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preserved in the vestry; while his hatchment hangs above the spot where he worshipped from 1802-1805. The form of celebration adopted has been both historical and commemorative, and it lasted for a week. Bishop Browne, late of Bristol, gave an historical address, which was of the deepest interest. The festival service was conducted by the Bishop of Southwark.

A letter has been received by one of the Maori Members of the New Zealand Parliament from a Maori tribe in the thermal district of the North Island concerning a unique gift that the natives desire to offer. The letter says that their hearts are greatly stirred at the sufferings of the brave Belgians, and that they grieve sorely that, being without money, they are unable to subscribe to the funds their pakeha (white) friends have established. They have, however, a fair potato crop, and ask that they may send as much as can possibly be spared of this for sale, the proceeds to go to the Belgian Fund. Every family proposes to contribute its quota, and it is expected that several tons will be collected. They state that they feel this is but a trifling gift, and offer it in all humility, hoping that their pakeha friends will believe they are contributing according to their small means.

CREATORE'S BAND.

The engagement of Giuseppe Creatore and his famous band will largely increase the popularity of the evening scenes on the plaza. This brilliant Italian conductor is undoubtedly one of the outstanding men of the musical

world to-day and his reputation extends over two continents. He comes from a country rich in the art and noted for the musical geniuses it has produced. Every member of his band is an accomplished musician, and music-loving Canadians have a treat in store for them.

Boys and Girls

THE MOTHER AND THE TELEGRAPH BOY

These verses are written by the Rev. Edward Shillito, in the "Nation."

Death bids his heralds go their way,
 On red-rimmed bicycles to-day.
 Arrayed in blue with streak of red,
 A boy bears tidings of the dead:
 He pedals merrily along,
 Whistling the chorus of a song;
 Passing the time of day with friends,
 Until the journey almost ends.
 Then, slowing down, he scans each gate
 For the doom'd name upon the plate.
 That found, he loudly knocks and rings,
 Hands in the yellow missive; sings
 His song. The maid says at the door
 "No answer!" and he's off once more.

No answer through the empty years!
 No answer but a mother's tears!

A CURIOUS COINCIDENCE

A correspondent of the London Morning Post vouches for the truth of the following story: A Welshman and his wife, anxious to adopt a child from among the Belgian refugees, journeyed from Aberystwyth to Swansea to make their selection. On their arrival they found there were two young children, brother and sister, who particularly appealed to them and who might be adopted, but one could not be taken without the other. Under the circumstances they decided to take both. As the children were being undressed to be put to bed after reaching home, a locket was discovered hanging around the little girl's neck. Inside the locket was a photograph which the lady recognized as that of her own sister who had gone to Belgium as a governess many years before, had married and settled down in that country, and who now turned out to be the mother of the little refugees. She had therefore unknowingly adopted her own nephew and niece.

LIGHTHOUSES

Although to-day it is the desire of everyone to prevent shipwreck so far as possible, this was by no means the case in the time of our grandfathers. Dwellers on some coastlines in those "good old days" used to look upon shipwrecks as a regular blessing, and the people of Cornwall even went so far as to have a special saint, to whom they prayed in hard times for the "blessing" of a wreck and its accompanying loot!

The earlier method of lighting dangerous parts of the coast was by means of braziers, fixed high up on a cliff. These braziers were often placed on the top of a building, and would act as a fairly good warning of the rocks beneath. The wind, too, helped to keep the fire well alight.

A further step in the development of coast warnings was a lightship with lamps suspended from the extremes of the yardarm. These vessels were first built about 1730, but they were not entirely satisfactory at that time as they had a habit of breaking loose from their moorings and drifting away.

Yet another form of coast warning consisted of a bell-buoy, which was fixed in the immediate vicinity of dangerous rocks. The fierce waves of a storm tossed the bell to and fro, and above the howl of the tempest the warning notes of the bell could be heard by hard-pressed mariners.

In the year 1696 Winstanley's first Eddystone Lighthouse was started. The constructor had many difficulties to face, apart from the actual building of the lighthouse. One of his annoyances was the fact that the press-gang insisted on taking his workmen away for service in the Navy. But an appeal to the Admiralty at last ended this, and each workman was given a silver medal, by producing which he could escape being kidnapped.

Even more serious were the attentions of the French privateers; and one day, during a fog, Winstanley was

captured by the French, and taken across the Channel, while his men were stripped naked and set adrift in an open boat.

In the course of three years, however, he succeeded in rearing the structure. It looked more like a church than a lighthouse. The walls were wonderfully decorated, and adorned with texts; there were all sorts of fancy devices for the comfort of the occupants, and in most particulars the building was unfitted for its purpose.

When it had been standing a year, Winstanley altered and improved the upper part, and with its new top the lighthouse stood until 1703. On November 26th of that year Winstanley was at Plymouth, anxious to spend a night in his lighthouse during a storm, as everyone declared that it was unsafe—a contention which he utterly disbelieved.

As it happened, one of the most terrific storms of the century was then blowing up, and so off to the lighthouse Winstanley went. All through the night, both at sea and inland, the gale raged; and at Winstanley's home in far-off Essex a curious thing happened that night. A little silver model of his lighthouse was blown down on to the floor.

Next morning no sign of the lighthouse was to be seen upon the Eddy-stone rocks. It had been blown into the sea, with all whom it contained.

"STOP IT, COLONEL, STOP IT!"

During my military service in India, in those stirring times of mutiny and murder, I had in my regiment a little bugler who was too weak and delicate for the life he had to lead; but he was born in the regiment, and we were bound to make the best of him. His father, as brave a man as ever lived, had been killed in action; then his mother drooped and died six months later.

She was the daughter of a Scripture reader, and a delicate, refined woman, who had brought up the boy strictly, according to her light, and she was generally liked and respected. The boy was her image; but as he preferred to go to prayer-meeting with her rather than to join in the horse-play of the other boys, he was not popular, and suffered from many coarse taunts and mocking gibes. After his mother died his life was made miserable by the scoffing sneers and ribald jokes of the men, whose butt he was.

About two years later, when little Willie Holt was fourteen years old, the regiment was bivouacking some miles from camp for rifle practice. I had intended leaving the lad behind, thinking him unfit for such work, as the ground was swampy and unhealthy, but my sergeant-major begged hard "To take him along."

"There is mischief in the air, Colonel," he said; "and rough as they treat the lad, his pluck and his patience tells on 'em; for the boy is a saint, sir; he is, indeed."

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