



☆ ☆ "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day and for ever.—Heb. 13 : 8.

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

Parish and Home.

No. 105.

JULY, 1900.

SUB., 40c. per Year

St. Paul's Church, Lindsay.

ALL SEATS FREE.

REV. C. H. MARSH, R.D., *Rector.*

THOS. WALTERS, } *Churchwardens.*
ROBT. BRYANS, }

Lay Delegates.

HON. J. DOBSON, WM. GRACE. C. D. BARR.

Sidesmen.

A. TIMS,	H. J. NOSWORTHY,	R. PLAYFAIR,
J. H. SOOTHERAN,	J. A. PADDON,	E. C. ARMSTRONG,
G. H. M. BAKER,	M. H. Sisson,	THOS. J. MURTAGH
L. KNIGHT,	J. M. KNOWLSON,	F. HOPKINS,

Vestry Clerk.

G. S. PATRICK.

Sexton,

A. HOADLEY.

Sunday Services.—Morning Prayer, 11 a.m. Sunday School, 3 p.m.; Evening Service, 7 p.m.

Week Night Service.—Wednesday Evening at 7.30 p. m.

Holy Communion.—First Sunday in month, after Morning Service.

Baptism.—Second Sunday in month, at 4 p.m.

Young Men's Association meets first Tuesday in each month at 8 p.m.

C. E. T. S., last Monday in month in School Room, at 8 p.m.

W.A. meets the third Thursday in each month at 4 p.m.

Gleaner's Union meets the first Wednesday in each month.

In the parish of Omeme and Emily a fine brick rectory was finished this spring, and now a new church to replace the old St. James (which for many years has done duty in the north-east part of the parish) is being rapidly hurried to a completion.

PARISH REGISTER

Baptisms.

GRAHAM.—Eva Lillian, daughter of Armington and May Charlotte Graham, born 24th July, 1899, baptized 5th June, 1900.

KENNY.—Anna Rosalynd, daughter of William and Charlotte Kenny, born 15th Nov., 1899, baptized in St. Paul's Church, 10th June, 1900.

DOLBY.—Thomas Allister, son of William and Mary Dolby, born 4th July, 1899, baptized in St. Paul's church, 10th June, 1900.

TAYLOR.—Alvin Graham, son of John and Rebecca J. Graham, born 2nd January, 1900, baptized in St. Paul's church, 10th June, 1900.

BROWN.—Harold Lloyd, son of George A. and Emily M. Brown, born 12th May, 1900, baptized in St. Paul's church, 10th June, 1900.

CLEARY.—Michael Stafford, son of Jeremiah and Adeline A. Cleary, born 25th Feb., 1899, baptized 26th June, 1900.

Marriages.

MOFFATT—ROBSON.—At St. Paul's church, Lindsay, on 13th June, 1900, by Rev. M. J. Goodheart, Robert Neil Moffatt, of the township of Fencelon, to Elizabeth Robson, of Fencelon Falls.

Funerals.

GRAHAM.—At Riverside cemetery, on 6th June, 1900, Eva Lillian, child of A. Graham, aged 10 months

KELLS.—At Riverside cemetery, on 21st June, 1900, John Kells, in his 73rd year.

CHURCH NOTES.

Look out for the Sunday school excursion in July and come along.

Kindly see that your subscription to Parish and Home is not in arrears. Miss Goodwin, Kent-st., will be glad to receive all sums due.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Nash and family from St. Mary's, now living on Sussex-st., and the Messrs. Pym and families of Kent-st., to Lindsay and St. Paul's.

The Church Record is the name of the new church paper, which takes the place of the Evangelical Churchman. It will be published twice a month and at the rate of one dollar a year.

Arrangements have been made by the young men for having an excursion to Fenelon Falls on the evening of Aug 7th, and as there is to be a garden party at the Falls that evening a pleasant time is expected.

At the monthly meeting of the Y.M.A. held at the home of Mr. Rutherford on July 3rd. A pleasant and profitable time was spent and the following officers were elected: President, E. C. Armstrong; Vice Pres., W. H. Vance; Sec. Treas., S. Cameron. Councillors—C. Sootheran, M. H. Sisson, L. Knight.

We are sorry to learn that Miss Daisy Stephenson has resigned her position on the Public school staff. She will not only be missed as a P.S. teacher, but also from St. Paul's church, where she has been a most faithful worshipper, both on Sundays and at the week-day service. For some time she sang in the choir and taught in the Sunday school. We wish her a refreshing and invigorating holiday.

The Masons attended service at St. Paul's church, on Sunday, June 24th, a large number being present, when the Rev. Wm. Farncomb of Fenelon Falls, who for 25 years has been a Mason, preached an able sermon to them. He said there was no conflict between Masonry and Christianity, but in many ways the Masonic lodges set a good example to professing Christian churches. His text was "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in Heaven is perfect"—and high were the aims he placed before his hearers. Mrs. G. H. Hopkins sang a solo during the taking up of the offertory.

The Synod of the Diocese was in session from June 12th to 15th, with a fairly large attendance, when much of the work of the local church parliament was accomplished. The Hon. John Dobson and Robert Thorne of Reaboro were the only lay delegates from Lindsay or Cameron and Cambray parishes present. Such excellent reports appeared in the Toronto papers, that we expect many read them, and we have not space even to summarize the proceedings. The third week in June would suit many much better than the second to attend Synod, as both the county courts and county councils meet the latter week. We know of four delegates in this rural deanery who were thus kept from attending. Mr. R. Vance of Cavan was appointed a member of the Mission Board and Mr. Wm. Grace of the Widows and Orphans Fund Committee from this Rural Deanery; while the Archdeacon, the Rural Dean, Canon Farncomb and the Revd. W. C. Allen from among the clergy were appointed on one or more of the standing committees.

A self-centered life is a wasted and lost life, while a Christ-centered life gives satisfaction here and happiness hereafter.

On July 1st our Dominion was 33 years old. Let us ever remember that it is a people of strong, upright Christian character that make a nation great.

Services are being held each Sunday at Sturgeon Point and we doubt not will be largely attended during the summer. There is sometimes a danger of forgetting God when away on our summer outings.

Mr. James, who was ordained deacon on Trinity Sunday, was appointed to Hastings, while Mr. Carpenter and Mr. Howe, also ordained deacons were appointed respectively to Pickering and Cookstown.

June 21st was the 60th anniversary of the ordination of the Right Revd. Wm. Bennett Bond, D.D., Bishop of Montreal. He is now 84 years old, was consecrated bishop in 1879, is still vigorous in mind and body, and much beloved by both clergy and laity.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Thurston who for some time worshipped at St. Paul's, and formerly were so well known at Dunsford, are now settled at Dallas, Oregon. We are sorry to lose them from Canada. We wish them success and blessing in their new home.

The Revd. H. I. Hamilton, formerly of Port Hope, who has been seven years in Japan, is expected home in a few weeks. He is well known in Lindsay and we expect a visit from him, to tell us what God is accomplishing in the land of the rising sun.

How much one can do during the hot summer time to witness for Christ, first by a consistent and Christlike life and character, and then by putting his work and cause first. Speak of Him, his missionary work, his doings among the children of men. Attend his house, on hot days and lazy days—"Enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise."

Mr. J. H. Knight deserves much credit for the active steps he has taken towards securing a drinking fountain for the town. The subject was several times discussed in the meetings of the Church of England Temperance Society, and the decision to have one, if possible, erected arrived at, but to Mr. Knight, (Vice Pres. of the C.E.T.S.) belongs the credit of seeing that the matter was carried out. Very shortly we expect to see a fountain erected on the Market ground where travellers, as well as horses, dogs and birds may quench their thirst.

How can I work for God,

What will He let me do?

Your daily tasks, my friend,

Are what He asks of you.

These simple, common tasks

That come to me each day?

Yes, do them all for God,

And He will bless your way.

If done for love of God,

No task is ever small;

His blessing on our work

Shall sanctify it all.

—Selected.

Parish and Home

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JULY, 1900.

No. 8

CALENDAR FOR JULY.

