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toiled all day, but caught nothing. Toward evening he espied a little, ragged urchin with tackle of the most primitive order, landing fish with marvellous rapidity. He went to him and asked him the secret, receiving in reply: "The fish'll no catch, sir, as long as ye dinna keep yersel'oot o' sight."—Fishers of men need not wonder at their want of success if they do not keep themselves out of sight.

MARRIED LIFE.

Julius Moser gives the following counsel from a wife and mother:

"I try to make myself and all around me agreeable. It will not do to leave a man to himself till he comes to you; to take no pains to attract him, or to appear before him with a long face. It is not so difficult as you think. A child, to behave to a husband so that he shall remain forever in some measure a husband. I am an old woman, but you can still do what you like; a word from you at the right time will not fail of its effect; what need have you to play the suffering virtue? The tear of a young girl, said an old book, is like a dew drop to a rose; but that on the cheek of the wife is a drop of poison to the husband. Try to appear cheerful and contented, and your husband will be so; and when you have made him happy you will become so—not in appearance, but in reality.

"The skill required is not so great. Nothing flatters a man so much as the happiness of his wife; he is always proud of himself as the source of it. As soon as you are cheerful you will be lively and alert, and every moment will afford you an opportunity to let fall an agreeable word. Your education, which gives you an immense advantage, will greatly assist you, and your sensibility will become the noblest gift that nature has bestowed upon you, when it shows itself in affectionate assiduity, and stamps on every action a soft, kind and tender character, instead of wasting itself in secret repinings."

This is most excellent advice, and worthy of being treasured up.

AN INTERESTING MOVEMENT.

In the "Manchester Guardian," a Wesleyan correspondent calls attention to the Wesleyan Guild of Divine Service, which apparently has for its object reunion with Church. The Guild, which was first formed at Beccles, has been in existence some six years, and among its practices are: Kneeling at prayer; reverent administering of Sacraments according to prescribed forms; reading of appointed lessons; offering of alms at the Communion table; fuller observance of Church seasons; enlarged use of the Church Prayer Book; and frequent Communion; not to mention the endeavour after a more dignified and Church like style of building for chapels. The same correspondent also says that there are those in the Guild who, rather than reject what they deem to be salutary ritual, would join the Church of England. Their founder, we know, would have grieved that ever they should have left it, and we may safely believe that he would equally rejoice to see them with their faces set in the direction of the old home. We cannot but think that ere long they will discover that neither set forms, nor pointed arches nor ceremonialism, make a Church, but the acceptance of the Catholic Creed and the Apostolic Ministry; and that, having made this discovery, they hasten their steps toward reconciliation with the Church of their fathers, and of the founder whose name they bear. Within the Church, there would be nothing to prevent them from calling themselves Wesleyans still, and practicing the rule of the

original Methodists. A Methodist Guild of Churchmen would be a genuine religious force.—The Church Times (London).

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

"Silver and gold have I none,
Nor scrip in my purse I bear;
The simple crust and the proffered cup
And the borrowed bed my share,
No wealth of the world is given
By Him Who sendeth me,
For my treasure, safe in the vaults of heaven,
Is held in fee.

"But such as I have, I give;
By the word of my will I bring
Strength to the helpless in his need,
Joy to the sorrowing;
The dead are claimed from death,
The deaf and the silent talk:—
In the name of Christ of Nazareth,
Rise up and walk!"

And lo! the miracle wrought,
In the breath of a moment made
The change of a lifetime's hopelessness,
And a lifetime's pain allayed!
He who had followed creeping
Where his fellow beings trod,
Behold him, upright, walking, leaping,
And praising God!

—Youth's Companion.

THE BEAKER'S BABY.

By Frederick Hall.
A Toggles Story.

