

The Quiet Hour

For Thoughtful People

SERVICE.
(Blanche E. Dunham, in Zion's Herald.)
I do not need to know what stones and stubble
Have bruised and hurt my sister's tender feet,
Mine but to lead her for one restful moment
Where wayside grasses spring up cool and sweet.

I may not know on what fierce field of conflict
My brother man received his battle scars,
Or on what plains of agony he suffered,
Lying all night beneath the watching stars;

The tale belongs to him and to his Maker—
For record of the past I may not call;
Where angels pause, I would not seek to enter,
I know he is my brother, that is all.

I need not know what load the pilgrim carries,
I may not peep within that covered pack;
But I can place a hand beneath the burden
To help along upon the upward track.

Our earth sight ever shall be finite,
But with the Infinite we share the right divine
On aching wound and smarting bruise
In soothing drops to pour the oil and wine.

To love is greater than to reason,
To serve is better than to know;
The God that limited our human vision
Decreed for us that it is better so.

FAIR WITH CHRIST.

There are two reasons why you should be fair with Christ.
First, because you need Him. In a certain Austrian city they say there is a bridge which spans the river dividing the city, and on this bridge there are twelve statues of Christ. He is represented as a sower, and all the peasants passing over stop to worship Him there. He is pictured as a carpenter, and the artisans passing by bend the knee in adoration; He is a physician, and all the sick draw near if only He might heal them; again He is a sailor, and all the seamen going forth to sea come to receive His blessing. This may or may not be true, but we know that there is everything in Christ we need, and we have but to claim it.

Second, He needs you to show forth His glory. No one will really appreciate Christ until He sees what He can do in a human life. He must show forth His patience, His gentleness, His forgiveness in your life and mine. I went into the Sixtine Chapel in Rome, and with great difficulty studied the magnificent frescoing on the ceiling above me. After an hour of this painful work, I noticed a man by my side looking into a mirror which he held in his hand, the reflection of which he was constantly changing. I stepped near enough to see that the mirror reflected the picture on the ceiling, and so the study of it was comparatively easy. It is absolutely essential in these days that we should reflect the beauty of Christ, and many a man will be blind to all that He is unless he see Him in our every-day living.—Rev. J. W. Chapman, D. D.

SUCH AS I HAVE.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan tells this story: "Some years ago a woman came to me at the close of the Sunday morning service, and said, 'Oh, I would give anything to be in this work actively and actually. I would give anything to have some living part in the work that is going on here next week.' I was winning men and women to Christ, but I do not know what to do.' I said, 'My sister, are you prepared to give the Master the five loaves and two fishes you possess?' She said, 'I do not know that I have five loaves and two fishes.' I said, 'Have you anything that you have used in any way specially?' 'No,' she said, 'I have nothing.' 'Well,' I said, 'can you sing?' Her reply was, 'Yes, I sing at home, and I have sung before now in an entertainment.' 'Well, now, I said, 'let us put our hand on that. Will you give the Lord your voice for the next ten days?' Said she, 'I will.' I shall never forget that Sunday evening. I asked her to sing, and she sang. She sang the gospel message with the voice she had, feeling that it was a poor, worthless thing, and that night there came out of that meeting into the inquiry room one man. That man said to me afterwards that it was the gospel that was sung which reached his heart, and from that day to this—that is now eleven or twelve years ago—that man has been one of the mightiest workers for God in that city and country I have ever known. How was it done? A woman gave the Master what she had."

Are we willing to give the Master what we have? If so, there will be a harvest of glorious surprises in the immediate future. There is not a talentless man or woman in the world—Selected.

I was staying one day at an inn in Northern Italy, where the floor was dreadfully dirty. I had it in mind to advise the landlady to scrub it, but when I perceived it was made of mud I reflected that the more she scrubbed the worse it would be. . . . Ours is not a case of mending, but of making new.—C. H. Spurgeon.