- 1—**Third Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Sam. ii., to 27; Acts ix., 24. *Evening*—1 Sam. iii. or iv.; 1 John iv., 7.
- 8—**Fourth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Sam. xii.; Acts xiv. *Evening*—1 Sam. xiii., or Ruth i.; Mat. iii.
- 15—**Fifth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Sam. xv., to 21; Acts xviii., 24—xix., 21. *Evening*—1 Sam. xvi. or xvii.; Mat. vii., 7.
- 22—**Sixth Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—2 Sam. i.; Acts xxii., 23—xxiii., 12. *Evening*—2 Sam. xii., to 24, or xviii.; Mat. xi.
- 25—**St. James, A. & M.** *Morning*—2 Kings i., to xvi.; Luke ix., 51 to 57; Atha. Creed. *Evening*—Jer. xxvii., 8 to 16; Mat. xiii., to 21.
- 29—**Seventh Sunday after Trinity.** *Morning*—1 Chron. xxi.; Acts xxviii., to 17. *Evening*—1 Chron. xxii., or xxviii., to 21; Mat. xv., to 21.

GIVE A KIND WORD WHEN YOU CAN.

Do you know a heart that hungers?

For a word of love and cheer?
There are many such about us;

It may be that one is near.
Look around you. If you find it,
Speak the word that's needed most,
And your own heart may be strengthened
By the help that you bestow.

It may be that some one falters
On the brink of sin and wrong,
And a word from you might save him—
Help to make the tempted strong.
Look about you, O my brother,
What a sin is yours and mine
If we see that help is needed
And we give no friendly sign.

Never think kind words are wasted.
Bread on waters cast are they.
And it may be we shall find them
Coming back to us some day,
Coming back when sorely needed,
In the time of sharp distress,
So, my friend, let's give them freely;
Gift and giver God will bless.

—Selected.

THE following from the pen of *Julian Ralph*, in his description of Lord Roberts as a *master of men*, will be of interest to many, giving as it does a glance at the religious character of one of the great men of our day:

Lord Roberts never smokes tobacco, and with drink he has little to do. A glass of wine with two of the three meals suffices for him. He preaches temperance to his soldiers, and they all know that he shows no patience with those who drink to excess. He presides at meetings of the Army Temperance

Association and extols sobriety, but, like all broad-minded men, he refrains from advocating the impossible—one form of which is total abstinence.

He has never been known to use an oath, and, indeed, there must be comparatively few men whose religion influences them so deeply as does his in every affair of life. He never parades his piety; never forces it upon those around him. Yet on every Sunday since he joined his army he has attended Divine service. Not a word has he ever spoken to his staff suggesting or ordering their presence—yet he is certain to attend the weekly service—an example to the army so modestly and so persistently presented that it cannot help but be powerful. When he took the sacrament at Driefontein, the other day, in the face, one might say, of the whole army, it was without a hint of the parading of religion. All saw in it an act of simple faith.

It is almost as hard to reconcile his gentleness and sympathy with the firm—sometimes stern—course which a general so supreme in command, and at the head of so large an army, must often have to follow. I have asked many of his friends how he can be both sorts of men at once—how he can possess traits which we imagine must war with one another.

"He does possess them, that's all," is the best answer I have had; "I don't know how, but he does."

* * *

WE have come to the month of July and many there are who will feel—well it is too hot to go to church this weather—one needs a rest anyway even from good things, and so lots of excuses will be made for neglecting the work and worship of the King.

How much one loses from neglecting the means of grace, God alone can tell—how much weakening of the moral and Christian character, or enervating of the will when deciding a question.

The very bracing of oneself up

on a hot or disagreeable day to do what is right, strengthens the moral fibre of the man. And then the Divine blessing promised to the two or three gathered and asking in His name, who can measure that?

Again there is *example*, the power of influence. Unconsciously we often help, or are helped along by others; either for better or worse, helping or hindering, we touch every life with which we come in contact, for "No man liveth unto himself."

The man who, when away from home (yea, or at home), is found in the house of God on the Lord's day, worshipping the Most High, is doing something to help strengthen the weak, encourage the wavering, cheer those who are assembled, and upbuild the Kingdom.

BIBLE DROPS.

Small things teach great lessons. We gather a few from the little word "drop."

I. *Vastness.* The nations are as the drop of a bucket. He taketh up the isles as a very little thing—think of the earth as a drop in the great universe of God. Oh how great is God!

II. *Preciousness.* The heavens drop water. Look at the castaway on his raft, raging in his thirst:

"Water, water everywhere,
And not a drop to drink."

How precious is water, and in the form of dew how fertilizing.

Christ is the water of life to the famished soul. Drink abundantly O beloved!

III. *Constant teaching.* "My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech distill as the dew. How frequent, unending and fruitful the lessons of God! Mothers! tell it to your children daily.

IV. *Agony.* "He sweat as it were great drops of blood. Lu. xxii. 44. Who can count the value of these drops?

"And all the unknown joys He gives,
Were bought with agonies unknown."

V. Fatness. "Thy paths drop fatness." The year is crowned with His goodness. We gather our meat from God. "He satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

VI. Earnest entreaty. "Drop down ye heavens from above and let the skies pour down righteousness. Oh that thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down."

"Thou art coming to a King, Large petitions with thee bring, For His grace and power are such, None can ever ask too much."

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

SLIPS.

Slips of tongue, slips of temper, slips of feet and of heart. Some slip out, some slip down, some slip away and are lost. To slip is to pass unexpectedly, to enter by oversight, to escape insensibly. To convey secretly, to disengage, to pass over, to put on a garment loosely. Some men are like slip-knots, they untie easily, some like slip-ropes, easily let go, some are slip-shod, a shuffling crowd.

I. Slips associated with prayer :

"Hold me up that my footsteps slip not."

"When my foot slippeth they magnify themselves against me. Their way is dark and slippery. Hold thou me up."

II. Slips associated with unholy pleasure :

"Men plant pleasant plants, set it with strange slips, but the harvest is a heap in the day of grief and of desperate sorrow." At eventide trouble, and before the morning, he is not.—Isa. xvii. 10, 11, 14

III. Slips associated with discipline :

"Until I went into the sanctuary of God ; then understood I their end. Surely thou didst set them in slippery places. How are they brought into desolation, as in a moment, utterly consumed with terrors," Ps. lxxiii. 17.

Let us give earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip. He keepeth the feet of His saints but of the wicked it is said, "their foot shall slide in due time." Deut. xxxii. 35.

Three watchwords are engraven on the breast-plate of every regenerate man—warned, rescued, redeemed.

"It cost Him death to save our lives ;
To buy our souls it cost His own ;
And all the unknown joys He gives
Were bought with agonies unknown."

H. T. MILLER.

Beamsville, Ont.

A MORNING'S ROUND.

The following, by Faith Fenton, taken from the annual report of the Nursing-at-Home Mission, will be of interest to many, and will perhaps suggest to some of us ways by which we can help brighten the lives of others.

Nine o'clock,—and I stood in the parlour of the humble little house, 76 Hayter street ; the modest sign, "Nursing-at-Home Mission," above the door being the only indication that this was the headquarters of one of the finest benevolences in the philanthropic city of Toronto.

The nurses—there are six of them—were packing hand-satchels and donning their simple, grey cloaks and bonnets, which constitute their outdoor uniforms. The nurse in charge stood chatting with me and giving occasional directions to her subordinates.

* * *

Nine-thirty o'clock,—and the nurses had started out in various directions, covering the sections of the city from Parkdale to beyond the Don, each upon her angel mission.

I glanced at my companion. The sweet, strong, bright face of her beneath the simple bonnet of grey stuff ; the hair banded smoothly back ; the soft, grey ribbon ties cosied beneath the chin ; the grey double cloak, revealing a glimpse of white apron and girdle ; the hand-satchel, with its store of nursing essentials—she made a restful picture of ideal womanhood.

"I have a case on Mission avenue first," she said ; "then we will go east."

* * *

Ten o'clock,—and we were in a box of a house, and beside the bed of a woman suffering—nay, dying—from cancer, caused by her hus-

band throwing her over a flight of steps when under the influence of liquor.

She was alone in the house—this mere shadow of a woman. Her small boy worried her, she said, and she "couldn't abide him around."

We laid aside our wraps, and with deft fingers the nurse began her work, lifting the frail body into an easier position, dressing the ugly swelling, bathing face and hands, chatting brightly the while.

