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A Difference of Two Dollars.—The late Russel Sage had the name of being at once the richest and the meanest man on Wall street. The omnibus drivers and cabmen on Fifth avenue point out a crack across the top pane of glass in one of his parlor windows which, they say, has been there for 21 years. The story goes that Mrs. Sage negotiated with a glazier to replace it with a whole pane for \$12. Mr. Sage would not pay more than \$10. The glazier would not yield, and the deadlock has continued for almost a quarter of a century.

A Great Personal Worker.—In his interesting "Life of Wesley," recently published, Dr. Fitchett refers to Wesley's wonderful zeal in doing personal work, even before he was perfectly satisfied with his own religious state. "Whatever his own spiritual fortunes, he must warn others of their perils and of their duties. To every one—man or woman, rich or poor, with whom he was for a moment in company—he would speak some word for his Master. The passing traveller on the road, the hostler who took the bridle of his horse, the servant of the house, the chance guest at the table—to each, in turn, Wesley uttered some brief, solemn, unpretended word of counsel and always with strange effect."

Came the Canadian Route.—Coming events cast their shadows before. Mr. William Rockefeller, brother of John D. Rockefeller, recently reached New York from Europe via Quebec. It is alleged that, not being very well, he chose the Canadian in preference to the direct New York route in order to shorten the sea voyage. Perhaps also he was tempted by the chance to travel on one of the Allan turbines or one of the C. P. R. Empress steamers. In any event Mr. Rockefeller's choice may be prophetic of a great United States passenger traffic via the Canadian route. There are a great many people who like to get from land to land in as short time as possible, and there is every prospect that the Canadian boats will, as the years go by, take a line of business from the "American" liners.

Addicted to the Dictionary.—Some one was bantering a young man about being so "addicted to his dictionary." "That big book is my right hand man!" he exclaimed. "If I am in doubt about the spelling of a word, I look it up and learn it so it will stay learned. Then I don't have to advertise my ignorance every time I write a letter. When I read a word I cannot pronounce, or hear one spoken that doesn't sound right, I

make a note of it, then hie to my 'Webster' and find out, and pronounce it over fifty times or more, till I can speak it glibly. Then I am ready for it next time it comes along. The same way with meanings. I make surprising discoveries sometimes, but I find that it pays—makes my reading more interesting and definite, too." In most homes there is probably a dictionary of some kind, but in many cases it is seldom opened. The example of this young man is to be commended.

Bequests of the Century.—A London paper reviews the receipts and bequests of the nineteenth century as follows: "We received the goose-quill, we bequeath the typewriter; we received the scythe, we bequeath the mowing-machine and self-binder; we received the hand printing press, we bequeath the cylinder press; we received the tallow dip, we bequeath the electric lamp; we received the galvanic battery, we bequeath

REV. JOHN POTTS D.D., writes to the General Secretary of the Epworth League: "I congratulate you on the books selected for the Epworth League Reading Course for the coming season. I have looked through them and can most sincerely commend them to the attention of our young people. Each of three is a gem of literature well adapted to interest, as well as instruct the Leaders of Canadian Methodism"

the dynamo; we received the beacon signal fire, we bequeath the telephone and wireless telegraphy; we received ordinary light, we bequeath Roentgen rays." It may be added that we received from Robert Raikes a few schools for neglected boys in Gloucester, England, organized in 1780 with four teachers; we bequeath as the greatest development of the century the organized Sunday-school with its twenty-six million members, the greatest army on earth that marches under one banner.

Encouraging Progress.—The cause of temperance reform has been receiving much help recently from the world of business. The Department of Labor at Washington, not long ago, addressed circulars to the larger employers of labor throughout the United States, making inquiry as to their attitude on the liquor question with reference to employees. One thousand seven hundred and ninety-four establishments replied that they prohibited either in whole or part the use of intoxicating liquors, while more

than five thousand stated that they took means of ascertaining the habits of the men whom they employed, with regard to the use of liquor.

Fitzgerald, Georgia, a town of four thousand population, not long ago sought to become the location of the new building and repair shops of the Atlantic and Birmingham railway. The town was peculiarly adapted to the needs of such an industry, but the railroad officials it is claimed, refused to consider it because of the existence of six saloons, experience having taught them that labor was more reliable in "dry" territory. Last April four thousand conductors and motormen of the United Railways of St. Louis were notified by their employers that frequenting of saloons would subject them to instant dismissal. Manager Fleming of the Toronto Street Railway has announced that drinking men are not wanted by his company.

The United Mine Workers of America have shut out both saloonists and bartenders from membership in the organization. These are but a few of many instances which may be cited to illustrate the growing feeling against the saloon from a business standpoint.

A Young Old Man.—On July 7, Joseph Chamberlain celebrated his seventieth birthday. Birmingham almost suspended business to do him his honor. Discussing the event *The British Weekly* commends his extraordinary vitality as follows: "Those who attain the age of seventy generally feel that the shadows are gathering round them, as indeed they are. They are conscious that strength is failing, and that the end is not far off. In most cases they have abandoned ambition and even work. But in Mr. Chamberlain's case there is defiance, or rather an ignoring of the great facts. His people still hear him planning for the future as if he were thirty. At seventy, with his party almost broken to pieces, with a mere remnant to support him in Parliament and a growing disinclination on the part of the Conservatives to be tied to his last scheme, Mr. Chamberlain still talks of the triumphant future. . . . There is nothing here of the tendency to pessimism which conquers so many at Mr. Chamberlain's age. He rejoices in his prospect, and accepts with frank delight the quaint but sincere marks of admiration paid to him by his fellow townsmen. . . . Life has been worth while for Mr. Chamberlain and is still worth while. He is ready for new battles. He asks no mercy and will give none. There is something, we repeat, that refreshes and comforts in this magnificent vitality."