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to use the best sugar—because
poor sugar means poor cooking.

St. Lawrence Sugar

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Please Mention this Paper.

of mind, will insure one a strong resist-
ing power, so that he need have no fear
of the extremes of either heat or cold.

Very cold baths in summer tend to make
one feel the heat more afterwards. Bet-
ter have the water tepid or warm.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Life.

By Florence E. Deacon.

"For what do I live this day?"

—The girl rose languid from sleep;
Discontent with herself, disillusioned by
life,

In custom embedded deep.

Some visits—embroidery—a book.

—An aimless filling of time.

She wept in her heart to be rid of it all.

—This sickening pantomime.

To live—to work—to love;

—To cease this life of a doll.

"To be needed," she cried, "in this world
of need.

I'd surrender leisure—all."

'Twas thus she burst the bonds,

—Fled to the heart of Toil.

And found stern effort and sacrifice

Unwinding in tangled coil.

"For what do I live this day?"

—A glad some answer rose:

"I haste to the work Love bids me to do
Ere my day's fleet hours close."

God in Man Made Manifest

That the life also of JESUS might be
made manifest in our mortal flesh.—2
Cor., iv., 11.

Our Lord not only declared of Himself:
"I am the Light of the world!" but He
also said to His disciples, "Ye are the
light of the world . . . let your light
so shine before men, that they may see
your good works, and glorify your Father
which is in Heaven." He explained, in
connection with this statement, that when
men light a lamp (see St. Matt., v., 15,
R. V.), they do not hide it where it can-
not be seen, but set it on a stand so
that all in the house may have the bene-
fit of it. Then, in the parable of "The
Ten Virgins," He explains the necessity of
keeping the oil in the lamp constantly
renewed. The tiny lamps used in a Jew-
ish home at that time were oval bowls
of clay, holding perhaps two tablespoon-
fuls of oil. The little wick could not
send out much light, and the lamp-stand
gave it a chance to do its best. It was
only a piece of branch with other shorter
pieces nailed to one end to hold it up-
right—something like the support for a
little table. As the lamp was only able
to contain very little oil, it had to be
often refilled.

Now, if Christians are to shine as lights
in the world, they also must constantly
be refilled with the oil of God's grace—
"filled with the Spirit"—and must always
stand on the one foundation, on Him
Whose Name is "The Branch."—Zech.
vi., 12.

Indeed, we must do more than stand on
Him, we must be grafted into Him. We
are branches of the Vine, we are members
of the Son of Man. He is our Head, and
we can only work effectively for Him, if
He is controlling us entirely. The Body
of Christ—the Church—is like our own
bodies. Each member must be in con-
stant communication with Him or it is
helpless. Destroy the nerve along which
messages flash from hand to foot to the
controlling brain, and they are paralyzed
at once. So, those who are helping
others to climb nearer to God, are simply
channels of power—the power of God. To
work alone would be as fruitless as for
an electric car to try to move when it
was cut off from the central power-house.
Time is very precious; don't let us waste
it by trying to work alone. Let us keep
always in touch with the Light of the
world, so that we may reflect more and
more of His light. A face that is con-
stantly turned up to Him must help to
brighten the world.

"The Master's command is, 'Abide in Me,'
And fruitless and vain will our service be
If 'out of touch' with our Lord."

We find ourselves in this life on earth.
And the question for each of us is, "What
use are we to make of the opportunity

God has given us?" Surely no one could
be satisfied to drift aimlessly nearer to
the gate of death, when he has the chance
to live gloriously—that is, to do the work
he has been sent on earth to do. In our
human bodies, we don't wish the hands
to do the work of the feet, we expect
different work from the eyes than the
ears. And yet—when need arises—the
eyes do their best to help a deaf person
to hear, and the hands grow very helpful
in guiding a blind person.

Life is a sacred responsibility. We can
only ask God to take command, and then
all we have to do is to obey His orders
without troubling ourselves about conse-
quences. He is asking for willing sol-
diers, for volunteers. It is said that at
the time of the Ashantee expedition, the
Scots Guards were drawn up at Windsor,
and their colonel asked any men who
were willing to offer their services to step
forward one step from the line. Then he
turned away for a moment, and when he
looked at the line of men again, it was
still unbroken. He exclaimed: "What,
the Scots Guards, and no volunteers!"
But he found that the whole line had
stepped forward. All were ready to do
and die, if necessary. So should it be
in the army of the Lord of Hosts. All
should be volunteers, ready to follow
their Captain anywhere. Are we willing
to live second-rate lives? Are we satis-
fied to offer to God anything less than
our best?

Our Lord's last message to His volun-
teers—you will find it at the end of your
Bible—is this message of warning and of
hope: "Surely I come quickly. Amen."
Are we eagerly answering: "Even so,
come, Lord Jesus?" or are we hoping He
will not come for many years? I once
heard of a disciple of Christ whose eager
expectation each morning was: "Per-
haps He may come to-day!"

If we knew certainly that He would
come to-day, I think we should try to
make the most of the few hours left for
preparation.

We are busy laying up treasure—is our
treasure-house on earth or in heaven?
A rich lady once dreamed that she was in
heaven, and there she saw a palace being
built. She asked for whom it was in-
tended, and was told that it was for her
gardener. "But he lives in the tiniest
cottage on earth, with barely room for
his family," she said.

"Yes," was the answer, "but he might
live more comfortably if he did not give
so much away to those poorer than him-
self."

Then she saw a tiny cottage being built,
and asked for whom it was intended.
"That is for you," was the startling an-
swer.

"But I have lived in a mansion always,
and could not live in a cottage!" she ex-
claimed.

Then she heard the stern message: "The
Master-Builder is doing His best with the
materials you are sending up."

She woke up with the determination to
send up more and better materials for the
house that was being prepared for her.

I don't think God wants us to rush
wildly on, filling our days so full with
service that we have no time to learn to
know Him. The knowledge of God is
eternal life, and that life should be so
strong in us that death will be only fall-
ing asleep.

It has been beautifully said:

"To step out of self life into Christ
life; to lie still and let Him lift you out
of it; to fold your hands close and hide
your face upon the hem of His garment;
to let Him lay His cooling, soothing,
healing hands upon your soul and draw
all the hurry and fever from its veins; to
realize that you are not a mighty mes-
senger, an important worker of His, full
of care and responsibility, but only a
little child with a Father's gentle bidding
to heed and fulfil; to lay your busy plans
and ambitions confidently in His hands,
as the child brings its broken toys at its
mother's call; to serve Him by waiting;
to praise Him by saying, 'Holy, holy,
holy'; to cease to hurry so that you lose
sight of His face; to learn to follow Him,
and not to run ahead of orders; to cease
to live in self and for self, and to live in
Him and for Him; to love His honor more
than your own; to be a clear medium for
His life tide to shine and glow through—
this is consecration, this is rest."

In such a holy, quiet life is the Life of
God made manifest.

DORA FARNCOMB.