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Thursday, March 1, 1923.

Mr. Fielding's Extraordinary Stand

Hon. W. S. Fielding told the electors of North Essex that he was not a party to the Liberal platform adopted by the convention of 1919 and did not feel himself bound by the fiscal policy then passed. Here are his words in a reply to a criticism of Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen for having failed to carry out this platform.

"That is not the policy on which I appealed to the country, and that policy was never indorsed by the Liberal party after it got into power. I never at any time promised to indorse it, although the gentlemen who drew up that platform evidently believed they were acting in the best interests of the country. And yet Mr. Meighen criticizes me for denying any part of it."

This is an extraordinary statement coming from a man with the reputation for honesty and sincerity which Hon. Mr. Fielding bears.

Mr. Fielding was actually the chairman of the resolutions committee of the convention which drafted the tariff plank of the party calling for free trade on some 19 articles and a general all-round reduction of the tariff. If he did not favor this policy, he gave no indication of it to the convention. He did not utter on the floor of the convention a solitary word against the adoption of the platform.

In addition, after this platform had been enthusiastically indorsed by the convention with the rider that **"the Liberal party hereby pledges itself to implement by legislation the provisions of this resolution when returned,"** Mr. Fielding was a candidate for the leadership of the party. He came within a few votes of defeating Hon. Mackenzie King. The convention took it for granted that he was a candidate on the platform which had been accepted by the party.

What is more, Mr. Fielding, in earnest eloquence, which stirred the convention to cheers, told the delegates, according to the official report of the gathering issued by the party, of the need of sincerity in public life and of a party adopting a policy and standing by it. Here are his exact words as they are found on page 160 of the official report of the convention.

"I claim sincerity as a great thing in politics, and so it should be. Politics is not a mere game; it should not be a mere game. Unless there is at the bottom of it a conviction that a man is doing that which he believes to be right; unless there is a conviction that the policy that he has before him is good for the country, then it is a poor, miserable game, carried on for the sake of power."

Now, after having been chairman of the resolutions committee which adopted the fiscal policy of the party, after having run as leader on this platform and after having pleaded for sincerity in public life, particularly in regard to policies, Mr. Fielding calmly and coolly tells the electors of North Essex and of the country that he was not a party to the Liberal platform and did not indorse it.

Mr. Fielding's cynicism is beyond understanding. He either indorsed the Liberal platform at that time or else lacked the courage to tell the convention his real views and made a mental reservation as to his own support.

Whatever the reasons, his attitude in 1919 and to-day do not make for high standards in public life. It is in itself argument enough, without going further, why North Essex should repudiate a party which regards so lightly its political promises and pledges.

Favorites in pussy willow soon will spread to more than the so-called fashionable fabric.

Why the Vacancies Are Kept Open

Our local contemporary has suddenly discovered that the postmastership at Oil Springs has been vacant for months and expresses mild surprise that the post office department should hold open the position so long. It gently, very gently, chides the department for its inactivity.

If The Advertiser would probe a little deeper into this case and a number of similar instances in Ontario, it would find just why the King Government so thoroughly dislikes the Civil Service Commission and why it is endeavoring to clip the wings of that body. A plain, pure, unadulterated effort to get back to patronage is the only reason why the Oil Springs postmastership is not being filled.

For the benefit of The Advertiser, we might explain that the postmastership at Oil Springs became vacant about a year and a half ago through the death of the previous occupant. The vacancy was duly advertised and three applications were received from T. C. Ward, James Hilles and Mrs. Byron McEvoy. Mr. Ward, a disabled veteran, successfully passed the examinations, and, according to the law passed by the Union Government instructing the Civil Service Commission in all cases to give the preference to returned men, Mr. Ward was selected by the commission and was so notified. Mr. Ward is 27 years of age, married, with one child, and was the first youth to volunteer for active service from the village. He was seriously wounded, but not sufficiently to incapacitate him from the position.

Mr. Hillis, the other applicant, is a middle-aged man and an active Liberal worker, and the man the patronage mongers wanted for the post. While the Civil Service Commission can recommend any man the actual appointment is in the hands of the post office department, and Hon. Charles Murphy has coolly held the position open with the hope, apparently, that Mr. Ward will finally withdraw his application, or that the powers of the Civil Service Commission will be curtailed.

