

The Quality Goes Clear Through.

A Car of Character



Motor cars have character, just as men—character of appearance, character of performance. Already the Gray-Dort has acquired a reputation for character that is fast becoming the dominant note in the Canadian motor car field.

From the day the first Gray-Dort was finished there was no question of its character of appearance. Harmony of lines and proportion place it in a motor car class hundreds of dollars higher than it is.

On the road, in the hands of owners, the Gray-Dort has backed this up with character of performance. When you buy a Gray-Dort, you buy not alone the reputation of character, but all the mechanical superiority, refinement of comfort, that have made this reputation.

The new Gray-Dort embodies all the good features that won instant success for former models. The 4-cylinder motor is a triumph of smooth, economical speed and power. The chassis is sturdy and quiet. The springs are long. The upholstery is deep. The equipment is absolutely complete from electric starting and lighting to the tools. New lines of beauty have been given this model.

The five-passenger touring car is \$1,195; the three-passenger fleur-de-lys roadster is \$1,050; the Gray-Dort special, beautifully finished, and with extra details of equipment, is \$125 above the list. All prices are f.o.b. Chatham.

Gray-Dort Motors Ltd.

CHATHAM ONTARIO

In the United States: THE DORT MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
Flint, Michigan

GRAY-DORT

Dealers in Every Locality

The Deeper Life

Not Materialistic Enough

By Rev. S. G. Bland, D.D.

SINCE the collapse of the boom, almost everybody has been willing to admit that Canadians had been unduly materialistic. It has been confessed, indeed, that materialism was perhaps our besetting sin, that the great need was a more spiritual outlook and scale of values.

I venture to think, that the root trouble was that we were not materialistic enough, that almost all evils that have afflicted us were due to a deplorable lack of materialism.

The greatest factor in a people's life is its religion. If the religion is defective, is erroneous, every other element in the national life is likely to be injuriously affected. We could hardly expect the temper and institutions and usages of the Canadian people to be right if their religion was defective, and defective it has been beyond question, and the fundamental defect has been its lack of materialism.

Organized Christianity, the Christianity of the Churches, has never been frankly and boldly materialistic as it ought to have been, and the failure has, perhaps, never been more glaringly and injuriously manifest than in the last century and in the western countries, of all the most progressive and wealthy.

During this century of tremendous changes, the Christianity of the Churches has walked through struggle and tumult and revolution almost like a man blind and deaf. She has often professed to have no mission for this world of sin and sorrow except to get people safely out of it. Her eye was fixed on Heaven. She treated the world as a hopeless wreck from which souls were to be rescued. Business and politics, the chief occupation of most men and women, constituted a realm which the church, for the sake of her spiritual influence, must not enter.

Religion has been treated as a distinct realm or department of life, something with its own constitution and its own experts and teachers.

But that is just what Christianity is not. It has no independent existence. It is not a department of life. It is life itself. Experts in Christianity are not professors and theologians and ministers but just good men whether educated or uneducated, lay or clerical. Christianity has no meaning except as applied to practical life. Kept in the air it dies. It lives only when rooted in the earth. According to Christianity a man can be a religious son and husband and father, a religious farmer, or doctor, or merchant, or teacher, a religious citizen in short, but he cannot, apart from the relations involved in these words, be a religious man in a Christian sense at all.

Perhaps no word has suffered greater perversion than the word spiritual. Men and women have been called spiritual who were dainty and esoteric, and who kept out of the ruck and the muck, who lived leisurely, indolent lives, who walked the earth on tip-toes, and who professed to be always disdainful of earth and full of longing for heaven. They might be lazy, they might be cowardly, they might be self-indulgent and egotistic; they could not be spiritual if they were not in active service up to the neck.

I can form no idea of any sort of Christianity that is not materialistic, that does not tie up to the concrete, that does not submerge itself in the business of life, the farming, the building, the merchandizing of life.

Gypsy Smith, the well-known English evangelist, tells how a couple of Y.M.C.A. workers were ladling out hot coffee

to a lot of chilled and tired soldiers in a "Y" but somewhere at the front, and one of them who was of the kind who think spirituality is something outside and by itself, began to grow uneasy. "Shouldn't we talk to them?"

he said rather impatiently. "We should be bringing them to Christ." "Look here," said one of the men standing by, "isn't it better to put Christ into the coffee?"

That is Christianity in a nutshell. Christ must be put into grain growing and rail-roading and house-building, and city and national house-keeping or He cannot be given to men at all. It is only a sham Christianity which can be given by itself and the sham Christianity is the worst enemy of the real.

Christianity has its ceremonies, and it has its doctrines, and it has its institutions, but these are mere ad-

juncts and appendages. The real teachers of Christianity are not the masters of ceremony, the men who are skilled in going through movements with grace and dignity. Neither are they the men who know the history of dogmas and who can make subtle distinctions or draw up comprehensive and balanced statements in regard to theological speculation. The real teachers and propagators of Christianity are the people who have lived it out, worked it out, most wholeheartedly and loyally applied it to everyday life.

"Corporately," said a great thinker, "is the end of the ways of God." "The word was made flesh and dwelt among us." The miracle of the Incarnation is that God, the Eternal Spirit, became materialized. The most sacred ideas of Christianity are linked up with such common and material things as bread and wine. The chief sacrament of Christianity, the richest symbol is a meal.

One hears sometimes the phrase, Applied Christianity. There is no Christianity but applied Christianity. It is only as it is materialized that it reveals itself. It is not in thinking about doctrines as in participating in sacred ceremonies that religious fellowship and christian character are to be attained but in handling earth and steel and word and bricks and cloth. True spiritual fellowship is to be found in the processes of industry and commerce. Co-operation in commerce and industry is the real Holy Communion.

Let us not be afraid of materialism. We are safe if we materialize everything including our religion. Then the long continued and deadly divorce between the spiritual and the material will be brought to an end. Spirituality will be nowhere because it will be everywhere.

History and experience exhibit now and then a man as unyielding as rock in friendships. Years ago a gifted youth began his literary career. Wealth, travel, friends, all good gifts were his. One day a friend handed him a telegram containing news of his father's death. Then the mother faded away. The youth was alone in the world. In that hour evil companions gathered around him. They spoiled him of his fresh innocence. They taught the delicate boy to listen to salacity without blushing. Soon coarse quips and rude jests ceased to shock him. He thought to "see life" by seeing the wrecks of manhood and womanhood. But does one study architecture by visiting hovels and squalid cabins? Is not studying architecture seeing the finest mansions and galleries and cathedrals? So to see life is to see manhood at its best and womanhood when carried up to culture and beauty.—Newton Dwight Hillis.



DR. BLAND

Voice

Q.—I am pensive whenever I attempt to sing and my throat gets through me. Can I do anything to help me?

A.—The fact is that your singing shows considerable strain on the voice. You are using a wrong position of the head and neck, and a little strain on the voice when singing is a sign of the voice should take off the voice should pressure. The exercises should position of head and neck and relieve the strain. "I'll comfortably feel air down into the lungs under a strain of the ribs four, five, six, be spoken with ing, holding, throat (just a speech) the right the chest while gained. Keep ease until the assured." To and see that without constant Sing with a w a strong or thi do anything t its function s allow the sou care that the ple" is not d let it rise and ward.

A.—I have a sing, but my l really musical, thing. They ad and leave sing to sing nicely improvement! singers have le beautifully.

A.—The po is not always

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