

# Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the interests of the Family and the Church.

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## HERE AND THERE

GEORGE MACDONALD

Every morning the red sun  
Rises warm and bright,  
But the evening cometh on,  
And the dark, cold night.  
There's a bright land far away,  
Where 'tis never ending day.

Little birds sing songs of praise  
All the summer long,  
But in colder, shorter days  
They forget their song.  
There's a place where angels sing  
Ceaseless praises to their King.

Christ our lord is ever near  
Those who follow Him:  
But we cannot see Him here,  
For our eyes are dim.  
There is a most happy place  
Where men always see His face.

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**BIRTHS.**

On August 13th. at 183 Metcalfe Street, Ottawa, to Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Minnes, a daughter.

At the Regina Industrial school, August 6th, to Principal R. B. Heron and wife, a son.

**MARRIAGES.**

In St Andrew's Church, Appleton, by Rev. G. T. Bayne, Lottie Bell, only daughter of Mr. T. A. Hueston, to Mr. Norman Strong, of Carleton Place.

On August 10th, at East Toronto, Florence, daughter of Mrs. Westlake, to Edward McGarry, of Toronto, by Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Emmanuel Church.

On August 4, at Almonte, by Rev. Mr. Daly, of St. John's Church, Tena Vinton Donaldson to William Grant Kelly.

On Wednesday August 5th, 1908, at the home of her brother-in-law, Mr. W. C. R. Harris, Euclid Avenue, Toronto, by the Rev. James Murray, Margaret Lindsay, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel McLaren, to Robert John Prosser, of Woodbine Avenue, Toronto.

On Aug. 6, 1908, at "Inneside," Mount Albert, Ont., by Rev. D. G. Cameron, Florence, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Forest, to Walter J. Helm, of Port Hope.

At the home of the bride, August 5th, 1908, by Rev. A. A. Scott, M.A., John M. Penny to Kate H. Fife, both of Carleton Place.

At the home of the bride, August 5th, 1908, by Rev. A. A. Scott, M.A., Frank C. Donald to Alberta I. McLaren, both of Carleton Place.

At Taylorville, on Aug. 11, 1908, by the Rev. J. A. McDonald, B.A., assisted by the Rev. S. A. Woods, B.A., Mary Elizabeth Manson, daughter of the late William Manson, to Lawson Cessar, B.A., B.S.A., of Guelph.

In St. Paul's, Abbotsford, Que., on Aug. 11, 1908, by the Rev. H. E. Horsey, M.A., B.D., Miss Catherine Isabella Craig, youngest daughter of the late William Craig, Sr., Esq., Abbotsford, Que., to the Rev. Richard Faries, missionary of York Fort, Hudson's Bay.

**DEATHS.**

On Tuesday, Aug. 11, Mary Ethel, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. McMillivray, South Lancaster.

At Barrie, on August 6th, Dr. J. C. Smith.

At North Toronto, on August 11th, Rev. James Grant, formerly pastor of Richmond Hill Church.

At London, on Sunday, Aug. 9th, Dougall McDonald, of Vintore.

At Toronto, on August 13th, Rev. Robert Hume, M.A., retired Presbyterian minister.

At 142 Carlton Street, Toronto, William Johnstone Cameron, son of the late John Cameron, Durham, Ont., aged 29.

At 29 Jameson Avenue, Toronto, on Aug. 13th, 1908, Lieut.-Colonel Wilbur Henderson, in his 82nd year.

In London, England, Aug. 10th, Mary Newburne, wife of Dr. James Bonar, deputy master of Royal Mint, Ottawa.

At the family residence, 163 Dupont St., Toronto, on Aug. 5, 1908, Thomas D. S. Moore, of the 'Globe' staff, aged 60 years.

At 336 McLeod Street, Ottawa, on Aug. 8, 1908, John Shearer, aged 77 years and 24 days.

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## NOTE AND COMMENT

Plain speaking is essential to the best pulpit work; it can hardly be too plain, but it should never degenerate into pulp-plit scolding. "Speaking the truth in love" is still worthy of being a preacher's motto.

There are in Paris forty-three French Protestant churches, and in the outskirts there are forty-seven more, making a total of ninety churches where French Protestants worship. In three of these, English services are also held, and in four of them German services. There is also one Swedish church. The British and American churches number six in all.

A certain minister in Michigan—is of course he is not a Presbyterian—is a persistent cigarette smoker in public and private life. He frequently tells the boys what a bad habit it is for them; and he certainly ought to know what he is talking about. Will they do as he says, or as he does? is the pertinent question of the Michigan Presbyterian.

The following shows a marked change in public sentiment among our neighbors to the South. We clip from the Herald and Presbyterian: "It is stated that both the Republican and Democratic National Conventions barred liquor from the convention halls. The Columbus Convention did not have to bar it. No one would ever have thought of trying to get it in."

Said Rev. W. A. McIlroy, of Ottawa, in a recent sermon: The statement of an English lord that either the state must throttle the liquor traffic or the liquor traffic would throttle the state, was true. The duty of the church was with its whole strength to oppose the saloon, and save the growing boys. It was also the duty of the church to befriend drunkards and do its best to save them.

Church members who are out on the field helping the pastor keep up the work do not have time to attend the grumblers' conference. Only those who are out of a job and out of spirits have hours to give to that pestiferous assembly where all the evil things real and imaginary are put on exhibition and decorated with unfavorable comment. The programme is ever full and the performers work for less than nothing.

A correspondent of the Canadian Baptist writes: "The religious situation in France is one of prime importance, and full of thrilling interest. France deserves our sympathy and our support. Few nations have sacrificed so much for the sacred cause of liberty as she. She is nearer the goal today than ever before. The danger is that the masses of her people in their reaction against Rome may go to the other extreme of infidelity. It is a time of unparalleled opportunity for the Gospel."

For the benefit of those who prophesied nothing but blue ruin for the town as soon as Local Option came in force, we are pleased to state, says the Creemore Sun, that one of our merchants has handed us a statement of his business for the months of May and June, 1907, and also for the same months this year, and the latter exceeds the former by \$1,051.98. That don't look as though Local Option was doing the town any harm. Local Option hurts no business but the whiskey business, and that's no good to anybody.

It is a sad fact that there are some who will, even in religious work, ruin everything if they cannot run everything. They must run the pastor, or Sunday-school, or convention, or board, or secretary, or college, or assembly—else they are against the whole thing. Moreover such selfish individuals do not fight in the open. They are too cowardly to do that. They seek to ruin by indirection, by question, by innuendo, by misrepresentation, by wire-pulling. May the Lord deliver his people from these troublers in Israel.

An exchange says, that through a mistake in a local-option election, a Massachusetts town voted wet when the majority of the voters favored a dry town. To protect the town from the invasion of saloons through what was a technical error, the town council fixed the license at one million dollars. It is needless to say the town is still "dry." Yet the town of Collinswood was not permitted to make the license fee for 1908 \$2,500. The council desired to help make the town "dry," but the Provincial authorities intervened in the interest of the liquor traffic.

A section of the city of Shanghai, China, is known as "The Settlement," from its being inhabited by foreigners, and not being under Chinese control. "The Settlement" is just now coming in for much condemnation because it is not using as energetic steps to suppress the opium traffic as the Chinese section of the city. Protests have poured in upon the respective governments, and the shame of the Settlement is now known in every country. Picture the disgrace of it: Foreign residents in a Chinese city unwilling to go as far as the Chinese themselves in suppressing the opium curse!

The platform adopted by the Prohibition party at its recent national convention in Columbus, Ohio, so far as the liquor traffic is concerned, is thus summarized: 1. The submission by Congress to the several States of an amendment to the Federal Constitution prohibiting the manufacture, sale, importation, exportation or transportation of alcoholic liquors for beverage purposes. 2. The immediate prohibition of the liquor traffic for beverage purposes in the District of Columbia, in the Territories, and all places over which the national government has jurisdiction: the repeal of the internal revenue tax on alcoholic liquors, and the prohibition of the interstate traffic there.

The fourth commandment enjoins the association of a true worship of God with a due consideration of man. The Sabbath was made, not for God's but for man's sake. By any use of it which militates against the good of man we violate the spirit of this law. Nor should it ever be forgotten that the foundation idea of the day is that of rest and recreation. There is, perhaps, no more serious problem in present day family and social life than the best and most wholesome use of Sunday. That problem is to procure rest without idleness, recreation without frivolity, worship without weariness. The importance of the problem cannot be over-estimated, and the basis of a true solution lies not in fruitless discussion as to whether it shall be Saturday or Sunday, but in proposals proceeding upon a due consideration of man's needs, bodily and spiritually.

A press dispatch from Victoria, B.C., says: "One of the first measures before the Yukon Legislative Council is a bill to eliminate all saloons within the territory, inclusive of Dawson City, giving only properly equipped hotels the right to sell intoxicants. Another blow has also been struck against the Yukon dance halls, the one remaining part of Canada in which women have been legally employed to promote the sale of liquor. Jack McCrimmon was sentenced to thirty days' hard labor for running a dance hall. Mr. Justice Dugas, in giving sentence, said a longer term would be imposed on the next conviction. This stand of the Yukon authorities is paralleled by that of British Columbia, which has decided to grant no liquor permits or licenses along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, now building, and which will probably introduce drastic temperance legislation for the entire province at the forthcoming session of the Provincial Legislature."

In a vigorous editorial, the August Appleton's Magazine discusses Religion—The Most Practical Thing in the World. In the midst of the editorial occurs the following paragraph, which we heartily endorse and commend to the attention of our readers: "The churches suffer from a terrible blight, the blight of Sunday religion. You can't be religious on Sunday and irreligious on Monday. You can't, any more than you can be a tall man on Tuesday and a short one on Wednesday. We talk of religion as if it were a separate department of life. We label it and bottle it and prescribe it for use on certain occasions. We particularly recommend it to old ladies, children and invalids. Religion is either good for everybody at all times or for nobody at any time. We talk of religious and irreligious men, but every man has in him a spark of the divine which he can either kindle into a living flame or neglect until it is all but extinguished. Religion is a spur to those things without which life is not worth living. A democracy must have religion as a check on the one hand and a spur on the other."

The American Federation of Zionists met at Atlantic City last month. Modern Zionism, whose first great leader was the late Dr. Herzl, of Vienna, seeks "to secure for the Jews a publicly recognized and legally assured home in Palestine." It does not stand for any particular interpretation of prophecies relating to the Jewish nation, but it naturally gains all the more favor with those Jews and Christians who believe that some of the predictions concerning the prosperity of the Chosen People in their own land remain to be fulfilled. In America a new organization, the B'nai Zion, "Sons of Zion," has recently been formed, which is heralded as "a movement to organize the Jews under the Zionist banner and also to form a body potent to promote Jewish interests in America." Not alone in America is Zionism gaining ground. In every country of Europe it is reported as making progress, and some of the most eminent Jews now living are among its ardent supporters. Not that all Jews are expected to return to Palestine; but what better home for oppressed Jews than the land of their ancestors, if that land can be secured as their own possession? Such is the dream of Zionism—a dream which may come true some day, when the long purses of Jewish capitalists hold out sufficient temptation to the Sultan of Turkey with his chronically empty treasury.

SPECIAL  
ARTICLES

## Our Contributors

BOOK  
REVIEWS

## ON THE TRAIL OF HARVESTERS.

By J. G. Patton.

What can be more enjoyable than a ride out in the country on an ideal day in mid-summer? Just retrace with me some of the quiet incidents, roads and lanes of the old and hilly eastern country. We will see much to make us happy and some things to make us sad. Of course we cannot be in a "knocking" mood, but the truth must be told as we go along. This is sufficient preface for one afternoon's ride.

Now get up with me into the buggy. Under our breath we will just whisper to our friends that while we do not feel able to hire an automobile, we really prefer a good horse and buggy. Those "sweezy," clumsy machines are all right if you wish to fly over the roads and not see the beautiful things of the country. They are not nearly so pretty and intelligent as a nice horse. True, they eat no grass, but you can't talk to them as you can to a horse. Neither coaxing them nor beating them will hurry them or make them go slow; they are deaf and dumb. We pass them on the road and their occupants look upon us as far behind the fashion and manners and customs of this present age. Some day our poor horse will pass along the road with an auto by his side and a flying machine over his head. We wonder, however, where our horse will be when that fast day of fast travelling is come. Somewhere I was riding in an automobile, and on seeing the dust rise my companion said that autos were very hard on the pikes because they raised such a dust and the dust blew off the road. I believe he said that France in her rural districts was alarmed because of this very fact. But we are discussing automobiles too long. There are too many other things of interest to spend so much time on machines.