If The Advertiser wants another example where Hon. Charles Murphy has discriminated against a disabled soldier for political reasons, it might investigate the postmastership of Brussels. Here also there was a vacancy over a year. Among the applicants was a returned man, fully qualified, who passed the necessary examinations. He was named for the position by the Civil Service Commission. A local Liberal politician was also an applicant, so the recommendation of the Civil Service Commission has been disregarded and the position held open.

These are only two isolated examples of the manner in which the present Government, and particularly the post office department, is aiming to return to patronage and is actually discriminating against the returned men. It explains the vigorous efforts which are being made to amend the Civil Service Act and to deprive the commission of its present powers.

Honoring Sir Christopher Wren

The two hundredth anniversary of the death of Sir Christopher Wren is being celebrated in England this week. Sir Christopher is perhaps the most distinguished architect that England has produced. The great fire of London in 1666 by its destruction of the Cathedral of St. Paul's and nearly all the leading city churches gave Sir Christopher a unique opportunity. Before the fire occurred he had been asked to prepare plans for rebuilding the cathedral. The building was completely gutted by the fire and Sir Christopher prepared a new plan and the present magnificent structure is entirely his design.

Wren also was employed in rebuilding some 50 burned churches throughout London. He was also a town planner, and prepared a scheme for laying out the whole city on a new plan, with a series of wide streets radiating from a central space. Difficulties arising from the various ownerships of the ground prevented the accomplishment of this scheme.

Among Wren's churches the most noteworthy are St. Michael's, Cornhill; St. Bride's, Fleet street, and St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, the latter remarkable for its graceful spire, and St. Stephen's, Walbrook, with a plain exterior but very elaborate and graceful interior. In the design of spires Wren showed much taste and wonderful power of invention. He was also very judicious in the way in which he expended the limited money at his command; he did not fritter it away in an attempt to make the whole building remarkable, but devoted it chiefly to one part or feature, such as a spire or a rich scheme of internal decoration. Thus he was in some cases, as in that of St. James', Piccadilly, content to make the exterior of an almost barnlike plainness. The Customs House, the Royal Exchange, Marlborough House, Buckingham House and several Oxford and Cambridge buildings were also all designed by Wren.

Wren is buried under the choir of his beloved St. Paul's, the greatest monument to his genius. On a tablet on the inner north doorway is the well-known epitaph: "Si monumentum requiris circumspice."

NOTE AND COMMENT

Sterling is looking up to its Pa-r. Atta boy!

All Gaul is, to-day, divided into more than three parts.

Many a queen of hearts links up with a jack-of-all-trades.

The 1st of March! 1923 is on the way to attaining its majority.

The social climber must be ready to take leaps without looking.

Protection has been promised for Ireland's borders. What about her boarders?

Well, this winter has been nuts for the Old Timer . . . and comparisons still are odious.

Coal dealt out on the prescription basis is the latest anomaly in the Eastern States. A black dose!

France continues her hands-off policy in the Ruhr. If she can carry through, well. If she cannot, well?!

"British trade improves," according to statement of premier. Would a hearty cheerio be out of place?

From one squabble to another evidently is Ireland's blithe way. The Republicans again are hammering away at the property of Free Staters. Castle Forbes is the latest sacrifice.

The Third Column

BELOW THE DIRT

He'd been delivering a load of coal,
and a five-ton truck he steered.
He wasn't a pretty sight to see with
his four days' growth of beard.
His clothes were such as a coal man
wears, and the fine folks passing
by
Would have scorned the touch of his
dirty hands and the look in his
weary eyes.

He rattled and banged along the road,
sick of his job, no doubt,
When in front of his truck, from a
hidden spot, a dog and a child
dashed out.
And he couldn't stop, so he made one
leap from the height of his
driver's seat
And he caught the child with those
dirty hands and swept her from
the street.
Over his legs went the heavy wheels,
and they picked him up for dead,
Then the rich man's wife placed her
sable coat as a pillow for his
head.
And black as he was, the rich man
said: "He shall travel home with
me."
And he sat by his side in the limousine and was proud of his
company.

You may walk in pride in your garments fine, you may judge by
the things that show,
But what's deep in the breast of the
man you scorn is something you
cannot know.
And you'd kiss the hand of the dirtiest
man that ever the world has
known
If to save the life of the child you
love he had bravely risked his
own.

