

The Quiet Hour

For Thoughtful People

FAREWELL.

(By Rev. T. H. Miller.)

My frequent speech with God dispersed
my care,
I knelt so close to Him, with reverent
awe;
The inward glowing glorified the hour,
O dwelling place of hidden spirit-power.

I press the hand of death and pass
right on,
Just as I press the hand of passing
friend;
Over the doorstep and under portals
frown,
Welcome the greetings which will never
end.

The height of nobleness within my
reach,
The stir of grand procession urge me on;
Expanding powers outstrip my feeble
speech,
Profoundest music drowns my infant
song.

PRAYER.

Our Father in heaven, as we set out
upon the great trackless ocean on the
voyage of life which so many have
crossed in safety and upon which so
many have made shipwreck, we are often
in perplexity and doubt. In the days of
sorrow, sunshine, we sometimes forget
Thee, and when the storm comes we
grow afraid, for we think God has for-
saken us. But we rejoice to remember
that Thou art the God of the storm as
of the sunshine, and that nothing can
separate from Thy love or thwart Thy
holy purpose. In that confidence we
have perfect peace whose mind is stayed
in Thee. Amid sunshine and storm
we would assure ourselves of Thy pres-
ence, and when at length the voyage is
ended and the harbor is reached we
shall review the past and see that Thou
hast been guiding us all the way. Amen.

THE COMMANDMENTS IN METER.
Thou no God shalt have but me;
Before no idol bend the knee;
Take not the name of God in vain;
Dare not the Sabbath day profane;
Give both thy parents honor due;
Thee heed that thou no murder do;
Abstain from words and deeds unclean;
Steal not though thou be poor and mean;

Make not a willful lie or love it;
What is thy neighbor's dare not covet.
—Selected.

HOW JOY IS WON.

How little parallel Christ's "blessedness"
run with those on which the average man
congratulates himself! No one can read
the Sermon on the Mount and not journey
toward a different goal from that of
his own untutored desire and ambition.
And yet that road has sunny stretches
and the end in view is an unfailing joy.
The leaders of the way keep telling us
that joy is our inheritance. We know
that it is a large part of our power. Why
is it that we attain to it with so much
difficulty and fall so often into the pit
of doubt and grief?

The commonest answer to this ques-
tion of discomforting experience is that
we have slipped back from the position
of the disciple to that of the unbeliever.
With what do unbelievers solace their
hearts in the way? Is it not with plea-
sure deliberately sought, power which
makes them masters of the lives and
fate of others? Do they not seek release
from responsibility and surcease of pain?
Would they not each plan for himself a
guarded palace from which care should
be shut out but pleasurable excitement
made a constant visitor? These are not
the attainments or the qualities which
Christ calls blessed. Joy is not for sale
in this market or at those rates. To fol-
low this path is but to turn out of the
highway of the King into that bypath
which led Christian in the allegory into
the power of Giant Despair and the dun-
geons of Doubting Castle.

Our path takes us into trodden ways.
It is the path of self-denial for the sake
of others. It passes by turns of hard
experience and through the valley of
humiliation where pride must have a fall.
If joy goes with us, it must be a joy
that is independent of many things, but
heart-peace, it must be a quality
of overcoming in it—how else shall it
be our good comrade in the day of battle
and our true helper in the hour of disap-
pointment? If there be no such joy in
the world, the follower of Christ is poor
indeed. But this is just the quality of
the blessedness with which Christ congratu-
lates the companions of His own experi-
ence. They are sufferers and neverthe-
less are joyful. Life with them is not a
patter of pleasures struck upon a sub-
stance of discontent. It is a varied ex-
perience shot through and through with
an ever-present delight. To be a compan-
ion of Christ and a son of God—that is
the real and enduring joy. The troubles
and perplexities of the way are not with-
out their sting and weariness. But they
never penetrate to the real life of the
soul.

The first aid for the injured, then, in
the breakdown of this overcoming, child-
like joy, is found in forgetfulness of self
for the need of others. So it was that
Christ fed His soul with joy. So shall
we find sustenance for our starved souls.
But the giving will not help us unless we
give ourselves. The grasping soul brings
fool to an empty treasury. The gener-
ous soul gives and delights in giving,
and therein finds its overflowing spring
of joy.

WHO?