Grandpa had said there nearly always was one, and more than once Toggles had looked for him, but he never found him until the day little cousin Margaret visited the farm. Then they met in a strange way. Margaret, you must know, was afraid to play anywhere near the beehives. Toggles told her that good bees, like grandpa's, never stung unless somebody bothered them, but she was afraid, just the same, and so they went away down into the orchard where all over the fence grow the nasturtiums. Toggles remembered that girls usually like to play house, and he had gone to get some stones to make one, the old-fashioned way, when he heard Margaret scream and, dropping his stones, ran back to her as fast as he could. He found her with her face close against the bark of one of the old apple-trees and her eyes tightly covered with both hands, just as if she were "standing" for hide-and-seek; but so far as he could see there was nothing at all to frighten her. "What made you cry?" he asked. Margaret cautiously uncovered one eye, then the other, and then looked around. "It was a beaker," she said. "What's a beaker?" asked Toggles, not knowing that "beaker" was a word Margaret had just made up, all by herself, for Margaret could do that. "I think," she answered, "I think it's a bird." "A big bird—from the barn?" Toggles remembered that when he first came to the farm geese and turkeys had frightened even him. "No, it was little, but it was very cross, and I don't like things to be cross at me." Toggles could of course understand that, but he had no sort of idea what the "beaker" might be, and he just opened his mouth to ask another question when Margaret screamed, "There he comes again." Toggles swung around to look, and there, poised in the air, not six feet away, the sharp little bill pointed straight at his face, was a tiny humming-bird, looking so very angry and spiteful that Toggles laughed aloud; and then it flew away. Really, though at the time Toggles did not think of it, a laugh of the right sort is one of the best ways in the world to drive off angry, spiteful things. At dinner time they told grandpa about it. "And I thought perhaps what made him so angry," said Toggles "was that he had a nest there, and of course he didn't know about this whole farm being a City of Refuge for the birds, and so he was afraid that we might hurt his babies." "Maybe," said grandpa, "but I hardly think so. To tell the truth, brave as the 'beaker' is, he has a really dreadful temper, and gets out of all patience at very little things. He makes a pretty little nest, but it is very hard to find. All my life I have never seen but one of them." After that Toggles was of course more anxious than ever to find the "beaker's" nest, and many an hour did he spend looking for it with mamma's field glass, but he never could trace the "beaker" to

it. When he finally did find it, it was quite by accident, and not when he was looking for it at all. He had climbed up into the hay mow of the horse barn, and was looking out the door at which the man put in the hay, when, as the wind stirred the leaves of the great elm-tree, he caught a glimpse of a little, gray-green something, hardly larger than a walnut, sticking up like a knob on one of the branches. He looked again but the leaves were in the way; then once more, as the wind blew, and there it was still. He never thought, even then, of its being a nest, but he wondered about it until finally he went for the field glass. Then he knew; and his heart beat high with excitement when, in the bottom of the nest, which was so small it made him think of a lichen-covered, down-lined thimble, he saw two wee eggs, hardly larger than white beans. When he looked next day, there was only one. What became of the other they never learned, but it made them anxious about the one that was left, and that very afternoon Toggles put some wire netting around the tree (grandpa showed him how) so that Penelope could not climb it. Not of course that he suspected Penelope of having taken the egg, but there were several dreadful things Penelope had done; she was, in fact, the one incorrigible law-breaker of the City of Refuge, and Toggles did not want to take any chances of another accident. The whole family, even grandpa, climbed to the hay mow to look at that tiny nest, and Toggles went there every day, and sometimes oftener. For the first three days there was no change, but on the fourth he rushed into the house, shouting: "It's broken the shell, it's broken the shell. The beaker's got a baby." And that day they all climbed to the hay mow to look at the wee, featherless mite that lay squirming in the bottom of the nest. It was almost three weeks before the baby was old enough to fly away, but at last he did, and that same afternoon, while Toggles was in the orchard, along came the father "beaker" and flew right at him, just as on that first day. "And I didn't mind it, then," said Toggles, when he told grandpa about it, "because then he didn't know me; but this time—why, I'd known him, and been friends to him, and I'd—I'd helped him bring up his baby." "That's true," answered grandpa, "but I suppose he didn't understand. That's one of the things we have to learn as we get older, to be kind, just the same, to people who never say 'Thank you,' and who seem not even to know that we've been kind." "And I suppose," added Toggles, "that you just have to be happy about it, because you know that anyway it was the right thing to do." "That's the way of it," said grandpa.—The Sunday School Times.



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