

# Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

\$1.50 per Annum.

OTTAWA

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 17, 1910.

Single Copies, 5 cents.

## THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

I say to thee, do thou repeat  
To the first man thou mayest meet  
In lane, highway, or street:

That he and we, and all men move  
Under a canopy of love,  
As broad as the blue sky above;

That doubt and trouble, fear and pain,  
And anguish, all are shadows vain,  
That death itself shall not remain.

That weary deserts we may tread,  
A dreary labyrinth may thread,  
Through dark ways underground be led:

Yet if we will our Guide obey,  
The dreariest path, the darkest way  
Shall issue out in heavenly way.

And we, on divers shore now cast,  
Shall meet, our perilous voyage past,  
All it our Father's house at last.

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## BIRTHS.

On June 26, 1910, at Chi-Kung-Shan, Honan, China, to the Rev. and Mrs. Arthur W. Lochead, a daughter.

At Ingersoll, on Friday, August 12, 1910, to Dr. and Mrs. W. J. MacMurray, a daughter (Margaret Ethel).

## MARRIAGES.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Moffat street, Orillia, on July 20, by Rev. D. C. MacGregor, Isabella, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Fraser, to Bertram Briden Richardson, of Winnipeg.

At Walker's Po'nt, Muskoka, on July 13, by Rev. H. S. Warren, Annie Isabella, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Longhurst, Coldwater, and Charles Hardy Stilborn, Torie, Saskatchewan.

At the Manse, Orillia, on July 18, by Rev. D. C. MacGregor, Eva Hadley, to Given Leadouceur, of Washago.

On Wednesday, July 27, 1910, at Erskine Church, Meaford, Ont., by Rev. S. H. Eastman, B.A., Lillias Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gardner, Meaford, to John Macdonald Telford, barrister, of Hamilton.

On Monday, August 1, at the home of her father, Hattie Euphemia, daughter of William H. and Margaret McCrimmon, Woodville, Ont., by Rev. A. J. Mann, to George W. Morrison, C.A., Toronto.

At the residence of the bride's parents, on Wednesday, August 3rd, 1910, by the Rev. J. J. Ferguson, Louis, son of Mr. Wm. Woolford, to Ethel May, second daughter of Mr. Arthur Mealing, all of Orillia.

On Saturday, 30th of July, 1910, at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. Fred Butler, Mary street, by the Rev. J. J. Ferguson, Oliver Alexander McNeill, of Haileybury, to Ida Mary Norris, of Bracebridge.

At 220 Queen street, Kingston, Ont., on August 10, 1910, by the Rev. Douglas Laing, Edith Margaret, daughter of Mrs. E. E. Ross, to Charles P. Coates, of Victoria, B.C.

In London, Ont., by Rev. Walter Moffat, on Monday, August 8, 1910, Mr. Morris Inwood to Mrs. Mary Beattie, both of this city.

At Valleyfield, P.Q., on August 2, 1910, by the Rev. Jean Rey, Miss Florina Montpetit, of Valleyfield, to the Rev. Louis Abram, of Pointe-aux-Trembles College, P.Q.

## DEATHS.

Suddenly, on Monday, August 1, 1910, Andrew Gunn, President of Gunn's, Limited, aged 53 years.

Accidentally drowned, at Toronto, on August 11, 1910, Margaret Edna Jaffray, second daughter of Alexander and Mary Jaffray.

At 15 Hazelton avenue, Toronto, on Monday, August 1, 1910, Rev. George Young, D.D., in the 89th year of his age.

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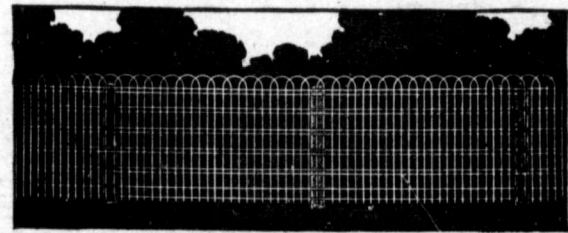
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## NOTE AND COMMENT

At the Women's Home Missionary Conference, held a week ago, in connection with the Northfield meetings, Rev. J. Munro Gibson, D.D., of London, England, was one of the principal speakers.

The trustees of the Stirling tract enterprise have appointed Mr. Thomas Taylor, who has been long associated with Drummond's Tract Depot, to be manager, in room of the late Rev. W. Agnew, who was editor and manager for some years.