I come with diffidence, modesty and
charm. I carry, I bring, I hint, I belong
to the vocabulary of Mount Zion. I
swell in the bosom of the Eternal Fa-
ther. I tremble in the saint, I flutter in
the sinner. I promise, I prophesy, I pro-
pound. There is verve in my inspiration.
I move seas without a name,
through channels not on the chart. My
ships are laden with treasure, my yacht
is filled with perfume. My voice in the
market place says, "buy." My voice at
the fountain says, "drink." I say to the
lowly, "lift up." I say to the despound-
ing, "cheer up." I say to the alcoholic,
"give up." I say to the purblind, "look
up." I come to the man in a trap, with
hand-pike help. I come to the lonely,
with sympathetic help. I come to the
hungry, with bread and butter help. I
come to the sinking, with lifeboat help.
My breath is better than food, my silent
attitude is more eloquent than words. I
command, and lo, a great army. I open
gates and lo, a flood. I touch a spring.
There is seraphic joy. My language is
there is weeping for ever. My voice is as soft
as a maiden's prayer. I am a picture to

admire, a song to be listened to, a feast
to partake of. I am the mother of
dreams, the patron of realities. I give
scope to the pioneer, and crown to the
victors.

I minister to maids diseased. I am a
pilot for a day, then I vanish. Heaven
knows me, so does hell. My ministry is
mighty, my name is, Suggestion.
H. T. Miller.

AERIAL FANTASIES.

(By a Banker.)

The occasional vagaries of the atmo-
sphere are at times both startling and
fantastic. Amongst the more infrequent
of these strange phenomena perhaps the
most remarkable is the unexplained con-
dition of the air by which objects far
away below the horizon are apparently
elevated and brought into view, magni-
fied as though by a powerful telescope.
As an instance of this remarkable phre-
nomenon, the coast of France was some
time ago distinctly visible from Hav-
ing, although more than fifty miles dis-
tant, and therefore far below the hori-
zon; houses, windmills, fishing boats at
anchor, and other objects being clearly
discernible, while with a telescope men
and animals walking about could be
plainly seen.

Another similar atmospheric effect
which has so frequently been described is
the mirage of the desert, when the weary
traveller, or the footsore soldier on the
march, is refreshed with the sight of a
beautiful oasis, with a palm-bordered
lake rippling with sparkling wavelets,
but which, as with the torment of Tan-
talus, as he advances towards it, con-
tinues to recede.

An aerial phantasm not infrequently
observed in the Straits of Messina is the
fata morgana; on one occasion the dom-
ed city of Reggio, as viewed from the
equally unfortunate opposite neighbor
Messina, being apparently moved into
the centre of the Straits, leaving every
house, every church tower, every vessel
lying in the dock, distorted or dupli-
cated in fantastic form; here, the one
tower of a church transformed into two
slanting steeples; here, a vessel at an-
chor, with two counter-part inverted
offices, or here a large building appar-
ently reared in twin, each section resting
unsupported upon air; while ships,
houses, churches, cemeteries, gardens and
streets are all intermingled in a hopeless
confusion.

Doubtless, the superstitious regarded
this remarkable mirage as a presage of
some such calamity as recently visited
those two fated cities, when a crashing
havoc far more subversive than that
generated by phantasm wrecked and de-
vastated that foredoomed district.

And what a life of fantasy do some of
us live! Instead of gripping hold of the
solid and real pleasures of a life lived
in accordance with the highest law,
we live in a distorted and unreal at-
mosphere of fancied joys which may vanish
in a moment. But when we realize the
vanity of such an existence, and humble
ourselves before the Saviour of the
world, how to save us from the conse-
quences of our guilt. Himself bore the
penalty due, we at once exchange our
fantasy for reality, and in our after-life
receive a noble reward which will endure
throughout all eternity.

TOMMY ATKINS.

A Newspaper Organ Which Nobody
Buys and Nobody Sells.

Tommy Atkins' newspaper has many
points which make it unique and lift it
out of the common groove of journalism.
It has its editor and sub-editor, its
printers, publishers and deliverers, but
all these could be dismissed or changed
at a moment's notice, or daily, and its
business would not suffer, nor would its
tone be altered for better or worse!

It does not seek notoriety or endeavor
to increase its circulation. In fact, a
demand for more copies than usual is a
source of annoyance to its printers
and publishers! It does not canvass for
advertisements, and would not accept
them if offered. It has never even been
guilty of a competition, either amusing
or lucrative to its readers. There is no
fear of it being used as a party organ,
for the blandishments of a whole cabi-
net would not influence it one whit,
and the combined wealth of Pierpont,
Morgan and John D. Rockefeller could
not purchase it! And most wonderful
of all, nobody buys a single copy!