"Mrs. B. needs so much white cotton," as she tore some fresh bandages. "See this nice absorbent cotton Dr. Macdonald sent her. He is very kind, and comes to visit her once in a while, doesn't he, Mrs. B. ? She was to undergo an operation last June, but the trouble was too near a vital part, and the doctors were afraid to touch it."

The woman murmured something about "didn't believe in doctors nor hospitals" ; then the lids dropped over the great dark eyes in utter weariness.

She was of the lower class, but all coarseness had been refined away by sickness, and the brown, curling hair gave softness to her face.

"She wasn't in pain," she said, "and she didn't mind being alone. She was just so tired. She would try to sleep a little when we were gone. Perhaps the leddy could lift her easily ?"

We lifted the frail, light weight upon the couch, tucked the purse with its five-dollar bill, "for the landlord, when he came," under the pillow, raised the narrow window a few inches, and left her in the box of a house alone.

"How long ?" I queried, as we walked away.

"I cannot tell ; she is very low," answered the nurse.

And up and down the streets the air was gay with holiday mirth.

* * *

Eleven o'clock : We had taken the car across the city, and were now on Sackville street, and in the centre of the working-class homes.

Walking through a corner butcher shop, we came into a room where the wife, a bright-looking young woman, was bending over a wash-tub.

She had been sick, but was now better. This was chiefly a visit of inquiry and a loan of medical appliances, necessary, yet too expensive for the woman to purchase. She thanked the grey-gowned nurse, and promised to follow her directions; and after a few minutes' pleasant talk we came away.

* * *

Eleven-thirty,—and we were in the bedroom of a woman in an advanced stage of consumption.

An intelligent-looking woman, of refined face, with great blue eyes and brown hair; speech and voice both indicated that she had been accustomed to better surroundings. Yet the room was not devoid of comforts; there was no lack of essentials.

She welcomed the nurse and received the visitor courteously, looking out at me from the dark blue eyes, and talking a little between the difficult breaths.

It was a long process, the bathing and brushing and the rubbing of the tender skin with alcohol. She was so weary, so utterly weary, when it was finished.

She wished us a "Happy New Year" in a faint voice, and with eyes looking through the leafless tree-boughs outside the little window, wondered "whether she would live to see the spring."

Then, being very weak, almost while her fingers lay in ours, she, too, fell asleep.

* * *

Twelve-thirty,—and we were standing in the most pitiful of all the homes in our morning round. The nurse had told me the circumstances on our way. The husband is in the insane asylum, the two-year-old baby in the Sick Children's Hospital, with no hope of its little life. The wife, a refined woman of superior birth, struggling for three years to keep the poor home together and support the two remaining children, and finally succumbing through sheer overwork, worry, and lack of food.

"I called at the house by mere accident a few days ago and found her prostrated, without a cent, no fuel, no food, and her two children playing about her," said the nurse

She opened the door of a shabby cottage as she finished, and we entered into a room cold, disorderly, chilly, yet with simple home belongings and home trinkets all about it.

A pretty, golden-haired little maiden of five or six looked up at us.

"I'm Mabel," she said. "Willie isn't dressed yet. Mamma went out this morning to do some work, and she told us to be good till she comed home. Here's our dinner!" She pointed to two slices of bread and butter upon the table. "She said she'd come home pretty early, 'cause it's the day before Sunday. Willie wouldn't let me dress him."

There was no fire in the stove, and the baby boy of four was snuggling under the quilts. The nurse coaxed him into his clothes, and then we all searched about the rooms for a missing stocking to cover one little bare, fat foot.

They were such pretty children, with a wealth of yellow, tangled hair that shone like sunshine in the dreary rooms.

"I am surprised that the mother has gone out," said the nurse, a little anxiously; "she was so utterly weak yesterday. But I suppose she had the chance to earn a little money, and needed it for food and fire."

"Why does she not leave the little ones at the day nursery?" I asked.

"The charge is ten cents a day per child, and she cannot pay it."

It was dreadful. The desolate, chill rooms: the weather-stained walls; the poorbit of a home, which a woman had struggled in vain to keep; the insane father and sick baby; and these pretty little ones playing about so uncomprehending of their mother's sorrow and weakness.

"The mission is looking after them now," said the nurse. "The mother is to go into the Convalescent Home for the winter in order to rest and get her strength up. These little ones will go into one of the homes, the baby will die, and the father will probably die in the asylum, as he is a consumptive."

It was hard to come away and leave those fair little babies alone

in the chilly, desolate rooms, waiting the weary mother's homecoming. But there were other calls to make.

* * *

One o'clock,—and now we were in a tidy home in a rear, one of a row of innumerable small cottages.

Here the case was one of watching and expectancy, that of a bright young woman whose baby girl of two clung to her gown.

She looked impatiently forward to the time when she would be able to turn in and do something, since "Jim was out of work, and there wasn't a cent in the house."

She did not speak fretfully, but with a matter-of-fact air, more sadly expressive than any complaining. A few words of encouragement and patience and a picture-book for baby sufficed here.

* * *

One thirty: Another home spoiled by drink, another husband out of work, and another woman with body and mind weakened by ill-treatment. Her big fawn-like eyes looked timidly at us; yet she was glad to welcome the nurse and tell of her sickness.

Here, too, the satchel was opened, and discovered something for children and mother.

"That finishes the list for the morning," said the little grey-gowned nurse. And we stepped out into the gay streets, so full of holiday cheer, and took swift passage across the city to the homely little headquarters of this most blessed mission.

FAITH FENTON.

A DROP OF WATER.

Water that is now in the ocean and in the river has been many times in the sky. The history of a single drop taken out of a glass of water is really a romantic one, says a writer in the *Museum*. No traveler has ever accomplished such distances in his life. That particle may have reflected the palm trees of coral islands and have caught the sun's ray in the arch that spans a cloud clearing away from the valleys of Cumberland or California. It may have been carried by the Gulf

Stream from the shores of Florida, or of Cuba, to be turned into a crystal of ice beside the precipices of Spitzbergen. It may have hovered over the streets of London, and have formed a part of murky fog, and have glistened on the young grass blade of April in Irish fields. It has been lifted up to heaven and sailed in great wool packed clouds across the sky, forming part of a cloud mountain echoing with thunder. It was hung in a fleecy veil many miles above the earth at the close of long seasons of still weather. It has descended many times over in showers to refresh the earth and has sparkled and bubbled in mossy fountains in every country in Europe. And it has returned to its native skies, having accomplished its purpose, to be stored once again with electricity to give it new life producing qualities and equip it as heaven's messenger to earth once more.

THE FAILURES THAT PAY.

Who, upon reading this article, taken from an exchange, can ever call any act a failure in which faith in God is an element?

When the noble-hearted Christian, Captain Allan Gardiner, was dying of slow starvation on the desolate shores of Pictou Island, he yet painted on the entrance of the cavern which was his only shelter, a hand pointing downward to the words "My soul, wait thou still upon God, for my hope is in Him." Near that mute, pathetic symbol of unshaken trust his skeleton was found. To die of hunger on an Antarctic shore among savages, not one of whom he had succeeded in converting—could anything look like a deadlier failure? And yet from that heroic death of faithful anguish has sprung the great American mission. If Allan Gardiner's death was a failure, it was one of those failures which are the seed of the most infinite, of the most transcendent successes. For such men the world is waiting. "For such men and women God seeks." Rivers of living water "flow from them." Their lives illustrate to us the meaning of the words, "The obedience of faith."

THE SONG OF THE STREAM

BY CYNTHIA DEAN.

In the early, early springtime,
When the leaves were young and green,
I sat me down in a meadow,
The fairest ever seen.
Right through that lovely meadow
Ran a stream like a silver thread,
Over its path of pebbles
With bubbling laugh it sped.

"Oh, stream!" said I to the brooklet,
"We are both so young and gay
We may surely bask in the sunshine
And be happy all the day."
"Ah no!" said the little streamlet,
And it laughed and sang again,
"My work is to water the meadow,
Yours, to help your fellow-men."

Full many a year had vanished,
And I, to a woman grown,
In the heart of the golden summer
Sat by the stream alone.
The brook had grown to a river,
On its bosom broad and free
The ships went ever sailing
Down to the restless sea.

