

A Page for the Leisure Hour.

POEMS.

TO-DAY.

Upon John Ruskin's writing-desk
A slab of chalcedony lay,
And on it, cut in careful script,
The word "To-day."
Honoured of all, a wondrous man,
And held a prophet in his way,
He let "To-morrow" hide its time,
And used "To-day."
Upon the tablet of the will
How good to write the selfsame way,
Putting to-morrow's uses by,
The word "To-day."
—British Weekly.

"PASSING THROUGH."

Sometimes the whole world seems so dark,
The sky is black—ne'er shines a star
Or gleam of light our path to mark,
Or point us to the land afar.
Life's pendulum does not swing right,
Its strokes are either short or long,
No beautiful flowers greet our sight,
No birds to cheer us with their song.
Once trusted friends have done us wrong,
Our enemies deride with glee;
Our heads are bowed the whole day long,
From care or grief we cannot flee.
But think, sad heart, some other man,
Is this day far worse off than you?
Go, lift his burden if you can,
And see what wonders it will do!
Go, seek some homeless, homeless child—
Some orphan poor, who has no home,
Show it some kindness—see it smile—
You'll find your sorrows all have flown!
There's grief and care on every hand,
If you but scatter sunshine there;
This moral you will understand—
Who helps the weak—drops one's own care!
—Rev. J. Luther Martin.

LONGING.

Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as Longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present poor and bare
Can make its sneering comment.
Still, through our paltry stir and strife,
Gleams down the wisest ideal,
And Longing moulds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real.
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal—
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.
Longing is God's fresh heavenward
Will
With our poor earthward striving;
We runch it that we may be still
Content with merely living.
But, would we learn that heart's full
scope
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to
hope
And realize our longing.
Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His
ways,
But when the spirit beckons—
That some slight good is also wrought

CHARACTER JUDGING BY THE VOICE.

USEFUL HINTS ON PUBLIC SPEAKING.

The due use of the rising and falling inflections is, of course, of vital service in public speaking. But what is yet more important is the voice itself, for it is the key to the character. "In it," as a writer in Chamber's Journal well puts it, "the soul reveals itself."
Some voices seem to challenge us. The owner may merely say "Good morning," and feel quite kindly disposed. But instinctively we get our weapons ready. Other voices soothe; every word is a caress. The happy owner—generally a woman—has the privilege of being able to say a severe thing with impunity. The voice has taken the sting out of it. On the other hand, some speakers are cursed with a "scolding" voice, which is apt to engender disbelief among an audience or congregation even in the gravest things which it proclaims.
The clenched fist is not a graceful gesture, and should be sparingly used. In fact, the gesture should be born of the word, and as an inevitable consequence it is movement—not "matter"—in the wrong place.
Armless waves and passes in the air, like a conjurer invoking his spirits, will only distract the attention of your audience from your subject to yourself. forcible but angular gestures are not much better. They may emphasize the words and help to bring out the meaning, but they do so in a blunt way, like a tactless friend whose advice we follow because of its good sense, while we resent the clumsy manner of offering it.
The one-gestured hand comes under the heading of meaningless gesture.

Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
How'er we fail in action.
—Lowell.

A PARABLE.

Said Christ our Lord "I will go and see
How the men, my brethren, believe in Me."
He passed not again through the gate of birth,
But made Himself known to the children of earth.
Then said the chief priests, and rulers and kings,
"Behold, now, the Giver of all good things;
Go to let us welcome with pomp and state
Him who alone is mighty and great."
With carpets of gold the ground they spread
Where'er the Son of Man should tread,
And in palace-chambers lofty and rare
They lodged Him, and served Him with kingly fare.
Great organs surged through arches dim,
Their jubilant floods in praise of Him;
He saw His image high over all.
But still, wherever His steps they led,
And from under the heavy foundation stones
The Son of Mary heard bitter groans.
And in church, and palace, and judgment-hall,
He marked great fissures that rent the wall,
And opened wider and yet more wide
As the living foundation heaved and sighed.
"Have ye founded thrones and altars then,
On the bodies and souls of living men?
And think ye that building shall endure
Which shelters the noble and crushes the poor?"
"With gates of silver and bars of gold
Ye have fenced My sheep from their Father's fold;
I have heard the dropping of their tears,
In heaven these eighteen hundred years."
"O Lord and Master, notours the guilt,
We build but as our fathers built;
Behold thine images, how they stand,
Sovereign and sole, through all our land."
"Our task is hard, with sword and flame
To hold thy earth for ever the same,
And with sharp crooks of steel to keep
Still, as Thou leatest them, Thy sheep."
Then Christ sought out an artisan,
A low-browed, stunted, haggard man;
And a motherless girl, whose fingers thin
Pushed from her faintly want and sin.
These set He in the midst of them,
And as they drew back their garment,
For fear of defilement, "Lo, here," said He,
"The images ye have made of Me!"
—Lowell.