Day before yesterday it rained—a real downpour, wetting the earth far down. To-day the air is a perfect nectar, full of health and wealth for the body. The sky is clear, the sun shines with a perfect luster, while the cool breeze stirs the very blood to a more energetic coursing through our veins.

We started on the trail of the harvesters, and there they are! How strong and healthy they look! Let us tie our horse to this fence post and go over into the field where they are working. They have just begun to haul the well-cured wheat to the barn. It is strange to see them haul it upon a sled. You must not ask them why they are using such a primitive conveyance. They may have no wagon, or the sled being lower, may suit the hilly ground; no matter, farmers are like everybody else, they have a good reason for what they are doing, and then they have their own pride about their affairs, and they no more like to be classified out of date than do we city folks. A rich, ripe odor of drying stalk and berry fills the air as the full shocks of grain are lifted sheaf by sheaf onto the growing load. What can be finer than this same indescribable odor of ripening grain? And what can be more beautiful than a field standing in shocks of yellow wheat?

Ask this particular farmer what kind of a crop he has this season. "It is more than an average yield this season. I expect to bring twenty or twenty-five bushels of wheat to the acre from this field. The hay crop is excellent and the corn is good enough, for this time of the year. If we should have rains the latter part of this month and in August." This farmer has a large rich farm and is contented and happy. His boys, however, are growing up and the oldest boy already wants to be off to the city. The

hard work of plowing and sowing and reaping does not suit him. It is too slow for him; he dreams by day and by night of the great busy cities where gold is plenty, and he longs to be off from the humdrum of the farm. He will have his way some day, and then when he is perplexed about the things of the city, he will dream of cool shades of forests and rest his backward look upon the wheat in the shock. That backward look will be paradise to him, and the memories of the old country home will shine in his heart as the stars.

Looking afar up the lane of time we can see this wheat as it passes into the barn, and then come autumn days pour quickly out of the mow into the open mouth of the great threshers. Then, with a million companion grains like itself, it is gathered into the great bin, there to rest awhile. When the days grow shorter and the nights long and cool, the trail of the wheat will be down to the huge elevator or mill. Here in the mill the ruthless grinders constantly whirl, and the round berry which grew so cheerfully out on the sunny hillside will be crushed and mangled. But see as it is broken what alabaster flour comes forth from the hidden depths of this nourishing seed! Most of our lives, if not all, are much like this wheat; they have to be broken before they become the bread of life to other people.

Take up the trail again, and we soon come back toward the old farm. It is not the same farm, for we have passed on to where the men are having. Now, traveller, far beyond your native haunts, can you anywhere find a more heartening and beautiful picture than one of those sloping meadows of the East? You might find a very level field far out West that would yield more hay to the acre, but you could not find so beautiful a picture as this round-topped meadow upon which we now look. Here is a scene that stirs a back into your lungs the old boyhood blood. You used to haul hayshocks? Not well. I pity the boy who has never hauled hay with a long wild grapevine or rope. See these boys and girls as they hurry their horses to the shocks and around them and now bring them to the growing stack. It is a lively scene and one that would be beautiful in Eden.

As we stand and watch the haymakers there comes a long-drawn-out sound from the pretty farm house a few rods away. It is the call to supper. Country people still have breakfast, dinner and supper, and if they serve lunch it is before going to bed. We have a very hearty invitation to go in and break bread with the family. Knowing the sincere hospitality of both the farmer and his wife we accept the invitation. As we pass out through the bars from the meadow, we notice the long afternoon or early evening shades as they creep down from the woods. How very refreshing they are to the tired men! How they speak to us all of the advancing shades of the eveningtime of our lives!

After sitting down at the long well-filled table, all reverently bow their heads. After a few words of thanks and blessing we are bidden to help ourselves. Then begins a very interesting conversation about the happenings of the day, "the political situation," that never threadbare subject, and grave matters of Church and State are taken up by this intelligent farmer and his wife. We wonder at such intellectual acumen, but when we look into the library, we note magazines and papers and books of many kinds. Best of all, we see the Bible, and it looks as if it had been studied. Thus our trail must end with the farmer in his home, as he sits about his table and eats the bread from the wheat which

grew out on the hillside. And when he asks us to take down the great book and read and pray with him, we know he is trying to feed his soul upon the "living bread." —Philadelphia Westminster.

## WORRY THE GREAT ENEMY TO HEALTH.

Worry is the epidemic of the day—an epidemic more widespread, more insidious, more deadly than any pestilence that has ever afflicted this long-suffering world.

More widespread, I say, because it affects everybody in what we euphemistically call the civilized world. The adult worries about his profession, his business, his family relations, and so on. The woman worries about her household, the children, her clothes, her social position, and a thousand other things.

And even little children have not escaped from this devastating epidemic, worry. Take your stand outside any public school and note the expression on the faces of the children as they enter or leave the building. Go into a class room while recitation is being conducted, and note the drawn faces, the abated breaths, the wiggling, interlocked fingers—all external signs of the deadly epidemic of the day—worry.

Worry is an insidious disease, because it works in the dark—under the surface, so to speak. The various activities by which the life of the body is maintained, respiration, circulation of the blood, digestion and assimilation, as well as the action of the liver, color, skin, and other organs by which the poisonous products of the body are removed—all these activities are directly under the control of the nervous system, and the nervous system is governed by the mind.

Through the process of interrelation between the mind and the nervous system, the state of mental pandemonium known as worry has an immediate and powerful effect upon the digestive function.

So much for the effects of worry upon digestion and absorption. There is another organ, however, upon which the influence of worry is still more intimate and disastrous. That organ is the heart.

Worry is not suspense. Worry is not anxiety, nor regret, nor fear, nor doubt, nor resolve. All these are definite mental states. Worry is essentially different from any of them. It is that vague, chaotic condition—that anarchy of mind—in which hopes, fears, resolves, doubts, anxieties, regrets, anticipations and suspicions are admitted to the mind. They constitute a ravaging, destroying horde, under the influence of which logical reasoning is impossible, initiative is paralyzed and the stability of the mind is threatened—often destroyed.

Worry is a disease which is curable; but he who would be cured of it must cure himself. He must work out his own salvation. He must engage in a civil war of the intellect—must reduce mental anarchy to mental order. He must, in other words, achieve self-control.—W. R. C. Latson, M. D.

The Grand Trunk Passenger Department are in receipt of a letter from a prominent New Yorker complimenting the road on their excellent dining car service. He says: "My wife and I left New York on your train at 5.40 p.m. last Monday; yesterday morning we had breakfast on your dining car and everything was so superior—food, cuisine, service and attention—that I think it my duty to compliment the road on this branch of the service."

## SHOULD A BOY GO TO COLLEGE?

College life is a bigger factor in the question than the college course. The college course is a part of college life and an important part; but it is only a part, and this fact should be recognized. For after all, the college life as a whole is what makes or unmakes the boys who are in the midst of it for four impressionable years. Or rather, it is the attitude of the boy toward the college life about him that usually determines his future. One's environment never is the supreme factor; what one does with one's environment settles the case.

So the question to answer is really this: Should a boy have college life for four years? And that question can no more be answered than the question, "What kind of woman should a man marry?" It is necessary to know your man; and it is necessary to know your boy. However, it is possible to answer intelligently the question, "Should my boy have four years of college life?" or, if the boy himself is to decide the matter, "Should I enter upon four years of college life?"

A general truth that it would seem safe to assume, in considering the bearing of this question upon any particular boy, is that college life does not transform, but it develops, those who are in the midst of it. The reason for this is that almost any boy will find, in college, strong inducements to give full swing to his chief tendencies or ambitions, no matter what they are. If he is a student, there is plenty of stimulus to the development of student habits and scholarly achievement. If he is socially inclined, there is social life in full measure, inviting him to give that his chief attention. The strenuously inclined of the young generation need not be told where they can get athletic encouragement likely to satisfy the most extreme. The youth who longs to get out from under parental sight into a life where he can sample wild oats to the full, having no questions asked when he comes in late of nights, finds that college life flings the door wide open for this, and that there is no lack of companions to go to the limit with him, or to show him how to go farther than he would ever have learned alone.

For the boy whose Christian ideals are high and clean, whose mother has trained his boyish heart with true stories of character heroism in the feldows of father's day, when a chap who wore the blue, or the crimson, or the orange and black, stood out single-handed against his whole class for what he believed was right until by sheer force of manhood he broke down their opposition to him and they cheered him to the echo and honored him as one who was made of better stuff than they—that boy will find, to his surprise perhaps, that Christian character is at a premium to-day among college men; that it is no longer "bad form" to be a Christian (it was actually said to be considered so in a well-known eastern college about the time that the writer was an undergraduate); that the leading men in fraternities, eating clubs, athletic teams, musical organizations, and scholarship, are as likely as not to be the leaders in the religious activities of the college; that there is large opportunity for thorough-going Bible study and organized Christian work; and that college Christianity is Christianity at its best and truest, because college life is such a merciless enemy to sham and insincerity and lukewarmness of any sort. He will find that the spirit of such masculine Christianity as Mott and Speer stand for is inspiring and controlling the best that is in college life, and that that best is a larger part of college life to-day than ever before, and growing larger every year. He will find, in some colleges, that a choice group

of the undergraduates is keenly interested in home and foreign missions, some supporting and conducting city settlement work, others with their own missionary institutions, bearing the college name and waving the college colors, in the foreign field.

All this, college life offers in the way of opportunity to develop one's better or one's worse side. There are boys who leave college a great deal lower down in the scale of manhood and character than when they entered, and who would have been the gainers by the pressure of rigid business life and discipline, with less freedom until they were older. They have chosen to let the temptations of college life develop their worst tendencies. There are many others—probably a large majority—who have been helped by the higher impulse of college life to develop their brains and wills in the right direction, and who therefore are immeasurably the gainers by that mental discipline which only a college curriculum can offer, as well as by the culture and breadth which the fellowship of undergraduate life produces.

A boy ought to be able to go to college—if he is free to choose either way—and come out a stronger man in body, mind, and spirit, better equipped in every way for a life of usefulness, than he would be at the same age without the college experience. That is what college is for; and the record of college men as a body abundantly shows that college life is fulfilling its mission in our country.

College is a place to learn how to learn, and how to live. It is simply a preparatory course in life. What one acquires of actual information in college is comparatively slight and unimportant; what one learns as to how to study, how to use his mind, how to get at facts, and how to live servicefully with his fellows, is of tremendous importance. This training the college as an institution can give in less time and in a manner better compacted and systematized for use throughout life, than is possible outside the college campus.

## WHEN THE ANGEL SAYS WRITE.

On the lid of a letter box on a friend's desk was observed this motto. A glance of interest and half-inquiry brought out an explanation. "Yes, that is almost my sole rule of life and conduct as regards letter-writing. I try never to write at all (except, of course, polite notes of regret or acceptance, etc.) unless I do feel some sort of spiritual bidding." "But suppose none is sent?" "It is sure to be—on one condition; and that is, that you never disobey the prompting. No one who has not tried it knows the rich rewards of it." One who has not tried it can testify to the losses and lifelong regret through neglect of such "spiritual biddings." Only yesterday the daily paper brought news of the sudden death of one who had given words to live on in a time of sore stress and trouble. Just a few days before, it is now poignant to remember, the impulse came to write a grateful, heartfelt letter. There was a worldful of petty, unimportant things to do. The important thing waited, late and sadly now to be remembered. The letter one is bidden to indite may not be a missive of consolation or counsel or anything else so earnest. Merry epistles of good cheer and friendliness are quite as important, and quite as disastrously lacking if unwritten. Put the kind thought, the encouraging thought, on paper—do it now. To-morrow it may be too late.

Error shrinks from agitation. It skulks into the corners, and asks to be let alone. Like the moth, it frets away in silence, and only wishes not to be disturbed.

## MISSIONARY IN WESTERN CANADA.

Mr. Geo. Leslie McKay, eldest son of the great Formosa missionary, occupied the pulpit of Chalmers church, Woodstock, on Sunday evening, August 9th. In introducing him, Rev. Dr. D'ekie said: "One of the great missionary names in the annals of the Presbyterian Church is McKay of Formosa. In twelve years he gathered in not less than twelve hundred converts, and trained fifty native preachers at Oxford College in Formosa. Therefore, his is a name truly to be honored by his fellow Christians. Mr. Geo. Leslie McKay, who speaks to us to-night, bears the name of his distinguished father, and he speaks in the place where his father so often worshipped. Mr. McKay labored in the Peacock Mission Field for a part of last summer and he will address us to-night on his work there."