"Oh river! oh mighty river!
'Tis the summer time of life;
Let us rest with those that love us,
Let us bid farewell to strife."
"Oh, no!" said the flowing river,
"It may not, it cannot be,
I must journey ever onward
Till I reach the open sea."

Many a bitter winter
Has left its snows on my hair,
And I stand at the mouth of the river
Under trees all brown and bare.
Cold is the flowing river,
And the splash of waves on the shore
Bids farewell to the drops that leave it,
To return to it nevermore.

"Oh river, oh sad! sad river!"
I cry with a shuddering moan,
"Must I go out on the boundless sea
And be lost there all alone?"
"I fear not," said the river,
"God knows where I shall be;
And He who cares for the sparrow
Will care for you and me."
—*Parish Visitor.*

A USEFUL LIFE.

One hundred years ago, in the town of Portsmouth, England, a tall man, named John Pounds, with shaggy eyebrows and a kindly face, sat in his chair in a little house which he occupied by himself, with a cobbler's awl in his hand. The world was not so good as he wished to see it. Children were allowed to grow up

uncared for and untaught, with very little happiness in their lives. We can fancy him saying to himself— for he had no one else to talk to— "What can I do? I was once a lad overflowing with fun; but I was carried home from the dockyard 'a heap of broken bones.' When I got to be as well as ever I expect to be, there was nothing for me to do but to learn to be a cobbler. I have just this awl in my hand; I may be able to earn my bread with hard work, but I shall never be able to do aught else."

One day he offered to take charge of an invalid child, who was a year old, and whose mother was not tender enough toward him. The offer was accepted and the child was committed to his care. Some other children were invited to look into the house by day and keep the little one company. He began to play with them himself, and to amuse them by cutting out toys, telling stories, and amusing them with his cat and cage-birds—in fact, establishing a kindergarten on a humble scale. He then proceeded to teach them to read from pieces of newspapers, handbills and from his Bible. He never kept them long at one kind of work, but as soon as they showed any signs of being tired he would allow them to return to play. Before long the neighbours would come to his door, one after another, and say—"Johnny, would you mind taking my little ones with your own?" "Johnny, I am away from home all day, shall I bring mine?" Johnny would say, "Yes, bring them all, until the shop is full." And the shop was soon filled, and remained filled; and over the threshold of that humble little home in thirty six years one thousand little feet passed, making music to the shoemaker as they pattered on the floor, and bringing joy to his heart as they learned to read and write and cast an account, while he worked with his awl, or prepared something for them to eat. On memorable occasions the children took pleasure in listening to him pointing out the beauty of a flower, directing their ears to the sweetness of the song of the birds, or their eyes to the grandeur of hill and sky and sea, reminding them of the goodness of God, the Maker and

the Giver of all, as he led them forth for a holiday.

Fifty-eight years ago last New Year's Day his house was filled with children. It was ten o'clock in the morning, and all were busy at their lessons. He went out with one of the boys who had a sore foot to buy some ointment at the apothecary's. A week before he had said, "I have not a wish on earth unfulfilled. I should like to die like a bird dropping from its perch." He had no sooner entered the apothecary's than he died just "like a bird dropping from its perch," for God saw that his work was done.

A very great company of young and old followed his body to the grave amid signs of profound respect and grief; and on the tablet to his memory were engraved the words, "Earning his livelihood by mending shoes, he gratuitously educated and in part clothed and fed some hundreds of poor children."

John Pounds not only lived with God, but he lived in the lives of those whom he had helped, and his memory continued to be an inspiration to others.—*Selected.*

OUR BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

Editor's Note Book.—*Home Words.*

The Marriage Service.—"I plight thee my troth." The words "plight" and "troth" are not commonly used now. The meaning is, "I pledge to thee my truth, honour and faithfulness, in performing this engagement." It is as much as to say, "If I perform not the covenant I have made, let me forfeit my credit, and never be counted just or honest or faithful more."—*Wheatly.*

Agreement in Prayer.—Our Lord gave this promise, "If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven": and when asked by His disciples to teach them how to pray, He said, "When ye pray, say: 'Our Father!' Notice, the Prayer of all prayers is a form of prayer. It is a form of daily prayer—"Give us this day our daily bread." It is a form framed by our Saviour, *Christ* Himself. *Jesus* said, "When ye pray,

say thus." Nay more, it is a form authorized by Christ for *public use*. It is not "my Father." It is not "give me my daily bread." It is not "forgive me my trespasses." It is not "deliver me from evil," but "our Father," "give us," "forgive us," "deliver us." It meets the demand for agreement.—*Canon Bardsley.*

Let.—"We are sore let . . . in running the race set before us." This word was formerly used to signify hindrance and obstruction. Several instances occur in our translation of the Bible. (See Num. xxii. 16; Isa. xliii. 13; 2 Thess. ii. 7.)

Prevent.—"To prevent" formerly meant "to go before" as a guide, assistant and helper. The word is composed of two Latin words, one meaning "to come" and the other "before." Thus it is used in our Collects—"Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings;"—"Let Thy grace always prevent and follow us;" and in the Tenth Article—"The grace of God in Christ preventing us." For examples in the Bible see Ps. lix. 10; lxxix. 8; Matt. xvii. 25; 1 Thess. iv. 15.

Indifferently.—"That they may truly and indifferently minister justice;"—(Prayer for Church militant); *i.e.*, impartially and without respect of persons.

The Suffrages after the Creed.—How sweetly these suffrages, or responsive prayers, unite all suppliant hearts, and break down all barriers, when rich and poor meet together. The minister says, "O Lord, show Thy mercy upon us." The people answer, "And grant us Thy salvation." The minister says, "O Lord, save the Queen." The people answer, "And mercifully hear us when we call upon Thee." The minister says, "Endue Thy ministers with righteousness." The people answer, "And make Thy chosen people joyful." The minister says, "O Lord, save Thy people." The people answer, "And bless Thine inheritance." The minister says, "O God, make clean our hearts within us." The people answer, "And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us." How different it would be if the minister had to say all this by himself, the congregation only listening!—*Canon Bardsley.*

The Lessons.—The Rev. Charles Simeon, when at Cambridge, told this incident: "A poor woman, who lived a little way out of Cambridge, had been wont on Sundays to walk to a well-known church there. She used to say 'to the undergraduates, who visited her in her long illness, 'I liked Mr. — well; what he said was very beautiful; but there was something that the other minister, the gentleman in white, used to read, that I, poor ignorant woman that I was, used to like better than Mr. —'s beautiful sermons; I think they called it the lessons.' She could not read."

The Bible and the Prayer-Book.—"The Church of England hath the whole service, all common and public prayers, ordained to be said and heard in the congregation, framed and fashioned to the true regnes (reins) of Holy Scripture" (*Bishop Ridley*) "We have sought to establish our Liturgy on the authority of that Sacred Volume which cannot mislead us, and have returned to the primitive Church of the Ancient Fathers and Apostles" (*Bishop Jewell*).

The Responses.—Two faults frequently mar the beautiful worship of our Church. Some are silent worshippers, utterly isolated in thought and sympathy from the congregation. Others are loud indeed in their responses, but through some eccentricity of tone or manner they hinder others and disturb the harmony which requires "one voice" as well as "one heart."

Dean Goulburn's earnest words should be pondered both by the silent and the eccentric. "Be careful to make in an audible voice all the responses prescribed by the Prayer-Book. If persons around us in the congregation are merely silent auditors of the service, our own devotion is instantaneously chilled. If, on the other hand, they have all the appearance of earnest worshippers, devotion soon stirs and wakens up in our own hearts. Throw, then, your contribution of heart and soul and sympathy into the service by making the responses simply and sincerely, in your natural voice."

The more the love, the mightier is the prayer.

THE FIRE BY THE SEA.

There were seven fishers with their nets
in their hands,
And they walked and talked by the sea-
side sand ;

Yet sweet as the sweet dew-fall
The words they spake, though they spake
so low,
Across the long, dim centuries flow,
And we know them, one and all—
Ay! know them and love them all.

