

The QUIET HOUR

PASS IT ONWARD. If we can not preach a sermon, Sing a single soulful song, Check of eye the tide of evil, That goes sweeping on and on, I will tell you what you can do Through the hours with promise clad— Just pass life's brightness onward And help the world be glad.

'Tis a simple thing but potent— Wondrous power for good or ill, Scattering bits of helpful sunshine Or the doubts that blast and kill, Voicing still a brighter future Or a cloud-enshrouded day— Ah, it means success or failure To the toiler on life's way.

To the one whose load is heavy, To the soul that seeks the light, To the heart bowed down with sorrow, Shorn of courage and of might, To a race that journeys upward With the sweep of sleepless years To the God who hung the rainbow In the storm-clouds' crystal tears.

Yes, it means a load made lighter, Just to hope and not despair; Means a clearer soul perception Of a goal divinely fair; Means a heart made ever stronger Through the hours that try the soul; Means man's uplift, grand, eternal, God's one purpose, pole to pole.

Let us then lift high life's banner, Hope emblazoned—fling it out, Scatter sunshine through the moments, Put despair and doubt to rout! Linger not within the lowlands, Fear-encompassing, hearts e'er sad; Pass it onward—pass the brightness, Help the world be glad, be glad!

THE GOODNESS OF GOD. (Eganville Visitor.) God it not only all-powerful, but good. His goodness excites our love. Were He but the God of infinite might and knowledge, with us cringing before Him in abject fear, He would not be perfect. The tyrant, despite his power, is one-sided and lacking qualities, no less than might, necessary to perfection. Accordingly the Supreme Being must be a God of goodness, and of a goodness to which our human idea of goodness can be no more compared than can the best example of earthly ability to the wonders wrought by the Creator's hand.

The goodness of God is seen in His justice, His benevolence, His mercy. He is the Sun of Justice, righteousness itself. The just amongst us are such in proportion as they approach the standard of perfection. The Supreme Being is not only just in Himself, but He is just in His relation towards His creatures, in His consideration of our rights, if creatures can be said to have any rights in respect to their Creator. But at least, He treats us, in these claims upon Him which he has gratuitously given us, with perfect justice. The justice of earth is often far from perfect, through man's fallibility or even fault. Not so God's justice. From the just Judge the victim of oppression or misfortune knows that he will obtain his rights. He knows all things, weighs all circumstances, possesses every title of evidence, and the decision will be absolutely just. At that bar of justice what a great reckoning there will be, when merit and demerit will be nicely balanced; then those who rode roughshod through the world without regard to others' rights or even God's will, receive justice; and those who served and worked, patiently, silently, for God alone, will receive justice too, but the justice of great recompense.

God is not only just towards us; He is benevolent. Strictly speaking we have no claim upon him at all. Therefore, all we owe Him in the natural order alone, bespeaks His benevolence, His loving care of His creatures, which we call Providence. Not a sparrow falls without His permission. The birds of the air and the lilies of the field are looked after, but much more are we the particular objects of divine Providence. The very hairs of our head are numbered. All that is necessary for life and comfort is ours—from that bountiful hand. We are hidden to have every confidence in Providence for "if the grass of the field God doth as a clothe, how much more you?" True, trials come: Providence sends adversity as well as prosperity. But these are evidences of God's love in other guise. Sickness, suffering, want, are sent us to exercise our virtue, and will bring a ten-fold reward. Happy they in reality who are favored with these pledges of a glorious future. Repining at one's lot is injurious. Every dispensation of God's providence that effects us is for our good. Fair or foul in seeing, God's hand is always there imparting blessings to us. And all this gratuitously!

St. George's Baking Powder. There's nothing like St. George's Baking Powder. It keeps its strength—the last spoonful is as good as the first. And it gives such a fine flavor to the baking, once people use it, they want it every time. Write us for our new Cook-Book. National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

THE SPOTTER (Continued from page 6)

"Nothing but a slight bilious attack, mother, I'll be all over it in a day or two." Ferris was in the office waiting when Bently went in. The certainty of his innocence of any violation of the company's rules or other neglect of duty nerved Bently up and gave his countenance a look of fearless innocence. Ferris met this look with an almost pitiful sympathy, which was far from pleasing to Bently.