Mr. McKay on rising said that one of the greatest problems facing the Church to-day is the problem of home missions. He stated that he went out under the auspices of Knox College Missionary Society, the society which has the largest field for operations of its kind in the world. This society sends its missionaries to the northern parts of Ontario, on the prairies of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, and away west to Vancouver Island, over the Rockies amongst the toilers of the deep. He told of his setting out from Toronto last year with a large company of missionaries from Knox College. They took the boat at Owen Sound, having a fair and pleasant passage across Lake Huron until they reached Lake Superior, when a severe storm was encountered. They journeyed on westward, their company becoming smaller as they branched off for their different mission fields. At Moose Jaw he set out alone for his own particular field near the border of Montana. As he could find only one Presbyterian family there in the course of several weeks, he was commissioned to leave there and proceed to the Manitou Lake Mission. Securing a broncho he rode north many miles, and told in a humorous fashion of the difficulties he encountered in reaching his field. He had journeyed for a long distance to a certain place where he was told to go to Arlington Beach and he would receive instructions there. On the way he met a man and enquired how far it is to Arlington Beach. Sixteen miles was the answer. Riding on some miles he again enquired. Twenty-two miles was the answer. Proceeding still further he was told that it was twenty-four miles distant. Journeying onward, the next enquiry made he was told it was eleven miles. The story of his adventures in finding his Peacock Mission Field was very interesting indeed.

This field has six stations and one of the stations was Manitou Lake, so he concluded when he arrived in the district that this was to be the scene of his labors. At four of the stations the meetings are held in school houses and the other two in private houses. The people are composed of a mixture of Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans and Highlanders. He concluded a very interesting address by stating that the prospects of the Peacock Mission Field were most bright. The missionary in this field is partially supported by Chalmers church.

Cheerfulness is a duty. It ought to be a habit. Complaining and whining will make any home miserable.

SUNDAY  
SCHOOL

## The Quiet Hour

YOUNG  
PEOPLE

## DAVID SPARES SAUL'S LIFE\*

(By Rev. Jno. McMillan, M.A.)

My son David, v. 17. There are many likeable fellows who are full of generous impulses. These impulses riot in their bosoms like the chime of bells in a sealed up chamber. But the music never gets out. The sufferings of the beautiful heroine in the novel or the play excite their deepest sympathy. But some child may be in grave moral peril before their eyes, and they think it is none of their concern. They go to church, and respond eagerly to the oratory of the preacher. They become indignant at wrong. They loathe impurity. They scorn meanness. They are specially disgusted with hypocrisy. Yet they are not clean-minded, charitable nor unselfish. The soil of their hearts is shallow ground.

What evil, v. 18. "Thrice is he armed, who hath his quarrel just." Socrates was once ordered by the thirty tyrants, then ruling over Athens, to go with some other persons to seize one Leon, a man of rank and fortune, whom they determined to put out of the way, that they might enjoy his estate. Socrates flatly refused, saying: "I will never willingly assist in an unjust act." Cherides sharply replied, "Dost thou think, Socrates, to talk always in this style, and not to suffer?" "Far from it," he replied, "I expect to suffer a thousand ills, but none so great as to do unjustly." Socrates was without fear because he was without baseness.

To seek a flea, v. 20. To find oneself ridiculous, is sometimes a very convincing demonstration of one's wrong-doing. Many a man has learned to quit his sin because it was making a fool of him. One teetotal sailor was explaining how he came to swear off from liquor. "I seen a pair of mates what was drunk," he said, "and they was makin' most awful asses of themselves, they was. They had each other round the neck and was weeping tears of affection down each other's backs. And I asked the bo'sun if I was like that when I was drinking, and he says, 'Why, Bill, you're ten times worse than that.' So I thinks its time to sign the pledge, and, thank God, I ain't making a free show of myself no longer."

I have sinned, v. 21. Every act of wrong is done against the authority of God. To the supreme Lawgiver it belongs to punish sin. In like manner, the law of the country takes punishment out of private hands. When a burglar breaks into a house, it is not the owner's business, but the business of the whole community to see that he does not escape the penalty of his crime. And so we learn a double lesson. First, that we shall account to God for every lapse and transgression. And, second, that we must not avenge ourselves, nor hate our enemies.

My life was precious in thine eyes (Rev. Ver.), v. 21. A traveler who lately passed across Canada said of one spectacle he witnessed in the mountains: "I saw the sun forgive the earth that morning. As the light broke, after the darkness of night, we saw a heavy veil of mist hanging low upon the sides of the Selkirks. Not one snow-wrapped peak was to be seen. Only the deep hollows of the valleys, dark and ehaggy with the

pinus, and then a level curtain of grey mist, rolling back and forward and in and out upon itself. But the sun grew strong and fought the clouds till he conquered them, and chased them away from the face of the earth. Then, when the whole landscape lay basking in the bright warmth of the sun, it knew that it was forgiven. It was restored to the presence of its lord."

Behold the spear, v. 22. Near the end of the seventeenth century a Turkish grandee in Hungary made a Christian nobleman his prisoner, and treated him with the utmost barbarity, compelling him to perform the lowest and hardest of labors. Some years later the fortunes of war changed, and the Turk became the prisoner of the Christian. The Christian said to his servants, "Now take your revenge on your enemy." The Turk, supposing that he was to be tortured to death, swallowed poison. When he learned that the "revenge" was the permission to go in peace, he said, with his dying breath, "I will not die a Moslem; I will die a Christian; for there is no religion but that of Christ which teaches forgiveness of injuries."

## LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

(By Rev. James Ross, D.D.)

FLEA—Is a more formidable species of the same troublesome insect that we know. They are very plentiful in Palestine. In some places, especially where there has been an Arab camp, one's legs will be covered with them in a few minutes. The Arabs say, "The King of the fleas holds his court in Tiberias." All the monasteries swarm with them; hence the advantage of camping away from all dwellings.

PARTRIDGE—The word thus translated is used for several kinds of grouse or quail; but here it means the red-legged Syrian partridge, which makes its home among the dense underbush of the uplands. The nest is made on the ground, and is liable to be destroyed or robbed by carnivorous animals. They are hunted now, as of old, by falcons. The sportsman sits on his horse, with the hawk on his wrist, and his retainers beat the bushes with much shouting, to start the partridges and drive them towards the huntsman. When they are near enough, the falcon is launched from the hand and swoops down upon his prey, striking it to the earth. One of the keepers darts forward and seizes both the partridge and the hawk. He cuts the throat of the stunned bird, and allows the falcon to drink the blood, which it usually does very greedily.

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Aug. 31—God everywhere. Ps. 139: 1-10.  
T., Sept. 1—God working in us. 1 Cor. 12: 4-12.  
W., Sept. 2—God dwelling in us. John 14: 15-18.  
T., Sept. 3—His fullness in us. Acts 6: 1-6.  
F., Sept. 4—His quickening. Rom. 8: 1-11. 27-29.  
S., Sept. 5—Abiding forever. 1 John 2: Sun., Sept. 6. Topic—Songs of the Heart. IX. A life lived with God. Ps. 91. (Consecration meeting.)

The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it.—M. Barrie.

## STARTING RIGHT.

Most days are made or marred at their very start. A day is a chain of events, and it calls for strong, well-wrought links at the beginning to carry the weight of the links that are to follow. When every hour in a day seems to be making that day more and more of a failure, it is usually easy to trace the failure back to the beginning. The commonest way to insure a bad day is to get up from fifteen minutes to half an hour later than we meant to. That means that there will be scant time, or more likely no time, for a "morning watch" with the One who is planning the day for us; no time for quiet Bible reading and prayer. Thus we start upon the day's march without any marching orders from the only One who is competent to make them or to give them. Breakfast, then, usually means a time of ill-humor and unlove, and hearts are sore and aching, or ugly and hateful, by the time the day's work is entered upon. From then on the Devil has easy control. By nighttime the fifteen minutes' extra "rest" before getting up does not look like a good investment,—if we are honest enough to face the truth at all and admit that the whole trouble began there. A good start does not insure a good ending, but it goes a long way toward doing so.—S. S. Times.

## IT IS COMMON.

So are the stars and the arching skies,  
So are the smiles in the children's eyes;  
Common the life-giving breath of the  
spring;

So are the songs which the wild birds  
sing—

Blessed be God, they are common.

Common the grass in its glowing green;  
So is the water's glistening sheen;  
Common the springs of love and mirth;  
So are the holiest gifts of earth.

Common the fragrance of rosy June;

So is the generous harvest moon,  
So are the towering mighty hills,  
So are the twittering, trickling rills.

So unto all are the promises given,  
So unto all is the hope of heaven;  
Common the rest from the weary strife;  
So is the life which is after life—

Blessed be God, it is common.

## PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Let me offer two or three practical suggestions to those who are seeking a true Christian life. The first one is: Never seek easy paths or places. Peace of conscience, usefulness, spiritual growth and the joy of victory are never found there. Never choose any path in which you cannot discover the footprints of Christ and of all heroic men and women. To such a man as Paul the roar of lions became music to his ear; they proved to him that he was in the King's highway of holiness.

Every victory you win makes you the stronger. The strength of the conquered foe enters into your own soul. The vanquisher of Satan's lions becomes more lion-hearted. Faith as a mere opinion is only a straw; but faith, exercised, links you to Jesus Christ and becomes invincible.

Finally, when your Divine Leader commands a duty he gives you grace for that duty. For every fight he furnishes the weapons; his mastery of you will give you mastery of self and of sin. Faith will fire the last shot, and when the life battle ends you will stand among the crowned conquerors in heaven.—Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

\*S.S. Lesson, August 30, 1908: 1 Samuel 26:17-25. Commit to memory v. 21. Study 1 Samuel, ch. 26. Read 1 Samuel, chs. 21 to 25. Golden Text—Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you.—Luke 6:27.

## FRAGRANT CHRISTIANS.

(By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.)

Our Divine Master directs his disciples to be luminous; "Let your light shine!" He reminds them that they are to be the salt of the earth, to preserve society from moral corruption. There is also a steady and often unconscious influence shed off from the genuine Christian which may be likened to the fragrance shed by aromatic plants. Travelers in southern France can detect at once their entrance into the lavender-producing districts—the air is laden with grateful perfumes.

In the "Canticles there is a lively picture of the Church as an "inclosed garden," with its pleasant fruits, its pomegranates, its cinnamon, its myrrh, and all the chief spices. Then follows the prayer: "Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south, blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof may flow out!" As odors may be latent in a plant, so graces may remain undeveloped in a Christian. What is needed is to call them forth. Pruning is a sharp process, but God's people often require it to make them fruitful. Certain processes are needed also to make them fragrant.

A "north wind" is prayed for to start the odors. Perhaps this may signify the work of the divine Spirit in producing deep conviction of sin and shortcomings. Christians need to be convicted of sin as much as unregenerate sinners. Many of the most pungent calls to repentance in the New Testament are addressed to members of those early churches. Peter was under heart-rending conviction of most odious sin when he went out of Pilate's courtyard weeping bitterly. That started the spices, for true contrition has the savor of a sweet smell in God's estimation. Many years ago a powerful awakening occurred in one of our theological seminaries. The "north wind" of the Holy Spirit's power smote so mightily that some of the students abandoned their hopes, threw away all their previous impressions as shallow and unsatisfactory, and experienced a deep, thorough reconversion, that went down to the roots of character. One of the best evidences of the power of a revival is that it brings delinquent church members to repentance. The same strong gale that uproots false professors, sets the spices of penitence flowing from those who had grown indolent or worldly-minded. Awake, O north wind, and blow upon our churches!

God has many methods of developing the graces of his children. Discipline is one of them. They tell us that the juniper plant emits the sweetest odor when it is flung into the fire. We all know that bruised flowers yield the most fragrance. I have had some striking exhibitions—among my own flock—of the influence of severe trials in bringing out the richest and noblest traits of Christian character. A lovely young woman has preached to me far more eloquently from her dying pillow than I had ever preached to her from the pulpit. Another one, under distressing pecuniary adversities, has been like a shaken cinnamon tree; her cheerful fortitude has proved that nothing can impoverish a soul that is enriched with the unsearchable riches of Christ. Bereavement has sent its bitter blast into some of our families; yet the odors of riven hearts have been sweet with the spirit of submission. Almost every believer's experience contains the record of severe trials which were sent in order to shake the spice trees.

Who bears a cross prays oft and well;  
Bruised herbs send forth the sweetest smell;

Were plants ne'er tossed by stormy wind,  
The fragrant spices who would find?