This unique newspaper is called Dis-
trict, Regimental or Depot Orders, ac-
cording as it may be published within
a district, in a regimental station or at a
depot for several regiments.

Its editor is the colonel or command-
ing officer; the sub-editor (the man who
actually does all the work) is the ad-
jutant; the printers and publishers are
the orderlies within the district, regi-
ment or depot where it may be pub-
lished. And its style is terse and
laconic in the extreme. There is no
opportunity for flowery and rhetorical
language. Paddling would not be tol-
erated for a moment. A week's work on
its staff would convert the most rabid
yellow journalist that ever spouted
jingoism.—London Tit-Bits.

TONIC TREATMENT FOR INDIGESTION.

Remedies That Digest the Food
Will Not Cure the Trouble—
The Stomach Must be
Fitted to do Nature's
Work.

The tonic treatment for indigestion,
dyspepsia, catarrh of the stomach and
gastritis is having remarkable success in
curing obstinate cases and deserves at-
tention from every sufferer.

Its principal is that remedies for indi-
gestion that digest the food for the
stomach give relief for only a short
time. Ultimately they unfit the stom-
ach to do its own proper work, because
they make its already weak powers still
weaker by disuse, while the remedy that
strengthens the stomach makes it cap-
able of digesting the food for itself, and
this benefit is lasting. A remedy that
is not only a tonic for the stomach, but
for the blood and nerves as well, invigor-
ates the entire system and makes re-
covery from the painful, weakening ef-
fects of indigestion rapid and thorough.
Every sufferer from indigestion will find
in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills just the tonic
needed, as they enrich the blood, tone
the stomach and thus enable it to do the
work nature intended it should do. This
has been proved in thousands of cases, and
it is worth the while of every suf-
ferer from stomach trouble to give Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial.

Edward Chatterton, Campbellton, N. B.,
says: "I have been a great sufferer from
indigestion and stomach trouble, and
although I had treatment from several
doctors, I did not find a cure until I be-
gan using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I
can hardly describe how much I suffered
at times. Every meal brought with it
more or less agony, and I seemed to
have a complete distaste for food. I had
almost begun to think my case incur-
able when I came across a pamphlet
advertising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and
I decided to give them a trial. I am
very thankful that I did so, for I had
not been taking the Pills long before I
found them helping me, and in six weeks
every symptom of the trouble had dis-
appeared. I can now eat heartily almost
any kind of food, and no longer experi-
ence pain and discomfort after eating."

It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills
make new, rich blood that they cure
such troubles as indigestion, rheumatism,
neuritis, headaches and backaches, St.
Vitus' dance, and other forms of nerve
troubles. They cure the irregularities of
girlhood and womanhood, and bring
ease, comfort and health to sufferers.
Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail
at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50
from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,
Brookville, Ont.

DETROIT MORALS.

(Detroit Exchange.)

A committee of the National Y. M. C.
A. has investigated the morals of the
youth of Detroit—not because Detroit
was regarded as particularly moral or
especially immoral, but because it was
classed as "a typical American city."

The committee has reported and here is
a summary of conclusions:
More than 80 per cent of those enter-
ing respectable houses are under 21
years of age.

Boys of wealthy parents are no better
morally than those from poor homes.
Middle class boys are better off than
either.

Girls are in many cases as lacking in
morality as boys.

Newsboys and boys of the industrial
districts patronize saloons and cheap
theatres freely.

Girls at amusement parks lure boys to
evil.

Suggestive and immoral pictures are
displayed for the temptation of the
youth who visit penny picture booths.

Poolrooms are a stepping stone to evil.
Fifty to 75 per cent of high school
boys are habitual smokers.

Indecent literature and pictures are
circulated freely, especially among high
school boys.

The Sunday School Lesson

LESSON VI.—NOV. 7, 1909.

Paul a Prisoner—The Shipwreck.—

Acts 27: 39-28: 10.

