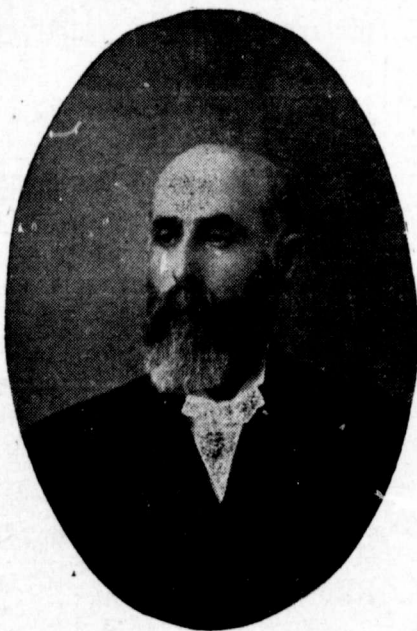


Dominion Presbyterian

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BIRTHS.

On June 19th, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison, of the 11th of Arthur, a daughter.

At Cobourg, on June 16th, 1907, to Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Sutherland, a son (still born).

MARRIAGES.

On June 15, 1907, at the residence of the bride's father, Montreal, by the Rev. G. C. Heine, John A. Fraser to May S. Greenleese, only daughter of S. T. Greenleese.

At St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, June 6, by the Rev. Dr. Herridge, John Jameson Anderson, of Edmonton, to Dora Oliver, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Oliver, Ottawa.

At St. Andrew's Church, Levis, Que., June 10, by the Rev. J. A. Macfarlane, George, eldest son of F. B. Atkinson, to Edith, youngest daughter of Geo. Walker, both of Levis.

On June 11th, at Chicago, by Rev. S. B. Blunt, Mabel Blanche, youngest daughter of the late Samuel H. Cochrane, barrister, Whithy, Alan Cameron, youngest son of the late Joseph L. Thompson, Toronto.

On June 12, 1907, at the residence of the bride's father, Ottawa, by the Rev. Dr. Ramsay, Mabel Jessie Mills, daughter of Mr. Robert Clarke, to George Edward Morrison Hunter, of Ottawa (formerly of Brockville)

In Kingston, Ont., on June 11, 1907, by the Rev. M. Macgillivray, D.D., James A. Latimer, New York, to Miss May H. Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, 400 Brock street.

On June 18th, 1907, by Rev. Alex. McGillivray, Rev. N. R. D. Sinclair, M.A., B.D., of MacLennan, Algoma, to Adeline M., second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shand, Toronto.

DEATHS.

In Winnipeg, on June 16th, Agnes, wife of Mr. Robert Malcom, aged 78 years.

At Osaca on June 8th, 1907, W. J. Finley, aged 80 years.

At his late residence, Maplewood, Lachine, on June 11th, James Powley Dawes, in his 64th year.

At 90 Rose Avenue, Toronto, suddenly on June 13th, 1907, Annie Millar, wife of the late John Millar, in her 62nd year.

At the residence of her father, J. T. C. Usaher, 39 Kendall Ave., Toronto, on June 14th, 1907, Emily Frances, wife of the late W. H. Murray.

At Campbellcroft, on June 10th, 1907, Agnes Clideston, relict of the late John Lymis, aged 80 years.

In West Gwillimbury, on June 11th, William Sutherland, in his 86th year.

In West Gwillimbury, on June 12th, Hugh Bannerman, in his 91st year.

In Bowmanville, at the residence of her brother, Mr. Wm. McDonald, June 12, Mary McDonald, relict of the late John Stewart, aged 85 years.

W. H. THICKE

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Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

ONE WAY OF BECOMING POPULAR

By Knoxonian.

The Presbyterian congregation of Slowtown was not prosperous. Their finances were in a bad way. The minister's salary was in arrears and the contributions to the Schemes of the Church were painfully small. The attention of the Presbytery of the bounds having been called to the matter, it was resolved to send a deputation to visit the congregation. The Rev. Nathaniel Smoothbore and Dr. Bousenges Faithful were appointed to hold a meeting in Slowtown, confer with the office-bearers, address the people, and take such steps as they might deem necessary for the welfare of the congregation. Due announcement of a congregational meeting having been given, Mr. Smoothbore and Dr. Faithful went to Slowtown on the day appointed. The meeting was fairly attended. After devotional exercises Mr. Smoothbore addressed the people.

Mr. Smoothbore's Address.

I need scarcely say I am glad to be here to-day. It always affords me much pleasure to meet with our people and discuss matters connected with our beloved Zion. I have long been anxious to visit this congregation. I knew your former pastor well. He was an intimate friend of mine. We were in college together. He is my wife's thirty-second cousin by her father's side. Your present pastor has always been a warm friend of mine. I esteem him very highly, and have often held pleasant intercourse with him. We often take sweet counsel together. I have long desired to see his people. I am sure you are all devotedly attached to him and to the beloved Church to which we all belong. (Dr. Faithful began to grow very fidgety at this point.) I am sure the elders and other office-bearers do their duty. (Dr. Faithful murmured dissent and the people looked angrily at him.) I am aware that the financial condition of your congregation is not in just the highest state of prosperity, but the times are hard. Business is depressed and money is very scarce. No doubt you would give thousands more if you had it. I am sorry that there are some arrears of stipend, but you would, no doubt, pay these arrears if you were as able as you are willing. (Here the pastor's wife turned her thin, careworn, poverty-stricken face away in disgust, and seemed to say: "Smoothbore, how can you talk such rubbish.") I know you are a generous people. I am sure you are loyal to the blue banner of Presbyterianism. After some further allusions to the blue banner, and an eloquent peroration about the standards and the martyrs and the graves of our forefathers, Smoothbore took his seat amidst loud applause. The people were mightily pleased and so carried away that they completely forgot all about the arrears of stipend, and the fact that they did not contribute a cent a piece to support the missions of their Church and keep the blue banner aloft in other lands—their minds were lifted entirely above such things.

Justice Not Generosity.

Dr. Faithful then addressed the meeting. His speech bristled with facts, figures and "points," and was too long for a verbatim report. He began by showing that the payment of a minister's salary is not a matter of generosity but a matter of justice. They had solemnly pledged themselves in their call and in their guarantee to the

Presbytery to pay the amount promised, and as honest men they should keep their promises. If they were not able to pay what they promised, they should come in an open, manly way to the Presbytery and say so, and perhaps the Presbytery would find some remedy. Christians ought to be honest men. Too many people looked upon a minister's salary as something that they might pay or repudiate at will even after they had solemnly promised to pay it. It was just such conduct as this that made many men who never attend church look at religion with contempt. He then took up the subscription list and found that the highest amount subscribed was \$10 a year while very few reached that amount. He showed that this was not quite twenty cents per Sabbath, or ten cents for each service. This amount might be enough, or more than enough, for many wage-earners or very poor people, but he would ask any candid man if twenty cents per Sabbath was anything for a wealthy farmer or a man in a good paying business. He then showed that only a very small proportion of the congregation reached the amount stated twenty cents a day or ten cents a service—and that many did not pay five cents or even one cent a Sabbath while a good many paid nothing. His brother, Mr. Smoothbore, had spoken of the hard times, but he would like to know how hard times could effect a man who paid nothing at all.

Dr. Faithful then took up the Schemes of the Church and read the amounts contributed for Colleges and Missions. He said he could not estimate the amount paid per member for Missions, because the divisor would not go into the dividend. There was no quotient. It was beyond the power of figures to show the amount per member that they were doing to send the Gospel to the heathen. There was no coin of the realm that would express their liberality. He must give it up. The same was true in regard to Colleges. He had every sympathy with men struggling against hard times; but he could not for the life of him understand how hard times could affect contributions that never were large enough per member to be expressed by any coin of the realm. The Doctor then urged them to try and make their organization more effective, as nothing could survive without good organization, and closed with a solemn, searching appeal to be up and doing while working days lasted. He took his seat amidst

Solemn Silence.

At the close of the meeting the people gathered around Mr. Smoothbore, shook his hand warmly, asked for his family; and half-a-dozen invited him to dinner. A few earnest workers who had been labouring hard for the welfare of the congregation, ventured to speak to Dr. Faithful, but a large majority of the people thought he was an "awful" man. Some said he was not spiritually minded, and some declared he had never been converted. Mr. Smoothbore went home feeling that he had made a good impression and congratulating himself on the fact that he was popular with the Slowtown people. Dr. Faithful went home conscious of the fact that he had done his duty. The pastor scarcely dared to say good-bye to him as he was leaving, but the pastor's wife warmly shook hands with him and thanked him for his manly speech. There were tears in her voice and a tear in the corner of her eye as she said she hoped his visit would do good.

She Knew All About the Arrears.

Months passed. The seed sown by Dr. Faithful began to take root and grow. The people became ashamed of their financial position and began to do better. At the close of the year the arrears were wiped out and there was joy in the manse. The pastor preached better and his wife did not need to sit up so late making over the old clothes for the children. Next year the salary was raised, and the next blue book showed that the contributions for the Schemes of the Church were greatly increased. New life was put into all departments of the congregational work, and the congregation of Slowtown became one of the best in the Presbytery. But to this day Dr. Faithful never dares show his face there. The Doctor is not popular in Slowtown and never will be while the present generation are in the Church below.

THE WITNESS FAMINE FUND.

Those whose hearts have been moved by the recent terrible distress in China, will be glad to learn that the China Famine Fund monies cabled by the Montreal Witness amounted in all to \$10,000, most of which was cabled during the last two weeks of the fund.

These gifts were received from all over the Dominion, and a good many more Witness readers were preparing to remit when they learned that the fund was closed.

The Witness has always lent itself to this work of receiving and forwarding subscriptions for worthy causes, and vast sums have been collected by it for such purposes, one fund the Armenian Relief Fund, alone amounting to over \$15,000. The amount of work and expense involved in receiving, acknowledging and forwarding these large sums of money is very much greater than the general public can at all realize, but the Witness has done it gladly and ungrudgingly, making no charge whatever for services or for newspaper space used.

NEW COACHES FOR THE G. T. R.

The Grand Trunk shops at Point St. Charles have completed five new passenger coaches of the latest model and standard of that Company. The exterior of the cars are bottle green with gold lettering, and the interior is finished in polished mahogany. The seats are the latest high swing-back pattern, upholstered in green plush. The body of the car will seat sixty people and the smoking room, which is upholstered in leather, twelve people. A strip of Wilton carpet covers the centre of the car, and Linoleum is used as the floor covering for passages and smoking room. Pintsch gas is installed for lighting, seven large four-burner lamps being used for this purpose.

The cars are equipped with apparatus for steam heat, air signals and high-speed quick action air brakes. They have standard wide vestibules with steel platforms and are mounted on six-wheel trucks. The length of the cars is 75 feet 6 inches; weight 106,000 pounds. They embody all the latest improvements in passenger equipment, and are examples of the high-class rolling stock which the Grand Trunk are continually adding to their service. These coaches have been assigned for service between Montreal and Chicago.

Happiness is increased not by the enlargement of the possessions, but of the heart.—John Ruskin.

COMMENTS ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

The following extracts from a private letter may not be uninteresting to our readers:

You may have seen in some of the English papers a deal of reference to the new Theology, more particularly with reference to a Rev. Mr. Campbell, of the City Temple, London. He is a North of Ireland man. He is making quite a sensation, and reading his views I rather said to myself, "I don't think I know just what modern thought teaches us we ought to believe." We have a famous library here—Vieux-seux's—the founder was a literary man and author, and the books are therefore better selected than usual. I have accordingly been taking a complete course of Ethics of all nations, tongues, and languages,—having first run through good old Plato, to brighten up my "dialectic," and now know what modern materialistic Science—generally, for it is not unanimous, says, must, and has, replaced the Word that should not pass away, though Heaven and Earth might. It may interest you to know what it is. I think a late book by Dr. Metchnikoff of the Pasteur Institute, Paris, resumes it pretty fairly.