The inspired poet of the Canticles also prays for the "south wind to come upon my garden." Not only the keen north wind, to bring us to repentance, and the sharp blasts of adversity to test and develop our faith, but God is asked to send the warm south wind of love, to melt us into gratitude and praise. A great blessing sent upon a church, or upon a Christian, often makes the hearts thus blessed to become like a bank of violets under a May shower. Do we not need to have more of the felt presence of Jesus in our souls, and more of the warm breath of his love to set all our affections growing and glowing and breathing out a holy joy? However softly the south wind may blow upon the lavender bushes, it is from the bushes themselves that the fragrance must be diffused. God's mercies come alike to saint and sinner. The balmyest of zephyrs cannot draw sweet odors from a pig-weed or a thistle. Dead trees yield no fragrance. It is from a zealous, earnest, Christ-imitating life that the sweet, attractive influences flow forth; but you and I must do the living.—Brooklyn, N.Y.

## A PRAYING CHURCH.

A prosperous church is a church which prays. It is written, "My house shall be called a house of prayer." We must never lose faith in prayer. We must never abandon prayer. We must never lose the spirit of prayer. A church can get on for a considerable time without singing, and can go on indefinitely with indifferent singing. A church may do well with poor preaching, and even without preaching of any kind. But a church without prayer is no church at all. We might as well expect a man to live without breathing as to expect a church to live without praying.

Pray for the minister. Pray for the sick and afflicted. Pray for the children. Pray for the lost. Pray for the community. Pray for one another. Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that He may send forth laborers into His harvest. Pray without ceasing. Pray everywhere. Let the church be characterized by prayer, filled with the atmosphere of prayer, and crowded with the trophies of prayer.

## SYMPATHY.

A plump little girl and a thin little bird  
Were out in the meadow together.

"How cold that poor little bird must be,  
Without any clothes, like mine," said she,  
"Although it is sunshiny weather."

"A nice little girl, is that," said he;  
"But O, how cold she must be! For see,  
She hasn't a single feather!"  
So each shivered to think of the other  
poor thing,  
Although it was sunshiny weather.

The death of Jesus is a more splendid vindication of righteous rule than the death of all sinners would be.—Principal Cave.

There is a courtesy of the heart; it is allied to love; from it springs the purest courtesy in the outward behavior.—Goethe.

Most men, Micawber like, are content to sit still and wait for things to turn up. The man who succeeds is the man who turns them up.

He who trusts as if God were the worker, and then works as if God had permitted all work to men, is sure to find the secret of Christian Success.—Arthur Edwards.

The most hopeless man on earth is the one who learns nothing through experience. One may pull an ass out of the pit a hundred times, and a hundred times it will fall in again.

## LIVING WITH GOD.\*

## Some Bible Hints.

The "secret place" is easily found; it is an open secret to the pure in heart (v. 1).

Satan is the father of lies, but God's truth is a shield against them. Few men realize the comfort and safety of absolute sincerity (v. 4).

Many that do not know God are openly prosperous and do not seem to have fallen; nor will they be seen as fallen till we reach the land of open vision (v. 7).

The child of God is kept in all his ways, ways secular as well as ways religious (v. 11).

## Suggestive Thoughts.

One great hindrance to living with God is subservience to the senses. If we live to the spirit, we shall live with God, who is a spirit.

Live with God, and there is much besides with which you will not care to live, such as show, pomp, worldly power, luxury.

If we expect to spend eternity with God, we would surely better learn to live with Him in time.

Seemingly the most impossible thing in Christianity is God's living with men; Christ came to prove it possible.

## A Few Illustrations.

God in your house makes it at the same time the lordliest palace and the strongest fortress.

The inmates of a house spend time together. So we with God, if He is an inmate of our house.

Those that live together come to be like one another. So we, if we live with God, come to be like Him.

It is an old saying, "You cannot know a person till you live with him." Neither can you really know the full blessedness of God till you live with God.

## To Think About.

How much time do I spend alone with God each day?

Would it make any difference in my home if I could see God there?

Is it a delightful thought to me that I shall live with God forever?

## A Cluster of Quotations.

Keep me from mine own undoing.

Help me turn to Thee when tried;

Still my footsteps, Father, viewing,

Keep me ever at Thy side.

—John M. Neale.

It may be a question whose loss is the greater, his who thinks that Christ is present with him when He is not, or he who thinks not that Christ is present with him when He is.—A. J. Gordon.

What folly it is to imagine that I cannot expect God to be with me every moment!—Andrew Murray.

There is no joy like the joy of communion. Living apart from God is misery.—Andrew A. Bonar.

Heart. IX. A life lived

The hardest thing about the hard things of life is, that we must bear so many of them alone.

As flowers always wear their own colors and give forth their own fragrance every day alike, so should Christians maintain their character at all times and under all circumstances.—Beecher.

Many a man thinks it's virtue that keeps him from turning rascal, when it's only a full stomach. One should be grateful and not mistake potatoes for principle.

\*Sun., Sept. 8. Topic—Songs of the with God. Ps. 91. (Consecration meeting.)

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The August Contemporary opens with an article by Dr. Alfred Ruseel Wallace on the Present Position of Darwinism. Harold Spender follows with Next Year's Finance, and H. G. Wells has one of his most interesting articles in which he describes his Socialism, very much on the lines of his recent work called Modern Utopia. Dr. E. J. Dillon's resume of Foreign Affairs is always good, and the Literary Supplement is also a valuable feature of the Contemporary.

In the current Nineteenth Century also, an important place is given to our recent celebration, on which Arthur Hawkes writes what he calls an English-Canadian appreciation, which makes good reading. All women will be interested at the present time in Mrs. Humphrey Ward's article on the Anti-Suffrage movement, though many will not agree with her arguments. Other timely topics in this number include: The Insecurity of Our Home Defence Today; Art at the Franco-British Exhibition; and the Neo-Royalist Movement in France.

A Summer Venture in the August number of Blackwood's is a charmingly written description of the amusing adventures of a yacht. Another very attractive piece of writing is by Marmaduke Pickthall—Found in an old Bureau, being extracts from the diary of a French Woman. One would be glad to hear more of these daily jottings, so human and interesting as they. Hugh Clifford's story—presumably based on fact—of Saleh, is concluded in this number, the end being the inevitable tragedy. Canadians will be specially interested in an article by Heeketh-Prichard on Moose-Calling and Moose-Hunting, and also in the description given in Musings Without Method of the Olympic Games.

**LEST WE FORGET!**

The Prince has come and gone. "Bobs" has come and gone, and the visit of the greatest soldier of the British Empire to our shores is now but a memory. Other lesser men from the home-lands have also departed, and the representatives of the foreign nation, the embassies, the soldiers, the sailors, the battleships have all returned and left us to our own sovereign selves once more. But something, indeed, it may be very much, remains of their visit and of the great celebration with which their visit was connected.

"The tumult and the shouting dies,  
The captains and the kings depart,  
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice—  
A broken and a contrite heart."

Canada and the Canadian people will be something different from, something more than, they were before the great pageant in the Citadel City. It is not that we will be better known and wider known than we were, though undoubtedly that is true. We ought to be, surely we will be, something better and bigger than we were. If we are not, we have missed a splendid opportunity for stepping forward in the scale of nationhood and character.

We ought to have a bigger and a broader vision than we had. We should now cherish a better, a more wholesome, imperialism than before, an imperialism that talks more of responsibilities and service and less of glories and achievements. The great and sobering feeling of nationhood should grip us as it has not, for have we not seen ourselves placed, a nation among nations, as we never have been before. The time was when Canadians needed to be urged to cherish a spirit of patriotism, a belief in themselves and in their destiny; the time now has come when they need to chasten that belief in themselves by the thought of their great responsibilities and the dangers and the duties of nationhood.

We should have also a keener sense of the absolute necessity of taking in the future in our reckoning of the present and of building today for the days that are to come. Champlain dreamed of the coming city and of the nation that was to be, and yet his dreams were far behind the reality. Today we think of the coming time with glow and enthusiasm, but perhaps we are as short of the mark or as wide of it as he was. But let the future be what it may, we can prepare for it and provide against it wisely and well only as he did, by laying good and true foundations and doing honest and faithful work. Once more we have had the lesson very faithfully brought home to us, that cities and nations are built up and established only as they are built up and established in righteousness and honor and in the nobility of toil and service.

We should be a more grateful people than we have been. Once more we have been led to see through how great difficulties and dangers we have been led through the years, and once more the call has come, with an emphasis that perhaps it has never had before, to acknowledge the goodness and the gracious-

ness and the wisdom of the Hand that has been shaping our history and building up our state. Ingratitude is the greatest blight that could strike any people, and the glory of the future of which we dream is all wrapped up in the gratitude of today. If the goodness of the God of the nations is not gratefully cherished in our hearts today, how can He lead us on to the glory that yet remaineth?

The call comes to us today also to a truer unity of purpose and ideal and spirit in the bonds of the great Canadian brotherhood. "That they may be one" is surely the prayer of Him who guideth nations as well as churches and individuals, and He will in His own way answer that prayer if we will let Him. To pray for the true spirit of nationhood is to pray for the diffusion of the very spirit of God.—Christian Guardian.

**THE USES OF RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY.**

In spite of all the occasional disgusts excited by the extremes and exaggerations of controversialists, there remains a very decided relish for controversy. Nothing will draw and hold the multitude like a conflict of opinions concerning important questions in theology and religion, when the disputants have something to say; and, on the whole, no method of instruction is more effective.

There is a bad method of controversy and a good one. The bad method is illustrated when two men who totally misunderstand each other, arise, with mutual dislike and distrust in their hearts, and begin to misrepresent each other's opinions, while they exaggerate the importance and the soundness of their own. He who fights simply to maintain a party, or to destroy one, and who considers any means justifiable which will bring adherents to his cause, may do some good incidentally. But in such discussions facts and principles are so distorted by partisan prejudice, that the unlearned hearer seldom gets any conception of the integrity of truth. Nothing but fragments are presented, and they commonly out of their proper relations. Great principles are seldom unfolded by one who is scrutinizing the motives and maligning the conduct of his adversary.

The good method is too seldom illustrated in controversy, although something like it is often seen in the work of men who meet no antagonist and sometimes attract no attention. It would be a noble service to the truth if men of convictions, men who think, who long to know the truth, and who differ, could state in the clearest terms the beliefs which they hold, pointing out, when necessary, wherein there is harmony and where difference between their theories and those of their opponents, stating what they desire to attain to and what they wish to avoid, and attempting to show why their theories seem sufficient and where others are weak, to the end that misconceptions might be corrected, half truths find their complement, and unity of purpose be effected in all things concerning which there should appear to be unity of belief.

Such controversy might be strenuous—the more earnest the better—and the result would be that many honest men who now stand far apart would come together, and, better still, the world would learn what most people are now ignorant of, that there are certain fundamental truths which are no longer in dispute among religious people. The great difficulty is that the world is not yet honest enough for the best kind of controversy.—The Christian Register.



## VACATION DAYS.

The hot season has its compensations to those who are able to get away to the hills, the lakes, the woods or the seashore. The mercury that drives one out of the office and into the pleasant fields of recreation is blessing to thousands. Many otherwise would grind away until health was completely shattered and all usefulness at an end. Every man and woman should have a vacation. In these nervous, restless times our very natures call for it, and even demand it. And if it were twice a year instead of once a year our employers would be the gainers. There would be more heart in the duties of one's calling. The ennui and lassitude which we not infrequently bring to our duties are not infrequently the result of overwork. There would be fewer wrecks on our railways; there would be better service in our departments of business; there would be more heart in many weary shop girls and worn out salesmen. Life would mean more for us all. The vacation rays help restore the balance, nerves regain their composure, the exhaustion of our bodies under a too-rigorous strain disappears and our vitality reasserts itself. We are ourselves again, ready to enter upon duties with zest and enthusiasm. There will be fewer mistakes; our books will balance easier, our blood will flow more healthfully and the mind will pull like a kite on the string until the limit is reached.

It might be a gain if we would all take life with a little more composure. But under existing circumstances that seems, to many men and women, an impossibility. Their time is not their own. They must either do the work of their department, or give it up. A let up means in many cases a giving up, and a giving up means one more unfortunate in the great army of the unemployed. The work must either be done or some one else will be secured to do it. And because of this a rest from such high tension should be given or we lose our zeal, our vigor, our accuracy and come to our work jaded and go about it mechanically.

If our business is in our own hands there is less excuse for this incessant rush and grind. But if such conditions must be, then the necessity for a brief release from it is all the more imperative. We will live longer, we will live happier, we will be more of a blessing to ourselves and to others if the breath of the mountains or of the sea blows through our activities.

In one of our exchanges the editor says that he has not taken a vacation for eight years, but has stood faithfully by his work and issued his paper regularly on time. But in his last issue he says, "Some indications the present season have suggested that a rest and change are needed." Those "indications" are bound to come sooner or later. We may hang to our work through necessity or compulsion, and may continue to perform it in a fairly satisfactory way; but the "indications that rest and change are needed" are waiting for us at some turn of the road. Life is

more than meat. The body is more than raiment. Time is more than an opportunity for work. The character is shaped by the vacation days as well as by the days of toil, by the vocations as well as by the vocations.

