

## NEWS OF THE LOCAL CHURCHES

New Wing of Germain Street Church Dedicated—Curfew Law Advocated—A Plea for Temperance

That the great mission of the church is not preaching but teaching was the theme enlarged upon by Rev. Dr. G. B. Cullen, president of Acadia University, in his address given last evening in Germain street Baptist church during one of the special services being held this week for the dedication of the new wing of the church, to be used not only as a Sunday school building but as a centre for all the social and other activities of the church.

The speaker pointed out that many things might be done better by the child's parents—religious teaching, for instance. This might and should be done better at home than by either the church or the state. The question resolved itself to this—whether the church was going to take over the character development, or religious instruction, of the child. If this was to be so, let the church realize its responsibility and give more attention to instruction, since teaching was the essential function of the church, and more important by far than preaching.

Dr. Gates Heard.

At the morning service, Rev. Dr. G. O. Gates, many years pastor of Germain street Baptist church, and recently retired from the Westmount Baptist church, preached a special sermon, in which he referred to the progress of the church during the last forty years of its existence.

Special exercises of the Sunday school were held at 2:30 o'clock in the new building. Dr. Cullen addressing the children and their teachers. Speaking to the children, he urged the motto used throughout the week, when they might use them for any legitimate purpose.

Urges Curfew Law.

A large audience greeted Rev. W. H. Barrachou last evening in Centenary church and listened with attention to the presentation of the last of the series of sermons on Our Educational Forces.

"The temptations of the street are threefold. First the influence of the crowd, the influence of promiscuous companionship. People will do things in a crowd they would never dream of doing alone. Individually, the sense of responsibility, of propriety, of the danger of being lost in the crowd." The influence of vice and folly untrammelled and advertising itself is another of the dangers of the street. The abandoned classes are kept off the streets in many places that they may not allure and invite to other and kindred places of folly and sin stand wide to the street.

He believed that the children should be kept off the streets after dark, and advocated the revival of the curfew law as a means to this end.

Plea for Temperance.

"The 4,000 or more liquor dealers in Canada are nothing more than parasites, living on the public's labor, and the process, and they take their support from the consumers, making themselves nothing more than mere charges on the public." That was the declaration of Rev. M. P. McCutcheon, pastor of Brussels street Baptist church, last night, in his sermon on Our Annual.

A National Diogenes. He discussed the matter almost entirely from an economic standpoint and quoted statistics to establish his proof that the nation, the provinces, the municipality and the individual are losing in wealth at the rate of about \$162,298,000 per year through the liquor traffic, and he said the population was being degraded by its use.

In conclusion he furnished the following table to show approximately where the country is losing millions each year:

\$1,800,000 paid annually by the consumers.
\$5,000,000 through loss of labor.
\$2,500,000 loss through death by intemperance.
\$1,000,000 expended by government in caring for dependents.
\$181,840,000 cost to country annually.
\$162,298,000 approximate annual revenue from traffic.

In Queen Square.

Rev. R. H. Staver, secretary of the New Brunswick branch of the Dominion Alliance, occupied the pulpit of Queen square Methodist church, yesterday morning, and preached in the Victoria street Baptist church last evening. Mr. Staver is in the city in the interests of the temperance movement.

Seamen's Mission.

There was a splendid attendance at the service in the Seamen's Institute last night. The Rev. J. H. A. Anderson gave an address and the boys of the Wilfrid Orphanage, under the leadership of Mr. Pierce, sang several Christmas songs which were greatly enjoyed. On Saturday evening the Rev. Mr. Cotton, of St. Luke's church, gave a temperance address to the sailors.

Officers Elected.

At the annual meeting of the Sunday school teachers of St. Stephen's church the following officers were elected: J. J. Irvine, superintendent; Thomas Graham and D. D. McArthur, assistants; Roy McQuarrie, librarian; Manfred Brown and Harold Mace, assistants; Harold Wetmore, secretary; Miss Georgia Mitchell, treasurer; Mrs. D. McArthur, secretary of home department; Miss Mary Scott, secretary of cradle roll; Mrs. James Brown, secretary of banner committee.