HOPE!

In hope a king doth go to war;
In hope a lover lives full long;
In hope a merchant sails full far;
In hope just men do suffer wrong;
Thus hope kelos thousands at their need,
Then faint not heart among the rest,
Whatever chance, hope thou the best.

The Bishop of London.

It was the late Lord Salisbury who gave Dr. Winnington Ingram the title of the "magnetic bishop," because of his extraordinary popularity among both rich and poor alike.
For some years he was a curate in the country on a small stipend, and in those days he was intensely nervous. He has said that when he got up to preach his first sermon, he shook with fright, and could scarcely deliver his text. Presently, however, he grew bolder, for he noticed in the front pew an old man who was listening intently to the sermon, and occasionally he would nod his head as if in approbation of what Dr. Ingram said.
This so encouraged the young curate that he was able to finish his sermon with the greatest ease, and after the service he asked the vergor who the old man was. "Oh," responded that worthy, "don't you take any notice of him. He's one of the harmless inmates of the lunatic asylum down the road."
As a young man he always took a deep interest in the music at his church, and, being possessed of a good voice, very often led the singing. On one occasion when he came to the East End he sat among the congregation, and from force of habit sang a little louder than those about him. As it happened, there sat next to him a burly coster, who was greatly annoyed by the Bishop's enthusiasm in the hymns, till at last, unable to stand it any longer, he leant over and whispered in the Bishop's ear: "Lor' do chuck it gov'nor! You're spoilin' the music."
It was in 1888 that the Bishop founded the Oxford Settlement with which his name is always associated. He hired a garret at Bethnal Green for the purpose, and used to carry his things there in a carpet bag. One day, soon afterwards, the

police found him surrounded by a gang of ruffians, so they rushed to the rescue, believing that he was being mobbed.
It was only when they had broken through the cordon that the Bishop was able to explain that this mob had no evil intentions, but had simply gathered to conduct him safely through the sordid districts to his home.
The Bishop has always been an excessively busy man; and when at the head of the Stepney diocese it was a common sight to see him riding on the top of a bus, munching his lunch of sandwiches out of a paper bag, and preparing his sermon at the same time. And yet in spite of his democratic tendencies it was long before he became popular, and he was at a loss to understand his

Candlemas Day

FEBRUARY 2nd.

The Day on which the Roman Catholic Church annually commemorates the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary; on the same day the candles for the use of the church services during the coming year are also consecrated. In the Armenian Church the sacred new fire is kindled on Candlemas Eve; not at Easter, as is the usage elsewhere. In some parts of Germany and in the Hebrides it was once the custom to observe certain rites on Candlemas Day to ensure good crops of flax and oats in the coming year. Candlemas is chiefly known in Scotland, in secular matters, as the first of the quarterly terms; and the state of the weather on that day is proverbially said to determine the weather of the spring.

Instead of 3 Drinks a Day.

In Ohio in the recent successful Local Option campaign in Delaware, the following card was widely circulated, appended were the names of twelve grocers:
Any one who drinks three glasses of whiskey a day for one year, and pays 10 cents a drink for it, can have at any of the names whose names appear on this card, the following groceries for the same money, and get \$15.00 premium for making the change in his expenditures:
3 bris. Flour.
20 bush. Potatoes.
200 lbs. Granulated Sugar.
1 barrel Crackers.
1 lb. Pepper.
2 lbs. Tea.
50 lbs. Salt.
50 lbs. Rice.
50 lbs. Butter.
10 lbs. Cheese.
25 lbs. Coffee.
10 lbs. Cheese.
3 doz. cans Tomatoes.
10 doz. Pickles.
10 doz. Oranges.
10 doz. Bananas.
2 doz. cans Corn.
18 boxes Matches.
½ bushel Beans.
100 cakes Soap.
12 pkgs. Rolled Oats.

