

ESTABLISHED 1856

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pictures of the Great West. Scotland is sending those splendid pictures of loch and ben that have carried the fame of her scenery around the world. England's foremost painters will be well represented, while our own Canadian artists will uphold the reputation of our native land. Into this list are woven the names of the greatest living artists. The art exhibit at the Canadian National has a grand reputation to sustain. This year it will add to that reputation.

Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, wife of the President of the United States, died at five o'clock, August 6th, in the White House, Washington. Mrs. Woodrow Wilson was essentially a home woman, delighting in the affairs of the household, her children, her husband's ideals and aspirations. For that reason probably she was less written about than any woman who presided at social functions in the White House. She was educated at home and at Woman's College, Rome, Ga. She had a talent for art and spent some time studying in the Art Students' League in New York. Her devotion to painting afforded her much happiness and inspiration. Last year she exhibited paintings and several of them were purchased at a public sale. Mrs. Wilson had no interest in woman suffrage, but she did devote much of her time to social service. The wedding of Woodrow Wilson and Miss Axsen took place in Savannah on July 24th, 1885. Miss Axsen had met Mr. Wilson when he was practising law at Atlanta, Ga., in 1882. They were married just after Mr. Wilson finished his post-graduate work in Johns Hopkins University.

## British and Foreign

"One interesting and encouraging sign of the times was noted during Anniversary Week in Boston by one of the elders," observes the "Christian Registrar" (Unit.). "Scanning the faces of the ministers of all ages and comparing those who are active now with those of the last generation, he was greatly pleased to note in the aspect of men under forty years of age signs of health, vigour, courage, and mental activity. The young men look as if they enjoyed life in the open air and were happy workers. Many years ago Mr. Greenwood, of King's Chapel, said it was notorious that not a minister in any of the churches around Massachusetts Bay was in good health.

The growing spirit of fraternity between Methodism and the Church of England found expression in a public meeting addressed by the Bishop of Oxford, in connection with the closing exercises of the Wesleyan conference at Leeds. The committee appointed last year to consider the formation of a Methodist Union has not made any progress as many of the leaders of the Church consider it has more affinity with the parent Church of England than with its offshoots. The Rev. Dinsdale Young will be the new president.

There was a great attendance August 6th at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, to join in a special service

to intercede for peace on the eve of war. The service was simple. There was a triumphant ring about the opening hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past," and again at the close when the National Anthem was sung. Apart from these details the service was of a consistently supplicant character. The attitude of the Free Churches in regard to the war as reflected in religious papers is that Great Britain's action was justified. "The British Weekly," though admitting that the Free Churches have worked for disarmament and were working until Sunday for neutrality, now recognizes that the disclosures of Sir Edward Grey and the arguments based thereon are sorrowfully convincing that the country cannot without loss of honour or the greatest peril forswear her obligations to France and Belgium.

An article of very great interest appeared in "The Times" the other day, written by a correspondent who was on a visit to France. He tells how he noticed everywhere indications of a religious revival. "The Times" itself goes further than its correspondent, and states that for years a progressive change has been taking place in the attitude of certain classes of Frenchmen toward religion. The class in which the movement is most unmistakable is that of the educated young men. It is already influencing the literature of the country. Even among the ablest of the unbelievers it is recognized that there is more in heaven and earth than the laboratory can reveal. "The Times" discusses the various explanations of the reaction from atheism, but expresses its belief that its real cause lies deep in the nature of man. He has spiritual instincts that can not, in the long run, be stifled. All friends of France will rejoice to hear that at last the tide has turned, and will hope that the new religious spirit will take a less mechanical form than in the past. Rev. H. S. Ferguson, of the China Inland Mission, writes from Ying-Chow-fu that China is in a distressful condition. "The revolution does not appear to have accomplished anything for liberty or order or stable government. It is much easier to throw down than to build up. I tremble for the work of opium suppression, which would have been accomplished by this time but for the revolution. With opium fully four times the value of silver, it is no wonder that multitudes are eager to grow it, and are ready to take advantage of disorder to do so; perhaps even hoping for disorder that they may have that opportunity. Pray for the peace of China, and for those in authority, that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and gravity, and that the work be not hindered."

## Boys and Girls

### PORTRAITS.

When Thompson takes my photograph, there's always such a fuss; My dress must be so stiff and clean, my curls I must not muss.

IN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS, PLEASE MENTION "THE CANADIAN CHURCHMAN."

And when we reach the gallery we stay a dreadful while!  
He puts a clamp against my head and asks me please to smile.

He stands me up, and "poses" me, and tries this way and that;  
Then mother says she'd like just one with muff and coat and hat;  
And then she starts to fix my hair in quite another way,  
And I get cross and crosser, 'cause I want to go and play.

But now an artist's painting me, and that's the worst of all;  
I'd rather have a tooth pulled out, or go to make a call!

Why, even Thompson's gallery I shouldn't mind a bit;  
For here there's not a thing to do but sit—and sit—and sit!

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## "RED HEAD"

"Red head, gingerbread, five cents a cabbage-head. Hurry up, Red, or you'll be late."

The words came from Roger Lee, a laughing, jolly-faced boy, as he bounded up the schoolhouse steps, and, spoken tauntingly, as they were, they went far deeper than they would have otherwise done.

Johnny Black, better known as "Red," clenched his fists and set his teeth, as he came into the yard and started toward the door. But it was too late to catch Roger, for the bell had rung and most of the pupils were already in their seats.

"I'll get him at recess," he muttered to himself, as he dropped into a seat and pretended to look into his desk for something, in order to hide his flushed face from the teacher.

He stole a glance at Roger. Roger was looking at him with a teasing grin that made him more angry than ever. He began to ponder how he might "get even." It did not seem so bad when other boys teased him about his red head, but he and Roger had never been as good friends as schoolmates ought to be, and he felt that Roger did it with the direct intention of making him feel bad. They never ran across each other that Roger did not sing out the hated

Red head, gingerbread,

Five cents a cabbage-head.

"I'll get him at recess," said Johnny to himself, again. "You see if I don't. He's a little bigger'n I am, but I've thrashed him once and I'll do it again. I'll teach him to call me names."

While Johnny was still meditating vengeance on the grinning boy across the aisle and getting angrier every minute, there was a rap at the door and Farmer Jones entered. In a moment the whole school began to buzz with excitement. Farmer Jones had never been known to enter the school except when he had a complaint to register against some of the pupils. He had been there two or three times that season, and each time his complaint had been proven, and he had demanded immediate punishment, which accordingly had been administered.

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"I'd like to see you a minute privately, sir," he said to the teacher. "Like to speak to Roger Lee at the same time," he added, frowning darkly at Roger, who arose, considerably frightened.

The three stepped outside the room for a minute. Johnny was then in high glee. "Now I'll see Roger catch it," he thought, well knowing that Farmer Jones had a good cause or he would not have come. "Now he'll catch it. Serves him right. Maybe he will not be in such a hurry to call names hereafter. Wonder what he's done. Good enough for him, whatever it is. Hope he gets thrashed."

While Johnny was still predicting and hoping unpleasant things for Roger, the three returned to the schoolroom. Farmer Jones angry and determined, Roger frightened and protesting.

"Children," said the teacher, "Mr. Jones says he believes Roger killed one of the doves yesterday with a stone, though Roger denies it flatly. Do any of you know anything about it?"

Johnny started. Killed one of Mr. Jones' doves? "That was the charge was it," he said to himself. "Well, maybe he did, but I saw a hawk get one of his white ones yesterday. Maybe he thinks Roger killed it. He's always laying things on us boys. But

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