First we are told:
This is the worst of all possible worlds.

It was started aeons ago, under immutable laws which grind on, and never have been or can be varied an iota.

The First Cause is the "Inexorable." Man is good, there has been no Fall, and his true destiny is to follow his instincts and natural desires and abilities.

No one can now seriously contend that there is any such absurdity as a life after death—the soul is not immortal.

There can be no individual existence after death.

Man is an abortive birth from an anthropoid ape, happening to come into the world with a bigger brain than the rest of his tribe, which brain has gone on increasing.

Man should strive to gain all the health he can, as death ends all. He will then probably live to 120 years, and owing to his returning to first principles, at the last will experience a desire to die, which will make him quite willing to leave earth, and take away all fear of death. If, as some contend, man must have some exercise for his faith to keep his mind healthy, he can "Have faith in the immutable laws of nature as revealed by science."

The above is the result of a lot of laborious and painful reading extending over three months in some German, Italian, French, English and translated Russian books. I feel like old Mr. Weller and matrimony—"Vether it is worth going through so much to learn so little—that's the question." However, it is interesting to know the latest conclusions of investigators, particularly as people's minds seem unsettled as never before, and every one you meet seems to have some idea of thought transference, Bhuddism, Christian Science and other mystical rubbish that is amusing if it were not so regrettable. Emerson said somewhere in one of his essays that the materialistic spirit of the 18th century would react, probably into Eastern mysticism, and it seems to be doing that.

I know you will not be bored by what I have written above; the matter is one that is strongly on my mind. I hear girls and women, when not absorbed in pleasures, talk the most hideous nonsense about "egis," and "astral bodies," and "Cosmic consciousness," and "Nirvana," and the like, and I wonder whether any one any more learns anything of Butler and Berkeley and other people who have set out evidences of Christianity. It seems to me that Christian Science—to which faith

one out of every three Americans you meet seems to belong,—whatever of good it may contain, is working more harm from its paltry mysticism, on ordinary minds, than any heresy, so-called, that has invaded society for long. Nothing is rarer than to find a man or woman who think and can analyze and weigh arguments and evidence—and who have the needful knowledge to do so. Yet one finds people who cannot follow the reasoning of an ordinary mathematical problem undertaking to settle affairs of the universe, death and life and things to come.

Then, as a consequence, we have corruption like that now being revealed in San Francisco, and the Thaw trial and Whiteley's murder, and the King of Belgium's red rubber, and all the rest of it. It see is to me the teachers and preachers need waking up very badly. I am beginning to share the frame of mind of Tennyson when he wrote "Fifty Years After" and expressed his disappointment and grief at the way society is turning out after all the education and thinkers like my father used, which thinkers reform the greater part of mankind and prepare for the millenium—excuse me, Science says there is no such thing.

I find advanced thought recognizes that the ancient prophets were not "inspired, but neurotic." I wish I could catch the neurotism of the beloved Disciple and see what he saw—the least of eyes, if nothing greater.

But an end to this lamentation of the least of Jeremiahs, and I turn to the more pleasant word of wishing you all good fortune.

Yours sincerely,

PHILO ULSTER PAT.

Florence, Italy.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

In the Bombay Guardian of a recent date we find the following interesting item:

A few years since, Mr. Budge, Secretary of the Montreal Young Men's Christian Association, spent a little time in Norway. Arriving at a certain time by boat he left his luggage on board while he went to enquire when the train started. On his return he found a white-haired gentleman, who as Mr. Budge stepped up the companion way, came forward and said, "Are you Mr. Budge?" "I am." "Are you Mr. D. A. Budge of Montreal?" "I am." "You do not know me, but you may recognize my name. It is X." "I knew two young fellows of that name some years ago," said Mr. Budge. "Those were my sons," replied the stranger. "I remember," said Mr. Budge, "that one of them got into some trouble through bad company." "And your Association saved him," said the father, "and now his mother gets a letter from him every week telling of his progress in a far western country. He is leading now a Christian life. I have been waiting several days in this city trying to get a state-room on a steamer for England. Coming on board this morning with this object, the steward pointed out your cabin as being probably vacant; I saw your name on your bag and determined to sit on this deck until the owner of that bag came. I wanted to find out if he were the man who had befriended my son in a distant land."

Sin begets sin. From Adam's fall issues a fallen race. The genesis, growth and manifestation of sin are the same in every life. "Thoughts are deeds, and might become a crime." Hatred is murder in the germ, as Jesus declared.

This day salvation comes to or passes by our house, because we improve or neglect our opportunity.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. F. C. Harper, B.A., B.D., of Pickering, has been called to Drummond Hill in Hamilton Presbytery; salary offered, \$1,000 a year, with manse and one month's holidays.

Rev. Dr. McCrae, of Westminster, one of the grand officers of the Grand Camp of the Sons of Scotland, is this week attending the annual meeting of that association at Niagara Falls.

Rev. D. N. Morden, of Bradford, accepts the call to First Church, St. Marys, and will preach his farewell sermon on the 7th of July. Rev. Mr. McLean, Churchill, has been appointed moderator during the vacancy.

Rev. Robert E. Knowles, of Galt, has begun an action against the Grand Trunk Railway Company, claiming unstated damages for personal injuries received in the derailment of a Grand Trunk train at Trainor's Cut, near Guelph, in March last.

Rev. J. A. Stewart, late of Oil Springs, has been inducted into the pastorate of Hespeler, when Rev. Mr. Rolands preached; Rev. Dr. Dickson delivered the charge to the minister; and Rev. Mr. Bradley addressed the people. The call to Mr. Stewart was a unanimous one, and he enters upon his work with bright prospects for a successful ministry.

At the induction of Rev. Jas. Barber, M.A., into the pastorate of the Embro church, Rev. W. J. Booth, moderator of Paris Presbytery, presided; Rev. Alfred Bright, of Ingersoll, preached the sermon; Rev. Dr. McMullen, of Woodstock, gave the charge to the minister; and Rev. W. K. Shearer, of Drumbo, addressed the congregation. At the close of the services the newly inducted pastor received a warm welcome from the people.

Rev. J. B. Mullan, of St. Andrew's church, Fergus, tendered his resignation some time ago. The matter was taken up at last meeting of Guelph Presbytery, when it was accepted, Mr. Mullan to preach his farewell sermon on the first Sunday of July—the anniversary of his first sermon preached there. The pulpit will be declared vacant by Rev. D. Strachan, of Guelph, and Rev. J. H. MacVicar, of Fergus, will be interim moderator during the vacancy.

In Division street lecture room, Hon. A. G. Mackay, of Owen Sound, has been speaking in an interesting way on the recent Imperial Conference. The gathering was perhaps the most unique in the pages of history. There were Botha and Lord Roberts sitting around the same board cracking jokes, whereas a few years ago they were enemies in a great war. Dr. Jameson, famous for the celebrated Jameson raid, sat with them. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Prime Minister of England, sat at the head of affairs. But perhaps the most distinguished personage in the make up of the group was our much beloved leader, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Taking everything into consideration, the group presented the most unique of pictures and augured well for the strength and unity of the British nation. The Imperial Conference is now a permanent fixture, to meet every four years, its members to be the representatives of all the self-governing colonies under the British flag. Its leader, the Prime Minister of England, and in his absence the Secretary of State. A secretarial staff has been appointed to gather information for its next meeting in 1911. The work to be done is in no way binding on any of the Colonies.

They are the weakest who know not their own weakness.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

TEMPERANCE LESSON.*

By Rev. F. M. Macdonald, M. A.

All things are lawful for me, but not expedient, v. 23. If a man wishes to burn down his house he may do so, provided he does not endanger the surrounding houses of other people. There is no law against one's destroying his own property, but there is a law against the careless use of fire in the vicinity of buildings, and he had better get rid of his house by some less risky method. One does not go very far before he finds that the profit and well-being of his fellow-men are to be considered, when he is planning some line of action that by itself may be lawful, but in relation to the other man may be detrimental.

Let no man seek his own, but another's wealth, v. 24. We must do more than try to keep from harming persons around us. We must not think it is enough to keep our wrong-doing out of the sight of others, lest our example should harm them. We are required so to live that our life may be a positive influence for good to those of our time and in days to come. We must lend a hand and help. Any habit which weakens us for service is a harm to our fellow-men, and should be put away. Dr. Lorenz, the eminent surgeon, is a total abstainer, because he needs a strong and steady hand to give the health and wholeness, which are wealth, that his patients need. Kipling became a temperance advocate, because he saw that every individual who uses alcohol, is contributing so much to the awful power that to-day is destroying so many men and women, young, old and middle-aged. Lend the influence of your life against this evil.

For conscience sake, v. 23. Conscience is always our friend. It may upbraid us, and denounce us, it may torture with the pangs of repentance; but even then it is our friend, for it is always the foe of sin. Conscience is a warning, a danger signal. It sounds the alarm when we are on the brink of disaster. There is a story of a prince who had a ring that pricked his hand every time he went to do anything wrong. One day, when he was about to commit a sin worse than any he had before committed, the ring pricked him so sharply that he got enraged at it and hurled it away. Soon afterwards he was killed in a drunken quarrel. Conscience is always speaking up for our sake, and we are wise if we listen and obey. Keep your conscience as the sailor keeps his compass, and be willing to suffer rather than go against conscience.

Give no occasion of stumbling, (Rev. Ver.) v. 32. In a ship yard in Nova Scotia, there worked a man who loved children. At the end of the day's work he would gather up and lay aside the pieces of wood that might trip the small boys at their play around the yard in the summer gloaming. It meant extra work for the man, but he "didn't want to see any of the lads meeting stumbling blocks." Life has too many stumbling blocks, or causes of offence, that a little extra care would remove. Very few people mean to harm others. We all wish well to our companions. But "evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart."

*S.S. Lesson, 30th June, 1 Corinthians 10:23-33. Commit to memory v. 31. Read the chapter. Golden Text—It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth.—Romans 14:21.

Some Temperance Facts.

Says Rev. Charles Stelze, Secretary of the Labor Department of the Presbyterian Church in the United States (North): "The Trades Unions are among the most potent forces working in favor of temperance. In some of these organizations it is a condition of membership, that no intoxicating liquor shall be drunk during working hours. Some of the constitutions contain a clause approving of the instant discharge by an employer, of a workman found to be drinking during hours of work. Another clause in some constitutions refuses all financial benefit in the case of members who are injured or killed while intoxicated."

"It is not a question of making men sober by law, but of making them drunkards by law; and that is a very different proposition. Men are sober, they are born sober (except those who inherit a taste for strong drink from drunken parents); they are inclined to temperance. It takes the tempter and the dram shop to make them drunkards. Without the dram shop there would be few drunkards. It is the drunkard maker. When it is established by law, then it is the making of people drunkards by law that is to be considered, and not the making of men sober by law."

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

By Rev. Jas. Ross, D.D.

Feast—The Greeks and Romans had usually two meals a day, but sometimes three. The principal meal was dinner, which was generally begun about sunset, and a feast was always at that hour. The guests were received by the host or the chief servant in an ante-room, conducted to their places at the table, their sandals removed, and their feet washed. They reclined on couches, resting on the left elbow which was supported by a cushion. A small tripod table stood in front of each guest, and the food was brought in by the waiters as it was required. The first course consisted of white and black olives, Syrian prunes, and shell fish. The second was made up of a soft cake of barley meal mixed with wine, wheat and barley bread, fish and meat of various kinds, principally pork and pork sausages made like our black pudding with blood, and cooked in a frying pan. They had no knives or forks, but ate with their fingers. They took soup, when they had it, with a spoon, or a hollow piece of dough. They had no tablecloth or napkins, but wiped their fingers on another piece of dough. After this course the hands were washed and fruit and confectionery were brought in. It was at this stage that the wine was introduced.

