REVIVAL OF FAITH NEEDED

Stirring Address By Major C. A. Williams In Zion Church

Calling for a religious revival to counteract whatever unknown evils might follow in the wake of the war, Major C. A. Williams of Montreal delivered a powerful address in Zion church Sunday morning, at a service attended by the Great War Veterans' association as well as a large congregation from all churches of the city. Major Williams had a word of praise for the Rev. G. A. Woodside, pastor of Zion church, while Canada he declared is the heritage of the returned soldiers, their land rather than ours.

Taking his text from the scriptural words, "O, Lord, revive Thy work", the speaker went on to ask and to answer the timely and important question, do we need a revival? Many there were who looked with cold suspicion, if not with open hostility,, upon anything savoring of excitement or emotionalism in the realm of religion, disregarding the fact that the necessity of revivals at certain times was one of the great truths of religion, one of the great facts of life Others, on the other hand, made revivals a fetish, never happy unless they lived in an atmosphere of sustained enthusiasm and excitement.

Both of these classes, the speaker considered, were in the wrong. There was not a realm of human life to which the law and fact of revival did not pertain; the revival was an economic, natural, literary phenomenon as well as spiritual and religious through all the ages, sudden and powerful and powerful revivals had been one of the characteristics of the children of God, and the history of the Christian church was largely that of revivals.

To-day, certainly, more than ever before the world stood in need of a revival of faith and devotion. Christianity was larger in numbers, vaster in extent, truer in doctrine and more potent for uplift and ennoblement than ever before. The church was neither dead nor dying, and Christians had never more cause to smile at the scoffing of the unbeliever than to-day. "The Gallilean has conquered" declared Major Williams, "and He shall conquer; the tide of time shall never His covenant remove; His name shall stand forever."

These facts notwithstanding, and without regarding the situation in a spirit of pessimism or alarmism, there was another side to the situation which demanded consideration, and which gave grave cause for anxiety. The decline in church membership, scarcity of students and teachers in the Sunday schools, the manifest growth of uncertainty and unrest, all these were patent evils, useless to deny and stupid to disregard. Things were not going as well as they might, the speaker emphasized; Christianity was losing ground rather than gaining it, Christianity was winning in the abstract by waning in the concrete. "And," declared the speaker, "unless by the grace of God a great wave of religious revival sweeps through the churches, we shall continue to wane."

From a spiritual revival, the speaker feared to see a religious reaction follow the termination of war, a reaction to be combatted only by devotion greater than had been ours in the past, for unless man by the reinforcement of his soul became the master of himself, no one knew what the future might bring forward.

Graphically, compellingly, Major Williams conjured up before his hearers a mental spectacle of the devastation wrought by a few bombs dropped on London, and of the unspeakable ruin which might follow the development of aerial warfare. "There are no frontiers which can be guarded in the air", he declared, "The old safety of this seagirt continent of ours, far from the cockpit of Europe, is gone forever, no spot in the world is safe to-day, unless the world returns to God. Unless the world turns to God, I say, then every new development of science becomes but an instrument of devilry, to the ultimate annihilation of humanity."

The march of civilization in the past was marked by the ruins of bygone nations which had fallen before the consuming flames of an outraged judgment, and to-day the one hope for the warring nations lay in a return of their peoples to the God of their fathers, a renewal of that faith and devotion which alone could bring from out the inferno of war the blessing of peace just, equitable and permanent.

SIDE TALKS

By RUTH CAMERON

BUT YOU NEEDN'T BE BRUTAL.

I happened to be present one day in a friend's home when her husband flew out at her in a fit of irriability when she was offering to help him.

Naturally she shrank back like one who has been struck. She had only been trying to help. She had no more idea of offending than a child who offers a caress. And her face looked like a child's face when its caresses are refused.

Later the husband condescended to explain himself.

"You made me nervous," he said. "I didn't want any hep just then."

"But you usually want me to help you when you are going over the bills."

It Made Him Nervous.

"Well, I didn't then," he said with finality, "and it made me nervous. I can't tell you why it made me nervous, but it did."

And he retired behind his paper evidently feeling that he had justified himself.