Commentary.—I. The ship's com-
pany in great danger (vs. 27-38). On
the fourteenth night of the storm they
discovered that they were drawing
near some land. They had been
driven about 450 miles westward to
the little island of Malta. Some of
the sailors were trying to escape and
leave the others to their fate, but Paul
said, "Except these abide in the ship
ye cannot be saved," whereupon the
soldiers cut the ropes that held the
small boat to the ship and allowed it
to drift away, and the sailors were
obliged to remain in the ship. ...
were weak from fasting and exposure
and Paul persuaded them to eat. He
repeated his assurances of safety.
Paul's hopeful and cheerful spirit
had breathed hope and comfort into
the whole company. His faith and
courage not only caused him to pass
through these dark days without be-
coming despondent, but actually en-
abled him to inspire courage in all
the rest.

II. The wreck and the escape (vs. 39-44).

39. knew not the land—Even if some
of the sailors were familiar with the
Mediterranean, yet coming so sud-
denly upon it they would at first fail
to recognize it. took counsel (R. V.)
"They saw a bay with a beach"
where they hoped to be able to land,
and they discussed the best means of
doing so. 40. casting off the anchors
—The sailors cast off all the anchors
and left them in the sea, losing the
bands (R. V.)—Ancient ships were
supplied with two rudders, like pad-
dles, one being placed on each side
of the stern. When the ship was an-
chored by the stern it became neces-
sary to hoist these rudders out of the
water and bind them to the ship, but
now that they were trying to get the
ship to land the rudders were united.
41. two seas met—The channel which
separates the little island of Salomon
from the Maltese coast near St.
Paul's bay unites the outer sea with
the inner and forms just such a position
as is here described. "As the sea-
man sail in from the east they mis-
took the visible part of the mouth of
the strait for a bay, and thrusting
forward into the channel where their
stern took the force of the double sea,
still agitated by the storm."—Whedon.

42. soldiers' counsel—According to the
Roman custom each of the prisoners
was chained to a particular soldier
who was his keeper.—Hackett. The
Roman law gave the soldiers answer-
able with their own lives for the
prisoners placed under their charge,
and now that there was a possibility
of the prisoners escaping the soldiers
wished them put to death. (R. V.)—"The
centurion could not fail to see that it
was to Paul that the safety of the
whole party was due."—Swinn.—As
Paul had already been thrice ship-
wrecked and had been in the deep a
night and a day (2 Cor. 11:25) we
may be sure that he was among those
who were told to swim ashore.—Cam-
Bib. 44. came to pass—"And so the
three points of Paul's prediction were
accomplished—they were wrecked up-
on an island, the ship was lost, and
their lives were saved."

III. On the Island of Melita (vs. 1-10).
1. when they were escaped—Signifi-
cant in view of the perils from which
they had been delivered. called Melita
—It must be remembered they had lost
their reckoning (chap. 27:20), and did
not know whether the tempest had car-
ried them until they reached the island.
That this island was the modern Malta,
cannot be doubted. The evidence of
ancient writers sustains it; Malta lies in
the track of a vessel driven by a northeast
wind; the reputed locality of the wreck
agrees with Luke's account; and the
subsequent course of the voyage to Pu-
teoli is that which a vessel would pur-
sue in going from Malta.—Hackett. 3.
barbarous people—The native islanders
were of Phoenician descent. Using
neither the Greek nor Latin languages
and customs, they would be classed as
barbarians. So Luke employs the term;
and Paul also includes all mankind un-
der the designation "Greeks and bar-
barians" (Rom. 1:14). But this "bar-
barous people" showed the higher re-
finement of a genuine courtesy and hos-
pitality in their cordial reception and
care of the shipwrecked passengers and
crew.—Butler. so little kindness—The
pitiable plight of the nearly three hun-
dred people cast on their shore excited
the impulses of humanity. A large fire
was kindled on the beach, which must
have been truly acceptable. rain—The
Levantine, as similar storms are now
called in the Mediterranean, are always
followed by excessive rain. cold—The
exposure to the elements in going to
shore, and the added misery of the rain,
would render the shipwrecked mariners
sensitive to the October chill. 3. Paul
had gathered—Paul is ever active and
now we see him taking part in the neces-
sary work. a viper—The viper is very
venomous, out of the heat—"A viper
came out by reason of the heat."—R. V.
The viper was doubtless concealed in
the bundle of sticks which Paul had
gathered. It was suddenly driven out
by the heat and fastened itself on Paul's
hand.