PRAYER.

O Lord, we pray Thee that this Sabbath Day may be unto us a season of withdrawal and refreshing from the heat and burden of our daily toil. But none the less, O Lord, would we wish it to be a time of thoughtfulness, of consideration as to the mighty destinies Thou hast planned for us; a season of deliberation as to our responsibilities, of the duty we owe to Thee and to those whom we love. And we would not forget to thank Thee, O Lord, for Thy thousand mercies of the past. Manifold have been Thy blessings towards us, and we and our children, Thy creatures, thank and bless Thee for Thy goodness to us and to our fathers throughout the generations. So unto us let there be peace; the peace of Thy Love and of Thy perfect Love. Amen.

THE PSALMISTS AS POETS.

One thing which the new versions of the Bible has done is to make evident to the casual reader that the Psalms are the poems of Israel. And when that is done it is a next step to consider how these men who wrote "as they were moved of the Holy Spirit" have met all the tests for position among the world's immortals of song. David and Asaph and the sons of Korah take place in the halls of fame with Homer, Virgil, Dante, Milton, Shakespeare, Balzac, Hugo, and Tennyson. And they are not hidden by the men of other lands.

We do not often give time to think of the Hebrews in the light of their literary gifts. We sum up things by characteristics at times, and, say, God gave to Greece the genius of literature, to Rome a genius for law; he allotted to the Hebrew the genius for religion. And that is in the essentials correct. But it is also correct to say that in bestowing upon the Hebrew the genius for communion with himself he also gave to him the power to clothe his thoughts in forms of speech which makes them delightful and inspiring reading many centuries after the old thinkers and writers have gone into the tomb. Indeed, there are multitudes who read these writers of Israel, who have never seen a copy of Homer, or learned a line of Balzac, or committed a page of Shakespeare. Do we stop to think that much of this comes because of the inimitable art which was employed by these men of God? We wouldn't read the plan of salvation very often if it were not written in the way to make its telling immortal!

A brief study of great poems will show that two things have always marked the writers: faithfulness to local truth, and ability to interpret that truth to a universal need and sentiment. Take Shelley's "Skylark." How faithful it is to the habits of the bird that leaps from beneath the feet to mount, and sing as he mounts, until he is lost to sight, but his song keeps dropping still upon the waiting ear! And how matchless is that application of the common fact to the heart longing "for some melodious sonnet," which it can "sing at heaven's gate!" Homer's "Iliad" gains immortality for the same reason. The blind bard saw faithfully the details of the camp before Troy, and has couched these in lines which make the scene immortal. The world of literature abounds in such things.

Now, look at the poems of Israel. Do they lack these things? Not at all. We have sung them so much in praise of God that we may have forgotten to think of the facts and applications. But they are there, if we can turn our thoughts from the blessed joy of praising God therewith, and think of the features of these great songs. Look at just a few.

What is it that makes the one hundred and twenty-sixth psalm grip the heart? Its faithfulness to the details of an Oriental harvest scene. If one reads it with the book of Ruth open by his side, and watches the reapers as they gather in their sheaves then sees the girl from Moab entering with tear-stained cheeks, he will soon get the color of the song. And when he does get the scene of that Oriental harvest in mind how wonderfully correct does the psalm appear as a description of events of every day! It has done that. But it has done more. Oh, so much more! The writer has touched that harvest field into glory and transformed the reaper's fears and joys into universality.

There is the twenty-fourth psalm. It is one of the most lofty of the psalter. One doesn't give way to its waylong ere he sees the Lord triumphant going from the cross to "go to the Father." And the attending hosts are challenged by the angelic guard. And above the portals of the pearly gates one seems to hear, "Who is this King of glory?" And an answer comes from the legions who through His conquering way, "The Lord strong and mighty." And then the gates are challenged, and Christ the Conqueror enters in. Do we stop to think that this is but a bit of magnificent interpretation of a scene that was as common to the citizens of Jerusalem, and any other city, as the passing of the days? Where is the poet of Greece, or Rome, or France, or England, who has taken the challenge of the guards upon the gates and turned it into a poem of such faithfulness, and at the same time such spiritual glory?

Then, there is a portion of the sixteenth psalm. What was its origin? The land laws of Israel. Each tribe was given its portion; each family its lot; all of which were definitely described by lines. Each of the six hundred thousand heads of families were made freeholders; and their property was entailed. It could not pass out of the family except where the family became extinct, or apostatized. If one mortgaged it, the "year of Jubilee" allowed every man to go up into his possession. Being entailed this property passed by way of inheritance to the next of heir. And so by these laws of God, given by Moses, "the Lord maintained the lot." But Levi had no portion. God was their portion. Just a land law. That is all. Where is the poet of America who has sung of states and bounds of such prosaic things as acres and lands; of such dry things as statutory provisions for the security of property? Or, if he has sung, who has listened? But this poet of the long ago touches his harp strings and speaks of his little field; and ere the listener is aware he finds himself thinking of Jesus Christ whom God kept secure against that more glorious day of jubilee when the grave, the devil's mortgage, gave Him up, and He put His foot to the path of life, and He tered into glory. How magnificent our lot is made as we follow Him with the eye!

Then there is the twenty-third psalm. There isn't a line of it, not a line, which isn't being lived in literalness to-day by the shepherds of the Syrian hills. With them it is the prosiest of prose to lead the sheep to the still waters. They prepare the table whenever they must feed their sheep. They rod them, they give them water out of the cup which hangs at the birdie, they put oil upon the wounded ones, they lead them into the safe fold. And they don't think of it as anything special. It is their common life. Their fathers have done just that way ever since the first shepherd called his own sheep by name and led them out to the pastures. But here is a poet. He takes that scene, and reports it with as much literalness as a scientist would report an experiment in physics; but he does more! How much more! And who can tell what that "much more" is? Whatever it is it is that which will keep this little song "of humble feather" singing until the end of time.

The Psalms are packed with just such things. I have ventured to cite these few which are more obvious that the reader may take any which he may choose, and see in it the two things which make a great poet, the ability to be faithful to the local things, and the gift to make these things take on the garments of immortality. And we who sing these songs every day in the Lord's house have such poems for our treasures.—The Rev. G. E. Hawes, in United Presbyterian.

A WESTERN PIONEER. REV. DR. JOHN BLACK.*

By Rev. Professor Bryce, D.D.

The first white settlement formed in Rupert's Land was that of Kildonan on the Red River. The settlers, who numbered in all some two or three hundred in 1812-15, came from the Highlands of Scotland. They were promised by Lord Selkirk, a Scottish nobleman, who began their settlement, that they should have a Presbyterian minister of their own faith sent to them. By one mischance and another, the years dragged on from 1812 to 1851—virtually forty years, before a minister came. This was John Black, a young man born in Dumfriesshire, Scotland, had taught school in England and the United States, had graduated from Knox College, Toronto, and now was ready for his life work in the far west. He had a long journey to make in August, 1851, having to go to Minnesota, and then from St. Paul, by wagon and canoe, well nigh 600 miles, as the route ran, to Fort Garry.

The arrival of the Rev. John Black was celebrated with great joy by the Scotch people of Kildonan, to whom he had come to minister and who had made ready a manse for him. They had been friendly with the Church of England ministers brought out by the Hudson's Bay Company, and attended their services, but had kept up prayer meetings in their own houses, awaiting the time when they would have a minister of their own faith. It was a great day for the old people, who, for many, many years had not heard a Presbyterian sermon,—and grown up men had never heard one,—to listen to the grand old psalms ascend to God as they had ascended on the lonely moors in the days of the Covenanters, to hear prayer and sermon after the simple manner of their fathers, and to feel that now their prayers were answered and the worship of their fathers was to be established in Red River.

On that day, Sept. 28th., 1851, three hundred persons of the Scotch families of Red River—crowded into or around the manse of Kildonan to hear the gospel preached. Soon six elders were chosen. Then, in December, the Communion was held; and this was a great day of joy, for these people scattered in the wilderness. It was the first communion, after our own forms, celebrated in Rupert's Land, and the first communion administered by the young pioneer missionary.

Very soon the people determined to build a new stone church. They wished to have it like the old Kildonan church in Scotland. The Hudson's Bay Company gave them £150 (\$750) for the new building, and they paid the remainder of the cost themselves—all being about \$5,000. During the winter with Red River cart or ox-led, they drew the stones from Stony Mountain, a point ten miles from Red River. They burnt lime, and there was much the same feeling as in the days of Ezra, when the people gathered themselves together as one man to Jerusalem. The building, interrupted by a season's flood, was opened in January, 1854.

Thus, John Black found his life work.

A school which afterwards became the best school in Selkirk settlement, was begun immediately after his arrival for he had John Knox's ideal of a kirk, a manse, and a school, in every parish.

As a preacher, Rev. John Black reached a high rank. He was a man of medium size—a modest man; but when he was in the pulpit he was fearless as a prophet of the olden time, and would denounce wickedness and indolence with vehemence. For ten years he stood alone as our pioneer in Red River settlement; before Rev. James Nisbet, afterwards missionary to the Indians, came to his aid. He was a wonderful pastor. He was loved by the children, and was the friend of every

man. Like Goldsmith's "village preacher,"

"In his duty prompt at every call,
He watched, he wept, he prayed, and felt
for all."

By and by the Red River settlement became a part of Canada, and it was the nucleus of the province of Manitoba.

New settlers were arriving and Mr. Black saw the necessity for higher education, and so took the first steps in the founding of Manitoba College.

Mr. Black lived for twelve years after the formation of the province of Manitoba. He took an active part in the Home and Foreign Mission work of our church. He saw the foundations laid of the Presbyterian church—now the strongest church of the Canadian West. Dr. Black, for he had received a degree from Queen's College, Kingston, passed away on February 11th., 1862, at the age of sixty-four years. "The Apostle of the Red River," he is truly called.

GOD'S SKY.

He was a very little fellow, but he wanted to say something comforting as his childish eyes turned occasional wondering glances toward the troubled face beside him. His mother's heart was sad at leaving an dear old home and its scenes, the hills, the river, the woods; she should miss them all. Suddenly the little face pressed against the car window brightened with a joyous discovery.

"Why, mother!" he cried, eagerly, "God's sky is over us yet; it's going right along with us!"

The mother smiled.

"Sure enough, dear. God's sky is going with us wherever we go, and it will be with us always," she answered, taking to her heart a deeper comfort than the child could know. All that was around might change, but that which was above remained secure. Dear, familiar scenes, old friends, the sweet and happy past may all be left behind—must be left behind as life goes on—but overhead are the heavens all with their tender blue, their cloud and sunshine, their countless stars, and the love that rules them all. Everything of earth may change, but "God's sky," with its hope, its promise and its unfolding, is over us still to tell us that we are yet in his world and so in his care.—Forward.

THE SIN OF UNKIND SPEECH.

"One trouble with me," said a young man, confessing his spiritual weakness, "is that I say nasty things about men. I see so much that I don't like and I can't help condemning it. And I say a great many things that are not kind." We all do. And we ought not.

Unkind speech is not Christlike. He never said anything unkind about a single soul. He denounced certain classes but he welcomed and acknowledged the smallest flash of worthiness in individuals even of these classes.

Unkind speech is unjust. There is more good than evil in our acquaintances. And what we condemn is more than balanced, if we would but see it, by good. And probably the one we condemn is struggling against the very thing we are criticising. And if untrue, how wrong our unkindness is!