"There's a charge of failure to collect a fare standing against you, Bently," he said; "that of a feeble woman with a sick child on your last trip in yesterday afternoon." "The charge is false, sir. I paid that fare myself and rung it in rather than put her off the car to die in the street, as she said she must. The register and cash will show the fare was paid and rung in, sir."

"You'll have a chance to prove that to her, Ben. She's the spotter" (opening the private office door). "Step in here, please, Miss Dascomb." Bently's start, as the rather comely girl with the soft brown eyes came in, was the next moment quieted, and had no special meaning for Ferris, who, in the depth of his sympathy for his friend, scarcely noticed it. Nor did he note the quick, significant glance of her eyes into Bently's.

"You are quite sure Mr. Bently didn't collect your fare on his last trip in last night, Miss Dascomb?" Ferris questioned, motioning her to a seat. "Sure as one can be of anything, sir," was her prompt answer, as she sat down.

"I was away in the forward end of the car, where she couldn't see me when I paid and rung in her fare, sir. I wasn't showin' up my business to her. I had a sort of half-presentiment she was a spotter, and took the precaution of having witness to my paying in her fare."

Ferris looked bewildered. "Rather a mixed-up affair this—a mistake somewhere. We've got implicit confidence in Miss Dascomb, Bently."

"Yes, but you'll give a man a chance to defend himself. You may fire me from the company, of course, but I shall insist upon my right to prove my innocence of this thing, if it takes the last cent I've got, Mr. Ferris."

Mr. Goodwin, who had been listening in his private office, now stepped in, in season to see Miss Dascomb wiping the tell-tale moisture from her eyes. "You'd better let this go over till to-morrow, Ferris," he said, with a sharp glance from Miss Dascomb to Bently. Then he invited the girl into the private office. What passed between them during that half hour Ferris never knew. But he did know that there had come a marked change over Goodwin as he came out with Miss Dascomb Bently's address, Ferris," he ordered softly.

"Here you are, Miss Dascomb," Ferris said, noting down the address on a slip—"972 Poplar street. The Nuestro Heights car goes right by it." Bently's mother, who answered Miss Dascomb's ring at the small four-roomed flat door, looked askance first at the card which Miss Dascomb handed her and then at the girl herself. Tom had gone on an errand for her to the grocer's just down the street. He would be back in ten minutes, if she would step into the parlor and wait.

"It seems hardly possible that you could have forgotten me in seven years, Mrs. Bently," the girl said, looking wistfully up into the wrinkled pale face. A glow of recognition presently lit up the wrinkles as she gazed. "Sakes alive, you ain't the Pauline Dascomb that went way off from Lakeville soon after graduating from the high school, to make a career for yourself?"

"The same Pauline, Mrs. Bently." She stood up to receive and return the fervid embrace. "Oh, you pretty dear, you come within an ace of breaking poor Tom's heart," the mother went on. "He never done no good to home after you went, an' dragged me way out West here six months after you'd gone."

ONLY A Common Cold

BUT IT BECOMES A SERIOUS MATTER IF NEGLECTED. PNEUMONIA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH or CONSUMPTION IS THE RESULT. Get rid of it at once by taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

Obstinate coughs yield to its grateful soothing action, and in the racking, persistent cough, often present in Consumptive cases, it gives prompt and sure relief. In Asthma and Bronchitis it is a successful remedy, rendering breathing easy and natural, enabling the sufferer to enjoy refreshing sleep, and often effecting a permanent cure. We do not claim that it will cure Consumption in the advanced stages, but if taken in time it will prevent it reaching that stage, and will give the greatest relief to the poor sufferer from this terrible malady. Be careful when purchasing to see that you get the genuine Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark. Mr. Wm. O. Jenkins, Spring Lake, Alta., writes: "I had a very bad cold settled on my lungs. I bought two bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup but it only required one to cure me. I have never met with any other medicine as good." Price 25 cts., at all dealers.

Sick all the Time with Kidney Trouble

4 BOXES CURED HIM Mr. Whellam was a mighty ill man this spring. He had been ailing for almost a year. Sharp pains in the back and through the hips. Dull headaches and dizzy spells. Appetite poor—nothing seemed to taste right.