Seven sad men in the days of old,
And one was gentle and one was bold,
And they walked with downward
eyes ;
The bold was Peter, the gentle was John,
And they all were sad, for the Lord was
gone,
And they knew not if He would rise—
Knew not if the dead would rise.

The live-long night, till the moon went
out
In the drowning waters, they beat about ;
Beat slow through the fog their way ;
The sails drooped down with the
wringing wet,
And no man drew but an empty net,
And now 'twas the break of the day—
The great, glad break of the day.

"Cast in your nets on the other side!"
('Twas Jesus speaking across the tide ;)
And they cast and were dragging
hard ;
But that disciple whom Jesus loved
Cried straightway out, for his heart was
moved,
"It is our risen Lord—
Our Master and our Lord!"

Then Simon, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat,
Ay! first of them all was he ;
Repenting sore the denial past,
He feared no longer his heart to cast
Like an anchor into the sea—
Down deep in the hungry sea.

And the others, through the mists so dim,
In a little ship came after him,
Dragging their net through the tide ;
And when they had gotten close to the
land

They saw a fire of coals on the sand,
And with His arms of love so wide,
Jesus, the crucified!

'Tis long, and long, and long ago
Since the rosy lights began to flow
O'er the hills of Galilee ;
And with eager eyes and lifted hands
The seven fishers saw on the sands
The fire of coals by the sea—
On the wet, wild sands by the sea.

'Tis long ago, yet faith in our souls
Is kindled just by that fire of coals
That streamed o'er the mists of the
sea ;

Where Peter, girding his fisher's coat,
Went over the nets and out of the boat,
To answer, "Lov'st thou me?"
Thrice over, "Lov'st thou me?"

—Alice Cary.

THE POWER OF A TRUE LIFE.

I remember an incident which
occurred during my boyhood in
Tennessee. Old General A., a
man of great force of character,
but a wicked man, was desperately
sick, and at last the physician told
Mrs. A. that all hope of her hus-
band's recovery was gone. She
went to him at once and said :

"Tom, the doctor says you are
dying, and I cannot bear to see you
die unsaved ; shall I send for my
mistister to talk and pray with you?"

"No," said the dying man "send
for old Uncle Ben."

Ben was a plantation blacksmith,
and a powerful exhorter, whose holy
life illustrated his doctrine.

When the old slave came in,
General A. said.

"Ben, they say your master has
got to die ; and, Ben, I can't die in
my sins ; what must I do?"

"Mahs Tom," said the old man,
solemnly, "I'se mighty sorry to see
yo' so porely ; but, Mahs Tom, yo'
done been a powerful sinnah, and
yo' gotter do some powerful 'pente
and b'lieven ef yo' gwine to git yo'
soul saved."

"Well, Ben," said the dying
master, "I will, I will. Now Ben,
you get right down here, and pray
for your old master."

And Uncle Ben knelt down by
the general's bedside and poured
out his heart with strong crying and
tears to Him who is able to save,
and when the prayer was ended the
two old men, the white master and
the faithful black slave, were brethren
in Christ Jesus.—*Record of
Christian Work.*

TO US IS LEFT THE CHOICE.

To be in the world and yet not
of it ; to have the world and not
let the world have us ; to be the
world's masters, and not the world's
slaves, is the true standard for all
who confess the name of Christ.
Centuries ago the Evil One offered
the Son of God the kingdoms of
this world if He would but fall
down and worship him, and in this
age the same seductive wiles are
thrown around the children of God.
By the glamour of wealth, pleasure,
social position, fame, and many
other kindred devices, Satan lures
the Christian, tempting him from

time to time until the real desire of
the heart is not bent with single-
minded longing upon the attain-
ment of God's approval or of his
celestial rewards, but has become
diverted to an excessive degree on
temporal objects, chained down to
earth, and made earthly by the
over-eager pursuit of success, or by
an over-warm delight in the pur-
suanee of enjoyment. "No man
can serve two masters." God leaves
the choice with us. We must settle
it once for all whether it shall be
God or whether it shall be mam-
mon.—*Christian Work.*

HE CARETH FOR THEE.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1. Peter v. 7.

What care it mean? Is it aught to Him
That the nights are long and the days are
dim?

Can He be touched by the griefs I bear,
Which sadden the heart and whiten the
hair?

Around His throne are eternal calms,
And strong, glad music of happy psalms,
And bliss unruffled by any strife.
How can He care for my poor life?

And yet I want Him to care for me,
While I live in this world where the sor-
rows be

When the lights die down on the path I
take ;

When strength is feeble, and friends for-
sake ;

When love and music, that once did bless,
Have left me to silence and loneliness ;
And life-song changes to sobbing prayers—
Then my heart cries out for a God who
cares.

When shadows hang o'er me the whole
day long ;

And my spirit is bowed with shame and
wrong ;

When I am not good, and the deeper
shade

Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid ;
And the busy world has too much to do
To stay in its course to help me through,
And I long for a Saviour—can it be
That the God of the Universe cares for
me?

Oh, wonderful story of deathless love!
Each child is dear to that heart above ;
He fights for me when I cannot fight ;
He comforts me in the gloom of night ;
He lifts the burden, for He is strong ;
He stills the sigh, and awakens the song ;
The sorrow that bowed me down He
bears,

And loves and pardons, because He cares.

Let all who are sad take heart again.
We are not alone in our hours of pain ;
Our Father stoops from His throne above
To soothe and quiet us with His love.
He leaves us not when the storm is high,
And we have safety, for He is nigh.
Can it be trouble which He doth share?
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord *does* care.

Parish and Home.

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HOW DOES IT SEEM TO YOU

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring, nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't
sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

Not really stillness, but just the trees'
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees,
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly-tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid,
Or the songs of the birds in the hedges
hid,
Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and
smell,
I'd like a city pretty well,
But when it comes to getting rest
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's din and dust
And get out where the sky is blue,
And say, now, how does it seem to you?
—Eugene Field.

HOW THE BAD BOY WAS WON.

By LIDA B. ROBERTSON, in S. S. Times.

A boy must believe that his Sunday-school teacher is a loving helper—not a religious detective, nor Christian policeman delegated to deal with his misdoings—before he can be reached. Sympathetic consideration is the strategic board of campaign to manipulate his capture. It is his unfortified point, and whosoever uses it as a truce, be it teacher, preacher, parent, or forbidden companion, can enter unchallenged into his heart. His hobby is his ungarded citadel, and the teacher who can locate it can stealth-

ily march through it and effect his surrender.

A successful teacher related to me her experience with the proverbial bad boy, which is reproduced as she stated it. She said it mattered not how prayerfully she prepared the lesson with the hope of impressing or reaching him, he not only thwarted her efforts to render the lesson profitable to himself, but disturbed the whole class, so that it became painful to her and distracting to them.

One morning he became more inattentive than usual, and talked in an audible undertone to the boy beside him. It was impossible to go on with the lesson, so she stopped, and called him by name. He flared up instantly in defiant insubordination. She saw it, and instead of a reproof, which he had armed himself against, she inquired with a smile, "What were you talking about so earnestly?" His expression changed to one of surprise, then softened into shyness, as he answered her, "I was just talking about my pigeons—that's all."

"Pigeons?" she said kindly, "they are such pretty pets for a boy."

His eyes brightened with earnest animation as he informed her, "I got two beautiful fantail ones. One laid an egg this morning!" His beaming expression as he spoke revealed to her how thoroughly his pigeons had possession of his thoughts, and how difficult it was for him to shift his mind from his engrossing pets back to Bible times and Bible themes, and become an ardent listener. It touched her, and his inattention appealed to her in a new light. Her mind flew backward over the bygone years, when, as a little maid, her own heart found such happy companionship in pets, and sympathetic leniency hovered over her pupil and his offence. Her eyes were opened to the realization that she had been trying to drag him forward to her plane of accumulated years of experience and knowledge, instead of stepping back beside him, and meeting him on his own vantage-ground. That moment she lit the candle of sympathy that was to light his pathway to scriptural truth.