Even if true, unkind speech about others harms ourselves. It discloses in us the capacities for what we condemn in others. It confirms our evil and unkindness of heart. It blunts our sense of generous perception of good. It throws us out of sympathy with the kindly Jesus.

If we intend it to hurt, how can we justify it? If we don't intend it to hurt, why do we run the risk? In either case its reflex influence on us is bad. If it is a harmful act, it will harm us, too. If it is a futile act, it will hurt us to have wasted strength on doing it.—Selected.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON

Manager and Editor.

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Dr. MacKay's letter, descriptive of his visit to Formosa and what he saw of our missions there, will be read with interest. The decision to prolong his absence, so that he might spend several weeks in Honan, was a wise one. Dr. MacKay's visit to the mission fields will be productive of much good.

Mr. G. M. Macdonnell, K. C., of Kingston, in appearance as well as in nervous intensity of speech, reminds one very much of his distinguished brother, the late Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of St. Andrew's church, Toronto. His impassioned speech on "Graft, the national sin," will not soon be forgotten by those who heard it. He claimed that "graft" and not intemperance called for strong condemnation at the hands of the General Assembly, and in confirmation of his contention, asked his hearers to "go to Ottawa, or to the election courts, or look at the report of the Insurance Commission and see that we are not an honest people in Canada to-day." A hard indictment; but, sad to say, with too much truth in it.

Three articles in the June Nineteenth Century and After will claim special attention from Canadian readers. We refer to the thoughtful paper by Ameer Ali, C.I.E., on "The Unrest in India and its Meaning;" "Are Christian Missions in India a Failure;" by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Madras; and "The White Flag in Jamaica," in which Ian Malcolm deals in a trenchant and sarcastic fashion with the Swettenham-Davis incident, in which, to say the least of it, the Home Government humiliated a faithful servant of the Empire in his eagerness to show its friendship to the United States and so, the writer says, "the Empire is the poorer for lack of one of its oldest and most experienced pro-Conuls." Altogether there are seventeen articles in this number, all of which are well worth careful reading.—Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York.

ELDERS FOR THE MODERATOR'S CHAIR.

In quoting our remarks of last week on this subject the Ottawa Evening Journal says:

"The Dominion Presbyterian is quite sound in its statement that there is a large quantity of moderator material among the laymen of the Presbyterian church in Canada. Certainly in no other church are the laymen more highly skilled in the science of church government. The Presbyterian seems to imbibe from his birth the intangible but potent spirit of the Presbytery, a spirit born, perhaps, in the blood of the martyrs; and quite certainly tinged with a temper purely racial. It is the habit of the Presbyterian to be a Presbyterian, unless he flies off altogether. And when he reaches Presbytery, Synod or Assembly he has the knack of the thing, whether he be minister or not."

A correspondent reminds us that we overlooked several names that should have been mentioned, such as Hon. Thomas Lallantyne, of Stratford, Lt.-Col. McGrae, of Guelph, Geo. M. Macdonnell, K.C., of Kingston, and Judge Archibald, of Montreal. That is quite true. But we were careful to say that there were "scores of others" that would occur to the reader. Certainly the list given was very imperfect as to numbers, although the material was first-class.

In enumerating names of elders well qualified to fill the moderator's chair in Synod or Assembly the names of Judge Forbes, Hon. Speaker Sutherland, Mayor Roger of Peterboro', and Hamilton Casels, K.C., of Toronto, will readily come to mind. Then we have Alexander Bartlett of Windsor; Geo. E. McCraney, M. P., of Rosthern, Sask.; Hon. B. Rogers, of Alberton, P.E.I., and J. K. Macdonald, long time convener of one of the standing committees, who also takes a useful part in the discussion of business before the Assembly. And last at this time, but by no means least, there is the Hon. G. W. Ross, who would even rival the late Dr. Jenkins or the present moderator, Dr. Campbell, in the prompt application of the rules governing discussion, as well as in felicitous speech in reply to deputations.

The Contemporary Review for June contains an article by Judge Hodgins on "Fishery Concessions to the United States in Canada and Newfoundland." It deals with the history of the concessions and the diplomatic disputes affecting the extreme claims made by American governments that American fishermen exercising their treaty privileges within the territorial coast waters of both countries are not subject to either British or colonial laws. The recent *modus vivendi* is also reviewed. As might be expected from the well known ability of the writer, the subject is dealt with in an able and exhaustive manner. There are several other articles that will at once claim attention, viz.: "Germany and England," by Dr. Friederich Dernburg; "Priests and People" before the Reformation," by G. C. Coulton; "Imperial Organization and the Color Question," by W. Wybergh; and "The Financial Position of Russia," by J. Ellis Barker. As usual "Foreign Affairs" and "Some New Books" are treated in a comprehensive manner.—Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York.

CONCERNING GAMBLING.

One of the most noticeable things about modern life is the excessive love of pleasure and excitement. It is not exactly modern, either, if we recall the days of ancient Rome, when all that the masses cared for, it was said, was "bread and a circus."

Quite recently, however, say within a dozen years, the modern greed for pleasure and excitement has grown in intensity; and quite as markedly in Canada as anywhere else. The last number of "The White Ribbon Tidings" had a striking article on the decadence of the old-fashioned debating societies for young men, they having been superceded in the political organizations by "smoking parties," "whist parties," and other devices of thoughtlessness. In all the cities, and in even some of the towns, there has been a great recent development in the establishing of continuous vaudeville theatre performances, to which, it is said, far too many professing-to-be Christian parents allow their children to go freely.

Then there is the excitement of gambling—gambling at horse races, gambling in stocks, betting, and gambling in private homes. Gambling seems to be as risky in its tendencies as the use of intoxicating liquors; it seems as difficult to get free from the toils of the one as the other. The subject came up for plain treatment at the recent Synod of the Diocese of Huron, at London, when the following resolution was adopted:

"That this synod deeply deplores the prevalence of gambling, whether in social circles, or in sports or in commerce, and calls upon the clergy to preach against, and watch for and originate opportunities for common action with all Christian denominations to extirpate the demoralizing practices from our society and commerce."

In the lively debate which preceded the unanimous adoption of the resolution, it was stated on authority that a great deal of gambling was carried on in the homes of those looked upon as the leaders of society. Attention was drawn to the recent invidious arrest and fine in London of a couple of dozen of Chicanen for gambling, while white gamblers were allowed to gamble with impunity at the Toronto and other race tracks.

It was tacitly understood that the clergy of the Diocese of Huron would henceforth "speak out in meeting" on this important subject. It is an example to be followed, as many young people have never had it made clear wherein consists the wrong of gambling nor wherein lies its moral danger.

Before the echoes of the late General Assembly finally die away mention should be made of the excellent work done by Rev. W. R. Cruikshank, chairman of the Reception Committee. The commissioners were all comfortably billeted without confusion and without a complaint, largely due to the careful arrangements made by Mr. Cruikshank, who was always genial, and unflinching in his patience in performing a difficult duty. Montreal Presbyterians maintained their previous good record for abounding hospitality.

THE MINISTER IN BUSINESS.

There are those who think of ministers as being poor financiers and ignorant of business. For the most part they are not concerned with large transactions, but in carefulness, economy, good judgment and other business qualifications many of them manifest rare attainments. Their great work is along spiritual, intellectual and social lines, and after giving their attention to these duties they have little time or strength left for business care or vocations. They do not wish to be identified with business operations, nor would their people care to see them so employed, but they have a great opportunity to see that the dollars they come to be possessed of are well and wisely invested.

Here is one illustration, says the Herald and Presbyterian: A minister who has been in home mission work for the past twenty years in one of our Western States, and, of course, always on a very moderate salary, has succeeded in accomplishing this much, so far, in the education of his children. Two sons and two daughters have completed a college course. Another daughter graduates this year in the classical course from one of our excellent Presbyterian Colleges. Still another daughter has just completed her Junior year, and the last daughter is still at home in the public school. He hardly knows himself how they have been able to accomplish this for their children, but they have, and the children will be useful, cultivated and forceful members of society, in professional and other lines of life. All credit to such high thinking, accompanied, as it has necessarily had to be, by plain living. There is no plain living here. It has been lofty, noble and regal living.

No wonder that so many boys and girls from ministers' families take places of prominence in the life and work of the world. They are bred to the best thinking, the best self-sacrifice and the best self-mastery from the very start. They learn self control rather than self indulgence, and grow up to be strong instead of trifling and effeminate.

There is no greater or better test of character in this world than the ability to raise a family of children, and this minister and many others have evinced their possession of rare talents.

Difficult as it is to conduct a home with little money, it is still more difficult to conduct and develop a church on as little money as some of them have, but this is the life-long and world-wide problem that the ministry is called upon continually to solve. That it is done so well speaks largely for their business qualifications, as well as for their intellectual ability and spiritual attainments.

In the June Fortnightly Review a number of able writers deal with subjects of timely interest in a most attractive manner. We can only mention a few of the topics treated: "The Second Hague Conference," by Sir Thomas Barclay; "The Imperial Conference," by Richard Hain; "The Newest View of Christ," by W. S. Lilly; "Colonial Influence in England," by C. De Thierry; and "Foreign Affairs," by the editor. The serial story—"The Stopping Lady," by Maurice Hewlett, is continued and grows in interest. Buy the Fortnightly when you go away for your holidays. The Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York.

LETTER FROM FOREIGN FIELDS

(Under date on board S.S. Mongolia, China Sea, 25th May, 1907, we have the following interesting letter from Rev. Dr. Mackay, F. M. Secretary, at present visiting the various Asiatic missions of our Church.)

Dear Mr. Robinson: I am on the sea, between Nagasaki and Shanghai, having left Formosa on the 20th instant. The Shanghai conference opens this afternoon, so that I will lose the first day; but being a twelve-days' conference I shall get more than I can carry.

A month in Formosa was a great delight. I visited the English Presbyterian mission in the South and saw something of their work, as well as of our own in the North. Their work is older and larger, and they have always had a very much larger staff. Their institutional work, such as hospital, middle school, college and girls' school, have received a large share of their attention, but, in addition, they have always had one man giving his entire attention to the congregations. It is difficult for us to appreciate the importance of keeping in constant touch with both preachers and people, in order to keep the fire burning. They are but children. Many of them can't even read, and the preachers themselves are without many books, and have primitive ideas of organization, if they have any ideas at all. But they are willing to be taught, and to one who knows the language there can be no more delightful service than going from place to place spending a day or two or a week teaching and preaching and showing them how to do their work.

The advent of the Japanese has changed the whole situation, whilst there is religious toleration; and the missions have been treated with friendliness, yet there are certain features of Japanese policy that can not be ignored. For example there is compulsory education, and the children are expected to attend government schools. No mission or other school is allowed nearer than two and a half miles to a Government school. There is then a great demand for English all through the East. The Japanese pay high salaries to English teachers in the public schools; i.e., so far in principal places. If then in a few years English is commonly known, our preachers should know it in order to command respect and keep pace with the people to whom they preach. In addition to English, of course Japanese is taught. The language of the ruling class becomes the language of the country in a real sense. It is very important that our preachers should also know Japanese. If not they will be under a serious disadvantage. You see what that means in relation to our mission. We have only the college, and the work has been done hitherto entirely in Chinese. Even that was done under great disadvantage, because there were no elementary schools under Chinese rule, and the boys came to college with very imperfect preparation, in some cases with no preparation at all. In order to keep pace we must strengthen our College and also add some sort of preparatory department. That will mean money which is always a disturbing element in our calculations. It also means an increased staff. The addition made in Dr. Ferguson and Mr. Jack is very promising. They are taking hold and are going to be strong men. The two ladies, Miss Kinney and Miss Conell, are also earnestly at work, and if health is continued will, I don't doubt, do their part efficiently. But if Dr. Ferguson's time is chiefly given to hos-

pital work—and Mr. Jack and Mr. Gauld are required in the college—what about visiting the congregations and taking possession of new territory, as well as English and Japanese and other preparatory work? It means, if we are going to meet the requirements, further additions to the staff.