An outing of a few weeks gives us themes to think about and laugh over for years to come. The experiences we have had, the friends we have met, the ridiculous people we have seen, the new ways of doing things which we have observed, the knowledge of the world which we have gained are things which give spice to life. The new orators to whom we have listened, the singers who have entertained us, the ships in which we have ridden, the streams in which we have fished, the woods in which we have hunted are memories that come back to us after many days, like the bread cast upon the waters, to strengthen many a friendship and brighten many an evening hour. And the employer who kindly gives his "help" their rightfully-earned season of recreation has not only added to the efficiency of his employees, but has contributed to their home happiness and their own individual delight. Many large firms give a day's outing to those in their employ, an occasion which attaches employer and employee more closely together and results in better relationship and more efficient service. Better would we all be if we would follow the Master's advice: "Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile."—United Presbyterian.

## OF INTEREST TO THE PUBLIC.

The General Baggage Department of the Grand Trunk Railway System has just issued a summary of the rules and regulations governing baggage car traffic for the guidance of baggagemasters, station and train baggemen on the entire System, and this pocket manual pertaining to their duties is designed to provide not alone for the usual conduct of the business, but action desired in case of all kinds of contingencies, and perplexities, which may assail the employees of the Baggage Department.

The Manual consists of 68 pages, and an examination of the book indicates the very important part the Baggage Department of a great Railway System plays in the conduct of the passenger traffic, the assurance that passengers may feel that their personal belongings which accompany them in the baggage car are being carefully watched, and that the liability for the loss of either temporary or permanent is arriving at the disappearing point by forthright and care exercised in directing the operation of this important branch of the service.

There is a distinct effort made in this book to have ever present in the mind of the employee of the Baggage Department that his first duty is to the public, and to illustrate this, on the first page of the book appears such clauses as the following:

"The relations and responsibilities of common carriers to the travelling public are such as to require from the carrier the most constant and watchful care of the property of the traveller.

"As Station and Train Baggagemasters you are entrusted with the safe-keeping and proper transportation of effects which are valuable to the owners. Nothing can be more annoying to travelers than the loss of, abuse of or delay of their baggage.

"You must try to give satisfaction to the public and establish a reputation for courtesy and civility to everyone. You are expected to be polite at all times, to answer civilly all questions addressed to you, and if unable to give any necessary information, endeavor when practicable, to obtain it if pertaining to baggage car traffic, if not, the passenger should be directed to the proper office. Endeavor to make the Grand

Trunk Railway System popular; its business is dependent on the good-will of the people."

It is expected that in this manner the employees of the Baggage Department will appreciate that in serving the public intelligently and well, they are serving their employers equally, as without this spirit to co-operate, neither the public nor those in charge of the different Departments of a great Railway System are reasonably satisfied.

## LITERARY NOTES.

The August Fortnightly contains the usual varied bill of fare. Two articles on the Quebec Tercentenary appeal most strongly to Canadians—the Romance of the Past, by Edward Salmon, and the Call of the Present, by James Milne. In the latter we find a good description of the French-Canadian of today: "The French Canadian has, admittedly, not the initiative, the energy, the 'grit' of the Briton, who is already the industrial force of Canada. He is content to go on rather in the old way of simplicity, salt and sincerity, 'contented with little and content with more,' as Robert Burns says. He is fond of music and of art, and the statues of Champlain and Laval which he has erected in Quebec—French Canadian handiwork—suggest that some day he may be the artist of the American continent. He is thinking a good deal of the past, to which tradition and his Church anchor him, while the Briton is thinking chiefly of the future, and of the splendor and wealth that await a Canada fully peopled and fully developed." Other subjects discussed in this number are: "The Fight Against Duelling in Europe, the Literary Indebtedness of England to France, the Persian Crisis, Sweated Industries, and Towards Union in South Africa."

Gertrude Atherton, who is travelling on the continent, spent July in Oberammergau, where she has been the guest of the man who takes the part "Christus" in the famous Passion Play.

At last Swinburne's "The Age of Shakespeare," is in the press and is promised for September or early October. The actual day of publication is left to the Harpers, who have the American copyright, and whose splendid edition of Swinburne's Poetical Works has made known to Americans the poet acknowledged by all European critics to be the greatest alive. This great prose work is published in England by Chatto & Windus. It is to be dedicated to Charles Lamb in a poem, the opening stanza of which is quoted in the Athenaeum:

"When stark oblivion froze above their names

Whose glory shone round Shakespeare's bright as now,

One eye beheld their light shine full as fame's,

One hand unveiled it; this did none but thou."

Harper's Magazine has published Swinburne's great essays on "Lear" and "Othello" and "Richard II." It published also Theodore Watts-Dunton's essay on Hamlet.

Another link with Thackeray, Dickens, Disraeli and many of the literati of the last century is broken, in the death of Charles J. Dunphy, who was for half a century on the staff of the Morning Post. He became the dramatic and art critic in 1856, holding the double post until 1895, when he confined himself to the art department. Mr. Dunphy wrote Latin verse and some essays which gave him genuine prestige in scholarly coteries. "Sweet Sleep," "The Chameleon," and "Many Colored Essays" are mentioned in the biographical notice. Mr. Dunphy was a friend of Joseph Knight, Westland Marston, father of the blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston, and many of the distinguished group who were wont to gather at "Chalk Farm."

STORIES  
POETRY

## The Inglenook

SKETCHES  
TRAVEL

## MABEL'S MUSEUM.

The mistress of the manse opened the door decisively and then hesitated. Behind her was the hot, disorderly kitchen; before her the cool dining-room with its long table partially set, its shaded windows; and in its farther corner, curled up in the big rocking chair, the little daughter, smiling happily over her book. It was this part of the picture that had called the halt. Mothers do not enjoy making disagreeable requests. They really do not.

The morning had been one of unusual hurry and flurry. A belated letter announcing a party of guests for dinner had thrown the quiet household into a sudden fever of preparation. Mabel had entered into the general excitement with all the zeal and exhilaration that a prospect of "company" always arouses in a child, and her services had been invaluable. But her mother had noticed how the willing feet had lagged a little on their last errand and the sigh of weariness that had come unbidden. She had been glad to dismiss her to rest and wonderland, and now there was real regret in her heart and voice as she spoke at last.

"Mabel, dearie, I am sorry to disturb you, I know you are tired, but Mary Ann is so busy."

The little girl looked up in a dazed way. She had travelled too far into wonderland to get back at a moment's notice. But the present with its delightful fore-look was easily recalled.

"Ho! I'm not tired a bit! What is it?"

"Would you mind getting the potatoes for dinner?"

The chair rocked violently as Mabel scrambled out of it, falling over her own feet, and the book landed with a slam on the window-seat.

"Mind! Course not!"

And so, stumbling and tumbling and laughing, she burst into the kitchen.

"Where's the pan, oh, Mary Ann?" she sang.

Mary Ann made no answer. None was needed. The pan was self-evident. But Mary Ann was grumpy. She did not approve of unexpected company and she was venting her ill-humor on a silver teapot, much to the teapot's advantage.

The little girl touched her frowny head lightly with the pan as she passed by.

"Oh I'm going down cellar—and—and—you're a good feller—yes, you are, Mary Ann!" the broken song continued.

Mary Ann's clouded face began to vie with the teapot.

"Go 'long wid ye!" but she chuckled with pleasure.

The pan suddenly became a tambourine, and a moment later landed with a clatter at the foot of the cellar stairs.

"Mamma!"—a shout from the depths. The mother walked hurriedly from the pantry to the head of the stairs to ask softly, "What is it, dear?"

"How many shall I get?"

"Oh, that depends on the size—twenty, perhaps."

Before she had reached her moulding-board again, she was recalled.

"Mamma!"

"Well, dear?"

"I think I'll get twenty-one to make sure."

The protracted stay below was accounted for a little later.

"I picked out all the funny ones I could find. Some of 'em are awful funny."

The pump handle rattled and the sudden stream of water striking upon the heaped-up potatoes splashed in all directions. Mary Ann's face was in full range.

"Oh, you bothersome child, you! I wish I'd got the petaties meself!" she cried, spluttering.

"I didn't mean to, Mary Ann; I'm awful sorry."

The child's face and tone were full of penitence, and the kind Irish heart behind the rough speech and manner was touched.

"Niver you moin, darlint. A little water won't spile my beauty."

Mary Ann was surprised and delighted at her own wit. She laughed until the tears dropped into her silver polish and "unexpected company" began to seem less of an unmixt evil.

But the episode had a subduing effect upon Mabel, who fell to work in silence.

"There, I've pared three. Three goes in twenty-one—that's one-seventh. Mamma! one-seventh are done."

"How fine!"

Now the art of digging potatoes is not included in any college curriculum, and it was the family conviction that the parson's potatoes carried into the cellar every year enough of mother earth for a next year's growth.

"This water's awful muddy, mamma. It's just black."

"You had better pour it off and get more."

"Oh, but I don't want to. I like it this way. I'm going to excavate at Pompeii and then I'll have a museum! Ladies and gentlemen, behold me as I descend into the depths! What is this I discover (I guess these two huggled up so close in the hill that they 'most grew together.) Ladies and gentlemen, these are the real-and-true Babes in the Wood, just as they were left by their cruel uncle! I hope he got buried up in the ashes to pay him."

"Well, they got buried up, too."

"Mary Ann, you mustn't interrupt my museum. Here are two potatoes just as round—as round as anything. I tell you what! They're loaves of bread. Mamma, didn't you say they found some loaves of bread at Pompeii?"

"Yes, just as they were placed in the oven more than 1,800 years ago."

"Well, here they are, just as fresh as the day they were baked. Have a slice, Mary Ann?"

"No, thank ye. I don't admire raw potato," came from Mary Ann's tightly-closed lips.

"Seven potatoes pared; seven goes in twenty-one three times—that's one-third. Down I plunged again into the darkness! (Here's another pair of potatoes just hatched together.) I declare—I do declare! They are the Siamese twins! (I though.) I tell you how it was! Ladies and gentlemen, these twins didn't live happily together. One of them ate up all the dinner so the other couldn't grow. They quarrelled and scolded each other, thought twins were the same size, and the lava came and buried them both up. You see now what comes of quarrelling."

"S'pose you remember that next time you and Jack go to squabblin'."

"Mary Ann, you do interrupt so. You disturb my excavating. And here comes the funniest one of all—a big potato with three little ones growing out of it. Ho! I know! Ladies and gentlemen, this is the Venus of Milo! (Her head is rather crooked, but I guess I can pare it off). These are her little stubs of arms. She was trying to 'scape and she fell down and broke off her arms!"

A silence followed broken by the clatter of knife and pan.

"Mamma, I've got fifteen pared. Fifteen goes in twenty-one—no—three goes in fifteen and three goes in twenty-one—that's five sevenths. That's a pretty hard 'xample. Well, I must descend again—down—down—down! What is this that I behold! (That's a queer-shaped

one, like a pear, only it's too knobby on top). Why, so it is! I never thought! It is the bust of Shakespeare. Mamma, it looks just like him. Ladies and gentlemen, here is the great Shakespeare himself. This is really just the splendidest museum! It's wonderf'ler than Barnum's!"

"Company'll want pertaties for dinner, Barnum or no Barnum. If youse don't hurry up I'll have to take a hand."

Mary Ann was gathering up her cloths and brushes. The silver lay in a resplendent row on the table—a regiment of glittering forks and spoons, commanded by Captain Teapot, who seemed to be swollen beyond his wont with the pride of his glory. How dazzling would be the effect on the eyes of "company!"

Mary Ann surveyed them with pride and an expectation of compliments.

A few moments later the little girl stood at her mother's elbow. She brandished the potato-knife, and little drops of muddy water trickled from her finger tips.

"Three-thirds! Seven-sevenths! Twenty-one-twenty-oneths! They're all ready, mamma. My museum is finished—ten cents admission; but you shall come in for nothing, you dear little mamma! I think it's a pretty good way, don't you, mamma? I've studied art and house-keeping and arithmetic all at once; don't you think that's a pretty good way?"

Her mother thought it was a most excellent "way" to transform a disagreeable task into a pleasant pastime, and she told her little daughter so between kisses.

Such an odd-looking dish of potatoes as we had for dinner that day! Mary Ann "hadn't the heart to mash 'em." The "Venus of Milo" fell to me, and I ate it with much inward amusement.—Congregationalist.