—Edgar A. Guest.

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THE INNER EYE

Much that we see leaves no impression upon our consciousness — we see it with our outer eye, and the vision vanishes.

But there is much that creeps instantly into the sanctuary of the Inner Eye — and perhaps melts into the mysteries of the soul behind.

We see that for which we most inspire, whether this be a range of beauty, some phase of original thought, or merely some phenomenon of hope.

Wordsworth described "the daffodils flashing upon the inner eye."

Our idea of this workaday world, our vision of faith, our assurance of happiness, are all in turn flashed to this Inner Eye of ours that it may correctly and methodically record them.

Our outer eye records little. It merely tells us to get out of the way, or to turn to the right or left, or to be sure to see this or that which is on the lips or in the public mind.

But our Inner Eye tells us to see those things which in time to come must be food and drink to us — those things which must be like a library under circumstances of loneliness and neglect or dire discouragement. Something to warm the entire spiritual body life at times when the chill creeps in.

Therefore, train that Inner Eye of yours. Get it in the habit of drawing into itself all that is worth while from the beauties of Nature and the minds and hearts of people.

Look at a pansy a hundred times — and every time will give you a richer picture of loveliness and mysterious beauty.

The Inner Eye alone is able to contribute to permanence back there in the gallery of the soul.

—By George Matthew Adams.

THE WATCHMAN.

Oh watchman, tell me of the night:
"The night is punk," the watchman
said, "and many kids chase false delight, who should be home and safe in
bed. When I was young, long years ago,
the springalds burned the midnight oil;
that truths of value they might know,
they conned the works of Hume and
Hoyle. They sat around the evening
lamp and read of statesman, bard and
seer; they had no vain desire to tramp
the garish streets till morn was near.
The prudent parents stayed at home,
examples for their children's eyes, and
father read a helpful pome, while smiling mother swatted flies. The household circle is no more, the doors are
shut, the lights are out, the folks are
gone where autos roar, and wild carousers dance and shout." Oh, watchman, if you speak the truth, we live
in parlous times, I swow; but in my
long evanished youth your grandsire
spake as you do now. He was the village watchman then, and oft I asked
him of the night; and ruin threatened
girls and men, the times we lived in
were a fright. Oh, watchman, you are
full of pop, this world is all that we
desire, so to your duies blithely hop,
while I go home and paw my lyre.

—Walt Mason.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTEBOOK.

Fred Feernot in War.

Scene, the other end of a battlefield.

Genrel. I need a volunteer and I need him right away. Who wunts to be him?

Fred Feernot. Me.

Genrel. Its a extremly dangerous mission, I warn you.

Fred Feernot. Dont warn me, wat do I care?

Genrel. Then carry this messidge throo the enemys lines to Genrel Smith.

Fred Feernot. With plezzure.

Ack 2.

Scene, another part of the battlefield.

Ferst sentry. Who goes there? Wow, wat a crack on the hed! Tell my mother I died cheerfil.

Fred Feernot. I dident have enything agenst him persinaly, but you haff to do things in war you wouldent do enywares elts.

2nd sentry. Halt! Who comes heer? Owtch, I see stars in the rong places!

Fred Feernot. Sutch is war.

Ack 3.

Fred Feernot. Heers a messide for you, Genrel Smith.

Genrel Smith. Ware?

Fred Feernot. Darn if I dont bleeve Ive went and lost it.

Genrel Smith. Well, it's a good thing for you the war was jest declared over.

Fred Feernot. I allways was lucky.

The End.

—Lee Pape.

A Thought

The new wine mourneth, the vine languisheth, all the merry-hearted do sign.—Isa. 24:7.

He who is only wise lives in gloom. —Voltaire.

CHEER.

Let's give a cheer
For Carrie Bings,
She shuts the windows
When she sings.

RAMBLING AROUND WITH OLD DOC. PEP

MARCH 1.—Now while we still have sundry discontents the winter is past or as good as past, for which heaven be praised! The most utterly vile, distempered winter we have for a long time, and St. George keep the like of it from us hereafter. The chief vexation being to a man's feet which, for the past two months, do most certainly stand, like sinners' feet, in slippery places. This slipperiness being due, like most of our other ills, whether large or small, to the fact that we fail in co-operation. Snug in our own parlors and denns we give not two hoots who falls and smashes his kindly disposition in front of our house. And while we know not if the 15,000 odd householders in this city who have "houses by the side of our various roads" are there from choice, but if any of them hope for a better day to dawn on us, then in the name of St. Jules of the Highways let them put sand on the Road of Life!

