

Piano Bargains For Exhibition Visitors

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Toronto Exhibition following so closely after our July sale enables us to make some particularly attractive offers of pianos to visitors to Toronto. During our July sale we received a number of excellent used pianos of well-known makers in exchange for player-pianos. Many of them, because they have been in homes where no one played, have had comparatively little use. All have been restored to condition, just like new. All have been specially priced. Terms are very easy. Exhibition visitors can make a big saving by purchasing now. Call at our showrooms. Our store is on Yonge Street, next door to Eaton's.

COLUMBUS—Cottage piano in mission oak case, with ivory and ebony keys. Has six and one-half octaves. Price \$175—\$10 cash, \$6 monthly.

RADLE—Cabinet grand upright piano, by F. Radle & Co., New York. Attractive mahogany case, with three pedals. Price \$245—\$10 or more cash, \$6 monthly.

MENDELSSOHN—An almost new Mendelssohn piano in rich mahogany case, new style, with plain panels. Price \$245—\$10 or more cash, \$6 monthly.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN—A walnut upright piano, by Gerhard Heintzman, with plain panels. An attractive style, in perfect order. Price \$285—\$15 or more cash, \$7 monthly.

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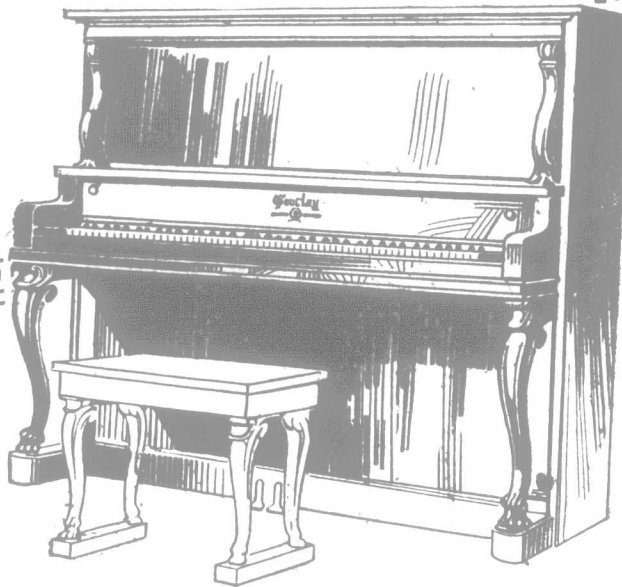
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Calendar from Rev. P. L. Farewell, B.A., Whitby.



When writing advertisers will you kindly mention The Farmer's Advocate

Miss Rankin is a very busy woman. She finds it necessary to keep three secretaries to handle her correspondence. Her mail approximates 300 letters a day.

Henry Drummond remarks: "I wonder why it is that we are not all kinder than we are? How much the world needs it. How easily it is done. How instantaneously it acts. How infallibly it is remembered."

We know a fellow who always says, "Good morning, brother!" to the railroad conductor when that good fellow takes up his ticket, and that good fellow invariably beams back a hearty "Fine! How are you this morning?"—and never gives him a hat check! He trusts him.

A cheery "Good morning!" doesn't cost a cent and it always brings a good wish in response. It isn't merely politeness. It is the password of fellows who really care to see the world happier. It is the sailing sign of that army of fine, happy fellows whose hearts sing: "I don't care who or what you are, Stranger, I wish you sunshine on this grand day!"

How Religion Came to Lauder.

As Mr. Britling, in the fiction of H. G. Wells, found God through the death of his son in the war, so religion came to Harry Lauder, the Scotch singing comedian, through the slaying of his boy in the trenches in France. The Kansas City Star tells the story:

You may have seen, some months ago, a picture of "Harry Lauder and His Wife and Son"; it was printed everywhere, the face of the genial old comedian beaming with pride in his son, just enlisted and going to the front. Lauder had lived for his boy, John. He had planned to buy him an estate in Scotland and give it to him on the day he should marry.

The news of John's death came while Lauder was singing a comic song in a music-hall in London. They handed him the telegram when he came off the stage, and he fell into a chair. In his agony he rushed over to France and saw the grave of his son, and heard there the story of how the boy had turned to God in the trenches and of how bravely he died; and then Lauder hastened to comfort his wife in their Scottish home. There a good old Scottish dominie went to console him. He found Lauder in an armchair by the fireplace.