The impulse came to her to digress from the lesson with the experimental longing to reach him. She quickly opened her Bible, and found "pigeon" in the concordance, then asked him, "Did you know that pigeons are written about in the Bible?" His undisguised astonishment was answer enough to her inquiry, so she held the Bible toward him, and he took it with curiosity, and eagerly followed her finger as she pointed out the reference where "pigeon" was mentioned, and then showed him where to find it in Leviticus i: 14-17. All of the boys were now curious to hear what the Bible said about pigeons. She had each read a verse, and then explained the full meaning of it being an offering unto God, and described the preparation of it by the priest. He was deeply attentive now that she had touched a chord that linked the Bible with something in his own life, and brought it into a new light in his eyes. He looked at her soberly, as though yielding up a set prejudice, and said, "Well, I never knew before that the Bible had about pigeons and things in it." "Yes," she said, "the Bible is just full of what will interest boys and girls, if they would only believe it." Having captured his attention, she adroitly said, "If you will listen to the lesson, I will accompany you home to see your pretty pigeons." His face beamed with delight and anticipation, as he inquired eagerly, "Will you come with me after Sunday-school if I will keep quiet?" She felt it to be not just the thing to leave before the church services, especially with a pupil beside her, but to win him was uppermost in her heart now, and she could not chill him with a refusal to his request, so nodded her assent to him as she resumed the lesson.

Before the bell of dismissal ceased, he laid his hand on her arm, and asked, "Are you coming with me?" She walked out with him and as they traversed one block after another she noted the long distance that he had to come in fair or inclement weather and chatted with him about it and about the games that he liked to play, his playmates, school and everything that she could think of that would interest

and draw him out. Finally they reached the unpainted tenement-house district and he bolted ahead of her into a shop and was hurrying straight through to the back premises when he was stopped by his mother, the keeper of the shop. His teacher had already halted to make herse'f acquainted with his mother and to obtain permission to enter the back yard with the impulsive boy who was so eager to show his pets to her. The mother invited her to the rear end of the store and offered her a chair. As she did so she turned to the boy and insisted, "Your teacher don't want to see them old pigeons."

He drew himself up in proud exultation and exclaimed, "Yes, she does ; that's what she came for."

The teacher verified his assertion with the request to accompany him into the yard to look at them. In heedless delight he skipped in front of her through the doorway and the instant that he appeared the two white pigeons flew down and lit upon his shoulders. He caressingly pressed them against his shoulders and cheeks and in the midst of their love-making to him he cited all their accomplishments, showed their roosting-nook, bath-pan and the new laid egg, as they cooed and fluttered around him. His absorbing attachment to them and his watch-care impressed her deeply and furnished her with the key to his heart and the cue to reach him. As she watched his excitement and happiness, she realized that a boy is full of childish vagaries ; that as the leaves of autumn shed themselves to make ready for those of springtime, so he sheds them to make ready for his coming manhood, and to reach him one must descend to his plane of thought and action and not try to prematurely force him into adult soberness and reason. From that moment of sympathetic consideration which interested her in the things of his young life he was captured and held and she herself became a more effective teacher in the lesson learned about boys and their points of absorbing engrossment.

CONSIDER THE POOR.

"Blessed is the man that considereth the poor." It does not say,

blessed is the man that feeds the poor, or helps the poor—for there are many persons who might not be able to do this—but the blessing is for the man who remembers the poor, and wonders how they are, and is anxious to know how they get along ; who enquires what they need, and considers what is best for them ; who studies into the secrets of their condition, learns how they became poor, and enquires how they are to be relieved from their poverty. The man who considers the poor casts about to see if there is some way by which they may be made independent. He investigates the source from which poverty comes, and the means by which it may be removed.

There is very much need at the present time of men who will consider the poor, and instead of giving indiscriminately will take pains to counsel, advise, direct and help them. Thousands of persons are poor through lack of judgment and wisdom ; thousands are poor because they have never been taught the lessons of thrift and industry and frugality and sobriety. The man who considers the poor takes these things into account, and though he may have little wealth and small opportunity, yet in considering the poor he may be a truer benefactor than one who with abundant wealth gives lavishly, but in such a way that his gifts do little good, and sometimes no little evil. Let Christian men consider the poor, and, while the priest and the Levite may pass by on the other side, let them look into the cases of those who are in need and distress, and endeavour to consider and help them according as their necessities may require.—*The Christian*,

DAVID'S GOOD-BY.

Two gray-haired men were walking along the street, one of them carrying a bouquet of beautiful and fragrant flowers.

"Wait a minute," said the latter, as he stopped before a small cottage and rang the bell. A little girl opened the door. She smiled as she took the flowers. "I know who they're for," she said ; "they're for gran'ma."

"Yes," answered the giver, "with

my love."

"Well, I do declare," observed his friend, as they passed on. "You surprise me ; I had no idea you went around leaving flowers and your love with old ladies."

"Just with one old lady," laughingly. "You see, it is this way. When I was a boy, this dear old lady's son and I were chums. We were going away to school. I was an orphan. I left the house, where I had been boardin', with a heavy heart. No one cared that I was going away ; no one would miss me.

"I stopped for Dan—that was my chum's name—on my way to the station. As I entered the yard he and his mother were saying good-by. The hot tears rushed to my eyes as I saw Dan's mother kiss him.

"Good-by, my boy ; God bless you," I heard her say.

"No one had kissed me. No one had asked God to bless me. Well, God was not blessing me, I said to myself bitterly, and then my tears vanished. I felt defiant and set my lips hard. Then Dan's mother looked up. She must have read my feelings in my ugly face.

"Good-bye, Davie," she said, gently, holding out her hands to me. I knew my face looked stern and hard. I pretended not to see the outstretched hands, and I wouldn't look into her face. I was turning away without a word of farewell, when she called, oh, so sweetly, I can hear her now, even after all these years, 'Davie, my dear boy, aren't you going to say good-bye to Dannie's mother? Aren't you, Davie?' I turned and took her hands ; the loving compassion in her voice had won me from myself and my despair. I held close to her while she kissed me. Then gently loosening my grasp of her hands, she threw her arms about me.

"Good-bye, Davie," she said ; "I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you."

The gentleman's lips quivered.

"The world grew brighter to me then and there," he continued. "I had something to live for, and I did my best in school and in college. Over and over that tender good-bye of Dan's mother rang in my soul.

'Good-bye, Davie, I love you, too, my boy, and may God bless you.' God has blessed me."

"Where is Dan?" asked his friend.

"Dan died six years ago; that is his little girl who came to the door. It was an awful blow to the dear old lady when Dan died, and she has never been strong since that dark day. But she has been so good as to tell me that I bring much sunshine into her life, and I thank God that I am able to do so."

—*Observer.*

NO ROOT IN THEMSELVES.

In passing through a greenhouse recently, the florist showed us a large frame or tray, in which were planted about ten thousand cuttings, for the purpose of starting them in the matter of root-making sufficiently to warrant their separate deposit in pots. He explained the necessity of huddling them, as preventing evaporation and in several other ways benefiting the young plants, and at the same time he pulled a slip out of the sand here and there to show the process of root formation. We received the idea clearly enough, that although it is very helpful to the plants that they should be crowded together, it is, nevertheless, absolutely essential to the life of each that it should make its own roots. It was helped to grow by its association with others, but it grew by its own roots. Thereupon, we remembered the Saviour's parable of the sower, in the which some seeds are described as failing to come to stalk or fruit because they had "no root in themselves." How many Christians there are who have only a fellowship life. They think and live only as others do; they are borne along in doctrine and practice by the current of Church life alone; they conform to the conventional religious life in all things; they have no individuality, no separate life and power; they never think of doing anything for God or men on their own account; they never follow their own convictions of truth or duty, but always some other's; they are planted among ten thousand, in shallow, sandy soil, and

when the sun is up, which gives life or withers, as the case may be, they wilt and die because they have "no deepness of earth, no root within themselves." Fellowship is precious and indispensable in the development of Christian life, but it cannot take the place of individuality. One must have root within himself; by thinking for himself; bringing himself into personal relationship with God in Christ Jesus, and by being himself—allowing the Holy Spirit to develop in him a spirituality which shall run along the lines of his particular personality.—*Words and Weapons.*

CULTIVATING THE VOICE.

"Mamma, mayn't I have something to eat, I'm so hungry?" whined Willie Cooper, as he came in from school, to his mother.

"Certainly, my dear," replied the mother, "but you must ask in a different tone from that. Now, smile and say, 'Mamma, please give me something to eat,' in this tone," and she spoke in cheerful accents to show him how.

