

## Some English Methods.

## How Great British Preachers and Churches are Advertised.

## Old World Managers Not Afraid to Adopt Modern Methods to Secure Success.

(By Rev. Henry Elliott Mott.)

Our English cousins may be slow in some things. Their hour of getting to business in the morning, for example, gives an American the impression of tardiness. When one finds it impossible to get into a restaurant before 10 o'clock it occurs to him that it is slow. The method of intra-mural transportation is about as rapid as an old-time canal boat compared with our electric cars.

But in some things they are fast enough. When I was asked \$1.25 per pound in London and Edinburgh for the same kind of grapes which we bought the morning we touched New York for 8 cents, it seemed rapid enough for a Western boomer. And it must be confessed that in many matters concerning religious problems they have outstepped us. They have reached the point at which the impression is created on Sunday that it is a day of rest. Not that there is less going on than here, but it seems to be going on easier and better and more reverently.

In coming to religious thought as well they make considerable advance. The questions which have been agitating the ecclesiastical denominations of this land for nearly 25 years past, was taken up and settled in favor of the larger liberty, as they must ultimately be here, substantially 50 years ago. They have anticipated our critics and leaders, though in saying this we should not overlook the fact that they did but in measure repeat the voice of the utterer of prophetic messages on this side of the sea, Horace Bushnell.

This disposition to think fast and far in the higher moral and religious realm has also taken shape in practical ways. The New York-Chicago Settlement, Hull House, Chicago, and Andover House, Boston, as well as our own Wellesley and Westminister Houses, are American reproductions of the English pioneer work. The first application of electricity may be looked for here, but the earliest expression of applied Christianity may be expected here. Muller Institution, supported as the result of a life of trust. Dr. Barnard's Homes, Toynebee Hall, are English attempts to interpret the gospel in terms of the life of the age.

There is an evident reason for this. They are more used to capital on the other side of the Atlantic, hence better know what to do with it. We have still too much to do "getting on in the world" to be altogether at our best in disposing of the products of our activity; though many gifts of vast enterprises are evidence that we are coming to it. Perhaps even now great wealth is more in the hands of a few here than there; but in that country the general mind, better than here, is infiltrated with these ideas.

But possibly that part of their practical religious life is most surprising to us as compared with our own, is the methods employed there for getting the fact and character of religious service before the people. They advertise their services on that side the water much the same as they would anything else which they wanted the people to know they had on hand. We might think that Americans would lead in setting forth their religious wares as well as their woolsens and their wooden nutmegs, but instead we lag far behind our English friends. They are restricted to a sort of fictitious decorum from letting the people know about our religious activities. English Church officials appear to lack under no such restraint. Apparently they do not appear to fear the charge of sensationalism. Their church services are well announced, not to say advertised. This refers to the Non-Conformist churches rather than to those of the Established. The latter do not need it. The more noted places of worship of the Church of England are well enough advertised by their history; while so far as the minor sanctuaries of the State Church are concerned, it does not seem to be expected that anybody in particular will attend them anyway. Everyone wants to visit Westminster Abbey first of all; then St. Paul's; and St. Giles Cripplegate, the church of John Milton; the church where Cromwell was married; and where Foxe, the martyrologist, and Frobenius, the voyager, and other worthies of the long ago lie buried. But the Non-Conformist churches do not let us remain away because of any over-modest failure in setting forth the attractions which may be looked for. For example, down on Finsbury Pavement, in the heart of London, is the South Place Chapel, the religious sanctuary of the Unitarians, or the Society for Ethical Culture. I could not rightly make out which, and suppose it does not matter, and there one Sunday morning I saw announced on large printed bulletins that Moncure D. Conway would speak that day on "St. Lazarus." Now Mr. Conway is a literary star of some considerable magnitude, whether much of a theologian or not; and it interested me to see that he announced his literary lecture for cultured people just as though he were a so-called "evangelist" bent simply on saving souls.

Up to Holborn Viaduct, passed by hundreds of thousands of people daily, may be seen at any time large placards in front of the City Temple, announcing that Joseph Parker preaches there twice on Sunday and again on Thursday noon. Now Joseph Parker has been for years one of the leading, probably is now—since Beecher and

## A VALUABLE

Hint to those who suffer from the pains of Rheumatism, Lumbago or Sciatica, is the recommendation to use a

## COMBINATION

Of medicines, one internally and the other externally. The first, which

## IS . . . . .

Indispensable for keeping the system in order, should always take the form of

## DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

For the latter which is for local application

## AND . . . . .

Materially facilitates the cure of the disease, every one recommends

## GRAND'S GYPSY OIL

Brooks and Spurgeon fell asleep—the very first preacher in the English-speaking world.