I cannot tell you about the beauty of the country. Formosa is as beautiful as it has been represented to be. The mountain scenery and the fertile plain are side by side. The rice fields are as beautiful as landscape painting; but their beauty cannot, I suppose, be appreciated by the poor farmers who have to do this the most laborious of all kinds of farming. Such great areas of flooded lands means constant evaporation and great moisture which, with a pretty high temperature, is quite enervating. One feels constantly like spurring himself on, and wondering why he is so languid. A good bracing day brings back the old elasticity of the Canadian winter.

I spent a few days on the Eastern coast, amongst the Popham, where, you will remember, Dr. G. L. Mackay baptized 1,138 in ten days. The Chinese have been robbing these poor people of their splendid lands. Magnificent lands they are, surrounded by the mountains on three sides and by the Pacific on the other. The Popham is too fond of strong drink, and through that weakness the Chinese took advantage. My hope is that the Japanese will interfere to the protection of the weaker class.

The drive from Keelung through the mountains down to the Gilan Plain is one to be remembered. It has to be made on foot or in a Sedan chair. Even when using a chair, one occasionally dismounts and walks over some of the steeper ascents. But the exquisite beauty of the scenery! It will be a joy forever.

Of course Dr. G. L. Mackay's handiwork is in evidence everywhere. His portrait is in every enamel. Even his name has been adopted by some of the people on the Eastern coast. My visit was made doubly welcome because I bear that charmed name.

The mission as a whole is well maintained; and now with the enlarged staff we shall expect enlargement of results.

Yours faithfully,

R. P. MacKAY.

THOUGHTS OF THE SEASIDE.

Residents of town and city are now thinking of their summer outing, and those who live in the busy inland centres generally turn their attention to the seashore. To those who are undecided, Cushine's Island, Casco Bay, near Portland, Me., is recommended. Two and one-half miles from the City of Portland, it is a combination of seashore and country, on one side the broad ocean, and on the other a magnificent view of Portland Harbour. The Ottawa House, well known for several years, is situated here, and with the cottages in connection, accommodates 250 guests. It has been thoroughly renovated and refurbished. The sanitary arrangements are perfect, house lighted with electricity, water supply secured from an artesian well that is equal to any of the famous springs throughout the State of Maine. Hotel under management of Messrs. Boyce and Hatfield, two experienced hotel managers.

All information, booklets, etc., may be secured on application to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Que.

By an absurd mistake the name of Rev. D. Fraser, instead of that of Rev. D. McKee, appeared below portrait on front page of last issue. We reproduce photo with correction.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

THE REFORMATION OF AMETTE.

By Mary Kelsey Champion.

As he stopped in the doorway, Tom Dana gazed before him with frank masculine approval, and whistled.

"All this in our humble dwelling! May I ask if you are going out? I suppose you're not got up to look like a magazine illustration all for nothing?" His cousin Annette, in embroidered white linen, a veil of pale blue chiffon tied beneath her chin and a crimson silk automobile coat over her arm, stood on the lower stair landing leisurely drawing on her long gloves.

"You're not a bad figure yourself," she returned, with a glance which included Tom's handsome face, white flannels and tennis-racket. "I never like to run an account. There! I'm ready, Constance, when you are."

"Ready?"

Constance Dana slipped under her brother's arm as he stood leaning against the door-post, and repeated the word inquiringly. Tom was trying to keep in form for the next tournament, and after an hour of lively playing with him since luncheon she felt warm and bagging as to shirt-waist and sagging as to hair.

"Mr. Kendall said he would come by half-past two. Why, didn't I tell you?" Annette exclaimed. "He said last night that he and his sister would like to take us to Sachem's Point in the automobile this afternoon. It was just as everybody was leaving. How careless of me to forget to speak about it! But never mind, Constance! Just change your skirt and shoes, and you'll be all right. There they come! I'll explain, and we'll wait."

"But Sophie Harrison invited us to spend the afternoon with her," Constance said, "and we promised to come early."

Annette looked blank for a moment. "So we did! I forgot all about it."

"Well, there's time for a short ride while I'm getting ready to go to Sophie's, and you could ask Jack and Mary to leave you there."

"All right. If you think that will be the best way." And Annette fluttered down the piazza steps.

Tom took Constance's racket and put it in the closet with his.

"Well, I think—" Then he changed his mind. "I'm much obliged to you for playing every day as you do," he said. "I know it takes a lot of your time just now."

"I don't mind that. It keeps up my own practice, too."

"You play the best game of any girl at the Point," said Tom, with a nod, as he walked off. "Oh,"—and he turned,—"Kyle Harrison and I are going out in the Sound in the launch this afternoon. We'll stop at the Harrisons' pier and bring you home if you'd like. Half-past five? Six?"

"Maybe we'd better say six, Sophie will want us to stay as long as we can."

"All right."

One of Tom Dana's characteristics was punctuality, which his friends commended or decried, according to their own habits. At three minutes to six the "Nautilus" made fast to the Harrisons' pier. At six her whistle sounded. "Where's Annette? Forgot to come?" asked Tom, as Constance appeared alone.

Constance's color rose. "I don't know. She didn't come. Sophie had invited several girls particularly to meet her, too."

"Probably Jack broke down somewhere. It's the regular thing when I go with him," said Kyle.

When they reached home Annette had not returned, nor yet half an hour later, when Tom came bounding down the stairs in response to the dinner

chimes. "Going to keep dinner waiting!" he asked. "I'm about famished."

"We might wait just five or ten minutes," Constance proposed.

Tom sat down in front of the clock. At the end of five minutes he told her it was time to eat. After ten minutes he rose.

Constance laughed and went out to the dining-room. Mr. and Mrs. Dana were in Nova Scotia, and the two were alone. "They must have broken down, don't you think so?" she said, as they took their places at the table.

"Don't know," replied Tom. "If it were anybody but Annette, I should say yes. Have you rung, lady?"

Dinner over, the two went back to the sitting-room. At nine o'clock Constance looked up from her reading.

"I really think, Tom, that you ought to go out to the Kendalls."

"It's a mile and a half," said Tom, and turned his page.

But at half-past nine he rose and went out into the hall. He returned, however, and sat down. "I hear them," he said.

A few minutes later Annette entered breezily.

"Where do you suppose we've been?" she exclaimed, throwing off her coat.

Tom closed his book with an appearance of mind but polite interest.

"You know it's a clear, straight road to Sachem's Point, and before we knew it we were there. Then Mr. Kendall said we would go on a little farther, and took us way to Marlborough Beach. What a beautiful place it is!"

Finding that her enthusiasm failed to kindle a responsive warmth in either Constance or Tom, she paused and folded her veil. "Sophie didn't mind very much my not coming, did she? I really did mean to tell the Kendalls that I could go for only a short ride, but we were talking about other things when I first got in, and afterward I forgot everything but the delight of flying."

"Sophie seemed quite sorry, as she had invited some girls to meet you," said Constance.

"Well, I'll go over and explain to her in the morning. I'm sure she'll think it was all right under the circumstances." Annette looked at the clock. "Almost ten! I'd no idea it was so late." She yawned and gathered up her cloak. "I believe I won't come down again. The wind made me sleepy. Good night!"

"But you don't want something to eat?" asked Constance. "I've had some dinner kept."

"That was good of you, but I don't care for anything," said Annette. "The Kendalls arranged to stop at Sachem's Point on the way back and have dinner."

When Constance came in from the kitchen, after setting away the dishes that had been left in the warming oven, Tom was locking the windows.

"Seems to me Annette ought to take up some system of memory-training," he said, snapping a window-bolt in place. "I'm not sure but I shall suggest it."

"She's our guest," Constance reminded.

"She is. She's our cousin too, and she has an extremely bad habit of forgetting eh consideration due to other people. If she had given you that letter the other day instead of laying it on the clock-shelf for Augusta to find when she dusted, mother would have had her steamer rug. Sunday we had to parade up the church aisle ten minutes late because we waited for her until you went up-stairs and found that she'd decided it was too warm to go. And now here's Sophie!"

The next evening there came through the doorway of Constance's room first impatient exclamation and then Annette in pale pink organdy, her feet in worsted bed-room slippers, a pair of heavy shoes in her hands.

There was to be company down-stairs later, and the two girls were dressing.

"I thought you were always saying that you could depend on Tom!" Annette sat down on the bed and dropped the shoes with a thud. "When he took my slippers to the shoemaker's this morning to have the heels straightened, I asked him to tell the man to be sure to send them back this afternoon."

"Didn't he give the message?"

"I've just been down-stairs, and he says he thinks he must have neglected it. My white ones are soiled, so I'll have to wear these heavy things. How they'll look!"

"You're welcome to try any of mine." Constance put in several hair-pins thoughtfully. She had noticed that Tom apparently had not said that he forgot.

Annette went across to the closet in her stocking feet. "They're all too small," she complained, after two or three trials.

On the morning following this Tom invited Annette to go out in the launch at ten o'clock. At a quarter to eleven Annette came up to the house in disgust, after sitting three-quarters of an hour in the hot sun on the pier. Luncheon brought Tom and apologies. He had met Kyle, and Kyle had wanted him to go to town to look at a horse.

Annette flushed a little. She was not accustomed to neglect.

The next day, when it was learned that the Kendalls had been again to take Annette out, and had seemed surprised at being told that she was lying down, Tom discovered that he had once more neglected to deliver a message to her.

This time Annette herself appeared to notice the choice of words, and shot a curious glance across the table.

Two days afterward the climax came. They were all sitting on the piazza in the morning, the two girls with their sewing and Tom with a magazine, when Augusta brought Annette a letter. She had found it on the clock-shelf in the sitting-room.

"It's from Susan French," Annette said, tearing the envelope. "I haven't heard from her since she announced her engagement." She glanced rapidly down the page. "She wants me to be one of her bridesmaids. Isn't that lovely of her!"

Suddenly Annette's face grew puzzled. Taking up the envelope, she looked at the postmark, front and back. "Why, I don't see how— Just listen!" And she read:

"I must ask you to let me know surely by Friday, for I don't dare wait longer. If I don't hear from you then, I must ask Mr. Leeds's cousin. Write me at once, that I may count you in." Annette looked up. "And this is Saturday! She wrote on Tuesday."

There was an awkward pause. Then Tom spoke.

"I'm quite sure I laid a letter for you on the shelf Wednesday." He turned to Constance. "I think you ought to speak to Augusta about dusting often. That shelf is so high that we don't notice letters when they lie there."

Constance's lips twitched a little, but it was Annette who replied, and there was an angry note in her voice:

"I think it was very careless and inconsiderate—"

Then she stopped suddenly, and a deep flush colored her face.

She was very quiet during the rest of the morning. After luncheon, when Tom went out to the tennis-court, she followed him.

He was sitting on a bench, waiting for Constance. For a moment she stood before him. Then she spoke: "Have you been doing all these things on purpose, Tom Dana?"

Then Tom turned crimson. "Yes, I have, Annette," he declared, "and I feel about as mean as anybody can—if that's any comfort to you."

"It was mean," Annette turned and looked away over the Sound. "But I suppose you thought I deserved it."

Tom rose. "I guess I thought you were worth it, Annette. But I wish you'd say you forgive me. I'm sorry as I can be to have spoiled your good time at that wedding."

