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Quarterly Dividend Notice

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By order of the Board.

JAMES MASON, General Manager.
Toronto, April 21st, 1910.

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day, will not lay hold on it, and lit it out," pleaded with the fisherman saying: "I think under the circumstances it is right for you to bring in the net."

But the fisherman answered him: "It might be right for you, Doctor, but it wouldn't be right for me. I've been a Christian only a little while, and this the first time I've had a chance to do anything for the Lord. If I go under at the first temptation, do you think the rest of the folks will ever believe in my kind of Christianity? I said I was ready to give up everything for Christ, and he took me at my word when he raised this wind on a Sunday."

That afternoon in the little chapel the fisherman passed the contribution plate, serene and unconcerned; but there was not a man who dropped a penny in the plate who did not think of the net going to rack and ruin out in the wind-blown sea. There was not a man but asked himself if he could have done as much.

At midnight the fisherman launched his boat, and in the dawn the Doctor met him coming up the wharf. The ragged fragments of the net hung from his arm, but in his face was peace.—Youth's Companion.

UNCLE JACK'S REGENERATION

Down among the Rocky Mountains we dig for gold; down among the Blue Ridge Mountains and all along the Appalachian chain we are digging for human nuggets, and are moulding, by slow degrees, this, the best raw material in the world, which is found there, into men and women better than gold, better than the refined gold of the Rockies.

It is not well for any cause to cast a halo of unnatural glory around its mysteries, but the simple stories and facts in regard to our mountain people, our human nuggets of the Appalachian should be told and the starting paths of their barren lives should be known. We do not need to go to India, China, or Africa in search of mission work; for right at our doors are conditions to arouse the nation, and to fill our hearts with the deepest concern for the spiritual and intellectual welfare of thousands that cry out to us for light. The wild grandeur of the Appalachian Mountains form a wonderful setting for the bleak cabin homes nestled within their sheltered peaks and hillsides. The wretched, uneventful lives of the mountain people is unspeakably pathetic; the lack of interest, of comfort, of any joy, is too tragic for words.

Down where the need of enlightenment is greatest, or up I should say, where the little one-room log cabins seem more numerous and nearer to the sky, so far are they perched above the gulches below; and where the door of civilization and progress has been closed by the impenetrable mountain barriers for ages is a small mission school house that clings confidently to the mountain side, to this stronghold of illiteracy. A young deacon has charge of the school. He had just

finished his daily task of lessons, and the mountain children were returning to their homes over miles of rocky hills and thorns and bushes. The young missionary looked after them as they went. The golden rays of an October sun spangled with gems the red, yellow and gold of the autumn foliage. Turning to one of the lads that still lingered, he remarked: "You say—Jimmie, he has never been to the mission." "No, sir, not fer no preacher nor nob dy," replied Jimmie, "and you'd never git him thar, either, Mr. Norwin. Uncle Jack is the onconstructionist critter on this side of the mounting. He's down on preachers and schools and governments, and any other interference with his rights, and he's the oniest one you-uns need be afected uv ef you tries too hard to entice him, I kin tell yer. He's a sure-shot every time, never fails to hit a squirril plum in the eye. An' for fishin', land sakes, preacher, he can make 'um bite every time."

"He's a great fisherman, then, and a hunter," said Mr. Norwin.

"You bet, an' the only place you'll ever find him will be in the woods har, an' long side of the creek banks." The young lad pointed towards the dense forest beyond the gorge. The deacon followed the direction with a thoughtful gaze. "Do you think it a good day for fishing?" he asked.

"It mout be an' it mouten to anybody cepting Uncle Jack. Nothing hinders him when he wants to fish and hunt. Jist as apt as not he's er setten on Shade's Creek over thar this munit, pullin' out fish at every throw of the line, tho' you mout set thar for two weeks on er day like this an never git a bite," Jimmie replied.

The young deacon smiled as he closed the door of the mission school, and watched the young mountaineer walk away with an old atlas and blue-back spelling-book held carefully under his arm. For six months he had been in charge of the little school house on the mountain. He had heard daily of Uncle Jack, and his "set-aginness" to "preachers and schools and governments," and he made his mind up to seek this one stray sheep of his mountain flock, and to make a superhuman effort to soften his heart and weaken his determination to resist "governmints, schools and sich."

Down through the rocky gorge, over creeks, briars, and bushes, the young

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deacon made his way laboriously towards Shade's Creek. Several times he had been to the cabin occupied by Uncle Jack—always to find him gone, and more than once he had hunted him in the woods and on the banks of the same creek towards which he was now making his way. Just as a bend in the gorge brought to view the clear, limpid waters, upon whose banks Uncle Jack was supposed to be fishing, the young missionary was stopped short by the abrupt question, is-



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