Are Our School Children Overworked?

A protest against the hard and fast routine by which most middle-class children are surrounded to-day is made by Miss Annesley Kenneley in "The World and His Wife." Home lessons, "prep," and holiday tasks constitute a most pernicious juvenile form of burning the candle at both ends.
The physical and mental degeneration one hears so much of to-day is very common among the children of the professional and prosperous ranks, largely owing to "strenuous" school and home life.
At boarding-schools, boys and girls from seven a.m. till the hours of bedtime, are kept under a measure of moral and mental "police" supervision which is a distinctive form of overwork.
Their lives are overshadowed by a feeling of stress and tension. Even in the playground the strenuous life of competition and keenness is enforced. "Too much supervision" in work and play is the burden of the writer's article.
Thus, a child's mind is kept in prison. He has no chance to develop himself. From cradle to college our children are never "let alone." In baby days the nurse figures as more or less of a gaoler—at least so she seems to a child of bold imaginative flights and daring spirit. She overlooks his play, and keeps her eye as constantly on him as though he were

a convict, and enforces as rigid rules and system.
There is no chance given to children to develop individuality from within. They are crammed like geese, to the suppression of their originality. Even the week-end has its tasks, in spite of the general idea that "grown-ups" need nothing but rest at this period. This is essentially a mother's question.
But she, alas! throws all the responsibility of her fretful, nervous children on the school system. As a matter of fact, the mothering instinct is fast dying out. Municipal mothering is the order of the day. It is left to borough and county councils to establish municipal milk depots and engage instructors to visit homes and teach women how to care for and feed their babies.
Originality and strong character is being destroyed. Too many young people of to-day are hopelessly parrot-like in speech, habits, and modes of thought. They say the same things as thousands of their school-friends, they look alike and, taking them all round, are dead-level penny-in-the-slot and you know what to expect.
But modern parents sow such continuous crops in their children's minds that the ground grows barren and arid. The strenuous life produces neither seed nor harvest.

WITH THE ADVENTISTES.—The anniversary service at the Cookstown Road Church which had to be postponed on account of the weather last Sunday, will (D.V.) take place this coming Sunday evening. All seats are free. All are welcome. An offering on behalf of missions will be taken up.

ONLY ONE ARREST.—Only one arrest for drunkenness was made last night. The offender was up before court to-day.
PREPARING FOR TREAT.—The lady friends of the T. A. had B. Society are making active preparations for the juvenile treat to be held on Wednesday next.

Great Men and Women.

MEN AND WOMEN OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY.

Bismarck's Offer.
Through his contributions to a forthcoming work on "Germany" under Kaiser William II., Prince Bismarck is the first German Chancellor to write for publication during his lifetime. Bismarck never wrote a single line of that kind, though once in 1880—he was waited on by the representative of a New York journal, who offered him £26,000 a year for a weekly article, even if not exceeding twenty lines, on the international questions of the day; but, though the offer was very tempting, he declined it on the ground that he couldn't add to his numerous occupations. After his visitor was gone the Prince suddenly turned to his son, Count Herbert, and exclaimed: "How stupid of me! We might have proposed a letter from you for half the sum."

The Kaiser and Divine Rights.
The German Kaiser's speech in the Rathaus of Munich the other day, on the blessings of peace, recalls another utterance of his in the same place on the blessings of autocracy. In the second year of his reign he had presided one of his Ministers—Herr von Gosler—with his portrait, and the inscription "Sic voluit jubeat!" and then hastened to the Bavarian capital to pay his respects to the Regent. At the Rathaus, when begged to write something in the "Golden Book of the city" he seized a pen and dashed off: "Supreme legis voluntas!"—"The highest law is the King's will!"—a variation of the "A Deo rex regit," which had been the ruling motto of his divine right ancestors.