It took two or three trials but at last Willie got all the whine out of his voice and all the cloud out of his face, and was given a generous slice of bread and butter to "stay" his hunger till supper time.

It was by no accident that all the Cooper children had pleasant voices, and clear and distinct enunciation of what they said; for the cultivation of their voices had begun very early in their lives, so their vocal organs had no opportunity to form wrong habits, or learn bad ways. They had not been allowed to talk bad grammar, to clip their words, to indulge in slang, to whine, and the example of the clear, sweet, ringing cadences in which their parents spoke was more potent, perhaps, than any other influence in forming their habits of speech.

A child may be indulged in whining until its vocal organs are so set that it cannot speak without whining, or it may be allowed to talk in a high, shrill key until it loses command of the lower register, and can use only the high key. It may be taught to speak with distinct articu-

lation, with natural resonant tones, with grammatical propriety and correctness, until this shall become a part of him and an inalienable possession.—*Northwestern Congregationalist.*

It will comfort the despairing minister to read a few sentences from the speech read by Bishop Whipple at a missionary meeting in Chicago:

"Thirty years ago Dr. Twing asked me to visit a dying clergyman who was suffering with such agony that reason almost tottered on its throne and the shadow of darkness had come over him; and I went to try to comfort the dying man. He looked up in my face and said: 'Oh, if I could do one year of work such as is done by missionary bishops, such as you are doing in that Northwest I would be so happy! But, oh, I have done nothing, nothing!' I knew the man. I said: 'Do you remember when you were a pastor in Troy?' 'Yes. It was the happiest time of my life.' 'Do you remember you had a Bible class of girls from Mrs. Willard's school, and that one year every every member of that Bible class was presented by you for confirmation?' 'Oh yes.' 'Do you remember that one was the daughter of a Presbyterian elder, and she had to wait until she heard from her father and had his consent?' 'Oh, yes,' and he mentioned her name. 'Well,' I said, 'that girl met a young man in the hurry of the world who hardly knew that he had a soul to be saved, and she led him to Christ, and then in after years she led him to give up business and become a candidate for orders, and then he drifted out to Chicago, and then was elected Bishop of Minnesota. Ah,' said I, 'my brother (it was Richard Cox), you little thought, when you were writing the lessons of life upon that girl's heart and telling her about the dear home of the Church of Christ, that you were training a bishop for Minnesota.'—*Southern Churchman.*

It is the little rift within the lute, that by-and-by will make the music mute, and ever widening slowly silence all.

Boys' and Girls' Corner.**SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS.**

July 1.—St. Matt. xiv. 22-33.
 " 8.—St. John vi. 22-40.
 " 15.—St. Mark vii. 24-30.
 " 22.—St. Matt. xvi. 13-27.
 " 29.—St. Luke ix. 28-36.

St. Paul wrote to Timothy, "From a child thou hast known the holy scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus."

Do the mothers and grandmothers of to-day see that their Timothys are diligently taught the Holy Scriptures?

TAKE CARE.

Little children you must seek
 Rather to be good than wise,
 For the thoughts you do not speak
 Shine out in your cheeks and eyes.

If you think that you can be
 Cross and cruel, and look fair,
 Let me tell you how to see
 You are quite mistaken there.

Go and stand before the glass,
 And some ugly thoughts contrive,
 And my word will come to pass
 Just as sure as you're alive.

What you have and what you lack,
 All the same as what you wear,
 You will see reflected back ;
 So, my little friends, take care !

And not only in the glass
 Will your secrets come to view,
 All beholders, as they pass,
 Will perceive and know them too.

Out of sight, my boys and girls,
 Every root of beauty starts ;
 So think less about your curls,
 More about your minds and hearts.

Cherish what is good, and drive
 Evil thoughts and feelings far ;
 For, as sure as your alive,
 You will show for what you are.

—Selected.

THE LESSON MAX TAUGHT.

Nell and Jack had begged Horace to go to the woods with them for wild-flowers. Horace was getting over a long illness, so he sat still on a stone and read, while the children ran about gathering their treasures,

with Max, their little dog, frisking about them. Max was quite a new little dog, and Horace said that he had not been well trained, he was so disobedient, and promised the children that when he grew stronger he would take him in hand. He behaved pretty well that afternoon, till suddenly he saw something moving among the bushes. In an instant he darted away and disappeared.

"Come back!" cried Harry.
 "Here, Max, Max!"

But though Max answered with a sharp little bark, he did not come back, and Harry was obliged to go and fetch him. "Naughty little dog," he said, very sternly.

Max fawned at his feet, and looked up into his eyes as though promising to be the best of dogs, but the very moment the children had turned away he was off again. This happened two or three times, and at last he went so far that Harry could not find him, and just then Horace called them to go home.

"But, Horace," pleaded Nell, "we cannot go and leave Max; he will be lost."

"I do not think so, dear," said Horace.

"Well, any way, he will be dreadfully frightened when he comes back and finds us gone; and his heart beats so fast when he is frightened."

"Yes, I expect that he will be very much frightened," said Horace; "but he has been a very disobedient little dog, and needs the lesson it will give him. He could have been with us if he had minded, Nell."

So, very reluctantly, and often turning back, tender-hearted Nell left the woods. For some time she walked on by her brother's side without speaking, but finally she looked up, and said:

"Horace, is it wicked to be put in mind of the Bible by only a dog? You see," she went on, without waiting for an answer, "when Max kept running away, and we kept bringing him back, and giving him little punishments to make him remember to mind, and then by and by you said that we must leave him in the dark woods because he would not mind,

or come when we called him, why then I could not help, thinking of our Sunday school lesson. It seemed like the Golden Text, you know, 'Because ye have forsaken the Lord, He hath also forsaken you.'

"You know that is why God left the people of Israel be carried away into a strange land, Horace, because they would not be good and do what He told them to; and we did not leave Max till we had called him lots of times, and waited and waited for him. Do you think it was wicked of me to think of it when Max is only a dog?"

"Not at all wicked, dear Nelly," answered her brother; "you know our Saviour often told stories about animals when He wanted to help the people understand what He was teaching them, and I am very glad if our naughty Max has helped you; but there is another lesson it teaches, dear. Though we did leave our little dog, did we do so willingly, and are we glad to know that probably at this moment he is a very lonely and frightened little Max?"

"Oh, no, Horace, I have been so sorry for him every moment since we left him, poor little doggie!"

"Of course you have, dear; and God felt just so to His disobedient people all those long years ago, when He allowed them to be carried away captive; He loved them and was very, very sorry for them, but they had to be taught the lesson, just as we have to teach it to Max."

"Well," said Nell, with a long breath, "I do hope Max will come home all safe; but, Horace, I don't believe I should have known half so well about the lesson if he had not run away."

"Then I am very glad that he did," said Horace, stooping to kiss her; "but look there, Nell."

Nell turned and looked, and there, close behind them, with his tail between his legs, and looking so ashamed, was naughty Max.—
The Child's Hour.

POLLY'S BIRTHDAY.

Polly was a dear little girl who lived on a nice, large farm, with

plenty of chickens, cows and horses, but Polly never thought much about how nice all these were, for her father and mother were always hard at work, and Polly and the rest of the children had to help. Polly's two brothers worked with their father, her sister helped her mother in the house, and Polly washed the dishes, scoured the knives, fed the chickens, and ran errands for the family, and for all the summer boarders besides.

One of the boarders, Miss Cary, was watching Polly shell peas one morning, and thinking that she did a great deal of work for such a little girl. Finally she said:

"How old are you, Polly?"

"Seven," Polly answered.

"You're almost eight," said her mother.

"When is her birthday?" Miss Cary asked.

"Why, let me see; it's this month some time—the 17th—yes, the 17th of July. I declare, I'd forgotten all about it if you hadn't 'a' spoke," and Mrs. Jones went on with her work again.

"What's a birthday?" Polly asked shyly.

"Why, Polly!" exclaimed Miss Cary, "don't you know? It's the anniversary of the day you were born. Didn't you ever have a birthday present, Polly?"

"No," said Polly, looking puzzled.

"We never have much time for these things," Polly's mother said. "It's 'bout all I can do to remember Christmas."