We set out in the morning with purposes of usefulness, of true living, of gentle-heartedness, of patience, of victoriousness; but in the evening we find only fragments of these good intentions wrought out. But God's intentions are all carried out. No power can withstand Him or balk His will. It was in this thought that Job found peace in his long sore trial. All things were in his hands, and nothing could hinder his designs of love. Our God is infinitely strong. In all earthly confusions, strifes and troubles His hand moves, bringing good out of evil for those who trust in Him. He can execute all His purposes of good. He is never hindered in blessing His children.—J. R. Miller.

HEIGHTS.

Man never is but always to be, least,

NOT FOR MONEY SAYS MR. QUIRK

WOULD HE BE WITHOUT DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

They Cured His Lumbago of Twenty Years Standing, and Made Him Feel Twenty Years Younger.

Fortune Harbor, Nfld., Oct. 29.—(Special.)—Sixty years of age but hale and hearty and with all the vigor of a young man, Mr. Richard Quirk, well known and highly respected here, gives all the credit for his good health to Dodd's Kidney Pills.
"I suffered for over twenty years from Lumbago and Kidney Disease," Mr. Quirk says, "and after consulting doctors and taking their medicines, made up my mind I was incurable. I was unable to work when I was persuaded to buy a box of Dodd's Kidney Pills. To my great and happy surprise I had not taken half a box when I experienced great relief. Seven boxes cured me. That was in 1900, and I am still cured. I would not be without Dodd's Kidney Pills for any money. I am twenty years younger than before I took them."

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TIMES PATTERNS.



A SMART COAT.

No. 5575.—A most attractive semi-fitting coat, cut on simple, graceful lines is shown in this model. The right front laps well over the left and is held in position by two large buttons which may be of the material although jet and metal buttons are exceedingly popular. The two outer sleeves are put in with a little fullness at the top. The coat is made of broadcloth, serge and silk would be effective with a simple design in soutache braiding outlining the neck and sleeves. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 44-inch material.

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IN A RUBBER CAMP.

A Pittsburgh Woman's Picture of a Shocking Spectacle.

Miss Ida Vera Simonon tells in the African Mail of a rubber camp in the French Congo. Accompanied by guides and servants, she succeeded with great difficulty in reaching the rubber camp amid the suffocating and humid heat of the jungle, being sometimes up to the waist in slimy, thick vegetable mold, and again "thrown among creeping, crawling, hateful-feeling denizens of the undergrowth." This is her description of the rubber camp: "In that eternal gloom of pestiferous, depths, shrouded by all healthy things, little children, men and women in the flower of their youth, mothers with babies strapped to their backs, decrepit old men and old women, gathered the viscid matter called rubber. Their movements were listless and mechanical—just as the men, in an endless penance. Fever was in their eyes, rheumatism in their joints, the chill of malaria in their veins, and the life force oozed drop by drop in the sweat excretion that bathed their all but nude bodies."

"From its perch on its mother's back a tiny baby, crying as the mother inadvertently turned a jagged leaf in its derelict eyes. A little girl, not more than a year of age, innocent of drapery, tottered under the weight of a calabash filled with water. A woman, hollow-eyed and delicate, patiently lighted her master's pipe, then sank listlessly among the dank underbrush, to arise again when the pipe was handed her for replenishing and lighting. In iron kettles on the fires manioc was boiling, and in the embers green plantains were roasting. Near the fires, stretched on mats, damp as the very earth itself, lay the exhausted, the sick, the dying. There were already dead, and two men were making rude coffins to convey the deceased back to their native towns—perhaps a week's journey away."

"In that reeking, deadly atmosphere a little girl was born but a few hours since. She lay on a mat, uncovered, attended, while flies, spiders and other crawling pests fed on the tender new flesh. The mother again held her place among the laborers."

ALMOST LYNCHED.

It happened to a local druggist that sold a cheap corn salve instead of the reliable Putnam's Corn Extractor. Substitutes burn the flesh—Putnam's cures the corn. Use only the best—Putnam's.

(Cleveland Leader.)

Mrs. Jawback—Goodness! This paper says that searchers in the Yiddish Kiosk found 1400 waistcoats.

Mr. Jawback—Yep. My wives picked 'em out for the poor old Sultan. D'you blame him for leavin' 'em behind?