The hierarchy of the Orthodox Church of Russia are bitterly opposing the services held in Moscow by the Baptists. The latter have taken advantage of the Czar's decree of religious liberty, and have even held a baptismal service.

In a discussion of the virtues of "open-mindedness" the Congregationalist utters this thought, which may afford some comfort to the conservatives, and should be a wholesome admonition to the progressives: "Neither ought we fail to remember, in opening our minds to the new, to refrain from shutting them against the old. The light of God shines into our hearts from the past as truly as out of the future."

The report of the British labour delegates who went to Germany, in May last, to inquire into the conditions under which the German working man lives and labours has been issued. It says that two things most impress the observant visitor to Germany—the high degree of organization and the high cost of living. It seemed to the visitors, that Germany, individually and collectively, is realising itself, and organizing itself, and that, "in short, it is brains and not tariffs that account for Germany's progress in the world."

The well-known meteorologist, Dr. H. R. Mill, considers that we are entering upon a cycle of wet years. "From 1872 to 1885," he says, "was a very wet period. During nine years of that period the rainfall was much above the average. After that the rule for a time seemed to be two dry seasons to one wet one. But that period appears to be passing away, and I think we have now entered upon a cycle of wet years once again." Dr. Mill does not agree with the theory that wireless telegraphy has anything to do with the rain.

The Shaker community of Union Village near Lebanon, O., has gone into the hands of a receiver. It was once one of the largest and most prosperous communities of the society, and the most flourishing west of the Alleghenies. It had at one time 500 members, with large farms, and did a large business in seeds and other agricultural products, and in goods of Shaker manufacture. Its membership has now dwindled to twenty-four men and women, the youngest of whom is seventy years old, and it has had no recruits for many years. It is the last of three Shaker villages that once flourished in Ohio. The parties who applied for receivership, members of the community, represented that it had 4,000 acres of land, valued at \$400,000, and \$200,000 of other property. But the people are physically unable to take care of it, and have no heirs. The receivership is to hold till the death of the last member, when the property is to be sold, and the proceeds turned over to the community at Mount Lebanon, N.Y., Of all the communistic societies that have been started in this country and have attracted much interest, the Amana community in Iowa is the only one that continues to be prosperous.

The Directors of the Grand Trunk Pacific have elected the Hon. Senator Dandurand one of their number. As is known, Mr. Alfred Brunet, represents the Government of the Board already. La Patrie rejoices sincerely in the nomination of Mr. Dandurand.

Our contemporary, The Congregationalist, of Boston, well says: Perhaps no one cause contributes to short-term pastorates more than the resentment of country ministers against the inadequacy of the salary and the harsh judgments of parishioners on the pastor who does not live within his means.

The Government of India, acting on the unanimous advice of local governments, are convinced that the continuance of the Act preventing seditious meetings is essential to preserve the peace. The notice announces that on August 5th, the introduction of a Bill in the Legislative Council will be made, renewing the Acts until March 31st, next.

The Rev. W. C. Johnston, after fourteen years of service at Eufelen, in Africa, as a Presbyterian missionary, describes a great success in connection with a revolution that has been accomplished in the method of doing the work, by abandoning the old "alms-giving" system and substituting the rule of pay. Self-help and self-respect have been stimulated. Attendance has grown, till the old church building, successively enlarged until it now seats fifteen hundred persons, is thronged to overflowing. The schools are crowded with pupils who pay for tuition, and the industrial schools are "an astonishing success." Two of their departments turned out \$2,400 worth of products last year.

The charms of Babu English bid fair to be eclipsed by the men who write the advertisements of the Swiss hotels. Travel and Exploration collects a few recent examples: "Artful executed Mauric dining saloon—sight tower with sea-and-Alpine panorama." "A game pere with numerous beasts in the utmost idillic small valley." "Carbonic acid baths, odoriferous baths and baths recommended by physicians." "Most ideal spring-and-autumn resort for those who seek recover and quietness. Unrivaled stand-quarter for the most charming excursions." "Rooms provided almost with balconies." "Moderst hotel in the place—directly lain at the port-railway station."

