

Music and Drama

THE GRAND.

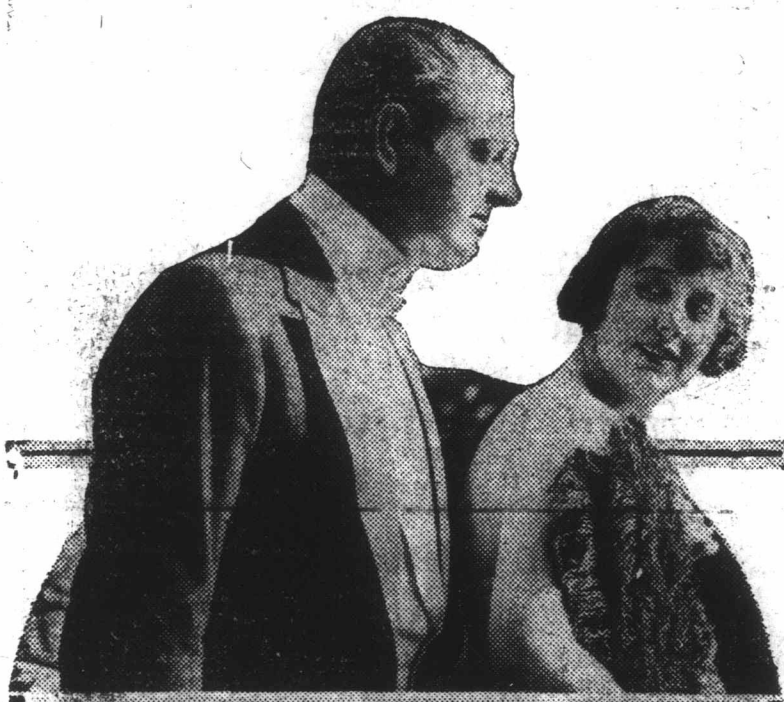
Is love necessary to a happy marriage?—is only one of the many vital questions that are answered in the latest love drama, "The Marriage Question," by Ralph T. Kettering and Loris Howard, which comes to the Grand.

Millions of young men and women have pondered over this same point while other millions have blindly rushed into wedlock while under the influence of temporary attack of "calf love," only to regret afterwards when it was too late. Still other millions are now feeling the first vague call of nature toward the opposite sex, and the "Marriage Question" is said to carry such plain discourses of the marital state as to be of great help to those contemplating marriage, as well as those who have taken the step and are blindly trying to solve the tangled mysteries of infelicity.

"THE MATING OF MARCELLA."

The story of "The Mating of Marcella," the new Paramount photoplay starring Dorothy Dalton, to be seen at the Brant first of next week, is as unique as it is dramatic and appealing. Marcella is a pretty, refined, American girl, who, by reason of her father's continued illness and inability to play his vocation, that of a musician, is living in straightened circumstances. Pedro Escoba, a man not to her liking, pursues her with his attentions, but she prefers to work as a model for the support of herself and father, rather than marry him.

While serving as model in a modiste's shop, Marcella meets Lois Underwood, a show-girl who has married Robert Underwood, a rich man for his money. She has a child, Bobbie. One day, Underwood injures Marcella while driving his motor car, and he takes her to her



Thomas H. Ince presents
DOROTHY DALTON in *The Mating of Marcella*
A Paramount Picture

AT THE BRANT THURSDAY, FRIDAY, SATURDAY

The Royal Loan and Savings Co'y.

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Dividend 109

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of Two Per Cent. on the paid up Capital Stock of the Company, being at the rate of Eight Per Cent. Per Annum, has been declared for the three months ending September 30th, 1918, and that the same will be payable at the office of the Company on and after October 2nd, next. The transfer books will be closed from September 20th to September 30th inclusive.

By order of the Board of Directors,
W. G. HELLIKER, Manager.
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Landmarks in Montreal

AS the oldest city on the continent with the exception of Quebec, Montreal has many spots of historical interest for the tourist. Most of these are well known and are amply described in the guide-books. But there are some landmarks that are half-forgotten even by the natives of the city.

