

Programme of Woman's Institute Convention.

LONDON, NOV. 4 AND 5, 1914.

Afternoon, November 4th.—Mrs. J. H. McMay, Alisa Craig, presiding.

O Canada.
Devotional exercises.

Address of welcome.—Mrs. Boomer, London.

Reply to address of welcome.—Mrs. E. S. McTurk, Lucan.

Address.—G. A. Putnam, Superintendent.

Reports from branches and districts upon the work of the past year.

Address.—Mayor Graham.

Question Drawer.

Evening, November 4th.—Mrs. K. B. Coutts, Thamesville, presiding.

Institute Ode.

Address.—"The Institute as a Leader in Local Effort," Mrs. W. Dawson, Parkhill, Music.

Address.—"The Red Cross Society and Local Relief Work," Hon. Sir Adam Beck.

Address.—"Hall Problems" (illustrated by lantern views), Dr. J. W. S. McCullough.

Morning, November 5th.—Mrs. C. J. Watt, Bothwell, presiding.

"The Maple Leaf."

Question drawer and reports.

Address.—"Patriotism and Citizenship," Mrs. H. W. Parsons, Cochrane.

Address.—"The Domestic Help Problem," Dr. Helen MacMurphy, Toronto.

Afternoon, November 5th.—Mrs. J. C. Hagah, Luton, presiding.

Address.—"How to Maintain Interest in Institute Meetings," Mrs. S. Courtice, Wallaceburg; Miss Florence Thompson, Blenheim.

Address.—"Up-to-Date Poultry Raising," Prof. R. W. Graham, O. A. C., Guelph (illustrated).

Address.—"The Mother and the Child," Dr. A. Backus, Aylmer.

All the sessions of the London Convention will be held in the Y. M. C. A. Hall.

The Windrow.

Flower seeds and herbs, enormous quantities of which have heretofore been imported from Western Europe, are likely to be very scarce and costly next year.

Toronto Armouries present the unique sight, each week, of women knitting—for the Red Cross—in the galleries, while the men drill below.

On October 4th, in Philadelphia, two thousand persons who assembled in the German Lutheran Church on Franklin Square, rose as one man to endorse a letter to the Kaiser assuring him of the goodwill of the German Lutherans of Philadelphia, and wishing him success in the impending conflict.

Policemen are stationed in the English churches in Dresden to prevent prayers for the success of the Allies.

One of the loneliest situations in the world is that of the Falkland Islands; about three hundred miles east of the Strait of Magellan. Few ships ever stop there, except the occasional mail steamer from England. These islands have now been put in communication with the rest of the world by wireless telegraph. The messages are received from Montevideo, 1,250 miles away.

Among the many curious letters it has been my good fortune to meet with, is the following, which I found in the pages of a back number of a publication called Plain Truth, which seems to have been the official organ of Pembroke Chapel, Liverpool, during the popular pastorate of the Rev. Charles F. Aked, now the holder of a living in America. The letter is one drawn from John Ruskin in reply to a correspondent who had asked the great economist and art critic for a contribution towards the building fund of a church. Ruskin displays himself and his views very prettily, and with a sort

of vigor familiar to readers of Fors Clavigera:

Brantwood, Coniston, Lancashire,
May 19th, 1886.

Dear Sir,—I am scornfully amused at your appeal to me, of all people in the world the precisely least likely to give you a farthing! My first word to all men and boys who care to hear me is, "Don't get into debt." Starve and go to heaven—but don't borrow. Try first begging—I don't mind, if it's really needful, stealing! But don't buy things you can't pay for!

vehement epistle, and its fan'ness and honesty of opinion will commend it to all, even those who disagree with Ruskin. But the sequel is equally interesting, for the receiver of the letter, with a splendid sense of irony combined with business acumen, sold it for the benefit of the funds of the church in question, realizing ten pence by the transaction. "So," as the editor of Plain Truth commented at the time, "we profit by losing our prayers."

—Bernard Lintot, in T. P.'s Weekly.



Wondering What Their Fate Will Be.

Belgian women driven before German soldiery. From "The War of the Nations" Magazine.

And of all manner of debtors, pious people building churches they can't pay for are the most detestable nonsense to me. Can't you pray and preach behind the hedges—or in a sand-pit—or a coal-hole—first?

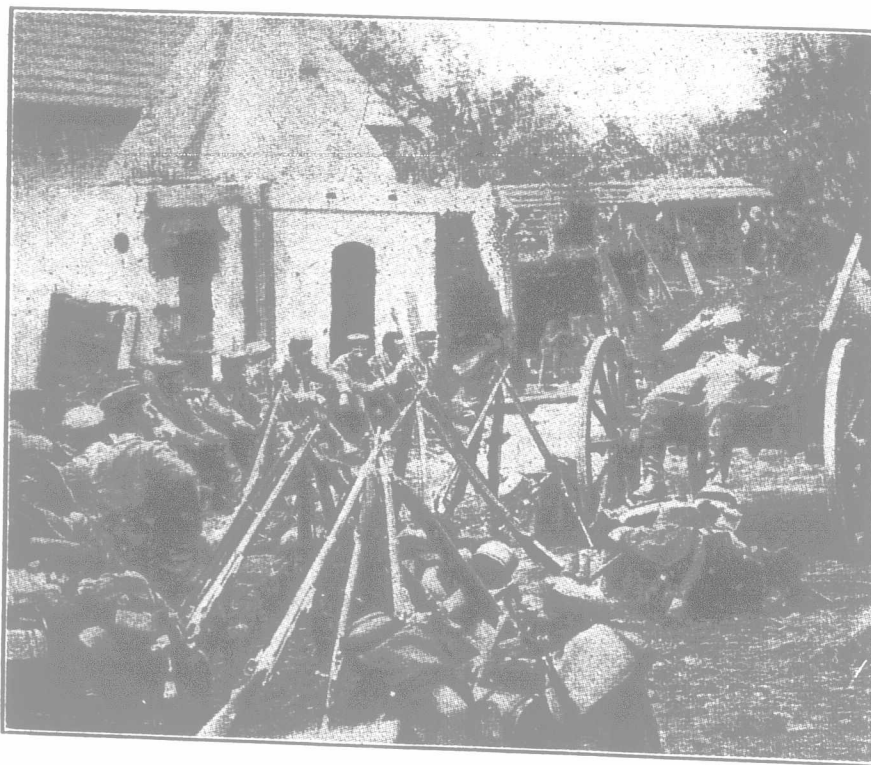
And of all manner of churches this built, iron churches are the damnablest to me.