The Sunday School Lesson

LESSON V.—OCT. 31, 1909.

Paul a Prisoner—The Voyage.—Acts 27: 13-26.

Commentary.—I. The voyage to Crete (vs. 1-12). From all the provinces accused parties were constantly being sent to Rome, and as soon as a sufficient company could be gathered, Paul was sent with them under the charge of Julius, a Roman centurion. "There was no ship to take them directly from Caesarea to Rome, so they embarked on a vessel which coasted along the shores till they came to Myra in Lycia, Asia Minor, a port the Egyptian grain ships had to make at certain seasons, because of the strong west wind. Here they found one of those ships on its way to Rome. After they had entered the new ship the voyage was southwestward and slow, because the winds were against them. They reached Fair Havens, on the south of Crete, during the season of storms on the Mediterranean, and when all navigation on the open sea was discontinued." Paul advised them to remain here, but Julius, the centurion who had charge of the soldiers and prisoners, had the authority to decide and naturally trusted the master and the owner of the ship that he did Paul. Accordingly they set sail for Phenice, a more commodious port of Crete, intending there to winter.

II. The hurricane (vs. 13-20). When the south wind, they left Fair Havens for Phenice, a distance of less than forty miles, on a pleasant day, expecting to make a speedy and safe journey.

14. Not long after—The change in the fortunes of these mariners came without a moment's warning. A tempestuous wind—Soon after rounding Cape Mtaala (four or five miles from Fair Havens), a violent wind came down from the mountains, and struck the ship, seizing her, and whirling her round, so that it was impossible for the helmsman to keep her on her course. The character of the wind is described in terms of the utmost violence. Euroclydon—A tornado. 15. Caught—Seized and taken possession of by the wind. Could not bear up—literally, could not directly eye the wind. In the howl of ancient, the waves were painted two eyes, so as to give the look of a living thing. The ship could not face the wind; the blast whirled it about, and turned its bow southwest.—Whedon. Let her drive—The sailors were powerless and could not control the ship. 16. Running under—The ship was driven more than twenty miles through the open sea to the shelter of a small island called Clauda. With difficulty, to secure the boat (R. V.). It was with difficulty that they succeeded in saving the small boat that was attached to the ship. The small boat was an important means of escape in case of shipwreck.

17. Undergirding the ship—The ancients were accustomed to palm cables or strong ropes from one side of the ship to the other, to keep the planks from springing or starting from the action of the sea. The rope was slipped under the prow, and passed along to any part of the keel which they pleased, and then fast on to the stern.—Barnes. The quicksands—The immense sandbanks on the northern coast of Africa, called in R. V. Syrtis. These were fatal to ships, and if this ship had continued in a southwest course it would have been carried upon them. Strake sail—Strake is an old English word for struck. "They saved the gear," R. V. "Ancient ships had from one to three masts. On the principal mast was the large square mainsail, which with the others was now lowered, and they drifted with naked masts." 18. Lightened the ship—What ever could be spared was thrown out. 19. Third day—After leaving Fair Havens, the ship—Luke, the writer of this history, and the other passengers as stated. Tackling—At this time they threw out the ship's rigging—anchors, sails, cables, baggage, etc., in fact, everything not indispensable to the preservation of the ship.

20. Neither sun nor stars—The ancients depended wholly upon the sun and stars in making their observations. Having no compass, they could not know in what direction they were being driven. Many days—Then followed "many days" of continued hardship and anxiety. One who has never been in a leaking ship in a continued gale cannot know the kind of suffering such a situation entails. The strain, both of mind and body, the incessant demand for the labor of all the crew, the terror of all the passengers, the hopeless working of the pumps, the laboring of the ship's frame and cordage, the driving of the storm, the numbing effect of the cold and wet—make up no order of things, any confusion, anxiety and fatigue. "All hope . . . taken away—They were at the mercy of the storm and were drifting where they knew not where."