Finally, an old friend told him about a friend who was in just that condition and who was cured by GIN PILLS. Mr. Whellam tried them, and you would not know him for the same man now. That worried, strained look about the face is gone. His eyes are bright—his complexion rosy. He enjoys what he eats—has gained in weight—and sleeps like a top.

He had kidney trouble. GIN PILLS practically gave new kidneys—healed and strengthened these vital organs—soothed the bladder—and freed the system of uric acid that was poisoning him. Broad Cove, C.B., July 6, 1906. I received a sample of your GIN PILLS last fall. They did me a great deal of good. In fact, they are the best kidney medicine I know of. A neighbor of mine has tried them and they did him more good than all the Doctors' Medicine he took in three months. I will not forget during my lifetime the benefit your GIN PILLS have been to me. JOHN WHELLAM.

Are your kidneys sick? Do you feel just as Mr. Whellam did? Then take GIN PILLS on our positive guarantee that they will cure you. To have you give them a fair trial, we send a free sample if you mention this paper. Write to-day to Boie Drug Co., Winnipeg. 84 GIN PILLS are sold by dealers everywhere at 50c a box—or 6 boxes for \$2.50.

recognized you. Yet something in the one brief glance of your eyes which I caught, haunted me like the remembrance of a delightful dream. Where did you get that poor sick child?" "Oh, the company get us those from the Day Nursery for such occasions, Tom."

They sat and talked of the past late into the night. She was startled at the lateness when she came to a clear sense of time. He accompanied her home to the three rooms which she occupied with a girl friend who wrote the weekly society page for the great city newspaper.

Bently called around about nine next morning. He begged her to go with him to the office of the gentleman who had seen him pay in her fare, before they went to the Grand Pacific office. "Don't, please, Tom," she pleaded, with that girlish sweetness which she knew to have such power over him. "I'd as soon go hunting for proof of—where you were born."

"Then I shall have to go alone, Pauline," he almost murmured, "and bring Mr. Goodwin indubitable proof that I paid it. I must not let such a charge stand against me, whether I am fired or not." "I am quite needless to go to all that trouble, Tom. I can convince him of my mistake fully enough. We'd best be going; I am due at the office at half past nine."

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Ferris almost laughed out loud at sight of the late accuser and accused walking into the office arm in arm, like a pair of sweethearts. "Mr. Goodwin's waiting for you in his private office, Miss Dascomb. Just take a seat, Bently," he said demurely as he could under the circumstances.

In a fever of distrust and anxiety Bently wondered what possible thing could be keeping the girl so long occupied in Goodwin's private office. "Morning paper is over there on that other desk, Bently," Ferris said, on looking up from the pile of papers in which he had been buried. "Tell Bently to come in here a minute, Ferris," Goodwin ordered, opening the door a crack.

"I'm very sorry that this thing has happened, Bently," Goodwin said apologetically, "but I couldn't see how Miss Dascomb could have been mistaken till she explained matters herself. You know as well as we do that we have to be on the lookout for grafts, and we must have iron-clad rules to protect the company against them."

"Of course, Mr. Goodwin," Bently assented. "I'd be the last man to kick against the enforcement of any rule which I had bound myself by entering the employ of your company."

"It's all right, Bently. We'll consider it a decided gain to the company to have you continue with us as if the thing had never happened. There will be a change all around at the end of the year. I am going up to vice-president, Ferris takes my place, and we expect you to take his."

This unexpected turn in his favor for the moment put words past Bently's utterance. "Let me thank you very much for this, Mr. Goodwin," Miss Dascomb said, getting on her feet, her face glowing with pleasure. "We came very near doing an irreparable injustice to an honest man."

"Don't mention it. Seems to have been my own fault mostly. Call in to-morrow, Miss Dascomb; you and Mr.