## TOM'S LESSON.

Uncle Jack had taken Tom for a walk in the woods, and as they came through the grove Tom idly brought his stick down upon a family of ants that were busy carrying into their home some crumbs that had been left by a picnic party.

"I am sorry that the woodland newspaper will have report a tragedy," said Uncle Jack, soberly. "They will have to say: 'While busy storing provisions in their home near Long Pond, the ant family was struck by a tornado, and nearly everyone perished. This was an excellent family, and was doing no harm. In the home were several little ones, who waited through the night for something to eat; but finding the house overturned and their parents missing, they started off into the woods and were lost. The cause of the tornado is unknown.'"

"Why is it like that?" asked Tom, in surprise.

"Certainly. They have been at some pains to build that little house; see how ingenious they were in fashioning it! Now it is laid waste, and they must find a new spot. Some of the little ones are dead, too."

Tom looked down ruefully at the havoc he had made. "I know what will make them happy," he said; "I will leave this piece of nut cake from my lunch box, and they will eat that."

He laid the cake down carefully, and was rewarded by seeing other ants swarm over it and carry bits to another place, where he thought they meant to build a new home. "I think they will soon forget," he said; "don't you?"

"Probably; but if they forget, I am sure you will not," said Uncle Jack.

And Tom found that he never did.—

## CARRYING HIS MAJESTY'S MAILS.

Dogs are pressed into the service for carrying the mails in the North-West of Canada. One of the sights to a Britisher fresh from home, in a thriving town like Edmonton, Alberta, is the arrival of a dog-sledge from the wintry land beyond.

At Edmonton the great main line of railway ends, and it is the best "jumping off" place for the vast territory to north and west. Through that territory the mails must go, and the use of dog-sledges to convey them was no doubt adopted, and most wisely so, from the Esquimaux.

The dogs are probably four in number, shaggy and sharp-nosed, even wolf-like in appearance, of Esquimaux breed, or among them may be seen one or more of the St. Bernard type. Behind them is the sledge, light yet capacious, capable of conveying the mail bags, with the driver and ice. Quickly they pass over snow and ice, bearing fond messages to distant relatives beyond the seas. The dog train forms a most valuable and picturesque link in that wonderful chain of communications which helps to bind together the Empire and carries His Majesty's mails over the world.

When, therefore, you drop your letter in the post-box at home for your boy in the far North-West, it is first whirled fast to Liverpool by the mail train, then taken on board a huge mail steamship to cross the ocean; then again on railway postal cars, or baggage cars, into the interior; and finally by the dog-sledge miles and miles away, to one of the remotest corners of the British Empire.

And all for a penny! This is one of the triumphs of the Imperial Penny Postage, for which Mr. Henniker Heaton at home, and Sir William Mulock, when Postmaster-General of Canada, did so much.

Or suppose the letter be posted in summertime, and your relative lives not beside an ice-bound river, but on a prairie settlement further south. What then?

The Canadian postal service is ready with an answer. Here is a buckboard for it; a light waggon which is little more than a board on four wheels, and with one or two seats for coachman and passenger. Boxes and water-tight mail bags are piled on the board and away it goes over the springy grass to its destination far away.

Or, yet again, suppose that water leads most directly to your friend, a river which may be full of rapids, and yet—at spaces—flat flowing and swift—then canoes, flat-bottomed "York boats," and portage come into play.

Indians often bear a hand at this business. They know well how to paddle the mail canoe, and when the rapids rush and swirl ahead, they beach the frail craft and carry the whole load and the canoe itself round the danger-spot to smooth water again. This process is called portage. Or, if the mail bags and luggage be in a large flat-bottomed barge-like boat, it would be let down gradually along the rapids by ropes to the safe channel below.

Rapids, it may be explained, is the name given to a very swift flow of the river when, for instance, the channel slopes suddenly downward, but not so much so as to become a cataract or waterfall; the channel is often broken by rocks or tree trunks and sometimes descends in a series of slopes, or, maybe, levels, one below the other to the quieter flow beyond.

Pack-mules are also utilized in some of the remoter districts. The railway terminus on the long, long road which leads to Dawson City, in the Yukon territory, is at White Horse Rapids, and thence your letter pursues its way on the Dawson trail by pack-mules miles and miles along to the remote North-West.

Steamers, of course, are used by the Canadian Post-office. Canada possesses a wonderful system of waterways, the Dominion indeed containing much more than half the fresh water on the globe; navigable rivers have been deepened and canals constructed for inland traffic. Railways also are being rapidly built. Over twenty thousand miles of railway routes were open in June, 1906, and many more miles of railway were under construction, more than a thousand miles being opened in one year recently. Mail catching posts are also utilized in Canada as in Britain. Our Canadian fellow subjects pride themselves—and not without reason—on being up-to-date. During the construction of a great main line, the "End of the Track" post-office was brought into use, and was found of great service. This was a railway van employed as a post-office, and pushed forward as the line advanced to the "end of the track"—a pioneer indeed of civilization, and a testimony to the organizing skill of the Canadian Post-office.

Australia also possesses a large number of railway lines, though the mileage is not so great as in Canada. They are largely used for the conveyance of the mails, while in New South Wales, in outlying districts, coaches are employed.

Throughout the vast extent of the British Empire almost every means of conveyance known to man is used in the postal service. We are so accustomed to receive our letters with regularity that we do not think of the native runner, the dog sledge, the camel, or the horse, that play their parts in the great service. But they all work together toward the desired end, and with the speedy mail trains and fast steamships, form a remarkable organization for the service of man.

## THE TRIPLE INJURY.

Talking people down behind their backs is about as ingenious and far-reaching a kind of sin as the Devil has yet invented. For such a missile kills three birds with one stone. It injures the one talked about, the one talking, and the one talked to. A reputation is smirched every time we pass on an unnecessary criticism of a fellow-being. Our own character and self-control are weakened with every such word. And the mind of the listener is poisoned; he who ought to be helped to see and think about the best in others has been degraded, part way at least, toward the unworthiness of our own low level. Once in a while an almost knock-out blow is given to this unworthy and unfair kind of fighting by some one's quietly mentioning a good quality in the absent person who is being criticized. This almost invariably brings gossip to an abrupt close. We shall do well to end others' gossip by this means; and we shall do still better to end our own before it begins.

## WOOD PULP FOR PAPER FROM SAWDUST.

"Science Siftings" says:—We lately commented upon the insufficient supply of wood pulp for the manufacture of paper, and in view of this fact the plans of a Canadian company, at the entrance of Rainy River, 20 miles from Vancouver, are of great interest. A large plant has been erected which will convert the vast waste from the saw and shingle mills, including the sawdust—which is now burned at large expense to prevent accumulation—into pulp for paper. The refuse from the local mills will be conveyed to the pulp plant, where the entire mass will be disintegrated into suitable fineness and then used to supplement chemical fibre in the manufacture of paper.

The man who deserves success is the only one who can afford to lose it.

## HOT WEATHER AILMENTS.

A medicine that will keep children well is a great boon to every mother. This is just what Baby's Own Tablets do. An occasional dose keeps the little stomach and bowels right, and prevents sickness. During the hot weather months stomach troubles speedily turn to fatal diarrhoea or cholera infantum and if a medicine like Baby's Own Tablets is not at hand the child may die in a few hours. The wise mother will always keep a box of Tablets in the house and give them to her children occasionally to clear out the stomach and bowels and keep them well. Don't wait until the child is sick—the delay may cost a precious little life. Get the Tablets now and you may feel reasonably safe. Every mother who uses these Tablets praises them and that is the best evidence that there is no other medicine for children so good. And the mother has the guarantee of a Government analyst that the Tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug. Dealers sell the Tablets, at 25 cents a box or you can get them by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## WHISTLING PIGEONS.

One of the most curious expressions of emotional life is the application of whistles to a flock of pigeons. These whistles, very light, weighing but a few grammes, are attached to the tails of young pigeons soon after their birth by means of fine copper wire, so that when the birds fly the wind blowing through the whistles sets them vibrating and thus produces an open-air concert, for the instruments in one and the same flock are all tuned differently. On a serene day in Peking, where these instruments are manufactured with great cleverness and ingenuity, it is possible to enjoy this aerial music while sitting in one's room.

There are two distinct types of whistles—those consisting of bamboo tubes placed side by side, and a type based on the principle of tubes attached to a gourd body or wood-chest. They are lacquered in yellow, brown, red and black, to protect the material from the destructive influences of the atmosphere. The tube whistles have either two, three or five tubes. In some specimens the five tubes are made of ox-horn instead of bamboo. The gourd-whistles are furnished with a mouthpiece and small apertures to the number of two, three, six, ten and even thirteen. Certain among them have, besides, a number of bamboo tubes, some on the principal mouthpiece, some arranged around it. These varieties are distinguished by different names. Thus, a whistle with one mouthpiece and ten tubes is called "the eleven-eyed one."

The explanation of the practice of this quaint custom which the Chinese offer is not very satisfactory. According to them, these whistles are intended to keep the flock together and to protect the pigeons from attacks of birds of prey. There seems, however, little reason to believe that a hungry hawk could be induced by this innocent music to keep aloof from satisfying his appetite; and this, doubtless, savors of an after-thought which came up long after the introduction of this usage, through the attempt to give a rational and practical interpretation of something that has no rational origin whatever; for it is not the pigeon that profits from this practice, but merely the human ear, which feasts on the wind-blown tubes and derives aesthetic pleasure from this music. And here, again, it seems to be a purely artistic and emotional tendency that has given rise to a unique industry and custom applied to nature-life.—Scientific American.

I am willing to work, but I want work that I can put my heart into, and feel that it does me good, no matter how hard it is.

CHURCH  
WORK

## Ministers and Churches

NEWS  
LETTERSWILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE AS  
A BIBLE STUDENT.

Lord Salisbury called Mr. Gladstone a great Christian. To this Mr. Morley adds: "Nothing could be more true or better worth saying. He not only accepted the doctrines of that faith as he believed them to be held by his own communion; but he sedulously strove to apply the noblest moralities of it to the affairs both of his own nation and of the commonwealth of nations." These striking statements indicate the real source of the power of the great statesman.

They suggest also that Mr. Gladstone must have been a diligent student of the Bible, for no man can become a great Christian without constant meditation on the teachings of Christ and on the divine revelation that preceded His coming and His teaching.

In fact, Mr. Gladstone began early to read and study the Bible. His diary shows that between the ages of twelve and eighteen he had formed the habit of Bible study that endured to the end. One constant entry in his diary, Mr. Morley says, is: "Read Bible." While at Oxford his Greek Testament and Bible, as indicated by the entries in his diary, were in daily use. On one Sunday he attended chapel three times, read his Bible, and looked over his shorter abstract of Butler's Analogy. A few days later the entry in his diary states that he read the Bible and four of Bishop Horsley's sermons.

A little later in his career, when he was twenty-three years of age, he stated in a memorandum that up to that age he had taken a great deal of teaching direct from the Bible. "But now," he adds, "the figure of the Church arose before me as a teacher, too, and I gradually found in how incomplete and fragmentary a manner I had drawn divine truth from the sacred volume as indeed I had also missed in the Thirtynine Articles some things which ought to have taught me better."

His inner life was thus steadily built up by the direct study of the Bible and by the light thrown upon the Bible by the Christian Church. Long before he entered upon his marvelous public career he had a firm conviction that men who have no belief in the divine revelation are not the men to govern the nation.

In the strain and stress of his later political life the Bible was an unfailing source of light and strength to him. He speaks frankly in his journal of what the Bible was to him in the crises of his life. His words are well worth taking to heart by all men: "On most occasions of very sharp pressure or trial, some word of Scripture has come home to me as if borne on angel's wings. Many could I recollect. The Psalms are the great storehouse. Perhaps I should put some down now, for the continuance of memory is not to be trusted. I. In the winter of 1837, Psalm 128. This came in a most singular manner, but it would be a long story to tell."

Though men persistently misunderstood him, Mr. Gladstone seems to have acted throughout his life on Christian principles. "Life was to him," says Mr. Morley "in all its aspects an application of Christian teaching and example." Of all his teachers he said he owed most and owed enormously to the four gospels.

He once sent to one of his sons at Oxford an outline of suggestions for the conduct of life. These, it is said, were

really a description of his own habit and unbroken practice. Among them was this: "As to duties directly religious, such as daily prayer in the morning and evening, and daily readings of some portion of the Holy Scripture, or as to the holy ordinances of the gospel, there is little need, I am confident, to advise you; one thing, however, I would say, that it is not difficult, and it is most beneficial, to cultivate the habit of inwardly turning the thoughts to God, though but for a moment in the course or during the intervals of our business; which continually present occasions requiring His aid and guidance."