4. when the barbarians saw—The
sharp-eyed natives saw the reptile slen-
der from the apostles' hands. They knew
that the poisoned fangs, by which only
it could hang, were bedded in the hand;
and they knew the virulence of the poi-
son now in contact with the life-blood.
—Butler. said among themselves—Re-
ferring nothing else but Paul's instant
death, with an instinctive feeling of nat-
ural retribution for crime, they count
the viper an avenger of blood. "This
man is doubtless a murderer," they say
to each other, "whom justice still is
tracking, and has found, even after his
deliverance from the sea."—Ibid. 5.
He shook off the viper—The viper, in
the clinging reptile into the fire, with no
sign of fear. In this was fulfilled the
words of our Savior in Mark 16:18

6. Should have swollen—They ex-
pected that he would have swollen from
the bite of the viper. The poison of
this serpent is rapid, and they looked
for immediate results. They expected
the poison would produce a violent in-
flammation. Fallen down dead sud-
denly—When the poison of the viper strikes
a vital part, immediate death results.
Changed their minds—Without question,

a miracle had been wrought here. It
requires divine power to enact a miracle,
and Paul was the only being these people
knew to be concerned in this transac-
tion. The poison had entered his veins,
and he had been unharmed. A god—
A supernatural being. Compare the con-
duct of the Lystrans (chap. 14: 11-13).
7. Chief man—The Greek word is protos,
which is known from inscriptions to
have been the official title of the gov-
ernor of Melita.—Lumby. Lodged us
three days—This governor continued the
almost uniform kindness Paul had thus
far received from Roman officials. He
extended the hospitalities of his house.
8. Father of Publius lay sick—God or-
dained an opportunity for Paul to
repay the kindness of Publius, and to
exalt Christ before these heathen.
Bloody flux—Dysentery, combined with
fever. 9. Others..... were healed—
This was noised abroad, and all in the
island who were sick came and were
healed. 10—Many honors—The hearts
of the people were moved and they nat-
urally wished to show their apprecia-
tion of the great good which had come
to them.

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS.

The Escape to Land.

I. The landing. "And so it came to
pass" (v. 44) "in accordance with the
divine purpose and plan." I. I. provid-
ence. "He doeth according to his will,"
said Nebuchadnezzar (Dan. 4: 35). "He
worketh all things after the counsel of
his own will," says Paul (Eph. 1: 11).
"My counsel shall stand, and I will do
all my pleasure," adds Jehovah (Isa. 46:
10). The divine purpose may be op-
posed by mighty forces. Take, for in-
stance, the determination to settle Ara-
ham's descendants in Canaan. Notwith-
standing their descent into Egypt and
enslavement there, the turning away
from them of the royal favor, the in-
human edict that their children should
be cast into the Nile, the failure of
Moses' first attempt at their liberation,
the general breaking down of their
national spirit, "the time, a favor,"
Canaan became, in God's time, a favor.
2. In grace. The salvation of believers
occurs in accordance with the same di-
vine purpose and plan. They are called,
justified and sanctified by sovereign
grace (2 Thes. 2: 13). "It is not sup-
posable that God does not know be-
forehand what the issues will be of his
own scheme of redeeming grace. Nothing
can prevent the ultimate salvation of
Christ's people—neither the ill nor cal-
amities of time, nor the falling away of
professed disciples, nor the breaking up
of ecclesiastical institutions."

II. Paul an example. It was Paul who
wrote, "Be ye followers of me, as I fol-
low Christ" (Phil. 3: 17). "Those things
ye have both learned, and received, and
heard, and seen in me, do" (Phil. 4: 9).
Paul was an example of industry, humil-
ity (v. 3), faith (v. 5), intercession, pow-
er (v. 8), thanksgiving and courage (v.
15). We change ourselves miserably
when we live truly. A man of emi-
nent piety, unjustly imprisoned, was put
in a cell with a man of ferocious dispo-
sition, who used blasphemous and vile lan-
guage, and violently attacked those who
approached him. For days he reviled,
tormented and injured the Christian
who occupied his cell, but received only
kind words, gentleness, patience and
prayers. One day the monster stood a
moment silently regarding the man
whom he had never seen other than gen-
tle and patient. Then he fell at his feet,
and with tears begged him to forgive him.