A united meeting of the congregations of the Fairview churches was held last evening in the interests of the Canadian 7425th Society. Dr. Crowell presided and Rev. G. Earle was the speaker. Rev. H. R. Boyer and J. E. Bryant were present.

Illustrated Sermon.

Rev. Ralph J. Houghton gave the first of a series of illustrated sermons last evening. His subject was Great Hymns of the Church and Soul.

**Coughs**

Hard coughs, old coughs, tearing coughs. Give Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a chance. Sold for 70 years.

Ask Your Doctor.

## EXCITEMENT ON 'CHANGE IN TORONTO



During the recent bear markets there were some lively scenes on the floor of the Toronto Stock Exchange, which was opened only recently, and is said to be the most spacious stock trading in Canada. In the illustration artist P. Grey has caught the spirit of the traders and depicts the bustling activity well.

## MATTY'S BIG LEAGUE GOSSIP



BY CHRISTY MATHEWSON  
THE GIANTS' STAR PITCHER

There is one phase of big league baseball which many fans and ball players overlook in their calculations of a man's ability. It is the big strain of the game, and this, I believe, is responsible for the failure of so many playing managers; for, in the case of a playing manager there is the strain of playing the position and the added one of trying to manage the club and worrying about the championship for the Boston Red Sox, and I believe he would have put it over again if he had given him time and a chance, but the club began to get a little bad the next summer. It takes a certain delicate compound of temperament for a manager to have done what I have done, and the job is liable to put a fellow crazy. Chance, Stahl, and I have had these even dispositions, but it works on every one of them.

Chance showed it by being forced to quit the game actively earlier, and he probably would have done it if he had been only a player throughout his career. The great strain of leading the Chicago Cubs—leading, managing, and a hard bunch to manage—was enough to give anyone a chronic headache. The players were always scrapping among themselves, and also always scrapping for themselves when they were playing the game. The old Cub machine was one of the most perfect championship for the big leagues. It was a team with a great amount of "color," nearly every man having a remarkable personality. It was the clash of these personalities that made the club a hard one to manage, but the Chance of old had the iron personality of them all, and he managed with words or fists or fines, whichever he thought could be applied to the best advantage. There are many interesting "what-ifs" stories of the old Cubs that I am going to tell some day when they will not hurt anyone's feelings.

Chance has a nerve of tempered steel. He won with this nerve, but the great strain of playing and managing wore on him. Perhaps the many times he was "beaten" helped to affect his head, but he told me that he believed the years he spent both leading a club and playing on it were largely responsible for making the recent operation necessary. "This job of managing and playing is a tough one, Matty," Chance said to me in the season of 1912 when he was trying to work through games big heat of mid-summer at first base with his head splitting open with pain.

Fred Clarke has a more even temperament than Chance, but he has not the iron driving methods. Nevertheless, the strain of the game began to show on him three or four years ago, and he has now become a bench manager, pure and simple. Clarke climbs all over the bench during a game, too, because from it he can see the mistakes of his men more plainly than when he was looking after his own job, and because they have made a plenty in the last few years.

Stahl was not a playing manager long enough for the job to tear his nervous system limb from tree. Up to this point I have been speaking of playing managers who led winners. Look at the strain on the losers. Miller Huggins was flitting with the fringe of nervous prostration last summer because he is excitable by nature and he was losing and his players were sore and the owners were sore. I heard a story recently that applies to the manager of a losing team. It may be an old one, but it has the virtue of being brief. The inebrate, after gambling with Bac-

chus last night, awoke and saw a monkey sitting on the foot rail of his bed. It had deserted an organ grinder.

"If you are really a monkey," said the man, drawing a bead on the animal with a revolver, "then you are in a heluva fix, and, if you are not a monkey, then I'm in a heluva fix." Any manager who is running a losing club and trying to work in the lineup, too, is in a "heluva fix."

