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IIRE PRIZE WINNERS gs and lambs. Terms ROCKSPRING, ONT.

tobacco factory in Vevey. Snuffing up tobacco is said to be the best preventative.
Fortunately for us this hotel offers many advantages for the retired life we are now obliged to lead. There is a large garden with magnificent trees; there is a roof garden where we promenade in the evenings; and there is an exceptionally large and interesting library, containing old editions of old English books, such as Boswell's Life of Johnson.

OCTOBER 10, 1918

In spite of all precautions the Grippe is spreading rapidly. We seldom go outside the hotel grounds now, unless it is absolutely necessary. Sometimes in the cool of the evening we take country walks.

Everything seems to have stopped Switzerland is quarantined. No more passports are being issued. No more soldiers are being repatriated. No more prisoners are coming into the country The frontier is closed. There is no mail No coal is coming from Germany—the miners there being ill with the Grippe. The Swiss refugees from Russia are quarantined in Lucerne.

Everything has stopped except time and the Grippe. We seem to do nothing these days ex-

cept gargle, and wash, and sniff, and

watch for symptoms.
Well, yes—we have another occupation, but I'll have to tell about it later.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

Consecrated Service.

Who then is willing to consecrate his service this day unto the LORD?—1 Chron.: 29-5.

Dr. Ritchie, of Nottingham, says that the battle-front shows how elemental prayer is in the heart of man:
"It is the homing-instinct of the soul.

How often one has heard the confession: 'We all pray in the trenches'. So that the question is, indeed, not why should a man pray? but why does man pray? In the depths and in the heights man's heart seeks God; he needs to be taught to walk with Him along the flats of the common day

We read in Rev. 7 of a great multitude, clothed in white robes,—those who have fought bravely for God on earth, and are now always in His Presence. They do not settle down to a life of inglorious response, but "serve Him day and night in His temple." That is willing and consecrated service—the glad service of love

When our Lord was accused of dishonoring the Jewish holy day by healing a helpless man, He answered calmly: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work. May we not reverently echo that saying



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When our Father is content to give up His watchful service, and let the birds, cattle and men feed themselves; when He allows the grass of the field to make its own green robe, when He ceases to paint the wayside flower and light the evening starthen-it may be-that templeservice, which now goes on unceasingly day and night, may fail.

We pray every day that the Father's Will may be done on "earth" as it is done in "heaven". Then, perhaps, we are distressed when a young life is called to higher service. We say," he was cut off in his prime, just when he was about to begin his life-work" Do we really think his usefulness is over, that his lifework is done? Is that unceasing service of God in heaven a waste of time? Do you prefer to stay on earth because your days are filled with pleasant and useful work here, and you are afraid of being a kind of "parlor boarder" when the message is brought: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." In the first paradise and calleth for thee." In the first paradise there was plenty of healthful farm-work to be done, when Adam was put into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it, when our first parents were "blessed" with the blessing of strenuous endeavor: 'Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it: and have dominion over the figh of the sea and over minion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth." As if that were not sufficient occupation to keep mankind happily busy, God placed under the care of Adam and his descendants all cereals and fruit bearing trees. Before sin laid a heavy hand on toil, men were invited to work with the Creator as cattle-farmers, grain-producers and horticulturists. It is the same God Who gives us our work on earth Who is served day and night in His Temple above. Do you think He blesses us with the wholesome gift of work here, only to offer us dull and unsatisfying idleness there? Those who are privileged to enter the City which needs no local temple,—because God Himself, by His Presence has made every part of it a Holy of Holies,—will "rest", indeed, and yet "His servants shall serve Him."—Rev. 22:3. It was after our Lord's victorious Resurrection that He made a fire on the shore and got an early breakfast for seven cold and weary fishermen. He is still the Fellow-Worker of every faithful servant; and His promise to gird Himself and make them sit down to meat while He waits upon them (S. Luke 12:37) does not imply that He will consider that service "drudgery". Rather, it is part of the "joy" of their Lord, which they are invited to share. I don't know how you feel about it; but if I thought it would be necessary (in the life beyond death) "to do nothing for ever and ever; would infinitely rather stay here. Work, for which one is fitted, is a delight to any healthy person here-why should we