Up to Windermere, in the lake country of England—the land of Wordsworth and Coleridge and Southey and Harriet Martineau and Mrs. Hemans; in an air redolent of philosophy and poetry, there were circulated announcements in the form of "doggers," relating how Principal Fairbairn, headmaster of Mansfield College, Oxford, would preach on a certain Sunday. Now Principal Fairbairn is one of the foremost writers and thinkers of England.

These methods of church announcement are substantially the same as are employed at Spurgeon's Tabernacle, Christ Church—once Newman Hall's, now F. B. Meyer's—and other famous places of religious gathering. No more are our English cousins afraid of introducing adjuncts to the minister's voice in conducting religious worship. It would be supposed that if any preacher needed assistance in aids to keeping and holding a congregation, it should be this same Joseph Parker. Yet he is furnished with a fine organ and large chorus choir, containing eminent soloists, assisted by violins and cellos and other instruments, all of which it is to be presumed have their part in rendering the service interesting and attractive. A full orchestra helped to put into the immense congregation to which Hugh Price Hughes preached in St. James' Hall.

Our English cousins have a way of coming right to the point without being held back by any sentimentalism—a sentimentalism which ordinarily expresses itself in the direction of religious matters alone, but which is not allowed to stand in the way of money getting or political pretension or social advance. Church workers in England do not leave all religious advertising to auxiliaries, like the Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army, but have sense enough to see that if letting people know what you have for them is of advantage in business and politics and education it may work equally well in the "King's business."

## A REAL DISAPPOINTMENT.

He Did Not Get That for Which He Yearned.

The lady of the house was sitting on the front porch, resting, when the tramp came into the yard. After glancing cautiously about toward the back of the house and turning to see that the gate fastening was left off the catch, he advanced, cap in hand, and stood before her.

"Excuse me for interrupting your reading," he said. "I read a great deal myself. I've just finished a book here which has given me much pleasure and I may say much pain as well."

He produced a torn, greasy, and coverless novel from his hip pocket.

"There is no common story in them pages," he continued. "It is a book that goes deep into the social and economic problems of this day and age, as does no other book that I remember reading. It is a story, too, that touches the heart, the intellect, the emotions, the superhuman efforts, and inhuman failures."

"Madam, I've lay under that tree down there by the road since 9 o'clock this mornin', sun time, so completely wrapped up in this story that the dinner hour has come and went without me noticing."

"If you'll excuse me—being a reader myself—I'll tell you that the principal character in this book is a man who started out in life with an independent fortune, high ideals, uncompromising honor, immense ability, and, as he fondly supposed, the abiding affection of a young lady, which seemed to be true to him. You'll not expect nor wish that I should tell you that he took me a good week to read, but sufficient to say the young man passed through great storm and stress of weather, as you might say, and in the end lost all hope and joy of living; because why? Because of a woman's no."

"Madam, I weep convulsively over the last chapter of that story, and then I got to thinking but that there's things happen in real life every day that's just as tragic as anything wrote. Every day the sun rises and sets I suppose some good and well-meaning man, with hopes wrought up to the highest pitch, is utterly and forever dashed to earth by that one little word, spoken unthinkingly, perhaps, in a woman's soft voice—that little word, 'no.'"

"Madam," he said, lifting his gaze from the ground after a pause, "can you have me 'fed three or four eggs and drawed a cup o' tea'?"

"No," she said.

He replaced the book in his pocket, hitched up his trousers, and, measuring with his eye the distance to the next house, walked silently away.

## A DUDE, BUT VERY STRONG.

Some Bad Men Get Into Serious Trouble With Him.

"Appearances are deceptive," said the club man. "I remember, several years ago, I was a passenger on an avenue car one evening. A gentleman, accompanied by two stylishly-dressed young ladies, got aboard. He didn't look much for size, but he was gotten up regardless. His linen was as white as snow, his collar the highest, his clothes fitted him to perfection. His hair was the shiniest, and his trousers couldn't have been creased more. He looked like a typical dude—nothing to him but clothes. The car was not crowded, but fairly well filled. On the rear platform were a couple of toughs who had evidently been drinking, for one of them leered at the young ladies as they passed and made an insulting remark. The young man passed into the car apparently without noticing the insult. When the ladies were seated he politely lifted his hat and asked to be excused a moment. Upon reaching the platform he quietly said: 'You made a remark to those ladies passed.'"