"Ah," said Lauder, "the loss of my bonny boy grieved me sore" (greet is Scotch for grieve). "We were pals, my boy and I, and if you could have seen that little white cross in France you might imagine a little of the ache that came into my heart and the emptiness that came into my life. When a great blow like that hits a man, he takes one of three roads. He may give way to despair, sour on the world, and become a grouch; he may try to drown his sorrow in drink and become a wreck, or he may turn to God. I have chosen my road. I have turned to God."

Since then Harry Lauder has been singing and preaching to the soldiers in the concentration camps in England and in the camps behind the battle-line in France and Belgium.

A worker of the Y. M. C. A., recently returned from the front, tells of a meeting held one Sunday night in a big dugout so close to the battle-line that bits of bursted shells, falling upon its board roof, sounded like the tattoo of hail. In the light of a few candles, a hundred men, fresh from the front and familiar with death, sat on the ground and listened while Lauder told how he had turned to God.

Hope's Quiet Hour

Under His Banner.

His banner over me was love.—Cant. 2: 4.

O Love that will not let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be.

Rev. George Matheson.

In these days we see flags and banners everywhere. The flag is the outward visible sign of something invisible and intangible, yet mighty. Our soldiers may not march into battle under floating ban-

ner, as soldiers used to do before trench warfare was invented, yet they fight under the Union Jack all the same. They may not see the banner of their country waving above them, yet it is still there and no shells can spoil its beauty. It is in their hearts—the emblem of freedom—and even the prisoners, who seem to be living under the German flag, yield allegiance only to the banner of Britain.

But we, who have enlisted in the ranks of the Lord of Hosts, lift up our eyes to a grander banner than that of any earthly army. "Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountain," said Isaiah the prophet, as he saw in vision the kingdoms of nations gathered together when "the Lord of hosts mustereth the host of the battle."

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth," said David.

The Banner put into our hands to uplift is the shining Banner of Love. "His banner over me was love." He loves us, with a love which passeth knowledge, until our hearts catch fire and we give out love in our turn. Our Lord was questioned by a lawyer, who tried to entrap Him with the question: "Master, which is the great commandment in the law?" He drowned the critical logic of His enemies in a flood of glorious sunshine, for the "great" commandment gathers into its embrace all lesser commandments. Jesus said unto him, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind. This is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets."

Can you think of a better answer than this? What is greater than LOVE?

In this age of terrible warfare men rack their brains to invent more and more awful weapons of destruction. As the weapons of offence grow more and more deadly they are met by still mightier weapons in counter attacks. And so the strife goes on, with no hope of cessation until sheer exhaustion brings one side or the other to the ground.

Look at the ruined cities and shattered homes! Look at the broken bodies and aching hearts! These are the handiwork of Hate and War. Some men have glorified hate and war, as the teachers of manly virtue; but, after three years' experience of the horrors of war, we value peace as we never did before.

Love is stronger than Hate, and will conquer in the end; as Peace will at last uplift her shining banner and drive War from the battle-fields of the world. Men have chosen war-lords to rule over them, and have found them cruel tyrants through all the ages; but at last they will enlist under the Banner of the Prince of Peace—the Banner of Love. "And He shall judge among the nations. . . . and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more." The world hates war today as it never did before.

Must we wait until "the last days"—the time of the prophet's vision of worldwide peace—before we can enlist under the Banner of Love? Must we wait until all enemies are converted into friends?

Our Leader did not wait. He was surrounded by cruel enemies, yet He gave love in return for hate. He prayed for those who insulted and tortured Him; and His command to those who set out to follow in His steps is still binding on us: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you."

If we have been disobeying our King's command, it is not too late to obey now. The Banner of Love must be uplifted by Christians. In spite of war between Christian nations Christianity is not a failure. Just think of that Royal Sign—the Red Cross! That is one of the fruits of the Cross of Christ. Though that Sign—like the name of "Christian"—has sometimes been disbonored and abused, yet it pushes into the danger-line, fearless of flying bullets, and brings hope and help to those who cannot help themselves. The wearer of the Red Cross does not ask: "Are you friend or foe?" He has dashed into danger in order to help his neighbor; and a wounded man in his neighbor whether he be dressed in khaki or in gray.

We look with the deepest respect and admiration at the Red Cross workers who are doing such glorious service at the