In the light of what we know to have been Mr. Gladstone's loyalty to Christian teachings we are not surprised by his steadfast purpose to apply Christian principles to all phases of life and conduct. Once, in a conversation with an American visitor, he said that every problem of life is a gospel problem. He believed that the teachings of Christ, when received and obeyed, will regulate all human life in the best possible manner. He believed that in Christ all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge are hidden.

He stands out in the history of the past century not only as an intellectual giant, but massive in his Christian personality. Every one who seeks to live life at its best will find it well worth while to study with care the career of this marvelous man. He once wrote, "All I write and all I think, and all I am, is based on my unfeigned faith in the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, the one central hope of our poor, wayward race."

On the impregnable rock of Holy Scripture his inner life was built up.—*The Bible Today*

## THE BISHOP'S TEST.

The late Dr. Temple, Archbishop of Canterbury, was, above all, practical, and his methods, even of carrying out theological theories, were extremely realistic. It was not enough for the young men who came under his charge to tell him what they thought they would do under such and such circumstances; he insisted that they should show him just how they would go to work.

While he was Bishop of London it was Dr. Temple's habit to invite parties of young candidates for ordination to stay at Fulham Palace. One evening on such an occasion he came into the room where six of these young men were, and informed them that he was going into his study to lie on his sofa, and they were to come to him in turn, and administer such counsel and comfort as they would to a sick or sorrowing parishioner.

When the Bishop left the room there was an awful hush and a long silence, for this test of their ruture capabilities did not impress them favorably.

"Are you going to be all night?" called the Bishop at last.

This roused them, and they decided to draw lots as to who should go. The lot fell to a young Irishman, who, taking his courage in both hands, went into the sanctum. He bent over the supposed sufferer, but words failed him. But for an instant only. Then he shook his head and bent still lower. "Oh, Frederick, Frederick!" said the audacious young candidate, "it's the drink again!"

The Bishop gasped, then his face lighted. "You'll be altogether admirable in an East End parish," he said calmly.

## NEW ST. JAMES' CORNER STONE.

With simple impressiveness, the laying of the corner-stone of St. James Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, on August 20th, was conducted at the corner of Locke and Herkimer streets. The congregation, which assembled to witness the ceremony, was a large one, including many of the ministers from churches in the neighborhood and laymen.

Rev. T. McLachlan, pastor of the church, was the chairman, and the ceremony was opened with the singing of the 72nd Psalm. Rev. Alexander McLaren then read portions of the scripture. This was followed by the laying of the stone by Rev. Dr. Fletcher. He was presented with a beautiful silver trowel by Rev. Mr. McLachlan. Dr. Fletcher took but a few moments, closing with the well remembered words, "I solemnly declare the corner-stone for this sacred edifice well and truly laid." This was followed by prayer by Rev. J. R. VanWyck and the singing of the doxology.

An adjournment was made to the present church, where a programme of speeches was presented.

Rev. Dr. Fletcher was the first speaker, and he thanked the congregation very heartily for the silver trowel that had been presented to him. He referred in a few words to the history of the church. It had been founded by the Presbytery seventeen years ago, on the 15th of October. Rev. T. C. Thomson was the first minister. He was followed by Rev. Mr. McDermott, and he by the present pastor, Rev. Thomas McLachlan. Dr. Fletcher then referred to the life of a happy Christian, which should be the point that every member of the congregation should strive to reach.

Rev. Mr. McLaren congratulated the congregation on its achievements. It should be the earnest effort of every one to take some active part in connection with the church work.

Rev. De Courey Raynor, of Immanuel Congregational Church, said there were no petty jealousies between the different churches in the west end of the city. He wished the congregation every success in its new building.

Mr. Geo. H. Milne said that it gave him great pleasure to be present and participate in the services. The work had been slow in the west, but it was picking up, and he looked forward to the time when St. James' would be one of the strong churches in the city.

Mr. T. J. Shanks said he was not a believer in large churches. There was less of the sociability in them that is so necessary in the life of the church. He was delighted at the manner in which the congregation had gone ahead with the building of the new edifice.

Mr. George Rutherford, on behalf of Central Church, wished the church all the good wishes, which he felt proud to be the bearer of. He was sure that the church would receive the best wishes of every sister Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Beverly Ketchen presented congratulations on behalf of McNab Street Church. He doubted if Hamilton would again see the laying of three corner-stones of Presbyterian Churches in various parts of the city in one brief summer. He believed that the future work of the congregation would be a heavy one, but the persistency of purpose that has characterized the members in the past, he felt sure, would be the watchword in years to come.

Rev. J. Roy VanWyck, Mr. J. B. Graham, of St. Giles' Church; Mr. G. A. Young, Mr. George Black and Mr. A. M. Cunningham were the other speakers.

A short musical programme was given by Robert Symmers, Miss Sadie Fraser and Mr. O. Penny.

The following is a list of what the corner-stone contains: The original subscription to the new church, list of scholars and teachers, list of charter members of the church, list of contributors, list of contractors, list of present members, list of members of Young People's Society and Ladies' Aid, a brief history of the congregation, copies of the daily papers.

The members of the Building Committee are: R. A. Lyall, chairman; David C. Smith, secretary-treasurer, W. A. Smith, W. Mathie, N. Cook, C. A. Harvey, Rev. T. McLachlan, J. Curry, Mrs. W. A. Smith, Mrs. W. Mathie, Mrs. Geo. Ferguson, Mrs. (Rev.) T. McLachlan, Miss Edith Dean.

The work of the Building Committee began in June 1908. In July the contracts were let after \$5,000 had been subscribed. The total cost of the church will be in the neighborhood of \$14,000.

#### THE REV. JOHN McCARTER.

By the death of the Rev. John M. McCarter, which took place on July 12, at his residence, No. 70 Promenade, Portobello, Edinburgh there has ended a long career of ministerial and missionary activity. He was born in Ayr, and became a student of Edinburgh University, and took his theological course in the Free Church College there. In 1863, he, with six others, responded to a call to labor abroad, and was settled as a minister of the Dutch Reformed Church (Presbyterian), in Natal, South Africa. For many years that church had been supplied by ministers from Scotland. His first charge was Weenen, then Ladysmith and Ermelo. Busy there, he found that on and about the Drachentberg mountains were many farmers with their families living without any means of grace. Finding it thus, and being welcomed by them, he soon advised them to gather money, make bricks, and build a church, which was done, and became the nucleus of the town of Newcastle, so well known in the late Boer war, and which is now a thriving town. Ermelo was fifty miles from his manse at Ladysmith and Newcastle eighty miles. The charge was divided into two when another succeeded him. In 1874, his health failed him, and he left South Africa. In Scotland he carried on mission work for three years. Going to Canada, in New Brunswick, he founded a congregation and remained seven years, working in other fields. He was pre-eminently a pioneer in church work, frequently pressing on to a fresh field when a good work had been established. In this way his life was a succession of sacrifices of personal comfort. "A work on the Dutch Church in South Africa, with notices of other denominations," in Dutch and English, was useful at the Pan-Presbyterian Council. He, with his wife, carried on church work in Canada for twenty-three years, and a lasting memorial of his labors there is the Jewish mission in Montreal, of which he was the founder. He went home to Scotland six years ago, and had never ceased to help in Jewish work chiefly in the medical mission to Jews in Edinburgh, with which both he and his wife were connected. He was seventy-five years of age, and leaves a wife and adopted daughter.

#### NEW QUEEN'S PROFESSOR.

Rev. E. P. Scott is the new professor of Church History in Queen's, in succession to Prof. John MacNaughton, who is going to McGill. He is a graduate of Glasgow and Oxford, and comes from the ministry of the United Presbyterian Church at Prestwick, Ayrshire, Scotland.

It is a question whether a really thoughtful mind could possibly yield the homage of its entire being to a God whom it could understand and fathom. —F. R. Havergal.

#### UNOCCUPIED AFRICA.

The missionary forces in Africa form scarcely more than a skirmish line around the continent. South Africa presents the only exception. There Christian civilization from foreign lands has re-enforced the supreme efforts of the missionaries and established large Christian communities. It is true that up the Niger and the Congo, and inland from Mombassa, Zanzibar, and Quillimane, on the east coast, and also from the south and north, there are lines of stations, but at the most they are only pencils of light piercing the darkness of the interior regions. In round numbers, there are 1,000 principal mission stations in Africa, with 5,000 outstations.

Almost every station has contiguous territory that is unoccupied. The great problem of the missions fields in Africa as elsewhere, is to maintain the work already established, and at the same time to respond to the urgent needs in the immediate foreground. Often these unoccupied fields adjacent to mission stations expand into enormous blocks of territory in populous regions wholly untouched by missionary influences. In Portuguese East Africa, south of Zambesi River, there is an irregular territory, averaging 200 miles in width and 500 in length and aggregating 100,000 square miles, without a single missionary. North of the Zambesi river and also in Portuguese territory, lies another block 300 miles wide by 500 long, and containing 150,000 square miles, with no missionary. Then starting from Tete, on the Zambesi, and extending westward for within the Congo basin, there is a stretch of country 300 miles wide by 1,500 long, 450,000 square miles with no mission, 450,000 square miles, with no missionary. In the very heart of the continent, with Lucho, on the Kassai River of the Congo basin, indicating a western boundary, a line beyond the great lakes an eastern one crossing the center of Victoria Nyanza a northern, and one at the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, a southern, a region 600 miles wide by 1,200 long, and containing 720,000 square miles, is without a missionary. In the central Sudan, one of the most densely populated portions of Africa, are great states, Bornu, larger than New York; Cando, larger than Wisconsin; Kordofan, larger than Missouri; Bagirmi, a little smaller than Ohio; Kanem, larger than Kentucky; Wadal, larger than Montana; Adamawa, larger than Nevada; Darfur, larger than the combined areas of Colorado, Kansas and Oklahoma — with a single missionary. Taking the parallel of latitude that would touch the northern bend of the Niger as the northern limit, and that which would touch the northern bend of the Congo as the southern limit, and modifying these boundaries at either side of the continent so as to omit the mission stations on the West Coast and on the upper courses of the Nile, we find a territory about equal to that of the United States, and far more densely populated, without a single representative of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

The hostility of the natives, the deadliness of the climate, the opposition of the European powers, have been among the causes hindering the missionaries from entering this vast untouched territory. But not one of them can be given as a fundamental reason for the field's being unoccupied. The first may have deterred missionaries from entering certain regions for a time, but it has never been a permanent barrier to the opening of any region. The second may prevent some men from entering some sections of Africa, but it does not prevent all men

from entering any section. The great fundamental reason for the unoccupied fields of Africa is the lack of men any money to man the field and to expand the work.

#### WHITBY PRESBYTERY.

The Presbytery met at Whitby, July 21st, present Dr. Abraham and Revs. McKeen, Hodges, Munroe, Borland, Kerr, Forster and Moore, and Messrs. McLellan, Keith, Kean, Murkar, Fergie and Taylor, elders. By a standing vote this resolution was passed and ordered to be engrossed in the minutes: "The members of Presbytery take this opportunity to congratulate Rev. J. A. McKeen, B.A., upon the completion of twenty years' ministry in the congregation at Orono, and to express their appreciation of the loyalty of the congregation to their pastor and the support they have given him during all those years. His brethren assure Rev. Mr. McKeen that they are gratified to learn of the splendid work that has been done for the Master in the congregation of which he is the pastor. They wish Mr. and Mrs. McKeen bon voyage, a very pleasant holiday, and a full enjoyment of their well-earned rest, and pray that they may be long spared to carry on the work of the Master with pleasure to themselves and profit to the congregation." A report on the Presbytery fund was considered. The expense can be met by a rate of eight cents per member from all congregations. There are three vacant congregations, Dumbarton, Port Perry and Claremont all seeking pastors. Messrs. Hodges and Borland were appointed to make arrangements for the October meeting.

#### POPULARITY AT HOME.

(By Christina Ross Frame.)

Do not become careless of the amenities of life in your family.

Do not, because you are so intimate with your friends, deny them the fine courtesy you would offer as a matter of course, to a stranger.

Do not leave friendship's letter unwritten until it exactly suits you to write.

Do not neglect the thanks for kindnesses received, for obligations incurred on your behalf, simply because they have come from those of your own household.

To be generally popular, is no doubt, a flattering state and most pleasing condition of existence.

The gage of real popularity is the worth, the use, and the help that you are to those around you, your nearest and dearest by relationship, and others dear through the tie of friendship.

Keep you true and tried friends. They are of more genuine value than the most flattering examples of what the world considers, "great popularity."—Cumberland Presbyterian.