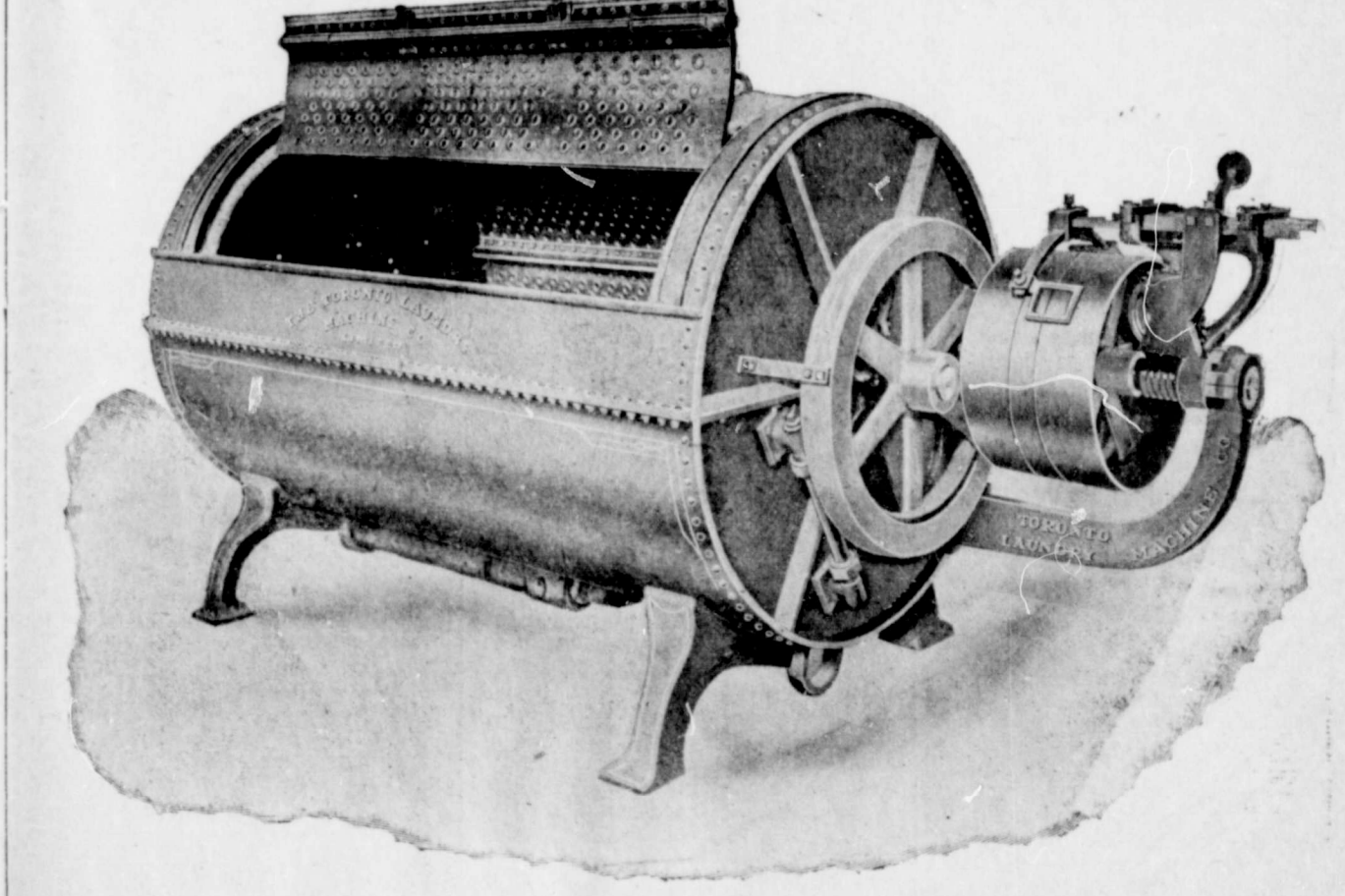
Bently will have old times to talk over." "Thank you very much, sir," Bently managed to say huskily, as he went out after Miss Dascomb. Ferris sat bolt upright, eyeing them capriciously. "Don't forget us when the cards are out, Bently," he bantered under his breath, so that Goodwin might not hear. "You'll be first on my invitation list, Ferris," Bently rejoined, going out of the door. Miss Dascomb flung him back a significant look over her shoulder as she took Bently's arm.—James Connolly, in The Monitor, San Francisco.