An Eccentric Lord Chancellor.
Lord Eversley, the veteran Liberal statesman, tells an amusing story about that distinguished Lord Westbury. One day at a shooting party the guns were walking through coppice in line, Lord Westbury and his son being next to one another. A pheasant rose and flew back on the line of beaters. Lord Westbury and his son both fired at it. The bird fell. There arose an altercation between them as to whose bird it was. Both claimed it. "Twas mine," said the son, with an oath. "You lie," replied the Chancellor, with a stronger oath, "Twas mine alone." Presently it appeared that at the same time that the pheasant was killed one of the beaters was hit and seriously wounded. Thereupon another controversy arose between Lord Westbury and his son as to which of them had shot the beater. The latter ended by declaring that he had never even fired off his gun.
One of the shooters on the occasion was Sir Robert Collier, then Attorney General. He had some object to Hackwood with the express object of discussing with the Chancellor some important public matter, but he could not get his host to give any attention to it, and he left without having had any opportunity of doing so. Meeting the Chancellor in London, he again pressed upon him the necessity of settling the question. Lord Westbury replied in his laconic voice, "My dear Collier, we settle all that matter of Heckwood, that day you shot the beater."

Snowballs.

By GEORGE FITCH.
Author of "At Good Old Blawh."
A snowball is a small lump of wet snow put together by dexterity. After a snowball has been made something has to be done with it, and this is why so many speak of little boys in terms of cold and compare them to small boys and mosquitoes in terms very favourable to both the latter.
A snowball has to be thrown to be successful. There are millions of things of which a snowball can be thrown, but most of them are not interesting. But there are many things on which a snowball can be bounced in such a manner as to fill a small boy full of calm and almost holy joy. No one who loves children can watch the look on an innocent child's face after his snowball has collided with a plug hat without a thrill of pleasure. That is, unless the watcher owns the plug hat. Owning a plug hat so dries up the streams of affection and charity that many a man whose ten-dollar lid has been knocked off by a snowball has spoken with positive ill nature to the thrower instead of praising him for his skill. Plug hats are extremely deleterious to the disposition and should not be worn north of the torrid zone.
Windows and street lamps are also an ideal mark for snowballs. There is no greater joy than that of using a medium-sized snowball to elbow its way through a lot of a raffish class, except possibly that of a raffish class, when he finds a chance to buy up a small and prosperous railroad and balance a huge and towering monument of bonded indebtedness on it. Throwing snowballs through glass is mischievous because it destroys property, and all railroad magnates are greatly discouraged.
Two or three small boys can so thoroughly impregnate the atmosphere with snowballs that it is impossible for the features of the casual passerby to elbow their way through them without damage. There are no snowballs in the desert of Sahara and many a pedestrian who has tried to pass a school house at recess time in winter has sighed for a residence in Timbuctoo.

Sunday Services.

Cathedral of St. John the Baptist.—Holy Communion every Sunday at 11 a.m.; also on the first Sunday of the month at 7 and 8 a.m.; and 12 noon. Other services at 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.
Saints' Days.—Holy Communion 4 a.m.; Matins, 11 a.m.; Evensong, 6.30 p.m.
Other Days.—Matins, 8 a.m.; Evensong, 6.30 p.m.; (Friday), 7.30 p.m. with sermon, other Sundays at 8 a.m.
Public Catechizing.—Every Sunday in the month at 3.30 p.m.
St. Michael's Mission Church, Case Street.—Holy Communion at 8 and 11 on the 3rd Sunday of the month, at 8 on other Sundays. Other services, 11 a.m. and 6.30 p.m.
Catechizing.—Second Sunday of the month, 3.30 p.m.
Sunday Schools.—Cathedral, at 10 p.m. Mission Church at 2.45 p.m. Cathedral Men's Bible Class in the Synod Building every Sunday at 8 a.m. All men invited to attend.
St. Mary's Church.—Matins at 11; Evensong at 6.30.
Brookfield School-Chapel.—Evening at 3 p.m. Sunday School at 2.45 p.m.
St. Thomas's.—Holy Communion on the third Sunday in each month at 11 a.m.; every other Sunday at 8 a.m. Morning Prayer at 11 a.m. Evensong services at 2.45 and 6.30 p.m. Daily morning prayer at 7.30, prayer and sermon. Holy Baptism ever Sunday at 3.45 p.m. Public catechizing third Sunday in each month at 3.30 p.m. Christ Church (Quill Vidi)—Holy Communion second Sunday, alternate months at 8 a.m. Evening Prayer third Sunday in each month at 7 p.m. or Sunday at 3.30 p.m.
Virginia School-Chapel.—Evening prayer every Sunday at 3.30 p.m. Public Catechizing third Sunday in each month.
Sunday Schools.—At Parish Church at 2.45 p.m.; at Christ Church, Quill Vidi, at 2.30 p.m.; at Virginia School-Chapel, 3.30 p.m.
Gover St.—11, Rev. C. A. White, marsh, M.A., 6.30. Rev. J. W. Perthwaite, D.D.
George St.—11 and 6.30. Rev. J. W. Bartlett.
Cochrane St.—11, Rev. H. P. O'Perthwaite, D.D.; 6.30, Rev. C. A. White, marsh, M.A.
Wesley.—11, Rev. Dr. Perthwaite, D.D.; 6.30, Rev. J. W. Bartlett.
Presbyterian.—11 and 6.30. Rev. J. S. Sutherland, M.A.
Congregational.—11, Rev. F. R. Matthews, B.A.; 6.30, Rev. Dr. Perthwaite, D.D.
Salvation Army.—A. Citadel, 109, Gover Street, 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, Livingstone Street—7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, George St.—7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.; S. A. Hall, Livingstone Street, 7 a.m., 11 a.m., 3 p.m., and 7 p.m.
Regular Service. 6.30 p.m. Sunday and Saturday at 3 p.m.
Bethesda Mission.—193 New Gover Street, Sunday services at 3 p.m. and 7 p.m. Service every week day evening, excepting Saturday commencing at 8 o'clock.