All this discussion was to lead up to the personality of "Charlie" Herzog, who is preparing to manage the Cincinnati Reds. Herzog is the sort of player on whom the strain of the season wears greatly, and that, too, without carrying any managerial cares on his shoulders. He worries if there is any criticism of him in the newspapers. McGraw was after him continually to quit leading the newspapers.

"Don't pay any attention to what they say, Herzog," McGraw would advise. "I don't care what they say about you. They can't manage my club for me." Herzog is a high strung and is one of those players who is always worrying for fear he is not making a success. Any criticism from fellow players, even spoken in a moment of temper when a man is sore, as he often is, rankles Herzog for days.

When he was with the Giants for the first time before going to Boston, Herzog got in a jam with old "Joe" McGinnis, who had made some crack about a play that Herzog had pulled off. The words began to fly thick and fast until the two had to be torn apart. This, I believe, is the reason why McGraw let Herzog go from the Giants to Boston.

There is a famous play, which many recall, which worried Herzog for a long time, although none of the Giants, not even McGraw, ever said anything to him about it. This was in the year 1908, when the Cubs met and defeated the Giants in the one extra battle that was to decide the championship. Of course everybody was high strung that day. In one of the early innings—I think it was the first or second—things began to look good for the Giants. Herzog was on first base, and Kling pulled an old trick. He dropped a strike, and the ball rolled only a little way from Kling's feet. Herzog grabbed the ball and made a break for second, only to be nipped by a mile. He fretted over that play for a long time.

Herzog is a fighting ball player and a good one. His task in Cincinnati is going to try his temperament severely. They tell me that discipline is very lax among the players there, and Herzog will not stand for that. He will get in many a jam out there. I wonder what player will take the first wallop at him. And, believe me, "Herzie" will wallop back. Also, it is going to worry him when the Cincinnati newspapers begin to ride him as they do all managers of 1914.

Yes, sir, I think Charles Lincoln is up against it. (Copyright, 1914, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

In Salem, Conn., was celebrated a triple birthday for three brothers who while they were born several years apart were all born on the same day of the year—Jan 6. In addition they are all handed, while their brothers and sisters are right handed.

Occasionally a man gets up with the jerk so that he can take a swallow before breakfast.

**Radway's Ready Relief**

Chas. H. Billings, of 240 W. 17th St., writes: "For years I have been suffering from asthma and bronchitis. A week ago I purchased a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief and have taken a teaspoonful on going to bed. The relief I have experienced is marvellous. I most heartily endorse it. R. H. B."

**CURES ASTHMA**

The specific for this disease are the Ready Relief, the Resolvent and Balm. The Ready Relief must be rubbed on the chest and throat until a burning sensation is produced, and the Balm must be taken frequently, to keep the bowels thoroughly open. The Resolvent must be given at short intervals, in small doses, as a desiccant on the chest, to get rid of a teaspoonful of the Resolvent whenever a paroxysm occurs. RADWAY & CO.

## WHEN LONDONERS THREW AWAY BIG FORTUNE IN CANADA

Visit of Hon. E. G. Prior Recalls Story of the Fernie Coal Miners

(Times Special Correspondence.)

London, Dec. 31.—An interesting visitor from British Columbia is Hon. E. G. Prior, ex-premier of that province, who is under medical attention here. He recalls his visit some ten or more years ago, when he was one of the owners of the coal mines at Fernie and came to London to secure money for development purposes. For weeks he submitted his proposals to the best London houses, offering them complete possession for the sum of £775,000, but all rejected the idea, with ridicule. Since then the mine has made £2,000,000 profit, and it is still by no means fully developed. There can be very few striking cases of fortunes thrown away.

The German South-West African diamond fields could, however, have been used at one time for a few shillings, and the late President Madero of Mexico, to raise funds for his successful revolution offered his vast rubber estates in Mexico just about the "boom" time for quite a nominal figure.