A great many people have a similar idea. Someone does something which makes them nervous, not anything wrong, not anything which the person would have reason to know would offend them, perhaps something with really kindly intentions, as in this case. But for some reason it irritates them. Therefore, they must give free rein to that irritability.

One Might Be Irritable and Control It.

The idea that one could feel irritable and yet have enough self control, enough respect for the other person's good intentions, to hold it in leash, never occurs to them.

I said something like that to another man once (strangely enough it is usually a man who lashes out this way) and he answered that I ought to know what road good intentions help to pave.

I think there are few quotations twisted out of their original sense more often than that. It is not only Scripture that the Devil can twist to serve his purpose.

Another Kind of Paving Stones.

I think that road is just as often paved with the selfish cruelty of those who refuse to recognize good intentions.

Of course, if people with whom you live, constantly do, with good intention, little things which grate on you, it is better for domestic harmony that you tell them so, and give them a chance to utilize that good will in a useful channel.

But you don't need to be brutal about it.

SYRUP OF FIGS FOR CROSS, SICK FEVERISH CHILD

If Little Stomach is Sour, Liver Torpid or Bowels Clogged

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels and you have a well, playful child again. Children simply will not take the time from play to empty their bowels and they become tightly packed, liver gets sluggish and stomach disordered.

When cross, feverish, restless, see if tongue is coated, then give this delicious "fruit laxative." Children love it, and it can not cause injury. No difference what ails your little one—if full of cold, or a sore throat, diarrhoea, stomach-ache, bad breath, remember, a gentle "inside cleansing" should always be the first treatment given. Full directions for babies, children of all ages and grownups are printed on each bottle.

Beware of counterfeit fig syrups. Ask your druggist for a bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," then look carefully and see that it is made by the "California Fig Syrup Company." We make no smaller size. Hand back with contempt any other fig syrup.

Pte. William M. Wright of Brussels, Ont., who was being treated in the Newmarket Military Hospital for a nervous disorder, is dead, aged 30. He had been invalided from overseas suffering from shell shock.

"We've been waiting for you for three years. Now you'll have to wait for us." This is the remark an officer connected with the St. Catharines Medical Board is alleged to have addressed to a young Pelham farmer.

Brigadier-General H. H. McLean O. C. New Brunswick Military Command, may be Liberal candidate for the new constitutency of "Royal" (Queen's and King's counties.)

Four motor cars loaded with a representative body of citizens from Batavia, N.Y., paid a visit to Guelph returning the visit of the Guelph board of Trade to Batavia a few weeks ago.

Good Night Stories

By Blanche Silvas

FLUFFY CHICK AND RUFFY DUCK.

One beautiful Sunday morning, Mamma Duck asked Ruffy Duck to hurry to the market for her and to get some worms as Mamma Yellow Hen and Fluffy Chick had come to spend the day.

Fluffy Chick wanted to go too, so Mamma Yellow Hen said she might, and the two little friends, started off.

"Now do be careful," warned Mamma Duck, "and hurry before the store closes."

The two promised and ran down the road.

They hadn't gone far when Fluffy Chick saw a bug and away she chased it over the fields. Ruffy Duck at her heels. They went so far from the road they were lost and when at last they found the market the store was closed and the keeper gone.

"What shall we do?" cried Fluffy Chick, for she knew Mamma Duck would be disappointed.

"Let's go back into that meadow and catch some bugs and take them home," suggested Ruffy Duck.

So across the meadow they went chasing the bugs and butterflys.

"There's a big one!" cried Fluffy Chick, "get it, over the rocks!" Ruffy Duck hopped on the rocks and reached for the bug, but his foot slipped and over he went with a terrible splash, into a pond.

Fluffy Chick had never seen so large a pond before and she began calling for help, fearing Ruffy Duck would be drowned. She ran around the side of the rock and all she could see of Ruffy were two yellow legs sticking up in the air. She gave a loud squawk and Ruffy's head popped out of the water and a nice juicy worm dangled from his mouth.

"Oh, Ruffy, I thought you'd drowned!" cried Fluffy.

"I should say not!" exclaimed Ruffy Duck, swallowing the worm. "What I can't see is why mamma never brought us down here. The worms are plentiful and see how perfectly lovely I can paddle! Better come on in," he coaxed, diving for another worm.