* * *

The highest good news is how the Charitable Party do propose, or it is proposed for them, that Master Drury lead them to the coming armageddon in this province. This news, if carried out, to cheer all of our party up mightily. For while most sober men believe Master Drury to have been sunk by certain Jonahs of his party who take voyages in the Raney season; yet according to the law of figureheads he must bear the brunt of this province's wrath at such extravagance and orgies as never was in the world before. A thing that no Caesar dared do generally, confining his luxuries and banquets to his afflicted capital while the provinces—from Egypt to Hispania—do very well under the rulers of that name.

* * *

High news from the constellation of Cetus, dealing particularly with that well-known sun Belta Ceti, how this sun do suddenly change from second to first magnitude thereby coming in the very highest estate possible for stars. But the suggestion that this great change and advancement, if happening near the earth, would have destroyed us, leaves most men cold. Especially seeing how this change which astronomers now see for the first time probably occurred when the pillars of Stonehenge were being erected.

* * *

But what better way for a sick old sun or world to end than in sudden flame challenging the eternal midnight; causing wonder on planets a hundred light years away? Such worlds are of the Viking breed who allow no doddering senility to creep upon them sapping the foundations of their souls; nay, they commit themselves to blazing vessels adorned with trophied shields and adventure out into the Unknown Sea flaming the glory of their departure throughout unending space. How grand a thing to live well, how much better to die so. But a man's death is fashioned by his own hands whether good or ill. The craven leaves earth like a cur whipped from a chamber; a strong soul departs mid the clashing of cymbals.

* * *

Which reminds me of my silly Couzen Sarah Ann, who is lately much taken with an Eastern Yogi's doctrine, which holds how she will return to this world again after her death and live in it in, perhaps, better form. A doctrine which is not original with this Yogi by any means, but merely put a new face on it. And I hear her talking to women who have tea at my house how she expects great things from this doctrine once she is safely dead. But the ridiculous thing is that she wears the fur of some poor little woods creature about her neck which shows particularly its head. And did I believe as she professes to believe in her ignorance, methinks I would as soon go about with the skin of some ancestor for adornment. But it never crosses the loon's mind, if her doctrine is right, that she may return again as a catt, a thing I think very possible of her.

* * *

H. M. Government seems much exercised on how to determine the country of origin of cabbage imported into the King's realms. They pointing out almost insurmountable difficulties. My grandfather says, however, that if they will attempt to smoke leaves from these cabbages they may be helped to a solution.

Fellowship of Prayer

Daily Lenten Bible reading and meditation prepared for Commission on Evangelism of Federal Council of Churches.

THURSDAY.

The World's Need of Truth.

"They were as sheep not having a shepherd and He began to teach." Mark vi, 34.

Read Mark vi, 30-44.

"A part of the shepherding is feeding and an important part."

MEDITATION — The world needs TRUTH more than any material thing. We are under divine obligation to teach whatever of truth we have made our own through personal experience.

HYMN:
I would live ever in the light,
I would work ever for the right,
I would serve Thee with all my
might;
Therefore, to Thee, I come.

PRAYER—Grant us, O Lord, in all our duties Thy HELP, in all our perplexities Thy COUNSEL, in all our dangers Thy PROTECTION, and in all our sorrows Thy PEACE, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

Canadian Daily Quotation

Who was de man can walk de
log
W'en w'ole of de reever she's
black wit' fog,
An' carry de beeges' load on hees
back?
Johnnie Corteau!

But we'en he's gettin' hees winter
pay,
De bes' t'ing is kip out de way,
For he's goin' right off on de
baag horraw!
Johnnie Corteau!
—The late Dr. Drummond.

REMOVING THE TREASURES.

Exclusive picture from the "Valley of the Tomb of the Kings."
—London Evening News.

Letters To the Editor

STRATFORD EXPLOSION.

Editor Free Press: In The Free Press inquiry department the question was asked when the dynamite xplosion in Stratford took place. The explosion happened about 10 a. m. on May 5, 1879. This is the correct date, which I remember well, and I also have a photo taken a few minutes afterwards with the date printed thereon.