"Well, what the — is that to you?" "Bin I never saw such a quick blow. The fellow fell off the platform as if he had been shot from a gun. Of course, his companion jumped to his assistance, but he had scarcely moved before he was met with one straight from the shoulder. He, too, landed on the asphalt. But the young man was not satisfied. He jumped off, and as one of the victims attempted to get up gave him a sealer, then, when they both lay completely knocked out. Of course, the conductor had stopped the car, but it was hardly necessary, for it was the quickest fight to a finish I ever saw or heard of. When the supposed duds rejoined the ladies his immaculate attire was not a bit rumpled, he wasn't even breathing hard. You could have thought he had simply gone out to speak to some one. He apologized for having left them, and I don't believe they had any idea of what he had done. The next day I saw the young man on the street, and said to a friend, 'Do you know who that is?'"

"Why, yes. Don't you? I thought all the boys knew him. He's the champion all-round athlete of one of the big Philadelphia clubs, and has won many prizes for running, rowing, jumping, and sparring than any man in Philadelphia."

"So I say appearances are mighty deceptive, and I'm not picking quarrels with well-dressed strangers."

## ORIGIN OF THE DRIVER'S RULE.

Why Americans Keep to the Right and Englishmen to the Left of the Road.

In America the rule of the road is always kept to the right. In England on the contrary, the unwritten law declares that the left is the side to be taken. How this divergence is to be explained has puzzled many persons.

It would be folly to suppose that the variation was caused by any reason less substantial than real necessity. The English rule has existed from time immemorial, and an arbitrary alteration would have occasioned extreme and altogether needless confusion.

Those who introduced the change into this country were the first settlers in New England—persons who were habituated to the ancient order, persons who would never have dreamed of a revolt against it, despite the rebellious spirit lurking secretly in their blood. They made the change for the simple reason that careful driving demanded it.

Since the time when the Romans built their magnificent roadways in the furthermost isles of the sea the Britons have enjoyed good roads. The driver naturally sits on the right end of his seat, where he has the free use of his right hand, while the reins swing clear. Sitting in that position the hub of his right forewheel is just beneath his eye.

It is where he can best see it, and as he follows the English rule, keeping to the left, if he be timorous, it is easy for him to be sure that he is a yard from the threatening hubs of any passer by. If he be a cocky, he can keep his right hand on the other vehicle without a bit of space to spare. On these crowded roads there is need of care in passing, lest the hurrying wagons come in collision. But the roads are broad and smooth, and he would be a fool, or blind, who drove dangerously off the road. Were the English driver to turn to the left in passing he would be obliged to sit at the left end of his seat, or, else, sitting on the right, he would not have before his eyes that projecting hub which is the danger point for collision.

The case is altogether different in this country. The cowlike manner in which Indians pursued their way has given a name to that method of movement, known as Indian file, and that habit of driving seems to have exerted a disastrous influence on the white men who conquered them. How else can we adequately explain the atrocious fashion in which generation after generation of otherwise intelligent and forceful men up and down this Republic have made roads which at the best can be driven over only in Indian file, and with never a starting place?

These blessed States are notorious and execrable for vile highways. In some neighborhoods there are roads, but the bulk of the country is latticed with preposterous shams. That this bad quality of the roads was greater, although excusable then, in the early days of colonization is apparent. There were stumps, holes and boulders in the roads. There were ravines often enough at either hand.

When travellers from opposite directions met in that period, the driver reined off to the left, and the other to the right, and they escaped a mishap in the ditch. It was then natural that, as he saw a team approaching, he should turn out on that side where his position allowed him to observe more readily—the right in passing. That habit grew, and by its simplicity and reasonableness naturally superseded the older law. As in most things, the environment when it had made change necessary, caused the change to come to pass.

Let the man who does not credit this explanation take a drive over a Vermont crossroad that can be found where the way runs close to a cliff and turning to the right is possible. He will find that when he meets a loaded wagon and must yield the road, turning into the gaping ditch on the left, he will slip to the left end of his seat very swiftly in order that he may keep a keen eye on the exact route of his outside wheels.