And of all the sects of believers in a ruling Spirit, Hindoos, Turks, Feather-Idolaters, and Mumbo Jumbo, Log and

The aphorism is the best means of pointing ideas, though as a literary form it is not by any means neglected. From the writings of Philip Oylar are culled the following, and it would be well if the hundreds of simple and wise sayings from his pen could be collected in permanent form:

Go often to the hill-tops. From there you will see the mist in the valley of your mind.

When others laugh at you, laugh too.



German Infantry.

Resting in the yard of a Belgian farmhouse destroyed in the fighting. From "The Great War" Magazine.

Fire worshippers, who want churches, your modern English evangelical sect is the most absurd, and entirely objectionable, and unendurable to me! All which they might very easily have found out from my books—any other sort of sect would—before bothering me to write it to them.

Ever, nevertheless, and in all this saying, your faithful servant,

JOHN RUSKIN.

There is not a little wisdom in this

It is easy to love one's friends and be kind to them. There is no merit in that. The test is whether we can love those who are not well-disposed towards us.

Everything great is above thought, above proof or words or rules or definition.

What is the difference between work and joy? Surely work should be joy. If your work is not so, you have not yet found your place in the world.

Judge no one but yourself.

Till you love all, you cannot love one to the full.

Hope and Despair are not two fellow travellers, but one, who now laughs and runs ahead encouraging us to follow, and now lags behind leaving us guideless in the dark.

The poet and the lover know in the dawn, but the community as a whole sees only in the light of noon.

If children do not love you, you must have serious faults that you should correct.

If we do not find peace in love, then our love is not of the highest.

Superstition is often very near to wisdom, if it only knew it.

We burn the clothes of those suffering from contagious diseases. We should do well to burn to the ground houses that have been inhabited by unbecomingly characters.

Confess your sins openly before the world—and the world will be at pains to prove that you have none.

To be exclusive is to be narrow.

The way of happiness is by wide appreciation, not by critical exclusion.

If we attain our ideal we have failed.

Two little books by Philip Oylar have just been issued: "How to Bring About a Social Revolution," and "Wealth for the Worker" (C. W. Daniel, London, Eng., 1d. and 3d., respectively). To him the Revolution is to come from within each of us, though it will be none the less real for that. And "wealth" to this worker with hand, and brain, and soul, means far more than wages. It means the getting of good things, and the joyful simplicity of freedom. His writing is the fruit of experience.

The Beaver Circle

Our Senior Beavers.

[For all pupils from Senior Third to Continuation Classes, inclusive.]

Bewitched.

Have you ever peeped from your sheets and crept—

When you should be snug in bed—

Down the garden slope the grassy nook

Where the fair ring is spread?

I stole one night when the house was still,

And the moon shone round and white:

I heard the pipe of the fairy tune,

The tread of their feet so light.

So sweet their form, and their eyes so

shone,

That I laughed with joy to see!

Then the fairies turned in their wrath

and pride

And laid their spell on me.

Ring and fairies they fled away,

But the spell was deep and strong.

'Twas—ever to seek for the fairy ring,

The pipe of the fairy song!

Oh, I wander east and I wander west,

I seek for the fairy ring.

And it's—can you lead to the hidden dell

Where the lamps of the fairies swing?

But—still! be still! for you're sure be

witched

If you motion make or sound—

When the fairy pipes ring out, ring out,

And the fairy dance goes round!

Funnies.

Ladylike.—Gladys's mother was entertaining visitors, when suddenly the door was flung open and in burst Gladys like the proverbial whirlwind.

"My dear child," said the mother, rebukingly, "I never heard such a noise as you made coming down-stairs. Now go right back and come down-stairs properly."

Gladys retired, and a few moments later reentered the room.

"Did you hear me come down that time, mama?" she asked.

"No, dear," replied the mother.

"Now, why can't you always behave like that? You came down-stairs like a lady then."

"Yes, mama," said Gladys dutifully.

"I slid down the banisters."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Senior

Dear P. first letter like the has taken over the Beavers, riddles, a them.

We use flowers, hot and few. In hundred pretty.

For pet cats. The other Nig morning ones, too which sue cold one. this sum Fourth cl

R. M. I.

Dear P. first time delightful school, at title para I like re books. Men, "I Second C more good have a d three calv have an some of t

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[For all Junior T

Junior

Dear P. the pleasu print I th number o for my si A neighb hay, whe Before, he killed two one and rabbit B Among t some "sc that men one-half sowing th young pl eggs. I puzzle is with a p I think I will cl success.

Westwo

Dear P. first letter has taken many yea