ALEX. WILSON.

Stratford, Feb. 24, 1923.

A PRAYER FOR CANADIANS.

Editor Free Press: According to various newspaper reports, Canada leads the world in the export of grain, in mineral resources, in liberty and sane laws. Canada is a member of the League of Nations, but our neighbor to the south is lagging behind. Nevertheless, in view of the fact that the United States have helped to make us what we are, Canada is willing to join the Pan-American union and help our neighbor rise to a higher plane.

A Moscow newspaper published the following item recently: "Having done with splitting the church, the time has now come to destroy. In Soviet Russia there is no place for church reform, and we must complete liquidation of the church and religion. We have no need of a Soviet church. We must sweep the church out of our path, for it retards progress toward culture." Poor Soviet Russia, going down into the pit of atheism, calls for the pity and prayers of all Christendom. While the atheists of Russia are doing their deadly work in the old world and Professor Couse, the Frenchman, is healing by auto-suggestion in the United States of America, Canadians can improve the physical and spiritual health of themselves and their neighbors by daily saying and practicing the following:

Day by day in every way
We're nailing errors down to stay;
We're urging folks in faith to pray
And telling them "Be fair in play."

CLEMENS CANADENSIS.

Kitchener, Feb. 24, 1923

SAVE THE BUSH LOT.

Editor Free Press: I have read with pleasure and interest your many splendid articles on reforestation which have appeared from time to time, and I suggest that you give a space in your valuable paper to be devoted to the subject until productive results are obtained. Few of us realize how serious the problem is and the difficulties surrounding it. The necessity of immediate action has been well pointed out and is apparent, especially in the older farming district where the wood lot has almost entirely disappeared. While we have men who have given practical demonstration of what can be done in replanting and beautifying their farms, there are few farmers who have the time and money to properly tackle the planting and protection of a young plantation without organized assistance of a substantial nature.

Your Fingal correspondent's suggestions are along the right lines and your comments are of vital importance to every farmer in the country. The benefit of a windbreak on the southwest and north would soon give profitable results on every exposed farm, and there is not a homestead that would not derive benefit, to say nothing of beauty, by having a belt of evergreen to control the cold winter blasts. I have lived in a cold northern country and have had the satisfaction of seeing, even in the short period of 15 years, a transformation in aspect and a decided improvement in climate due to the systematic planting of an area of Douglas fir and spruce. The bush retains a large proportion of the rainfall and prevents the strong winds from drying up the moisture in the vicinity it shelters, especially noticeable in springtime when the growth barely covers the land, and it also allows the sun to draw up the moisture around the young growth, giving a steady atmosphere.

In another column of your paper I note the question "What influence are you exerting on the boys and youths to make them better citizens?" The answer surely is "Teach them to love the land and plant a tree as an emblem of their devotion and for the needs of ther future manhood."

BUSH RANGER.

DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Editor Free Press: May we request the influence of your valuable publication toward obtaining—among those municipalities that may adopt daylight saving hours this summer—uniform dates for beginning and ending the period of changed time?

You are aware, of course, that the railways take no part in any dispute as to the merits or demerits of daylight saving, and have no interest in influencing any community for or against it. Where daylight saving is likely to be adopted, however, they respectfully urge that it be made effective from midnight commencing the Sunday nearest to May 1 (April 29 this year) to midnight commencing the Sunday nearest October 1 (September 30 this year).

These are the dates on which, as long experience has taught the railways, the nationwide changes from winter to summer train schedules and back again are best made. These approximate the beginning and end of "summer" about as closely as can be devised. They are easily fixed in memory. By becoming effective on Sunday they interfere with less business than would be the case on other days.

By making daylight saving effective over the same period as the summer train schedules, confusion and inconvenience will be saved to travelers and the work of railway employees will be simplified. The necessary earlier arrival of summer trains will then coincide from the first with the earlier business hours of the municipality which may have adopted daylight saving. The reversion to winter schedules in the autumn will then coincide with the reversion to winter hours of work. The suburban dweller or the long distance traveler will both be better accommodated.

May we ask that your influence be directed toward obtaining this desirable end.

CANADA.
THE RAILWAY ASSOCIATION OF C. P. Riddell, General Secretary.

MR. DEAN AGAIN.