The driver will convince him that he must sit at the right end of his seat. If he be a driver he must know that he has an advantage at the right end of his seat which the left does not afford.

That the English system is the better for good roads there can be no doubt. That it could be adopted in the United States generally is impossible until the law making highways is changed, and the case of that millennium event, the change would be subtly wrought by its own merit.

## "Don't Get Red Headed."

The general supposition is that to "get red headed" is slang for getting angry. This is based upon the prevalent belief that red headed persons are more excitable and liable to sudden passion than other people—a belief hardly in harmony with the facts. The red head is a native of the South and West, and is a native of the North, and is a native of the South and West, and is a native of the North.

But does not the hair really and actually change hues under the more violent emotions, just as does the complexion? There are plenty of instances where intense fear and mental suffering have turned hair to snowy white in a few hours.

Will it turn red with passion? "I know it to be a fact," said a lady friend of mine, with light brown hair, in which there isn't a tinge of red under ordinary circumstances.

"I got terribly angry one day," she continued, laughing, "and my hair turned red all over. Fortunately, it went back again to its normal color. The next day a human form out of the tail of my pet cat, I could have seen that man hanging without the quiver of an eyelid, I believe. My husband came in about that time, and, without knowing the cause of my wrath, suddenly exclaimed:—

"Why, Alice, your hair is turning red!"

"Well, you'd get 'red headed, too,'" said I—thinking of the slang for getting angry—"if somebody had chopped your dog's tail off."

"But I don't mean that," he replied; "it's actually getting red! Look in the glass. It is queer I never noticed it before."

"And don't you know, I looked in the mirror and, sure enough, my hair was of a distinct reddish tinge! I was so astonished—for I then supposed with him, that my hair had been changing for some time and that we hadn't noticed it up to that moment."

"I must have caught it from Maggie," said I. Maggie was my Irish servant and her hair was just fiery.

"We laughed so much about it that I soon got in good humor again. And then I went to the glass again to look at it—and I let it down about my shoulders—an we both examined it. But don't you know, it was just as usual. It wasn't red at all!"

"After that I noticed that whenever I lost my temper I got red headed for the time being."

The average policeman persist in speaking of the law as "the lot?"

Genius is abnormal mental vision, coupled to the highest sense of order.

## Things She Didn't Know.

"I am going into a stock company, Em'ly," Mr. Rising announced with pardonable pride.

"Will you like that, John?" Mrs. Rising's question was given with a tone of surprise.

"Well, rather," returned Mr. Rising. "I shall be an officer."

"Oh, John, that's splendid. Will you wear a uniform?" Mrs. Rising asked with interest.

"No, Em'ly, the officers don't wear uniforms," replied Mr. Rising.

"How did you get to be an officer, John?" Mrs. Rising asked a moment later.

"A majority of the stock elected me," Mr. Rising answered.

"Will we have to live in the country, John?"

"What put that into your head, Em'ly?"

"I'd like to in the summer, and thought it might be better on account of the stock."

"That's a curious notion, Em'ly. The stock's all right, A No. 1. No water in the concern. They want me here at headquarters."

"Why, John, I didn't suppose there was any stock without water."

"Precious little in these days, but they let me in on the ground floor. Hello! there's the president now. I'm off," and Mr. Rising joined his business associate in the street.

"It beats me," said Mrs. Rising, as she went about her household duties. "I don't think John's mind is affected, but if stock can vote, and officers don't wear uniforms, I'd like to know what the world's coming to. I suppose he meant city water would do as well as the country, but men are crack-brained on some things. I'm thankful I don't have to worry about business. It's all I can do to look after three meals a day."

The Alverian mountain Dshabel Nalho is slowly sinking. In the time of Caesar it was 1,400 feet high. Now it is only 800.

Cajon peak, Southern California, is honey-combed with caverns, believed to be more extensive than the Mammoth cave of Kentucky.

## A New Man.

A Natural Gas Expert makes a Discovery in Canada.

Natural gas has become so important a factor that many have turned from other vocations in life to study and perfect the modes of transmitting it to our larger cities, but out of the many, very few become experts, and only those of peculiar adaptability can hope for success. Mr. T. J. Driscoll, of Pittsburgh, Pa., is one of these favored few. In the Pennsylvania oil regions he is well known, and the fame of his ability at piping natural gas spread to Canada. He was engaged by the Ontario Gas Co., working at the city of Windsor, Ontario, to pipe gas for that place and Walkerville, and while performing this operation, he made the discovery of a remedy which he states made him feel like a new man with an ambition in life.