III. Paul giving comfort and advice (vs. 21-26). 21. After long abstinence—To despair was added a further suffering from want of food in consequence of the injury done to the provisions, and the impossibility of preparing any regular meal. Paul . . . said—Under that dark sky, and in that hopelessly drifting ship, he appeared the joy of light and life; for it held no Jonah fleeing from his duty, but a Paul bound in the spirit to testify for God also at Rome. Adapted the need of these three hundred souls were his hopeful, encouraging words. First Paul reminds them of their error in disregarding his counsel at Fair Havens, and then he does not reproach them, but to give them a basis of confidence in his present comforting assurance. Then he exhorts them to be of good cheer, and tells them that the angel of God stood by him in the night and assured him that there would be "no loss of any man's life." Their faith and hope in these strange, bright words of promise were reinforced by Paul's grand confession of trust in the God whose merciful purpose he had announced to them.

22. No loss of . . . life—Although Paul was an apostle, and endowed with miraculous powers, we do not find that he availed himself of the gift of prophecy until he had received a direct command of God to do so. He waited for the help of the Lord. But after the Lord had appeared to him, and promised that he and all who were on board should escape with their lives, he spoke prophetically, on the authority of God, and the results confirmed the truth of his words.—Lange. 23. Stood by me . . . angel of God—He announces to them the vision of the night; how, as so often before in his own crisis of need, the angel of

that God whose he was and whom he served had stood by him and promised him a gift of the lives of all who sailed with him. His God had recognized his need and would interpose for his deliverance.—Butler.

24. Fear not—There is no cause for fear when in the path of duty and under divine control. 25. I believe God—Paul's strong assertions are all made by faith. 26. A certain island—Melita, or Malta, about sixty miles south of Sicily. Note the muteness with which the apostle tells what is about to take place. The fulfillment of these signs would prove to these men that the God of heaven had actually spoken to Paul and would inspire faith in them. "Paul was assured of three things: 1. Of his soul's salvation. He knew that, though the ship went to the bottom, it would make no difference to his eternal destiny; it would only hasten him to his Master's presence. 2. Of his body's preservation. The angel had told him, who once before his Lord had revealed to him (23, 11), that he must stand before Caesar; and that implied that he could not drown. This knowledge kept him calm, courageous, confident and cheerful. 3. Of the safety of his fellow-voyagers. It is hardly likely that Paul would have seen either calm or cheerful if he had known that, while he himself should be saved, all the rest of the ship's company should be lost. The angel's communication was that all should be saved."

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS.

God Caring For His Own.

Bravely meet life's emergency. Every voyage to the heavenly country has something of hardship and peril. Often the sun shines and "the south winds blow softly" (v. 13), but sometimes the storm comes and the winds are "contrary" (vs. 4, 7), or "tempestuous" (vs. 14, 18, 27). If we would meet life's tempest bravely, we must do thus: I. Sacrifice the less for the greater. The "lightened the ship." They "cast out . . . the tackling" (v. 18, 19). They "cast out the wheat into the sea" (v. 28). To save life they lost wealth. Spiritual integrity is more than temporal prosperity. Future life is more than present wealth. "For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" (Matt. 16: 26). Matthew, sitting at the receipt of custom, left all, rose up and followed Jesus (Matt. 9: 9). What things were gain to Paul, those he counted loss for Christ: His pride of birth, his legal privileges, his blameless righteousness, his high position as a Pharisee, his rabbinical learning, his boasted zeal. Whatever he counted wealth, reputation, pleasure, friendship, early training, human opinion, or loved tradition—if it stands into the way and spiritual living, let us toss it into the sea.

II. Be of good cheer (vs. 22, 25, 36). In the hour of darkness, hear Jesus say to you as He did to His disciples: "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world" (John 16: 33). To be of good cheer is to be of great help. Cheerfulness has been called "the bright weather of the heart." What the sun is to the day, what joy is to the stricken soul, that the cheerful one is in the home.