Editor Free Press: When I wrote my last article I did not expect to trouble you again so soon, but I feel compelled to ask another favor of you, and also of Mr. Ransford. He insinuates that there is a clause in the O. T. A. that if one in this province should do as Jesus did at the wedding feast at Cana he would be punished for breaking the law. More than once I have asked Mr. Ransford to give the section of that law that to him is most objectionable, and, since he has referred to a certain section of that act as one that would cause punishment in the case cited, I must insist on his quoting that section or admit that he has no valid reason for making the statement. He brings a serious charge against a law of this province and he should prove his case or acknowledge himself in the wrong. He says much but proves nothing.

It is, and for many years has been, a stock argument of those who favor the beverage use of intoxicants that the water turned into wine at Cana was fermented wine, and as such of course would cause intoxication. I have never known that argument to be challenged, and am amazed that no man has seen the falsity of that argument, that no man, so far as I know, has yet vindicated the good name of Jesus, the Creator, Preserver and Redeemer of mankind by repudiating a statement or inference, for it is only an inference, so contrary to all we know of Him and of His teaching. The inference is that, since it was wine, it must per se be intoxicating. But everyone knows that freshly expressed grape juice was called wine; then why should we admit it was fermented wine. There is no doubt whatever that the water was changed to grape juice, the most wholesome beverage known to man. The governor of the feast spoke of it in the highest terms, declaring what all knew to be the custom, that the best wine was given first and when men had well drunken that which was worse, and complimented him on reserving the best to the last. I say without fear of contradiction that there was no drunkenness at that feast, and that no man was ever intoxicated by any wine made by the Lord. Does not nature change water into wine in grape-growing countries, and is not Jesus the One Who set in action the forces of nature which do this? And is not that as much a miracle as for Him by His divine power to change the water into wine in a moment? This beginning of His signs (R. V.) did Jesus in Cana, etc." For what purpose? To persuade men that He had divine power and was truly the Son of God.

Again seeing that Jesus through His servants, the prophets, had through the centuries warned men time after time and had these warnings incorporated into the sacred writings so that they should not be lost sight of, against the use of fermented wine, was it likely He would make fermented, intoxicating wine and commend its use at His marriage feast? "Look not upon the wine when it is red . . . . at the last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." That is, it would kill. "Woe unto him who putteth his bottle to his neighbor's lip and maketh him drunken also." His brother's keeper. "Wine is a mocker . . . . and whoso is deceived thereby is not wise." Surely no man would accuse Jesus of so stultifying Himself after centuries of warnings of the folly of drinking intoxicants, as to say, or even to keep silence when men would argue that He made intoxicating wine and commended its use at Cana. If He did, then He is the most discredited religious teacher the world has seen, and we had better acknowledge that we have been deceived and follow any teacher who practiced what he preached. If He did this the religions of the East are far and away beyond ours and the heathen more blest than we. If He did this He sinned against mankind. "But He knew no sin, neither was guile found in His mouth," therefore He never made intoxicating wine nor commended its use at Cana of Galilee.

JAMES H. DEAN

Tillsonburg, February 26, 1923.

OPPOSED TO CHURCH UNION.

Editor Free Press: One result of the movement called "union" is a large fruitage of fictions; there are fictions old, fictions new and fictions of the West. Herewith a sample dozen:

1. There is the fiction that "church union" is settled; the assembly has decided it and the only thing now is to accept it. Pure fiction! The assembly is not the master but the servant of the church, appointed to legislate within and for the church, but with no more right or power to vote away the autonomy of the church or transfer it to another control than has Parliament to hand over Canada to the U. S. A.

2. There is the fiction that "all constitutional steps have been taken," when there are no "constitutional steps" of any kind in the Presbyterian church for its own disbanding. All who wish to withdraw are free to do so, but all the "constitutional steps" of the Presbyterian church are for its own continuance.

Further, every one charged with the care of those "constitutional steps," every minister and elder, is pledged to that continuance; pledged by his ordination vows to "maintain and defend" "this church," and every minister, each time he is inducted into a new charge is pledged anew to "this church," to its "doctrine," "government" and "worship," to "adhere faithfully" to it, to "maintain and defend" it, and "to follow no divisive course from the present order established therein."