Among these are the two quaint towers at the entrance to the Grand Seminary of St. Sulpice on Sherbrooke street. These two towers have a remarkable history, dating back to the wild adventurous days when Montreal was a mere settlement in an Indian-haunted forest.

In those days, now over two centuries ago, there was a walled settlement at this spot, and the two towers were built into the wall to form part of the system of protection against marauding Indians. Within the walls there was a colony of Jesuit missionaries and a village of Indian converts.

The old histories relate that from these towers the watchmen peered anxiously towards the forests by which they were surrounded, expecting yet dreading the approach of their dangerous and savage foes. Many years ago Mrs. Leprohon, a local poet, wrote a long poem on the towers, one verse of which reads as follows:

These towers tell of a time long past,
When the red man roamed o'er
And the settlers, men of bold heart
And the women (not lovelier now than then)
Had to do the deeds of undaunted men,
And when higher aims engrossed the heart
Than study of passion's and toilet's art.

One of the old towers in early times was used as a chapel of the Indian mission, and the other was used as an Indian school. In the former, the body of a Huron Indian named Francois Thoronhlong is buried. He was baptized by the Rev. Father Brebeuf, who was the hero of one of the most dreadful martyrdoms recorded in Canadian history. In 1644 he and Father Lalemont, both Jesuits, were tortured to death by Iroquois with every cruelty conceivable.

A little to the eastward of these towers is a tablet marking the camp of Gen. Amherst's army at the time when the surrender of the town marked the completion of the British conquest of Canada.

At Chambly, a short distance from Montreal, is a most interesting fort. Chambly is on the Richelieu river. This river was the highway traversed by the Iroquois in their raids on Canada. Consequently a series of forts were erected from its mouth to the head of Lake Champlain. Of these forts, the largest was the one still remaining at Chambly. It was built in 1666, and rebuilt in 1705. In the stormy times of the old regime it was always well garrisoned.

At Lachine, nine miles from Montreal, which is well known to tourists because of the Lachine Rapids, there is still remaining the building which at one time formed the headquarters of the Hudson Bay Company in Canada. It was here that Sir George Simpson, the famous explorer, lived at the time when he was governor of the company. By the way, he was the first man to make what is described as the "all-land" tour round the world. Sir George and Lady Simpson were great figures in the local life in those days. It is related that when the company's other social functions at night in Montreal, Sir George and Lady Simpson used to drive in from Lachine, and the Bank of Montreal was kept open until the social functions were over in order that Lady Simpson might deposit her jewels in the safe of the bank before driving back to Lachine.

At Ste. Anne de Bellevue, 25 miles from Montreal, is the ancient house in which the famous Irish poet, Thomas Moore, composed his well-known Canadian boat song, which reads as follows:

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave e'er curl.
But when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

Utawas' tidal this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Salut to this green isle, hear our prayer,
Oh! grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!

Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past!

The house where Moore sojourned is now used as a branch of the Bank of Montreal.—J. Robertson Findlay.

Streets Paved With Gold.
Jack Whitton, an old-time prospector, has struck rich gold quartz and staked a claim on the principal street of Porcupine. Rough samples contain pieces of free gold as large as peas.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

FAREWELL SERVICES AT FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

Rev. Llewellyn Brown Bade Adieu to His Congregation Prior to Leaving for Detroit—Two Feeling Sermons

First Baptist church was filled to the doors, both morning and evening, for the farewell services of the pastor, the Rev. Llewellyn Brown, who leaves this week to assume charge of a prominent Detroit church. Mr. Brown preached two telling sermons, and bade adieu to the countless friends whom he has made during his long pastorate in Brantford. Speaking from the text, "I am a stranger in the earth," he said:

There are some notable statements about the bible made by outstanding men all down through the ages that we do well to lay to heart. I quote this morning in introducing my sermon, one from Coleridge, the poet. He said:

"I know the bible is inspired of God, for it finds me at my deepest depths as does no other book in all the world."
When we apply this statement to text before us, we feel the force of its truth, for here surely is a



THE REV. LLEWELLYN BROWN,
Pastor of First Baptist Church for eight years past, who preached his farewell sermons yesterday. He has accepted a call to Detroit.

text that binds us all at our dearest depths. "I am a stranger in the earth." "On an occasion such as this, when the sweet associations of life are being broken in upon, when our pathways part which for years have crossed so frequently. When our heart strings are being strained, the truth of a text like this comes home to us with unusual force. I have never felt it as I feel it to-day. Some texts you must go through as well as read through if you would understand them."