"I did deserve it," she said, soberly. "Have I really been as thoughtless and disagreeable as you've seemed lately?"

Tom winced. "Oh, I feel miserable enough!"

A suggestion of a smile found its way to Annette's lips as she gave a quick glance at his face. "I'm glad of that," she said, nodding. She looked out over the Sound, again, hesitated, then turned, and with a sudden resolute movement put out her hand. A rush of color swept her face. "And—and I thank you, Tom."—Youth's Companion.

A WISE MOUSE.

The Cat had watched the little hole in the barn for hours at a time every day, but the Wise Mouse had watched the Cat, and so he had never been caught.

But one night, when the moon was hidden, the Mouse sauntered out in search of food. It was so dark that he did not see the Cat, who sat behind a bush, watching for him. In less time than it takes me to write it, the Cat had seized the poor little trembling Mouse. "Now I shall eat you," threatened the Cat, as he put the Mouse down on the ground with one paw on his back, that he might not escape.

"Very well," sighed the Wise Mouse, "but will you first grant me one request?"

"Yes," replied the Cat, "I will do that, as it is customary to grant last requests to people who are about to die. What is it?"

"I have often listened to your singing and greatly admired it. Will you please sing one song to me before you eat me?"

"With pleasure," replied the Cat, for he was very vain about his voice. So he straightened himself up and sang with all his might. He forgot all about the Wise Mouse until he finished his song, and when he looked around for the applause he expected the Mouse had vanished.—Exchange.

HEROISM REWARD.

Years ago a vessel was wrecked off the northwest coast of Ireland. Crowds gathered on the beach to witness the scene. A few brave men came forward and put out to the sinking vessel. As they came back to the shore with their burden of human lives, the watchers cried: "Have you got them all? Are they all saved?" "Yes," was the answer, "all but one; if we had stayed for him all would have been lost." Instantly a stalwart fellow stepped out from the crowd and called for volunteers. The mother begged the young man not to go saying: "Your father was lost at sea, your brother William sailed away and we have never heard from him; if you go my all will be lost." Embracing her he said, "I must go." In a short time he was seen returning. "Have you got your man?" cried the watchers. "Yes," was the reply, "and tell mother it is brother William."

WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

J. Stanley Gardiner, of Cambridge University, has been exploring the Indian Ocean and gives it as his opinion that at one time there was land connection between Ceylon and Madagascar. But it is in describing the wonders of the deep that his report grows most interesting:

"A very considerable variety of deep-sea fish were brought up," he says. "At least half the number we secured seemed quite new specimens, and I believe, are not described in any text book. Some of these had enormous eyes, some only rudimentary eyes, the size of a pin's head, while some had no eyes at all.

"One of the most interesting discoveries we made was that floating life is exceedingly abundant at all depths down to about twelve hundred fathoms in seas twenty-five hundred fathoms deep. By floating life I mean animals which form the food of whales and deep-ocean fish, and which up to the present have been believed to live on or very close to the surface. A variety of enormous squids were fished out, as well as jelly fish, and gigantic prawns fully six inches long. Some of these latter were blind, while others had huge eyes, but nearly all of them had phosphorescent organs, which would naturally be due to the fact that they live at a depth where almost total darkness prevails.

"The blind varieties had enormous feelers, or antennae, some of them extending to twice the length of their bodies. Some forms, such as the water flea, which is only about the size of a pin's head in surface water, we discovered six or ten times that size in six or seven hundred fathoms."—Dundee Advertiser.

THE WILFUL KANGAROO.

The little Kangaroo
(If this story is quite true)
Could not be made to bathe him in the river,
He said he never yet
Saw water quite so wet—
The mere suggestion made him shake and shiver!

His mother said, "Absurd!
You're a ninny, on my word!
What well-bred jungle creature would act so?
The little Elephants
Are glad to have the chance—
Their bath is just a frolic, as you know.

"The little Barbary Ape
Does not try to escape
When threatened with cold water and the soap;
The Hippopotamusses
Don't make such awful fusses,
Nor the Jaguar, nor the little Antelope.

"The mild, obedient Yak
Would never answer back,
Nor does the Rhino-cino-roarer-horse;
And the baby Crocodile—
Why, the water makes him smile;
And he takes his daily plunges as of course."
—St. Nicholas.

WHAT RUBY WAS AFRAID OF.

He said it modestly enough, not at all in a boastful way. You see, he was only quoting grandma. "I heard her say it. I couldn't help hearing," Rufus said, quietly. And, of course, he couldn't help the soft little pink color that spread all over his cheeks, either. When a boy is nine and can't help hearing his grandmother say: "Rufus is a brave little boy! I declare I don't believe he's afraid of anything!" well, maybe, you wouldn't flush with pleasure yourself! Polly was nine, too, but she was a girl; and dear, dear, how many things Polly was afraid of! Nobody had ever heard

KEEP THE CHILDREN WELL.

Stomach and bowel troubles kill thousands of little ones every year during the hot weather months. Diarrhoea, dysentery and cholera infantum often come without warning, and if prompt aid is not at hand the child may be beyond help in a few hours. If you want to keep your children healthy, rosy and full of life during the hot weather give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine prevents illness by cleansing the stomach and bowels, and cures summer complaints when they come unexpectedly. Every mother should keep these Tablets in the home at all times. Mrs. Robt. Currie, Loring, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets are the best medicine I know of for stomach and bowel troubles." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

anybody else, not a grandmother even, say she was very brave.

"Not anything, Ruby? Aren't you truly afraid of anything?" she breathed in awe.

"I guess not, unless it's wild things that 'most everybody's afraid of. I shouldn't want to meet a lion anywhere; but I don't believe I'd mind a bear."

"Well, then, cows?" Polly said, gravely. Polly was so afraid of cows!

"Cows?" "Well, snakes, then, or enormous dogs, or the dark?"

"No—I'm not afraid of any of those things. I guess not!" laughed Rufus. "Ask me something hard."

"Injunst!" That was the "hardest" thing Polly could think of.

"Huh!" scoffed Rufus. "I honestly like 'em!" Suddenly mother looked up from her sewing.

"Ruby is brave," she said, gently; "but there is one thing he is afraid of."

"Mother!" Ruby's voice was a little hurt. "What is it, please?"

"I'd rather you would find it out for yourself, dear. Besides, now it is time to get the firewood and a pail of water. It is almost supper-time."

"Oh, I don't like to get firewood one single bit!" Ruby grumbled softly. "Besides, there isn't any chopped, mother. I didn't chop a stick yesterday, or the day before."

"No, dear, I know."

"And the pump's so far off! I wish one grew in our backyard! Oh, dear, and I s'pose you'll say it's feed-the-chickens-time, too!"

"Yes, dear."

But Ruby did not move. In a minute more he had forgotten all about the chickens and pumps and firewood. When he thought of them again he was in bed.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" he cried out suddenly.

"I didn't mean to let mother do it!" For he remembered that mother must have chopped the wood and fed the chickens and got the water. Then he remembered something else, too, that mother had said she would rather he would find out himself. There in the dark, all alone, Ruby "found out." He sat up in bed and uttered a little exclamation.

"Oh, I know—I know! And it's—so!" he cried out in shame. "She meant I was afraid of—work!"

For ground rice cream put two tablespoonfuls of milk into a saucepan and mix in two tablespoonfuls of ground rice, one ounce of butter, the grated rind and juice of a lemon, four ounces of sugar, half an ounce of dissolved gelatine, and boil for five minutes, stirring all the time; then mix in one teacupful of cream, pour into a mould and let it set.

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

OTTAWA.

A number of Sunday schools held their annual picnics last Saturday. Aylmer, Chelsea, Rockcliffe and Britannia appear to have been the favorite spots for these outings, which very properly attract so many of our young people. The Glebe scholars went to Rockcliffe; St. Andrew's to Gilmour's grove, Chelsea; St. Paul's to Aylmer park; and Knox to Britannia. The weather was favorable, and in each case the attendance was large. The Glebe Mission Band of Erskine church, to the number of 35, enjoyed the day by an excursion to Britannia.

"The apparel of a meek and quiet spirit" was the subject of Rev. Dr. Herridge's address last Sunday evening, when he delivered the baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class of the Ottawa Ladies' College. A woman should not, as the Apostle said, pay too much attention to her outside appearance. She was made beautiful and it was intended that she develop the esthetic sense, but there had to be reason in it. A young girl should not garnish her body at the expense of her mind. Few cultivated a meek, quiet spirit, and yet that was the very spirit of Christianity. A beautiful spirit might not be so conspicuous as gay attire, but it was far more lasting. A clear brain, a pure heart, a loving spirit, and a conscience unshamed were the most beautiful attire a girl could wear.

Rev. J. W. H. Milne, on Sunday evening in the Glebe church, described the Lord's Day Act as the best law of its kind, despite its weaknesses, on the statute book of any country. He detailed the forces of opposition to the measure, mentioning railways particularly. Seventy thousand railway employees had been compelled to work on Sunday, and were robbed of the rest to body and spirit which was necessary to them. The preacher pointed out that three or four railways in the United States of their own free will had given up Sunday traffic and could discover no loss resulting from their decision. In his defence of the Christian Sabbath Mr. Milne strongly condemned the "Rational Sunday League," which had proved a menace to the cause of righteousness in the old land. The movement in this country had been initiated in Toronto, and a branch had been started in Ottawa. A stirring appeal was made for the better observance of the Lord's Day in the interests of the physical, moral and spiritual well being of the people throughout the land.

In Erskine church on Sunday evening, Rev. A. E. Mitchell treated the Ethics of Holidays in a suggestive and useful manner. Basing his remarks upon the Master's injunction to His disciples, "Come and rest awhile," he showed by historical reference how in all past ages religion had claimed certain days for rest and sacred duties. It was the constant effort of the Master to care for the tired bodies of men, and so it is the constant effort of religion to prevent the over-exertion of the human frame. Scores of men spurred on by ambition do not know just how tired they are, and others of a listless disposition are always tired. In the opinion of the speaker it would pay employers to give their men periods for rest and quiet, so that they might return to their work invigorated and refreshed. Elixers may cheat nature for a while, but they only make the inevitable breakdown more inevitable. The Master put a limit upon

resting. "Rest a while," He said. Many holidays are not only foolish, but sinful, consisting of mere dress parades, when the person returns to the city more jaded and tired than before. We ought to sleep at nights, and to make the most of our Sabbaths. In conclusion the pastor referred to his own holiday this year. He leaves on July 13 for the old country, the trip being a gift from his congregation. Mr. Mitchell took occasion to thank the president of the Men's Association for the address that had been presented to him on Saturday night, also for the purse of gold to cover his travelling expenses.

TORONTO AND VICINITY.

Rev. John Johnston, of Paisley, preached twice in North Toronto Church last Sunday.

The trustees of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church have appointed Edward Harris organist and choir-master, to succeed Horace McDougall, who is giving up the work to take a complete rest.

The Chester congregation is to receive a grant of \$5,000 from the Old St. Andrew's congregation, to assist them in the erection of a church, which has been under contemplation for some time.

At a meeting of the united congregations of Sunderland and Cresswell, a call was extended to Mr. T. M. Weslev, B.A., graduate of Knox College. The stipend offered is \$800 and manse and three weeks' holidays.

The Catholic Register of last month has the following respecting the sermon preached by Dr. Falconer, the retiring moderator: At the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, convened at Montreal within the last week, the retiring Moderator delivered a notable sermon. It is pleasant to testify to the total absence of sectarian narrowness in that utterance. The preacher applied himself to conditions in his own denomination, without molesting others. It is to be hoped that this welcome departure will henceforth become the rule, as that most un-Christian element known as the "odium theologium," will thus be relegated to well-merited oblivion, and valuable truths will receive more attention.