He gave his history in his own words: "I have been suffering with a kidney affliction which has troubled me more or less for years. I had tried many of the remedies on the market for such complaints without any relief. During an engagement with the Ontario Natural Gas Co., while piping the city of Windsor for natural gas, I had the good fortune to hear of Doan's Kidney Pills. I pronounce them a boon to mankind, and something which should be in every household. I feel like a new man, with an ambition in life, and wish you every success which is due to such a wonderful medicine."

Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, or will be sent by mail on receipt of price by the Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

NEW HOTEL, LONDON—BEST \$1 DAY house in Canada; good stables in connection. J. McMartin, proprietor.

"DUKE OF YORK" HOTEL—DUNDAS street, London East. Good table; well-stocked sample room; kind treatment and patronage most respectfully solicited. Wm. T. Colwell.

"VICTORIA"—THE POPULAR \$1 A DAY house, Clarence street, corner of Dundas. J. Tomlinson, proprietor.

THE ST. LAWRENCE HOTEL, MONTRÉAL—Centrally situated and first-class in every respect. H. Hogan, Proprietor.

INDIAN WOMAN'S BALM

Heart palpitation, breathlessness, impaired nutrition, and imperfect circulation; languor, listlessness, and general debility; menstrual disorders and uterine displacements; nervousness, constipation, and urinary troubles, all find speedy relief and permanent cure by the use of Indian Woman's Balm; it makes cold-blooded Indians.

Sold by all dealers at \$1.00 per bottle or six for \$5.00; or by addressing THE BALM MANUFACTURING CO., Toronto, Ont.

WRITE FOR PAMPHLET.

RAILWAY TIME TABLES.

CORRECTED NOV. 17, 1905. GRAND TRUNK—Southern Division.

MAIN LINE—GOING EAST. Trains arrive at London from the west—4:02 a.m., 4:15 a.m., 12:17 p.m., 10:15 a.m., 4:25 p.m., 7:20 p.m., 11:20 p.m.

Trains leave London for the east—4:07 a.m., 4:20 a.m., 8:10 a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:30 p.m., 7:25 p.m.

MAIN LINE—GOING WEST. Trains arrive at London from the east—2:23 a.m., 10:55 a.m., 11:12 a.m., 12:20 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 9:30 p.m.

Trains leave London for the west—7:50 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 2:25 p.m., 6:45 p.m., 7:20 p.m.

Sarnia Branch. Trains arrive at London—4:02 a.m., 8:55 a.m., 11:35 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 6:35 p.m., 7:50 p.m.

Trains leave London—2:30 a.m., 7:25 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 2:35 p.m., 6:35 p.m.

London, Huron and Bruce. Arrive at London—2:45 a.m., 6:35 p.m.

Leave London—8:55 a.m., 4:30 p.m.

St. Marys and Stratford Branch. Arrive at London—10:50 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 5:40 p.m., 9:15 p.m.

Leave London—7:25 a.m., 2:40 p.m., 5:55 p.m.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. GOING EAST. Trains arrive from London from the west—4:10 a.m., 4:25 p.m., 6:45 p.m.

Trains leave London for the east—4:15 a.m., 8 a.m., 4:30 p.m.

GOING WEST. Trains arrive at London from the east—11:13 a.m., 8 p.m., 11:20 p.m.

Trains leave London for the west—11:25 a.m., 11:40 p.m., 7 a.m.

LONDON AND PORT STANLEY RY. Trains leave London—6:25 a.m., 10:05 a.m., 2:20 p.m., 7:40 p.m.

The 10:05 and 7:40 trains run to St. Thomas only.

Trains arrive at London—8:45 a.m., 2:05 p.m., 5:45 p.m., 11:55 a.m.

These trains connect with the main line trains at St. Thomas, east and west.

Trains arrive at London—7:55 a.m., 1:10 p.m., 6:50 p.m.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILWAY. Trains leave London—9:30 a.m., 2:35 p.m., 7:40 p.m.

These trains connect with the main line trains at St. Thomas, east and west.

Trains arrive at London—7:55 a.m., 1:10 p.m., 6:50 p.m.

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