## FIVE MINUTE CURE IF STOMACH IS BAD

"Pape's Diapiesin" is Quickest, Surest Indigestion Cure Known

You don't want a slow remedy when your stomach is bad—or an uncertain one—or a harmful one—your stomach is too valuable to you to risk injury to it with drastic drugs.

Pape's Diapiesin is noted for its speed in giving relief; its harmlessness; its certain unfailing action in regulating sick, sour, gassy stomachs, its millions of cures in indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and other stomach troubles has made it famous the world over.

Keep this perfect stomach doctor in your home—keep it handy—get a large fifty-cent cure from any drug store, and then if anyone should eat something which doesn't agree with them; if what they eat gives them flatulencies, and sour and gassy gas; causes headache, dizziness and nausea; eruptions of acid and undigested food—remember as soon as Pape's Diapiesin comes in contact with the stomach all such distress vanishes. Its promptness, certainty and ease in overcoming the worst stomach disorders is a revelation to those who try it.

## THE SOUTHAMPTON RAILWAY CASE

Fredrickton, Jan. 11.—Evidence given yesterday in the suit of John E. Stewart against the Southampton Railway showed that the subsidies received, for the past year, amounted to £90,000 in excess of the actual cost of the line. The hearing adjourned on Saturday afternoon to resume on Wednesday morning when it is expected that W. D. Brown, engineer, will give evidence for the plaintiff.

The following table may be of interest:

Total sum realized by Mr. Pinder from the dominion subsidies and bonds (if the latter sold at 95), \$225,580.

Actual cost of the road, as shown by evidence and allowing \$10,000 for extras not covered, \$134,768.06.

Net profit for Mr. Pinder and associates on the road of \$90,811.94.

Total cost, as represented to the dominion government in order to secure the double subsidy, \$291,617.

Actual cost shown by evidence, allowing \$10,000 for extras, \$134,768.06.

The difference between the represented cost and the actual cost, \$156,848.94.

Concerning the amount of subsidy account there can be no dispute, as the defendant admitted the statement, showing the grant from both governments.

This reads as follows:

1. That the defendant has entered into a contract with the government of Canada as represented by the minister of railways and canals, for a subsidy as provided for by chapter 48 of the statutes of Canada, A.D. 1912, section 2, sub-section 28.

2. That the said government of Canada has paid to the order of the defendant company the sum of \$81,280.

3. That the province of New Brunswick has guaranteed the bonds of the defendant company to the extent of \$155,000, guaranteeing principal and interest at four per cent. per annum until maturity, and after such guarantee has delivered the same to the defendant company or to its solicitor or to its order.

Signed by C. D. Richards, solicitor for defendant.

With bonds paid at par, the amount realized was \$236,280, but in any event, the return was in the vicinity of \$230,000.

P. A. Guthrie, secretary of the company gave evidence that Mr. Pinder had made no representations to him regarding the financial arrangements of the railway.

James Cunningham testified that he had been paid \$3,101 for building the piers for two bridges.

## DON'T HAWK, SPIT, SNEEZE, CURE YOURSELF! BREATHE "CATARRHOZONE!"

Gives Instant Relief, Clears Out Nose, Throat and All Breathing Organs

In this frigid climate, repeated colds very easily drift into Catarrh.

The natural tendency of Catarrh is to extend through the system in every direction.

Exposure to cold or dampness intensifies the trouble and nasal catarrh is the result.

Unless a complete cure is effected, inflammation passes rapidly to the throat, bronchial tubes and then to the lungs.

Consumption is practically incurable. But Catarrh can be cured, except in its final and always fatal stage.

Catarrh sufferers, meaning those with

## The New Price—All Competition Defied

**"CATARRHOZONE!"**

Per 25 Pound cents

Delicious in flavor, absolutely pure. No other firm has ever dared to offer the Tea consuming public anything approaching such value.