WINNIPEG AND WEST.

A reception was held last week in Knox church parlors for the congregation by assistant pastor, Rev. D. M. Solandt, and his wife who has just recently arrived from Ottawa. Mr. and Mrs. Solandt received, and when the party had arrived, Dr. DuVal assumed the chair. In his address he tendered a formal welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Solandt, which was evidently supplemented by all present.

Says the Regina Leader: Rev. Dr. Jordan, of Queen's University, Kingston, is in the city a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fenwick of the Normal school. The reverend gentleman is one of the leading authorities on Biblical criticism. He will preach on Sunday morning in the Hamilton St. Methodist church and in the evening at Knox church. The graduates and friends of Queen's University resident in the city are giving an informal supper in his honor on Monday evening.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. George D. Campbell, of Chalk River, and Miss Mabel Field, of the same place, were joined in matrimony last week, Rev. Dr. Campbell, father of the groom, being the officiating clergyman. The young couple have the hearty congratulations of many friends on the happy event.

Rev. R. B. Nelles has handed in his resignation as pastor of the Mill street church, Port Hope, same to take effect at the end of this month. Mr. Nelles has been an earnest worker and much regret is expressed by the congregation at his proposal to leave. He intends, it is said, to engage in the Y. M. C. A. work at Kingston.

Says the Orillia Packet: While attending the General Assembly in Montreal last week, the Rev. Dr. Grant received notice of the death of Mr. John Waldie, with a request to conduct the funeral service, at Burlington. Dr. Grant came West at once. When Dr. Grant was filling the first pastorate of his ministry at Burlington, Mr. Waldie was a member of his congregation, and ever after they continued warm friends. Eighteen or twenty years ago, when Mr. Waldie was married the second time, Dr. Grant was the officiating clergyman.

The Peterboro Review of 3rd June, says:—There is rejoicing among the members of the Presbyterian congregation at Springville on account of the splendid progress that the church is making. Since Rev. Dr. Marsh became pastor six months ago, the membership of the church has more than doubled, and the work has been greatly blessed. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed yesterday morning, and probably a larger number than ever before received communion. Rev. Dr. Marsh preached an appropriate sermon.

Rev. W. H. Cramm, formerly of Cobden, was last week inducted into the ministry of the Presbyterian Church at Manotick, says the Evening Journal. The induction was conducted by Rev. A. E. Mitchell, moderator of the Ottawa Presbytery. After an appropriate sermon by Rev. J. G. Greig, of Cumberland, the candidate for induction was asked a number of questions by the moderator. Answering the questions satisfactorily, Rev. Mr. Cramm was inducted into the ministry of the church by prayer. He then received the right hand of fellowship from the other members of the Presbytery present, namely: Revs. Robt. Gamble, Wakefield; S. A. Woods, Metcalfe; Dr. Ramsay, Ottawa, and A. Cameron, City View. The new minister was also greeted by Rev. M. H. Wilson, of Mountain, an intimate friend, who came over to see him inducted, and by Rev. Dr. Larmour, pastor of the Methodist church at Manotick. The charge to the newly inducted minister was given by Rev. Dr. Ramsay, and the address to the congregation was delivered by Rev. A. Cameron. Rev. Mr. Cramm was then conducted by Rev. Mr. Cameron and Mr. Robert Gamble, elder, to the door, where he received greetings from the congregation. At the conclusion of the service the ministers and congregation repaired to a neighboring grove, situated along the river, where a sumptuous dinner was served by the ladies of the congregation. Rev. Mr. Cramm comes to his new field highly recommended. He did much faithful work at Cobden, and he is regarded as a decided acquisition to the Ottawa Presbytery.

GLENGARY PRESBYTERIAL

The twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Glengary Presbyterial was held in Knox church, Vankleek Hill. The Treasurer's report showed contributions of \$3,807, and the reports from auxiliaries and bands were encouraging. Mrs. Fraser gave an address on "The Mission Tree" and was followed by Miss McGregor of Birtle, Man., who gave a bright talk on experiences among the Indian schools.

At the evening meeting Rev. J. T. Taylor of Mhow, India, gave a fine address on the unrest of India, the changed attitude of the educated Hindus, and the need of leaving the new life in India with the gospel.

Mrs. Dr. Harkness spoke on the life of the late Dr. Agnes Turnbull and the President spoke on the need of workers and the need of prayer.

All the officers were re-elected and the name of Mrs. Thomas of Cornwall, as Secretary of Northwest supplies was added.

The vice-presidents for the ensuing year are—Mrs. A. Morrison, Mrs. McInnes, Mrs. Jas. Fraser, Mrs. Jardine, Mrs. Blackwood, Mrs. D. D. McIntyre, Miss McGregor, Rec. Sec., was appointed as delegate to the annual meeting.

The ladies of Vankleek Hill were cordially thanked for their hospitality, and an earnest address by Mrs. Morrison on faithfulness brought a profitable meeting to a close.

BROCKVILLE PRESBYTERIAL.

The 23rd annual meeting of the Brockville Presbyterial of W. F. M. S. met in the Presbyterian Church, Cardinal. The opening session was of a purely business nature. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were adopted. The treasurer's report showed a balance on hand of \$1,775.40. Of this sum \$1,740 was sent the general treasurer. The election of officers resulted as follows: President, Mrs. John Dowsley, Prescott; vice-president, Mrs. Geo. MacArthur, Cardinal; Mrs. J. H. McLennan, Brockville; Mrs. J. G. Merkle, North Williamsburg; Mrs. Geo. Beach, Lyn; Mrs. J. McShane, South Mountain. Lyn was chosen as the next place of meeting.

Tuesday morning's session was given over entirely to receiving the reports of auxiliaries and bands. These reports were most encouraging and showed that good work is being done.

The feature of the afternoon's session was the president's annual address. Mrs. Dowsley, as usual, gave an address full of encouragement and helpful hints. A pleasing change in the program was a mission band exercise by the children, conducted by Mrs. Geo. MacArthur. A report of the general society meeting held in Brantford was read by the delegate. After the afternoon session a most bountiful tea was served in the basement. Here the members of the Presbytery and Presbyterial met and spent a most pleasant social hour.

The closing session was an open one and was presided over by Rev. Donald Stewart, of Morewood. The address of the evening was given by Rev. Geo. Mason, of Dunbar, on "Relation of Foreign to Home Missions in British Columbia." His account of the work in the home field was most interesting and full. Two selections by the choir were much enjoyed. A unique feature was the singing of two familiar hymns in English and Chinese by Li June, Cardinal's popular laundryman. The few remarks made by Mr. Stewart were most happy and delighted all. The National Anthem and Benediction closed the session.

We reduce life to the pettiness of our daily living; we should exalt our living to the grandeur of life.—Phillips Brooks.

SYNOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

The Synod of British Columbia met in St. Andrew's church, New Westminster, on the 1st, 2nd and 3rd of May. The Rev. D. Campbell, B.A., the retiring moderator, preached a suitable opening sermon and received the thanks of the synod for efficient services for the past year.

The Rev. D. MacRae of St. Paul's church, Victoria, was unanimously appointed moderator for the ensuing year—thus occupying this position for the second time—having been convener and first moderator of the synod of British Columbia and Alberta in 1892. The separation of Alberta and its erection into a new synod this year marks an important stage in the history and work of the synod, as well as a material change in its membership.

The attendance was gratifyingly large, especially in view of the long distance that many of the members had to travel in order to reach the place of meeting.

The reports on the different departments of the church's work for the past year were on the whole of an encouraging character, indicating a bright outlook. The revival of business activity and an increasing population will make the work of the current year still more encouraging. The absence of litigation or any burning questions made the meeting one of special interest and pleasure.

The meeting was preceded by a three days' conference, which proved deeply interesting and profitable to the success of which the presence and scholarly lectures of the Revs. Professors Jordan of Queen's, and Wicher, of San Francisco, contributed very largely.

LINDSAY W. F. M. S. PRESBYTERIAL.

The twenty-fifth annual meeting was held in St. Andrew's Church, Lindsay, on June 4 and 5, where the Society was first organized.

Mrs. Stewart of Lindsay presided owing to the illness of the President. Encouraging reports were presented showing a membership of 572, and contributions of \$3,078, an increase of \$885 over the previous year. The Tidings circulation is 504. Bales of clothing valued at \$526 were sent to the Regina Industrial School.

Mrs. Ross, president of the Lindsay Auxiliary, gave a sketch of the life of Dr. Morrison, and was followed by Mrs. Dr. Grant of Orillia, who spoke on "Personal Responsibilities, Opportunities and Talents." On Tuesday evening Rev. Mr. Keith represented the Presbytery, and Miss Craig gave an interesting illustrated lecture on her recent tour of the Indian Mission schools.

Miss Robinson of Beaverton felt herself unable to continue as President.

The officers for 1907 and 1908 are: Hon. President, Miss Robinson, Beaverton; Pres., Mrs. Thomas Stewart, Lindsay; 1st vice-president, Mrs. McDougald, Lindsay; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. Frankish, Uxbridge; 3rd vice-president, Miss McKay, Gamebridge; 4th vice-president, Mrs. Kannawin, Woodville; Rec. Sec., Mrs. Willis, Uxbridge; Cor. Sec., Mrs. Edwards, Woodville; Mission Band Sec., Mrs. Baldwin, Sunderland; Sec. of Lit., Miss Slight, Lindsay; Sec. of Supplies, Mrs. Gilbertson, Beaverton; Treasurer, Mrs. Alex. Horn, Lindsay; Auditors, Messrs. McPayden and Naylor of Lindsay.

Rev. Alex. E. Cameron, B. A., has accepted the call to Melrose, Lonsdale, etc., in Kingston Presbytery. His induction will take place about the middle of July.

The next ordinary meeting of Kings-ton Presbytery will be held in St. Andrew's church, Belleville, on 2nd July at 11 a.m.

PRESENTATION OF ADDRESS TO DR. BAYNE.

The following is a copy of the address presented to Rev. Dr. Bayne, at a lawn social held in his honor at Mr. Alex. Jamieson's on Monday evening of last week, previous to the departure of the reverend gentleman for his new charge at Sudbury:—

To the Rev. George Dunlop Bayne, B.A., Ph.D.: We who are here assembled, members of Calvin Presbyterian Church, Pembroke, feel the occasion to be a solemn one, for, by it we are reminded that the ties of Christian fellowship which have existed for nearly 23 years are broken and all but severed.

We feel constrained to extend to you a few parting words in acknowledgment of the many obligations we are under to you. As a Christian teacher we are bound to own that you have courageously and without fear or favor, declared to us the whole counsel of God, and that so far as mortal man could you have therein done your whole duty; not the least valuable of your faithful and soul stirring admonitions you delivered to us yesterday, so full were they of a clear and logical unfolding of those things needful to sustain the Christian life and especially of the helpfulness of the habit of prayer. We fervently trust that these may long linger in our memories and bring forth fruits in us meet for repentance.

As a pastor many can testify of your fidelity, but it has been when sickness and bereavement have invaded the home that you have proven your devotion to the welfare of your people, and there are those among us who, having been aided at such times by your sympathetic and kindly advice and prayers, will ever remember as they recall the past that the prayers of a righteous man have power with God and prevail.

Of your works of charity, though you would not that your left hand should know what your right hand doeth yet, we believe, your works will follow you and that which you have given to the poor will prove to have been lent to the Lord.

Be assured that our prayers will be lifted up on your behalf to the throne of grace, that in your new field of labor you may long be spared to minister to a people zealous of good works, and Aaron and Hur-like, ready and willing to help you in your work of winning souls to God.