III. Save others. Three times is Paul the instrument of saving those who are with him in the ship. By God's promise to give him the lives of all on board, in answer to his prayer (v. 24). 2. By his discernment and courage in preventing the sailors from abandoning the ship (v. 31). 3. By the consideration which the Roman centurion showed to the other prisoners for his sake (v. 34). God spared the wicked of Zoro for Lot's sake (Gen. 19: 21, 22). IV. Believe God. Paul's strength to be able to say, "I believe God" (v. 25), is to be calm and strong. Paul could not believe in the sailors; they knew not what to do. He could not believe in the shipmen, for they would have left him and the others to perish. He could not rely on the centurion, for he was powerless to calm wind or wave. But he could say, "I believe God that it shall be even as it was told me." "Neither contrary winds nor tempests, nor the despair of those around him, could shake his courage or his trust that those words should be verified. Cargo, tackling, everything could go overboard, but some way, some time, in the Lord's own good hour, he should see the promise fulfilled."

V. Acknowledge your faith. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so" (Psa. 107: 2). "Paul stood forth in the midst of them and said . . . There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, 'Fear not, Paul. . . . God hath given thee all them that sail with thee'" (vs. 21-26). Have we sometimes believed a promise, but have not quite dared to say so because the devil has whispered in our ear, "Suppose it should not come true, after all?" Doubt faith is seldom genuine. Real faith does not fear to say, "I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me."

THE SACRIFICE.

(Harper's Weekly.) The evangelist had got everybody worked up to a high pitch of emotional generosity. Men and women all over the church were throwing their possessions into the contribution plate. One man removed the pearl studs from the front of his shirt and placed them among the contributions. Another gave his watch and chain. One woman literally threw her diamond necklace into the plate, while from all sides came rolls of bills, scarf-pins, jewels of all kinds. "Those of you who have come unprepared," said the exhorter, during a lull in the proceedings, "will have time to go home and get their gifts, for I shall continue this meeting for three or four hours yet."

"Fine," said Bobbs, rising, hurriedly, and starting for the door. "I'll be back in 10 minutes, doctor," and off he sped. The enthusiasm continued, and the great fund rolled up, and yet there were many who kept tab on Bobbs. He was not a generously disposed person as a rule, and they were interested to see what he would bring with him to devote to the cause, and they did not look in vain, for in less than the allotted time Bobbs returned—leading his mother-in-law by the hand!

An Englishman has the Matterhorn reproduced accurately in miniature in his three-acre garden.

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FRENCH WRITERS EARN LESS

Translations of Foreign Novels Have Spoiled the Market.

While the serial story is if anything more popular than ever as a newspaper feature in France, Robert Sherard writes in "My Friends the French" that the remuneration of the writers of this kind of fiction is not as good as it used to be.

That is because the editors find they can get very good fiction from foreign publishers. The payment for the translation rights of good English, Russian, Italian or German novel would not amount to the twentieth part of the fee which would be demanded by one of the popular masters of the feuilleton.

Formerly these fees were very large. According to the Bookman, Jules Mary used to receive 30,000 francs for first serial use of one of his thrillers. That would represent about half of what the manuscript would produce, for after the tale had appeared in the paper the publishers who issue tales in ten centime parts would pay him another 25,000 francs for this use.

D'Ennery, the author of "The Two Orphans," received a franc and a half a line. One of his novels, "An Angel's Remorse," brought him 70,000 francs. But free trade in fiction, says Mr. Sher-

ard, has injured the home manufacturers. The French publishers can get good translations for low sums. Hachette whenever a large price is asked for an English novel produces a receipt signed by Charles Dickens. It is for a sum of twenty pounds and refers to a novel called "David Copperfield."

A Corean Choir.

Miss Eliaue Wagner, an active missionary from Corea, said that music was as far away from the nature of the Coreans as could be imagined. "We feel greatly encouraged," she said, "if by some fortunate chance we can teach a Corean girl or boy to carry a tune. We've been successful with a few of them, but very few. A Corean choir is the most horrible bedlam of noises it has ever been my misfortune to listen to."

Miss Wagner said too that despite assertions to the contrary, there was a home affection between parent and child. "The sons, especially the oldest son, in the heathen families," she said, "receive the most affection, while the least is conferred on the girls. The sons are the ideal and hope of the Corean parent. It is customary to marry the girls off between the ages of 8 and 12 years."—Washington Star.