"I am a stranger in the earth." But we have also felt the force of this text in moments, in rare moments of soul-exaltation, when we are lifted up as on a high mountain in song, meditation, vision, splendour, and we see farther and clearer than usual. Then the truth of this text has come home to us.

"I am a stranger in the earth." As we have stood amid the beauties of the spring morning, amid nature newly born, or on an autumn day, and the autumn glow all about us. As we have watched a sunset in the mountains, a sunrise at sea; as we have walked amid the silence of the pathless woods, or by the far-sounding ocean, then the truth of this text has stolen into our hearts with an emphasis and a glow. We never could forget, for then God's eternity seemed at hand. Then we have said: "I am a stranger in the earth."

But yet again the truth of this text comes home to us in the extremities of life. As we have stood and watched the earthly light fade away in the eyes of our loved ones in death; as we have seen coming over their countenances "A light that never shone on land or sea," then we too have felt in a way no preacher could tell us, that we too "shall die and not live," that we know we are strangers in the earth.

That is the divine ministry of the separations, the evaluations, the extremities of this pilgrim life we here live. All these joys have reminded us of the fact that we are all mortal, that we are all on a restless flood. That silently but none the less surely we are being borne forward to another life, to another land, to another city. That at best we are but strangers in the earth.

"We're going home no more to roam.
No more to wear the brow of care,
We're going home to-morrow."
During the last eight years I have stood with many of you in sorrow and can say in closing my ministry here that I have never refused a call to sickness, to sorrow, or to need. Those with whom the pastor stands in sorrow will never be forgotten. I am thinking now specially of your Gethsemanes and of how I have walked with some of you in the garden of sorrow, especially since the war. I think to-day
"Of the loving hands that have crumbled to dust."

And yet we strive to think that the Lord is just.

"Yet a feeling of bitterness fills our hearts.
Sometimes when we try to pray,
That the Reaper has spared so many flowers
And taken ours away—
And we sometimes doubt if the Lord doth know,
How our riven hearts did love them so."

"But when we think of our dear ones dead,
Of our children who never grow old,
And how they are waiting and watching for us,
In that city whose streets are gold,
And how they are safe thro' all the years,
From sickness and want and war,
We thank the good Lord with falling tears.
For the things in the cabinet

bursting barn with all his treasured store!"
The saints of God have always had this sense of strangeness in the earth.
Heb. 11:9, "They confessed that they were pilgrims and strangers in the earth."
Abraham had no "inheritance." Why?

"By faith Abraham sojourned in the land of promise as in a strange land, dwelling in tents with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise, for he looked for a city that had foundations whose builder and maker was God."

In the recent enrollment in this city under Government order one of our oldest and best faithful and respected members here when asked by the officer in charge, "What is your occupation?" replied "Waiting." And by so saying he confessed that he was a stranger in the earth. Blessed confession!

The Homing Instinct.
One of the deepest and most blessed instincts God has implanted within all of his creatures is the "Homing Instinct." You find it alike in the higher and in the lower forms of life about us.

Our soldier boys to-night as they lie down under the stars in distant battlefields will be dreaming of home—of Canada—of Brantford—of some humble home, it may be one of these side streets—a mother of a soldier boy from this church showing me a letter her boy wrote this summer in which he said:

"Last night I awoke in my sleep in an old barn. I could see the stars shining through the roof. I thought of you and of home and of all that and mother. I just had to take hold of myself and pray to my Heavenly Father to steady me to help me and keep me that I might still carry on and do my duty."