3. There is the fiction that it answers Christ's prayer, when Christ never prayed for organization but for unity of spirit among His followers. Christ never taught that His church should be one in name and type and that a few men should have the right to decide that type and impose it upon others. He rebuked the Apostle John for attempting such a thing. (Mark ix, 38-39.)

4. There is the fiction of "the majority vote of the people," when only one-third of the people voted for "union," and no one ever knew in Canada so unjust a thing as a great organization disbanded or transferred to another control on the demand of one-third of its membership.

5. There is the fiction that "union" is necessary for work in the West, when committees on co-operation have already eliminated all needless overlapping in home missions.

6. There is the fiction that "the West is solid for union," when thousands in the West are against it, and some of its strongest opponents are in districts where they have seen its enforced working.

7. There is the fiction of the host of "union" churches already formed, when all these are simply the result of co-operation, one parent church withdrawing here and another there, to prevent overlapping, and when nearly all these so-called "union" churches are now allied with one or other of the parent churches and are free to choose any church connection they may prefer, without rending to pieces the whole church all over Canada.

8. There is the fiction that more mission work would be done, as if two pints would make more than a quart, with a large part spilled in the pouring together, and when the very attempt to force it is now killing our mission funds.

9. There is the fiction that it would promote Christian unity, when it has thrust into the Presbyterian church in the past dozen years more division and strife than has been between all the denominations in all Canadian history.

10. There is the fiction that it is demanded by the young—when the students of Canada, formerly organized as a part of the Y. M. C. A. have, within the past two years, separated and withdrawn themselves, and formed the Student Christian Federation of Canada, which held recently its first national convention in Toronto. The students—as do Presbyterians—demand religious liberty.

11. There is the unworthy fiction that this movement is opposed because of "prejudice." It is opposed because of the conviction that it is not of God nor for the good of His kingdom. It is opposed because to exchange the democratic Presbyterian church, pledged by ordination vows to evangelical truth, for an autocratic legal corporation, pledged to no system of truth, would be a long step backward in religious freedom and progress.

12. There is the fiction that this movement is an example to the whole world of the spirit of Christ, when the only spirit shown by it to those of its own household, in the Presbyterian church, is a spirit of callous disregard of the scores of thousands who seek to coerce no one, whose prayer is to be allowed to remain in peace in their own church; a spirit of supreme indifference to its own past pledges as to necessary unanimity, and, as shown in the "church union bill," a spirit of ruthless purpose, at whatever cost, to wipe by law "the Presbyterian church in Canada" off the page of Canada's future history, and to drive her people into a new legal combine or out into the wilderness without a church home. It is a spirit of which Presbyterians have not had such experience since the days of Claverhouse, and which now, as then, will fail. Freedom still lives.

E. SCOTT.

Montreal, February 26, 1923.

FEMALE OF THE SPECIES ONCE AGAIN.

Outwardly they were the very best of friends, but in each heart there was hatred.

Mrs. A. had called on Mrs. B. and was about to take her departure. "Well," she said, "I really must go, I promised to call in and see mother this afternoon."

This was Mrs. B.'s chance. "Really," she remarked, "you don't mean to say you have a mother living?"

"Oh, yes," replied Mrs. A, "mother is still alive, and believe me, she does not look a day older than you do!"

Corns Go

The simplest way to end a corn is Blue-jay. Stops the pain instantly. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Made in clear liquid and in thin plasters. The action is the same.
At your druggist
Blue=jay
Cis-tu,th

The Economy of OXO
The Little Housekeeper

OXO SPAGHETTI PIE.
Boil half a packet of spaghetti till tender. Chop an onion, mix with ½ lb. Hamburger steak, fry till partly cooked, then put with spaghetti in pie dish, season to taste. Mix 2 Oxo Cubes with little hot water, add can of tomatoes, and put over meat. Mash any cold cooked potatoes, spread on top and bake a nice brown.

OXO BULLEOIRE.
Put a can of tomatoes into a saucepan with one quart of water and four Oxo Cubes. Boil till tender, strain, add a little butter and season to taste.

OXO provides rich soups and gravies in a few minutes.

OXO provides tasty, nourishing, hot dishes from what was left over from yesterday.

OXO provides the concentrated goodness of lean beef which makes your food nourish you more.

OXO brings economy into the home, lightens the work of cooking, and creates a higher standard of health and well-being.

The great OXO Economy