About four years ago the Assembly's Committee on Young People's Societies made arrangements with the Westminster Company for the publication of *Reapers in Many Fields*. Five thousand copies were printed and the type was distributed. The entire edition was disposed of and the demand continued long after the work was out of print, and even yet there is an occasional enquiry for it. Knowing this the Assembly's Committee appointed a sub-committee to consider the advisability of issuing a new edition. But it is difficult to determine whether there would be a sufficient demand for the work to justify the committee in taking this step. If those who desire a copy of the book would indicate their wish to the convener, the committee would be in a better position to determine whether the publication should be proceeded with or not. Kindly let us have immediately a shower of post cards.—W. S. MacTavish, Kingston, Ont.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To heat dishes quickly put them into hot water. This is a safer and better plan than heating them in the oven.

Discoloured knife blades will become bright at once if rubbed with a cut raw potato dipped in brick-dust or other knife powder.

Charcoal is a capital disinfectant. Keep a dish of it in the larder, and the food kept there will not quickly taint. In hot weather the charcoal should be changed every ten days.

To remove the smell of paint stand a pail of water in the room for several hours. Add a handful of hay or a couple of sliced onions to the water, and the smell of the paint will be absorbed more quickly.

Like Simcoe Pudding: Line a basin closely with bread, stew one pound of red fruit, adding water if it is not very juicy and sugar to taste. Pour the boiling fruit into the basin lined with bread, covering it with more bread. Put a saucer on the top of the basin and press with a weight. Turn out after four hours and serve cold.

Toronto Tartlets: Beat one egg and two ounces of caster sugar to a cream, flavour with a teaspoonful of orange flower water, and half an ounce of sweet almonds cut up finely. Melt three ounces of fresh butter, and whisk it into the mixture. Line eight small tins with puff pastry, then rather more than half fill with the above mixture, and bake in a steady oven.

Mayonnaise Sauce for Salads: This sauce is often supposed to be difficult to make, and is seldom attempted by the average cook, for few people know that the secret of success is to add the oil slowly. Take the yolk of an egg and the juice of a lemon, beat slowly together. Stir continuously one way gently, and add enough oil to make your sauce of the consistency of thick cream. This may be kept in a bottle for use.

## HOT WEATHER DRINKS.

Squeeze the juice from strawberries or raspberries and pour two cupfuls of this upon a cupful of granulated sugar. When the sugar is dissolved, add the juice of a lemon and a quart of iced water. Have it very cold before serving and strew the top with a handful of the whole berries.

Iced chocolate deserves to be better known. Make it as you would any good chocolate. Stir together over the fire four tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar with three cupfuls of hot milk and one cupful of hot water, and let simmer for fifteen minutes. Add one teaspoonful of vanilla and a pinch of salt, beat up well with a wire egg-beater, then set aside to become perfectly cold. Serve in tall glasses, and with a spoonful of vanilla ice cream or unsweetened whipped cream on top.—Woman's Home Companion.

## TRUE BEAUTY.

The following anecdote of a famous French woman proves the truth of the old saying, "Handsome is that handsome does." A famous lady who once reigned in Paris society was so very homely that her mother said one day, "My poor child, you are too ugly for anyone ever to fall in love with you." From this time Madame de Circourt began to be very kind to the pauper children of the village, the servants of the household, even the birds that hopped about the garden walks. She was always distressed if she happened to be unable to render a service. This goodwill towards everybody made her, it is said, perfectly irresistible. Her life furnishes us a valuable lesson.

## SPARKLES.

A school-inspector in England asked a child in a primary school to tell him as nearly as possible what he understood a pilgrim to be.

"A pilgrim is a man who goes about a good deal," was the reply.

This seemed not quite satisfactory to the inspector, and he said, "I go about a good deal," but I am not a pilgrim."

"Please, sir, I mean a good man," was the eager addition.

"If your room is narrow that you cannot see far,

Knock a hole in the ceiling and look at a star."

Tommy—Pop, a rooster doesn't have hair, does he?

Tommy's Pop—No, my son.

Tommy—Then what good does it do him to have a comb?

"I am glad George's parents always boarded," said the prospective bride. "Because why?" asked her girl chum. "Because it will be impossible for him to boast of his mother's cooking," answered the fair one of the preface.

One night a party of soldiers were telling stories of thrilling adventures, wonderful spectacles, marvellous sight-seeing experiences, etc., gathered round the camp fire in the Transvaal. An Irishman had listened with open mouth, staring eyes, and bristling hair at the adventures, so miraculous had been some escapes of his comrades in arms. At last he thought of his sister. Clearing his throat, the Irishman said:

"No doubt, me boys, ye have see some wonderful sights, but me sister Biddy used to squint so bad when she wanted to read a newspaper she'd to buy two, and hold one in each hand, about the length of a bayonet apart, and even then she has sometimes discovered her eyes looking into each other over the bridge of her nose."

For the remainder of the night there was "Peace, perfect peace."

Mrs. Smith once asked her neighbor how much she thought her baby was worth. She said:

"A baby is a crier.

A crier is a messenger,

A messenger is one sent,

One cent is not worth two cents;

Therefore, a baby is not worth two cents."

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is one of the busiest monarchs of Europe, and never happier than when attending to affairs of state. Even as a child she was fond of asserting her authority. One day she sent for a certain minister and announced that she had quarrelled with and dismissed her governess. The minister gravely asked: "When does your majesty wish her to be beheaded? You know it is the custom in Holland to behead all those who are officially disgraced. It will be necessary for your majesty to be present at the execution, and—" Here the child queen abruptly left the apartment and the governess was reinstated at once.

A Cigarette's Soliloquy.—I am not much of a mathematician but I can add to the boy's nervous troubles. I can subtract from his physical energy. I can multiply his aches and pains. I can divide his mental powers. I can take interest from his work and discount his chances of success.

If we traverse the world it is possible to find cities without walls, without letters, without kings, without wealth, without coin, without schools, without theatres; but a city without a temple, or that presideth not religion is nowhere to be found.—Plutarch.

## LEGAL DON'TS FOR WIVES.

1. Don't sign or indorse a note or agree to be surety for any debt unless you are willing and can afford to pay the amount yourself. Never vary from this rule, even in the case of your husband, father or your dearest woman friend.

2. Don't write your name on a blank piece of paper. Many women have done it and bitterly regretted it for the rest of their days.

3. Don't give an unlimited power of attorney to any one. If it is absolutely necessary to give one at all, be sure that it is given only for what it is needed and limit the time as much as possible.

4. Don't do anything in business matters "for politeness," which your judgment tells you you should not do.

5. In short, don't give any promise or sign any paper whatever until you are sure you know the legal effect of it on yourself and your family.

6. Don't write anything even in a friendly letter, which you would not be willing to have used in evidence in court. On the other hand, don't destroy any letter or paper which may have a bearing on a business matter.

7. Don't consent to your husband's assigning his wages. Don't make it necessary by extravagant living.

8. Don't buy furniture, books or anything else for which you cannot afford to pay cash. If you think of buying on the installment plan, first estimate what the interest will amount to and add to it the price of the goods; then find out the cost of goods of the same quality at a cash store and compare the figures. Realize that you own none of the goods bought on the installments until you have paid for all, and that a failure to keep any portion of your agreement may cause you to lose all that you have paid.

9. Don't keep people, rich or poor, waiting for money you owe them.

To this sensible advice, quoted from Good Housekeeping, we should like to add one more suggestion by way of precaution: Don't fail to examine your securities, once in a while, no matter to whose hands the papers are intrusted.

## SPIDER'S PREY.

Far up in the mountains of Ceylon there is a spider that spins a web like bright yellow silk, the central net of which is five feet in diameter, while the supporting lines, or guys, as they are called, measure sometimes ten feet or twelve feet. The spider seldom bites or stings, but should any one try to catch him bite he will, and, though not venomous, his jaws are as powerful as a bird's beak. The bodies of these spiders are very handsomely decorated, being bright gold or scarlet underneath, while the upper part is covered with the most delicate slate-colored fur. So strong are the webs that birds the size of larks are frequently caught therein, and even the small but powerful scap lizard falls a victim. A writer says that he has often sat and watched the yellow monster—measuring, when waiting for his prey, with his legs stretched out, fully six inches—striding across the middle of the net, and noted the rapid manner in which he winds his stout threads round the unfortunate captives. He usually throws the coils about the head until the wretched victim is first blinded and then choked. In many unfrequented dark nooks of the jungle you come across skeletons of small birds caught in those terrible snares.—Dundee Advertiser.

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*Herald and Presbyter.*

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### JOHN M. M. DUFF,

107 St. James Street and 49 Crescent Street,

MONTREAL QUE

### "ST. AUGUSTINE" (REGISTERED)

The Perfect Communion Wine.

Cases, 12 Quarts, \$4.50  
Cases, 24 Pints, - \$5.50

F. O. B. BRANTFORD  
J. S. HAMILTON & CO.,  
BRANTFORD, ONT.  
Manufacturers and Proprietors

G. E. Kingsbury

PURE ICE

FROM ABOVE

CHAUDIERE FALLS

Office—Cor. Cooper and Percy Streets, Ottawa, Ont.

Prompt delivery. Phone 935



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office until 4.30 p.m. on Monday, August 24, 1908, for the supply of coal for the Public Buildings throughout the Dominion.

Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained on application at this office.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

R. C. DESROCHERS,  
Asst. Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, July 15, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Public Buildings, Ottawa," will be received at this office until 4.00 p.m. on Monday August 17, 1908, for the supply of coal for the Public Buildings, Ottawa.

Combined specification and tender can be obtained at this office, where all necessary information can be had on application.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank for the sum of \$2.00, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to carry it out. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

R. C. DESROCHERS,  
Asst. Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, August 6, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

4%

Capital Paid Up, \$2,500,000

Reserve . . . . . 400,000

4%

Money Deposited with us earns Four Per Cent. on your balances and is subject to cheque.

THE INTEREST IS COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY

The Union Trust Co., Limited.

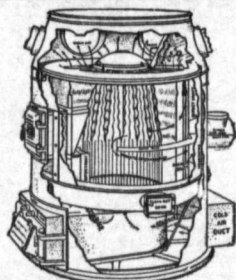
TEMPLE BLDG., 174-176 BAY ST., TORONTO, ONT.

4%

Money to Loan  
Safety Deposit Vaults  
For Rent

4%

THE KELSEY HEATING SYSTEM



One of the reasons why the Kelsey can deliver more warm air than any other Heating System is based on the construction of the zig zag Heat Tubes or Sections.

The zig zag tubes have great heating surface. They are very heavy and easily retain the heat a long time.

They warm large volumes of air in separate currents. They can be capped in groups to heat distant rooms. They are corrugated and deflect the air from side to side thoroughly warming it.

They are the means whereby the Kelsey has three times as great an area of heating surface as any other heater.

Plans and estimates furnished by our Heating Engineers.

3 sold during 1889 32,000 in use 1908.  
Highest award at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago 1893.

Direct Contracts taken. Results guaranteed  
Our Kelsey Book free. Send post card

THE JAMES SMART  
MFG. CO. LIMITED.

Winnipeg, Man.

Brockville, Ont.

THE QUEBEC BANK

Founded 1818. Incorporated 1822.

HEAD OFFICE, QUEBEC

Capital Authorized . . . . . \$3,000,000  
Capital Paid up . . . . . 2,500,000  
Reserve . . . . . 1,000,000

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AGENTS—London, England, Bank of Scotland. New  
York, U. S. A. Agents Bank of British North America,  
Essex National Bank of the Republic



Synopsis of Canadian North-West.

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

A NY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, excepting 8 and 25, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy, may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother, or sister of an intending homesteader.

DUTIES.—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY.

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Ottawa River Navig'n Co.

Mail Line Steamers.

OTTAWA AND MONTREAL.

Shooting Raids.

Steamer leaves Queen's Wharf daily (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 a.m., with passengers for Montreal.

Excursions to Grenville Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 50 cents.

To Montebello every week day, 50c.

Steamer "Victoria" for Thurso and way ports, leaves at 4 p.m.

Ticket offices:—Ottawa Despatch and Agency Co., 75 Sparks Street; Geo. Duncan, 42 Sparks Street; A. H. Javira, 157 Bank Street; Queen's Wharf (Telephone 242).

WHY A TRUST COMPANY

is the most desirable Executor, Administrator, Guardian and Trustee:

"It is perpetual and responsible and saves the trouble, risk and expense of frequent changes in administration."

The Imperial Trusts

COMPANY OF CANADA

Head Office 17 Richmond St. W.

WANTED, LADIES TO DO plain and light sewing at home, whole or spare time; good pay; work sent any distance; charges paid. Send stamp for full particulars.—National Manufacturing Co., Montreal.