The Best Light For The Eyes.

The principle of "concealed lighting" is rapidly gaining way, and in England it is predicted that within a few years it will be almost universally put into practice. It is pointed out that the system of putting the sources of light in plain view is wasteful because the dazzled eye demands a greater flooding of the air with diffused illumination in order to see clearly. When the light source is concealed, a far less intense illumination is required. In the reading room of the British Museum the artificial illumination is only seven one-thousandth of daylight, at the Woolsock in the House of Lords only six one-thousandths; and at the clerk's desk in the House of Commons only one in twelve-hundredth; yet in all these cases the amount of illumination is satisfactory, because there is no "stabbing" light from visible sources.

For the Children's Use

"Can you," I said to my Druggist, "suggest anything for irritable skin in children. Mine are very prone to skin irritation in winter. A new woolen garment, a slight chafe, exposure to cold winds, and they are in trouble at once. Is there anything to relieve it?"
He handed me a cake of soap, saying: "You will find in this what you need. This is Zylex Soap, and is really first rate for the purpose. Try it."
I did so with most satisfactory results too. Zylex Soap (as well as the Ointment which I always keep in hand) has proven its value to me. Zylex Soap is 25c a cake; the Ointment 50c a box. At all druggists. Jan 28, 1914.

Crew May Arrive By Florizel.

No word has been received from Capt. Dean, of the Annie E. Banks, who with his crew was brought into New York by the S. S. Indiana, on Wednesday last. It is not yet known whether they will arrive by the Florizel or come by train via North Sydney.

Price

This is the and frayed floor bright again the
Size 24 x 48. Reg. \$1.50
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SOLID GOLD WATCH PUZZLE
GREAT OFFER BY MAIL—KNOWN TO ALL
IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY
BRITON IFF
To anyone who can supply the names of these five well known English Towns and Public Houses, we will send a solid gold watch puzzle worth \$10.00. The puzzle is a solid gold watch case, and the names of the towns and public houses are engraved on the inside of the case. The puzzle is a real test of your knowledge of English geography and history. It is a valuable souvenir for anyone who can solve it. The puzzle is available for purchase by mail only. It costs you nothing to try. Send your names to the publisher, and we will send you the puzzle if you can supply the names of the five towns and public houses. The puzzle is a real test of your knowledge of English geography and history. It is a valuable souvenir for anyone who can solve it. The puzzle is available for purchase by mail only. It costs you nothing to try. Send your names to the publisher, and we will send you the puzzle if you can supply the names of the five towns and public houses. The puzzle is a real test of your knowledge of English geography and history. It is a valuable souvenir for anyone who can solve it. The puzzle is available for purchase by mail only. It costs you nothing to try. Send your names to the publisher, and we will send you the puzzle if you can supply the names of the five towns and public houses.



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