III. Paul an overcomer. "He shook off
the beast into the fire, and felt no
harm" (v. 5). For did not the Lord say
to the seventy: "Behold, I give you
power to tread on serpents and scor-
pions, and over all the power of the en-
emy; and nothing shall hurt you." (Luke
10: 19). Not high winds, nor violent
waves, for Jesus will say to these, "Peace,
be still," and there will be "a great calm"
(Mark 4: 39) or he will bring you through
them all "safe to land" (Acts 27: 44). Not
the devices of men for God will make their
plots of men "come to nought" (Isa. 58:
10; vs. 30-32). "And who is he that will
harm you, if ye be followers of that
which is good?" (1st Cor. 13: 8). A mis-
sionary in a foreign country, surrounded
by the worst of desperadoes, had an op-
portunity to prove this. He was
preaching from the Sermon on the
Mount. He prepared the sermon care-
fully, as he had done all the others, and
explained its full meaning. At the close
of the sermon the heathen gathered
about him and demanded, one after an-
other, his watch, chain, and other dif-
ferent articles of dress. He let them
take what they would. But presently
one of the number was conscience-smit-
ten and rebuked the others; and the
missionary was permitted to retain his
belongings, and was never afterwards in
the slightest degree molested.—A. C. M.

DEATH REPORTED.

An old offender that hung for years.
Nothing touched his stony heart but
Putnam's Corn Extractor, and out he
came root, stem and branch. All corns
cured just as quickly when Putnam's
is used; try it.

SENTENCE SERMONS.

Deferred punishments are only get-
ting ripe.
Gold is tried by fire and man often
by gold.

You cannot conquer any weakness
by codding it.
The straight face often goes with a
crooked heart.

Foggy thinking usually boasts of its
freedom.
Borrow trouble and you will soon
be rich in misery.

The life that reaches farthest helps
most those nearest.
It is easy to mistake being stuck
fast for being steadfast.

It is slow work curing the world's
ills by preaching our isms.
The work is accomplished by those
who are afraid of overwork.

The worker who watches the clock
never acquires the right to set it.
No man comes to himself until he
knows that he belongs to his world.

The man who puts his substance
down his throat is soon taken at the
face value.

Some imagine that a just life is
one spent in judging other people.
No man lays up treasure in heaven
by sending verbal promissory notes
there.

Lots of people are waiting for a rest
in heaven who never knew the heaven
of work.
Many a man finds that all the piety

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he got in meeting evaporates when he goes milking.

The biggest coward of all is the man who is not afraid of doing that which he knows to be wrong.

You can measure the bitterness of the adversary's pill by the thickness of the sugar coating.

One of the worst results of crooked living is that a man ceases to be on the square with himself.

It's no use dreaming of your heavenly home if your faith does not make your home more heavenly.

If a man wants to learn where the saints really are, let him take care of the children at home for a day.

He who stays awake worrying over his neighbor's creed is usually asleep in the hour of that neighbor's need.

The man who thinks that Sunday is the only day to lay up treasure in heaven spends the week mortgaging it.—Henry F. Cope, in Chicago Tribune.

Crossing the Channel on a Plank.

A day or two after Blieriot's successful successful flight across the Channel a man named Westlake announced his intention of crossing on a plank two feet wide, 18 feet long and two inches thick, fitted with a mast and sail and two empty oil drums to give it buoyancy. Westlake, however, was picked up more dead than alive off the Belgian coast, but still hopes to accomplish the feat.

A few days later Thos. Wakerell set out to row across the Channel in a boat of his own construction, consisting of two planks, with sides a few inches high. He was ultimately picked up in the North Sea and landed at Rotterdam.

Some two or three years ago four old Etonians attempted to row from Dover to Calais in a four oar sailing boat, but before they got half way across the Channel the boat was swamped and the crew nearly drowned. That it is not impossible, however, to cross the Channel in a small boat was proved some time ago by a young Frenchman named Felix Chanois, who, alone and unaided, crossed from Dover to Calais in a canoe in 27 hours and seemed little worse for his adventurous voyage.—Tit-Bits.

Too Much.

Continuing to rummage, the burglar discovered the following bills:

Groceries \$ 88.00
Life insurance 102.15
Dry goods 44.85
Coal 92.00
Milk 12.30
Dressmaker 78.00
Tailor 56.00
Gas 7.20
Milliner 25.00
Miscellaneous 72.60

Sighing heavily, he disgorged the silver and jewelry.

"This house has trouble enough," he said, "tip-toeing out.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



Mother-Love Endures Forever

Here is a sermon in a picture for every young man and every boy who has forgotten his mother. You don't need to be told that the sad-faced little woman with her arm about the younger man is his mother; the picture does