BLACK OR SEALED LEAD PACKETS ONLY MIXED . . . REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES

## The Romance of Little Peggy

(The Saturday Journal, London)

"Dear little Peggy," it was with those words that the wedding present from a King Edward and Queen Alexandra was inscribed, and it was by that description that she was endeared to all sorts and conditions of humanity. She was marrying a man who in tastes and temperament, resembled Lord Roseberry, her father; a wit, a man of letters, a sportsman, and a statesman of promise. And the beauty of it was that nobody expected such a thing would happen until the engagement was announced in the papers. The news was telegraphed all over the world as if the engagement had been that of royalty. Yet she was only a girl of eighteen, fresh from school.

A Favorite with Everyone

It all came about in just the romantic fashion that charms the hearts of young and old alike. Here was this delightful girl, Lady Peggy Primrose, daughter of the ex-prime minister, and of the great house of Rothschild, a national figure from her childhood. There were the great position of her father, and the immense wealth of her mother, and she was a child. But above all, there was this indefinable, inherent charm of the girl herself, a charm which made her as much a favorite with the humblest as with the king and queen and the multitude of distinguished people who constituted her father's circle.

Everybody knew and, so to speak, loved Lady Peggy, and the great probability was, which of the dashing young noblemen, friends and intimates of her two brothers, would have the happy fortune to carry her off. It is no secret that a royal match was open to her.

But Queen Alexandra's "dear little Peggy" had views of her own. She dreamed her own dreams, and saw visions such as no promptings by others could have conjured into being. She was left motherless at nine, and at that time, in a measure to fill, in her father's heart, the void which death had created. And she grew up a thoughtful, gentle, and a "mothering" girl. Her distinguished father with the prettiest grace and became a woman, as it were, before her years. It was her habit to think for him and for her brothers, as well as for herself, and the habit of a certain self-reliance and independence of thought uncommon in girls of her years and station. And of all that came a-wooing, none appealed to her heart so much as the last, whom society would have credited with hopes of success.

Son of a Brilliant Father

Pity is akin to love, and her affection for the man who today is her husband was born of pity. He was her senior, he was a widower with three little daughters, but a certain magic touch of magnetism in his nature called forth a responsive thrill in her own. She had known him before she met him.

The man was invested with a certain romantic glamor, for he combined unusual qualities. He was the son of Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, poet, wit, and traveler; the man whose delight was gratified to be asked everywhere and to go nowhere.

It was a strange, rare, famous, where every celebrity in the world, white, black, brown or yellow, in turn made his appearance. The father lived in the son, but in more virile fashion.

A Quiet and Retiring Nature

The girl read of him in the biography of his father, and one fact that much impressed her was his manliness of character. His father's reputation as a poet ranked very high, and he wrote some things that will always live. Now the youth, on going up to Cambridge University, competed for the poetry prize and carried it off with a very fine piece of work. Then, and not till then, did he let his father know of the matter.

The Queen and "Little Peggy."

For twelve long years they awaited the coming of a little heir, and at last their highest hopes were realized. The wedding had sent London into a riot of joy; the advent of the heir, two years ago, so delighted everybody that it's king marked the occasion by creating the happy father Marquess of Crewe, and the little stranger Earl of Maledy. And for the sake of the beautiful young mother, still to our queen "dear little Peggy," and for the sake of her handsome husband, every one of us applauded the sovereign's kingly act.

Richard George Archibald John Lucien Hungerford was the Earl of Maledy's christening names. Yet hundreds of lady admirers are quite content to call him "Baby."

When he was only a few days old an alarming illness broke out at midnight at Crewe House, in Canon street, and mother and baby had to be speedily removed from their room to another remote from the scene of the outbreak. What might have been a dire tragedy was thus averted, and the instalment of this pretty love story still goes on.

Too Busy

"I've never heard him say an unkind word about anybody."

"No, he's too busy talking about self."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.