Poor boy, we can all understand something of his feelings and sympathize with him. God bless him and cheer him up. Cheer him on. He was homesick. He wanted to see his sister, home again. It was the homing instinct asserting itself.

As the Homing Instinct is prominent in all created things, it reaches its highest perfection in man—the crown of all of God's creations—man with his passion for the infinite, man with eternity in his heart.

Just as God has made every man with a love for home, so God has placed within every true man a desire for a heavenly home, for heaven, for eternal blessedness beyond this life. Man is a creature of two worlds—his feet touch the earth, but his thoughts are often far beyond the stars. Mutter, sea shell, hence, evermore.

Every man who follows that divine instinct that God has placed within us for heaven, for salvation, will become a Christian, will enter heaven—the eternal home. While every man who refuses to follow it will be lost and will die a moral and a spiritual suicide. This is surely the unpardonable sin—the sin that refuses to be pardoned—that leads a man to refuse a home in heaven and so he goes out homeless and lost forever. We are all threatened with the danger of being too much at home in this world. Never more than now.

The gaining of the world and the losing of the soul still go hand in hand. The holding of the world too close will send out of vision the eternal. Jesus pointed out this danger in his day and I would point it out to you in closing. Brantford was never more prosperous than she is to-day, but I doubt if all this prosperity is making our city any better. The great mission of the church as I see it, as I have tried to preach it, as I have tried to live it here in this city is to point to the heavenly home. To do this successfully is to point men to heaven and to the way. She must keep the pilgrim song singing in her heart. She must keep the pilgrim message ever on her lips and the only way she can effectively do this is to live the pilgrim life.

The Patriarchs
We cannot travel through this world the way the Patriarchs did, and we do not need to in respect to dress, occupation or outward manner of life, but we can all have and cultivate the spirit of the Patriarchs.

We too can walk with God as the did. We too can consecrate ourselves to the best in life. We too can live

only for the highest things. We too can feel a holy dissatisfaction with the best that earth can yield. We too can ever keep in view the heavenly city and walk toward it. We too can refuse to settle down, to ease, to gain and comfort, forgetful of the unseen and the eternal realities.

This is not to imply for a moment that the whole task of the church is related to the world to come. She has a duty, a distinct duty to this present, evil, world, a duty to politics, education, government, social betterment. While the church seeks to make the other world real, she must endeavor also to make this world livable.

The church must be against all conditions which are unchristian. She must ever stand on the side of the "right that needs assistance," and against "the wrong that needs resistance," as well as live "for the future in the distance and the good that she can do."

Yet the fact remains that the supreme work of the church is to put men in touch with the eternal world, to get men to place their treasure there, to lead men to Christ and into the church and into the work of extending His Kingdom to the ends of the earth. No man lives for the highest and the best until he comes to see this.

Men come and go, the church goes on from age to age. Pastors rise and fall and cease to be, but the bounties of Christ's Kingdom know no bounds—Thank God for that. The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer.

The grass of yesterday
Is dead. The birds depart, the groves decay.
Empires dissolve and peoples disappear;
Song passes not.
Captains and conquerors leave a little dust.

And kings the dubious legend of a reign,
The swan-song of Caesar they are less than dust.
The poet doth remain.

Supposing we read in the place of the words "poet," the word "church." The church doth remain, the church passeth not. O Church of the living God thou remainest.

Ride on in thy glorious triumph until over land and sea shall rise the undying song that shall never die, in which, please God, we shall all one day join. "Hallelujah, hallelujah, for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," and the kingdoms of this world shall have become the Kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ.

HARD GAME TO LOSE

Messrs. D. and T. McPhail of the Pastime Club, Brantford, made a splendid record in the Globe Scotch doubles bowling tournament in Toronto. They got into the semi-finals against J. S. Armitage and C. S. Robertson of the Canada club, Toronto. On the last end, McPhail's were one up, and with his last bowl had the good fortune by a lucky shot to score two, winning out by 13 to 12. Mr. Robertson afterwards remarked, "That's the hardest game I've played in two years." He and his partner previously won out in the finals as they did last season.

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