We regret that in this impromptu address we are not able to say all that our hearts would dictate, but we trust that this will be to you an evidence, slight though it be, of our appreciation of your work amongst us; and we hope that in all your future labors you may find the sustaining power of the Holy Spirit ever with you, so that when that day shall come when you with us shall stand before the bar of judgment it will be found that many stars have been added to your crown of rejoicing from both Pembroke and Sudbury.

Our last prayer shall be, "May God grant that in your church and in the sacred sanctuary of your home, you shall have peace, comfort and prosperity."

"The Lord bless and keep thee,
The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee,
The Lord lift up his countenance and give thee peace."

Signed on behalf of those present by Andrew Johnston, Clerk of Session; S. S. M. Hunter, Church Treasurer and Senior Elder; S. E. Mitchell, Secretary of the Congregation.
Pembroke, the 17th day June, 1907.

The Rev. Dr. Gray is able to be about again after a month's illness, resulting from a severe cold and an attack of biliousness. This illness prevented Dr. Gray from attending the meeting of Synod.

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Insects, it is said, will never attack books which are dusted once a year with powdered alum and white pepper.

A box filled with lime and placed on the shelf in a pantry, and frequently renewed, will absorb the damp, and keep the air pure and dry.

Honey Comb Pudding.—One pint molasses, 7 eggs, 1 1/2 cups flour, 1 cup butter, 1 cup sweet milk, 1 teaspoon soda. Steam at least 2 hours. Serve with hard sauce.

The pulp of oranges or of grape fruit makes a delicious and refreshing salad if arranged in crisp lettuce leaves and covered with mayonnaise.

Flower baskets are superseding the more ordinary vase. With fluted edge and graceful handle they make a most artistic receptacle for short stemmed flowers.

When frying croquettes be sure to plunge the basket in hot fat before the croquettes are placed in it. This will prevent them adhering to the wire when lifted out.

The value of wringing clothes well cannot be overestimated. A good laundress squeezes out the last drop of soapy water, and again rinses the garment well after she has thoroughly wrung it.

To make an excellent ice cream, simmer until dissolved, one pint sugar in enough water to cover it; mix when cool with a quart milk; add the liquid flavoring and a pint cream, whipped, if desired. Pack this mixture in a freezer with two parts ice to one of salt and turn until frozen at the sides, then add the whole fruits of any kind, beat in the freezer until properly mixed, pack and leave four hours.

Equivalents.—Sixty drops equal one teaspoonful. Three teaspoonfuls equal one tablespoonful. Four tablespoonfuls equal a quarter of a cup or half a gill. Eight rounded tablespoonfuls of dry material equal one cupful. Sixteen tablespoonfuls of liquid equal one cupful. One cupful of liquid equals two gills or half a pint. One heaping tablespoonful of sugar equals one ounce. One heaping tablespoonful of butter equals two ounces. One cup of butter or sugar equals one-half pound. Two cups of flour equal one-half pound.

Florentine Pudding.—Take two tablespoonfuls of rice flour, four eggs, one quart of milk, the zest of a lemon, a handful of chopped raisins, a small lump of fresh butter and half a teaspoonful of sugar. First boil the raisins in the milk, beat in all the other ingredients gradually; pour this into an earthenware mold, and bake in the oven Or, boil some rice flour in milk, with sugar in necessary quantities, and a pinch of salt. Stir in a handful of chopped almonds; when slightly thickened, pour the mixture into a mold, previously cooled in fresh water. Serve cold with fruit syrup, custard or sauce.

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Consultation or correspondence invited.

SPARKLES.

"The woman who marries me," remarked a bachelor friend of mine the other day, "will have to be as big a fool as I am."

"Are you the defendant in this case?" asked the judge sharply. "No, sup," answered the mild-eyed prisoner. "I has a lawyer hired ter do the defend-in." "Ts de man dat done stole de articles."

"What are they moving the church for?"

"Well, stranger, I'm mayor of these diggin's, an' I'm fer law enforcement. We've got an ordinance what says no saloon shall be nearer than three hundred feet from a church. I gave 'em three days to move the church."

A poor Indian was, asked one time what his conscience was. Putting his hand over his heart, he said: "It is a little three-cornered thing in here. When I do wrong, it turns around and hurts very much. If I keep on doing wrong, it will turn until it wears the edges all off, and then it will not hurt any more."

Mamma (to Walter, who has just returned from his first experience with a fishing-rod): "What, back so soon?"

Walter: "Yes'm; I thought I'd come home. The worms were so nervous that I couldn't get 'em on the hook."

"How is your papa, Bessie?" asked a neighbor of a little girl whose father was ill.

"Oh, he's improv'in' awfully!" the child answered. "The doctor is givin' him epidemic injunctions every day!"

Father—"What is your new young man's profession?" Heiress—"Oh, he is a poet." Father—"Oh! I can manage him, but that football player gave me a lot of trouble."

Daddy sententiously—"It isn't good for man to be alone." Peggy (thoroughly bored)—"Then hadn't you better go home to your mother?"

A motorist, who was touring through the country, saw, walking ahead of him, a man followed by a dog. As the machine drew near them the dog started suddenly to cross the road; he was hit by the car, and killed immediately. The motorist stopped his machine and approached the man. I'm very sorry, my man, that this has happened," he said. "Will a sovereign fix it?"

"O, yes," said the man, "a sovereign will fix it."

Pocketing the money as the car disappeared in the distance, he looked down at the dead animal. "I wonder whose dog it was?" he said.

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The Trouble Usually Due to Poor Blood—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Cure.

There is a common notion that backache is a sign of kidney disease, but this is absolutely wrong. Not one backache in a thousand has anything to do with the kidneys. Hundreds of people die of kidney disease who never had a backache—and hundreds who suffer continually from backache have nothing wrong with their kidneys. By far the most common cause of backache is muscular rheumatism. Nearly all the rest of the backaches are due to weakness and poor, watery blood, or in the case of growing girls and women, to those secret ailments that make the lives of so many of that sex miserable.

Don't let a backache frighten you into the belief that you have kidney trouble. What is really needed to cure the average backache is a tonic, blood-building medicine, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest blood making medicine medical science has yet discovered. Every dose actually makes new, rich, red blood, thus curing such common ailments as anaemia, headache, backache, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuralgia, rheumatism and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Mrs. W. Gee, Strathearn, Al'a., says—"I was a great sufferer from anaemia. I was completely run down and was tortured with headaches and backaches and dizzy spells. I doctor-ed for a long time but was no better than when I began. Then I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they completely restored my health."

Get the genuine pills with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PALESTINE.

The Promised Land extended from the Euphrates to the Nile; but this larger territory was never wholly possessed, no even in the spacious times of David and Solomon.

The name, Palestine, was given by Herodotus, and was originally applied to Philistia—a part of the Maritime Plain—measuring forty miles by from twelve to twenty-five miles. Its warlike people are said to have migrated from Egypt. It is to their god Dagon, that Milton alludes with his usual verbal accuracy, in the line:

"That twice battered god of Pales-tine."

Palestine, as we know it, is still a limited territory—about 150 by 100 miles, or some 11,000 square miles in area—an area longer than the little Principality of Wales, less than that of Scotland, and only a little larger than the State of Vermont.

The Palestine of Jesus—the utmost limit of his journeyings, was barely one hundred miles in any direction. Indeed, the greater part of his public ministry was confined within a radius of twenty miles having the city of Capernaum for its center.

Once only was Jesus outside of the Holy Land, namely, when as a babe, he was carried down into Egypt for safety. Thus once only did he leave Palestine, a name meaning The Land of Wanderers, becoming himself a wanderer, and in the land, too, from which came the original Wanderers; and so breathing just this once, "Gentile air, as if in token of his larger mission to be "a light to lighten the Gentiles and the glory of his people Israel."

Palestine a small land? So was mighty Rome—practically but a single city. And so, too, was Greece—practically summed in fair Athens, "Mother of Arts and Eloquence."—New York Observer.

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12.53 p.m.	Kingston	1.42 a.m.
4.40 p.m.	Toronto	6.50 a.m.
12.30 p.m.	Tupper Lake	9.25 a.m.
6.57 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
10.00 p.m.	New York City	8.55 a.m.
5.55 p.m.	Syracuse	4.45 a.m.
7.30 p.m.	Rochester	8.45 a.m.
9.30 p.m.	Buffalo	8.35 a.m.

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PRESBYTERY MEETINGS

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

Quebec, Quebec, 5th Mar.
Montreal, Knox 5th Mar. 9.30
Glengarry, Alexandria, 2 July, 10.30
Ottawa, Ottawa, 5th Mar. 10 a.m.
Lan. and Renfrew, Arnprior, 2nd.
Sept. 8 p.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

Kingston, Belleville, Sept. 18, 11
a.m.
Peterboro', Peterboro', 5th Mar. 9
a.m.
Lindsay, Woodville, 5th Mar., at
11 a.m.
Toronto, Toronto, Monthly, 1st.
Tues.

Whitby, Whitby, 16th July, 10 a.m.
Orangeville, Orangeville, 10th and
11th March at 10.30 a.m.
North Bay, Magnetawan, 9th July.
Algoma, S., Richard's bldg., Sept.
2nd, July 10 a.m.
Owen Sound, O. Sd., 2nd, July,
10 a.m.
Saugeen, Drayton 5th Mar.
Guelph, in Chalmers' Ch. Guelph.
15 July, 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

Hamilton, Knox church, Hamilton,
2nd, July, 10 a.m.
Paris, Woodstock, 5th Mar. 11 a.m.
London, St. Thomas 5th Mar. 10
a.m.
Chatham, Chatham, 9 July, 10 a.m.
Huron, Clinton, 4 Sept. 10 a.m.
Maitland, Wingham, 5th Mar.
Bruce, Paisley, 2nd, July, 10.30
a.m.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces

Sydney, Sydney.
Inverness.
P. E. Island, Charlottetown.
Pictou, New Glasgow.
Wallace.
Truro, Truro, 18th Dec. 10 a.m.
Halifax.
Lun and Yar.
St. John.
Miramichi, Bathurst, 2 Sept. 3 p.m.
Bruce, Paisley 5th Mar. 10.30
Sarnia, Sarnia, 11 Dec., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba.

Superior.
Winnipeg, College, 2nd Tues., 6mo.
Rock Lake.
Glenboro', Cyprus River, 5th Mar.
Portage-la P.
Dauphin.
Brandon.
Melita.
Minnedosa.

Synod of Saskatchewan.

Yorkton.
Regina.
Qu'Appelle, Abernethy, Sept.
Prince Albert, at Saskatoon, first
Wed. of Feb.
Battleford.

Synod of Alberta.

Arcole, Arcole, Sept.
Calgary.
Edmonton.
Red Deer.
Macleod, March.

Synod of British Columbia.

Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod.
Kootenay.
Westminster.
Victoria, Victoria, in February.

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**Synopsis of Canadian North-
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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of
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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.

Entry must be made personally at
the local land office for the district
in which the land is situated.

The homesteader is required to
perform the conditions connected
therewith under one of the follow-
ing plans:

(1) At least six months' residen-
ce upon and cultivation of the land
in each year for three years.

(2) If the father for mother, if
the father is deceased) of the
homesteader resides upon a farm in
the vicinity of the land entered for,
the requirements as to residence
may be satisfied by such person re-
siding with the father or mother.

(3) If the settler has his per-
manent residence upon farming
land owned by him in the vicinity
of his homestead, the requirements
as to residence may be satisfied
by residence upon the said land.

Six months' notice in writing
should be given to the Commissioner
of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of
intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the In-
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N.B.—Unauthorized publication of
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the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind it-
self to accept the lowest or any
tender.

By Order,

FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, June 10, 1907.

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