Fluffy hated the idea of getting her feet wet, but she hated to see her friend getting all the worms, so she made a run and jumped into the water. She tried to paddle like Ruffy, but her feet wouldn't work, and Ruffy had to pull Fluffy Chick out or she would have drowned.

Ruffy's pocket was full of worms, so he decided it was time to go home, and Fluffy Chick, wet and very much frightened, slowly followed.

My! but Mamma Yellow Hen set up a terrible cackle when she saw Fluffy Chick's wet clothes! But when Ruffy told her that Fluffy Chick had tried to swim, she certainly did laugh.

"I don't see why I can't swim, if Ruffy can!" wailed Fluffy Chick, who always liked to do whatever her little friend did.

"Cut, cut, cut!" laughed Mamma Yellow Hen. "Ruffy's toes are made with webs between them on purpose to paddle with, but yours and mine aren't. All ducks can swim.

"I never let Ruffy know he could swim for fear he'd be running away to the pond," said Mamma Duck.

"Never mind, Fluffy Chick," said Ruffy Duck, "if you can't swim, I can, and I'll carry you on my back," and they all had a feast on the lovely worms Ruff had brought home.

After that when Mamma Yellow Hen and Mamma Duck missed Fluffy Chick and Ruffy Duck they always knew where to find them. Mamma Yellow Hen never felt worried over Fluffy Chick, for she knew her little one was safe, even around the water, with Ruffy Duck, because he could swim.

Fuel Controller Magrath will investigate the trouble between the Nova Scotia Steel & Coal Company and its employes at Sydney Mines, and the request of the men that they be given a full week's work.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Courier Daily: Pattern Service

Valuable suggestions for the Handy Homemaker — Order any Pattern Through The Courier. State size.

LADY'S SKIRT.

By Anabel Worthington.

The woman who is inclined to stoutness will appreciate the merits of this plain two gored skirt. The advantage of the flat, invisible pockets is apparent, for they are a great convenience, but they do not add bulk to the figure. The front gore is cut in a double curve from the waist line to the side seam, making an attractive line, which breaks the width across the front. The back gore is gathered at the waist line and a narrow belt goes from seam to seam. Serge, gabardine, wool poplin or shepherd check will be suitable for this skirt.

The skirt pattern, No. 8463, is cut in sizes 24 to 32 inches waist measure. Width at lower edge of skirt 2½ yards. The 24 inch size requires 3 yards 36 inch material.

To obtain this pattern send ... to the office of this publication.

For Your Sons and My Sons

The noble work of the British Red Cross knows neither race, creed nor colour. Its "Quality of Mercy" is not strained.

But its financial burden has become more than the Motherland alone can bear. That is why October 18th has been set aside as a day to receive generous offerings to enable the British Red Cross to "carry on."

Sons and Daughters of the Empire, wherever they may be, are once again urged to give generously to this cause.

And it is most earnestly hoped that, as was the case last year, the contributions from Ontario will set a standard in generosity that will be a pattern to the World.

Give Nobly and Generously on "Our Day", October 18

A Few Facts about the Work of the British Red Cross

The British Red Cross Society is the only institution which carries voluntary aid to the Sick and Wounded of the British forces on land and sea in every region of the War.

Its work is therefore the concern of all classes of British subjects, whether living in the British Isles, in the Dominions and Colonies beyond the seas, or in foreign countries.

SENT OUT OF GREAT BRITAIN

$5,500,000 for purchase and upkeep of Motors.

2,500 Motor Ambulances, cars, cycles, wagons and soup-kitchens sent abroad.

4 Hospital Trains running in France, each carrying 450 wounded, have cost over $300,000 to build and run.

$2,800,000 spent on British Red Cross work in France and Belgium.

$3,750,000 spent on work in Mesopotamia, India, Egypt, Salonika, Malta and Near East.

The Hospital Ship "Nabha" sent to Mesopotamia.

65 Motor Launches sent to Mesopotamia, Egypt, East Africa and Malta.

22 Hospitals and Convalescent Homes in France, Egypt, Malta and Salonika.

$125,000 to French Red Cross Society.

Organization of Resources Committee, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.