursuing. The latest news is that the class is growing and has already doubled its numbers.

Boys and Girls WINTER HOUSE-KEEPING

By Samuel Scoville, Jr.

To-day I visited Blacksnake Swamp. I call it that because last spring I caught a big black snake there. I like to go to the swamp when it is frozen, for then I can walk out to the secret places that are hidden in summer by quagmires and trembling bogs.

On the way to the swamp, I passed a thicket of young hackberry trees which grow at the wildest part of the road which looks down on Radnor Hunt. Every branch has a queer matted mass of twigs that looks like a bird's nest. I picked from one a handful of the orange-red sweet berries which stay on the trees all winter and tucked them away in one of my pockets for dessert when lunch-time came. Beyond the ridge, I turned off into another road that was opened in 1691. This last road finally wound its way past a great black-oak tree that marked where Darby Road, after running twenty miles, stopped to rest. I stopped with it and sat down on a flat stone underneath the tree.

Above, a white-breasted nuthatch was rat-tat-tatting up and around a half-dead limb, picking out every insect egg in sight from the bark. As the bird came near the broken top of