"Yes, I know," Miss Cary said, but she resolved that Polly should "have a birthday."

When she went down to breakfast the next morning, Miss Cary met Polly in the hall, and, putting a little silk purse into her hand, said kindly: "Here, Polly, is something for you to buy birthday presents with."

Polly opened the little bag and found in it eight bright silver quarters, and she ran as fast as she could to tell her mother.

"Land sakes, child!" the mother said; "that's too much money for you to spend. Better save it. It will buy you a pair of shoes and a warm hood this winter."

Almost any little girl would have

cried at this, and Polly's eyes did fill with tears, but as her mother wanted her to help "put the breakfast on," Polly took the plate of muffins into the dining-room. Miss Cary noticed the wet lashes, and said: "Mrs. Jones, please let Polly go down to the store to-day and spend her birthday money."

Mrs. Jones could not refuse this request, so, after she had put the baby to sleep, Polly was allowed to go to the store, which was a good two miles away, but the happy little girl would have willingly walked five miles to spend her precious two dollars.

It was late in the afternoon when she came back, and the boarders were lounging about, waiting for the supper-bell to ring. They all smiled at the little figure toiling up the road with her arms full of bundles. Polly smiled radiantly through the dust that covered her round little face as she called to Miss Cary: "Oh! I've got such lots of things. Please come into the kitchen and see."

"No, it's too warm there," Miss Cary said, "come into the parlour, where it's cool, and we can all see."

So they all went into the house, and Polly commenced to unwrap her packages and exhibit her purchases.

"There," she said, as she tore the paper from a queer-shaped bundle, "this is for ma," holding up an egg-beater, "cause it takes so long to beat eggs with a fork."

The boarders looked at each other in surprise, but Polly was too busy to notice. She fairly beamed as she held up a green glass necktie pin for inspection. "Isn't it lovely?" she said. "It's for pa, so he'll wear a collar like ma wants him to. Of course he'll want to wear such an elegant pin, and then he'll have to wear a tie, and then he'll have to wear a collar."

"This isn't much," she continued, opening a small bundle, "only a rattle for baby. It only cost five cents."

The boarders looked on in silence as the busy little fingers untied strings. No one knew whether to laugh or feel sorry.

It was wonderful what two dollars would buy, and not strange that the little girl had spent a whole

half-day shopping. There was a blue tie for Brother Dan, and a pink one for Tim; a yellow hair-ribbon for Sister Linda, some brass hairpins for grandma, a small bottle of cologne for Jake, the "hired man," and then there was but one package left. Polly patted this lovingly before she opened it. "This is the nicest of all, and it's for you," she said, as she handed Miss Cary a box of pink writing paper. "It seemed too bad that you only had plain white paper to write your letters on when you write so lovely, so I got you this. Ain't it grand?"

"Why, it's beautiful, Polly dear," Miss Cary said, "but what have you bought for your birthday present?"

"Why, these," said Polly, "these are all my presents. Presents are something we give away, aren't they?" and Polly looked round, wondering why all were so still.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," said one of the ladies softly. The gentlemen looked out of the windows, and Miss Cary put her arms around Polly and kissed the hot, dusty little face many times.

"It's been a lovely day," Polly said, as she distributed her last gift. "I never had any presents to give away before, and I think birthdays are just lovely."

The next month, after Miss Cary had returned to the city, she had a birthday, and there came to Polly a most beautiful doll, with lots of beautiful clothes, and a card, saying: "For Polly, on my birthday, from Lena Cary," which, by the way, immediately became the doll's name.

And Miss Cary was not the only one who caught Polly's idea of a birthday, for the rest of the boarders remembered Polly's presents, and, through the year, as each one's birthday came, Polly received a gift to delight her generous little heart.

When the 17th July came around again, though Miss Cary was not at the farm she sent Polly a little silk bag, with nine silver quarters in it, and Polly still thinks "birthdays are lovely."—*Christian Standard.*

"BEN'S BESOM."

This is the name of a broom re-

mind one of the porcupine, it is so bristling with sweeping the wrong way. But it has been a besom of destruction to dirt and now Ben's mother keeps it hung up by a blue ribbon. The first time Ben swept a floor it surprised himself and everybody else, for what with leading his classes at school, leading in the racing matches, playing base ball and drilling a boy's regiment, he was not apt to be found indoors when he could help it. But one day as he rushed home from school to "get into his ball rig" he espied his mother sweeping. It suddenly struck him how lacking in muscles were those bare arms, how flushed with over-exertion the thin face, and as he paused to make these observations he saw how hard it was for her to move the big sofa. "I say," he exclaimed, "let me have a go at that besom, it suits my biceps better than yours, little mother." So he seated her in an easy chair out in the hall as "umpire," and set himself to following her laughing directions and making a first-class job of it. From that day till Ben left home to make his way—and he is making it—he did his mother's weekly sweeping. He did other things as well that, now he had come to think of it, suited his muscular development better than hers. Always a leader, Ben set the fashion among his comrades at home, and the effect is still happily felt in many of the families of the village, where the mothers do their own work.

And why on earth shouldn't sons as well as daughters be helpful about the house? If they were taught to be, required to be and, like manly Ben, chose to be, there would be less whining about "nothing to do"; when boys sport flags, there would be fewer jaded mothers and fewer "cross sisters." Is it strange if sisters get cross because the many feminine services they do for brothers are never returned by favors that, since they require strength, are in the boy line? A great deal of the so-called women's work is quite as much men's work. Men excel as cooks, as waiters, as tailors, as sick nurses. Those manliest of men from the boy's standpoint, soldiers, sailors, travellers, explorers, could never get on without skill in those homely and homey arts that some

manly boys like Ben practise for the sake of helping mother.—*Selected.*

Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, closed a recent letter by repeating a story which Bishop Clarkson used to love to tell: A devout, coloured preacher whose heart was aglow with missionary zeal, gave notice to his congregation that in the evening an offering would be taken up for missions, and asked for liberal gifts. He had in his congregation one well-to-do man that was very selfish, who said to him before the service: "Yer guwine ter kill dis church ef yer goes on saying, give, give! No church can stan' it. Yer guwine ter kill it." After the sermon the minister said to the people, "Before the service to-night Brother Jones tole me I was guwine to kill this yere church, ef I kep' a-asking yer ter give: but, my brethren, churches doesn't die dat way. Ef dere's anybody knows of a church dat's died 'cause it's been giving too much ter the Lord, I'll be very much obliged ef my brother will tell me whar dat church is, for I'se guwine ter visit it, and I'll climb up on de walls of dat church under de light of de moon, and shout, 'Blessed are de dead dat die in de Lord!'"

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A parsonage is being built at Haliburton this summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bates and family of Ridout-st., and Mr. C. Wark, boarding on Kent-st., are among the new comers whom we gladly welcome to Lindsay and St. Paul's.

We congratulate Mr. George Walters, L.D.S., who was the first secretary of the Young Men's Association of St. Paul's church, on his marriage, and wish him and his bride many years of happiness together.

We have received the first copy of "The Church Record" and if succeeding numbers keep up to the high standard of the first, the paper deserves, and no doubt will secure a large and increasing number of readers. The value of first class religious literature in the family cannot well be over estimated.

We rejoice to know that a Sunday school has been started in connection with St. George's church, Cameron, with an attendance of about 25 scholars. A member of the congregation kindly gave a small sum of money for the initiatory expenses, and with books given by Mr. Lennon some time ago, and a few others added there is a nice little library. We trust the work will be remembered in the prayers of the congregation.

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto Salvation to every one that believeth." St. Paul.

The church people of Dunsford expect to make an effort to free their church of debt this autumn. Every church in the land ought to be out of debt, and so "Owe no man anything."

The clergy of the Rural Deanery of Northumberland have arranged to meet at an island in Stoney lake, on July 9th and 10th. A number from Victoria and Durham are also invited to be present. A number of subjects are to be discussed and considered.

St. Paul's Church Collections, June, 1900.

	Envelopes	Loose	Total
June 3	24 25	20 09	44 34
10	17 55	9 27	26 82
17	19 35	4 79	24 14
24	16 80	14 22	31 02
	\$ 77 95	\$48 37	\$126 32

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