Met with a Generous Response

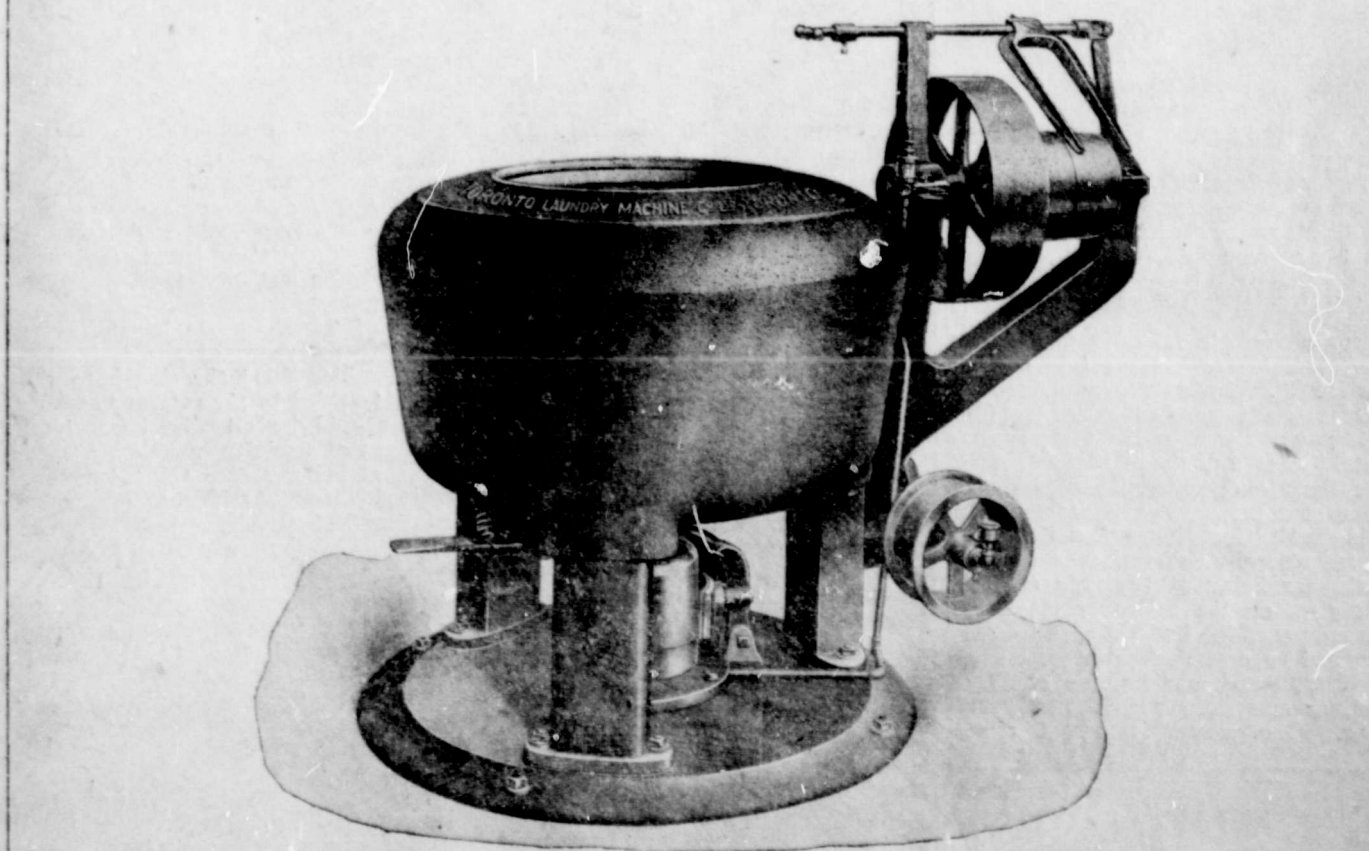
A short time ago, says Catholic Missions, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, at the request of the Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, made an appeal to the charity of Catholics in America for the necessary funds to send several priests, members of the Mill Hill Society, to the Philippines. A sum of \$5,000 was needed for the journey and outfit of this apostolic expedition. We are pleased to state that our request met with a prompt and generous response. Several members of the hierarchy and many of the clergy and laity sent us their contributions, and in a few weeks over \$7,000 were received. Of this sum \$5,000 were forwarded at once to Father Henry, Superior-General of the Mill Hill missionaries. The surplus has been placed at the disposal of Msgr. Agius, Apostolic Delegate, for the most needy missions in the Philippines.

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