One of the worst enemies that the South African colonists have to combat is the brown locust of the Kalahari Desert, which periodically sends forth devouring swarms into the settled regions on the south. In March, 1909, enormous swarms of these destroyers invaded Cape Colony, overspreading an area of 125,000 square miles. The insects lay their eggs in the invaded regions during the winter, and the eggs are hatched during the next summer's rains. The South African Central Locust Bureau—the existence of such an organization shows the seriousness of the plague—gives warning that great energy will be required during the coming summer to destroy the insects. Nothing, it is thought, could be done to combat the locusts in their desert stronghold, and attention must be concentrated upon the destruction of the young locust as they hatch out.

When you judge the lawfulness or the unlawfulness of a pleasure, take this rule: Whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off your relish of spiritual things; whatever increases the authority of your body over your mind—that thing to you is sin.—Susanna Wesley to her son John.

## CONSTRUCTIVE CHRISTIANITY.

Jesus is the carpenter—the constructive force in human life and in society. The man who is on His side makes, builds, raises up. He tunnels through mountains of human misery when he cannot cast them into the depths of the sea. He flings across gulfs of dark despair bridges of eternal hope. He makes straight through the dreary desert of an uncivilized civilization a highway for the march of an emancipated people. The man who yields himself in simple loyalty to Christ and seeks to live in His spirit, is a medium of light, a source of health, a centre of knowledge, a saving energy, a redemptive force, a tendency making for righteousness and making for love. Each one who has come out of selfishness into service has become a saviour. He has crossed over from the side of things which spoil and lay waste and destroy. He is one with all good men everywhere, all good movements, all angels of heavens, all operations of God for saving men. I pray you join yourself to these forces this day. The first step is to say to yourself, "I belong to Christ." Say that to-day, this instant, now! Say it and mean it, and in this moment the destroying forces have lost one vigorous unit, and the energies of righteousness have received one powerful recruit. Register yourself. Put yourself on record as a follower of Christ. Stand up to be counted by eyes which see the invisible. Rise in your soul of souls and name the name of Christ. "Roaming in thought over the universe, I saw the little that is Good steadily hastening toward immortality, and the vast all that is called Evil I saw hastening to merge itself and become lost and dead." Brother, I call you from that death to this immortality. Choose well; your choice is brief, but eternal.—Charles F. Aked, in New York Christian Advocate.

## WHAT BROUGHT HER.

A useful and active member of a certain church told a younger woman in it, "One day, the story of her membership. "Years ago I was a maid in a house near that of your family," she said, "and I was very shy and afraid to come to church. I did not think anybody cared whether a servant went to church or not; but one day your mother spoke to me very kindly at the gate, and asked me to go with her to the prayer-meeting. I went, and every word seemed to be for me. I went several times, both to church and to prayer-meeting, and then your father spoke to me about my interest in the church, and asked me to join it. That is how I came to be a Christian—not by the work of any teacher or evangelist, but just because of two Christians who cared enough to help me to God."

"Two small acts of Christian brotherhood—how direct a work they did! Yet the busy woman who asked the housemaid at the gate to come to prayer meeting, and the busy man who spoke to her after church, probably thought they had little chance to do anything toward saving souls. They did what they could, along their daily way—that was all; but really that is all that is needed to produce true and immediate results. The busy church member who leaves all efforts to bring people to church, to the minister, is missing a daily opportunity and a daily blessing. "They cared enough to help me to God"—that is the secret of true ministry for Christ, and there is always time for it and place for it in every life. If every young Christian would but believe this, and practice it, the churches would be filled, and the minister would feel the power of a hundred helpers behind every sermon preached.—Forward.

A candle that won't shine in one room is very unlikely to shine in another.—J. Hudson Taylor.

SPECIAL  
ARTICLES

## Our Contributors

BOOK  
REVIEWSTHE MONEY SIDE OF THE  
MINISTRY.

(By Walter E. Weyl.)

I have preached to my congregation for twenty-six years. I have baptized all the children and married many who are now grandparents. I know them all—the good men and the good women, and the young people growing up to manhood and womanhood. I have preached thousands of sermons to these friends of mine; but I have never cared, or perhaps never dared, to speak to them about salaries.

And yet of late the thought has been much on my mind. To-day, when I am invited to talk to the great world of good people whom I do not know and who do not know me, I feel freer to speak openly about this money side of the ministry.

I am a Presbyterian minister. I live with four of my six children in a quickly growing middle western city, with a present population, I am told, of almost one hundred thousand. My married life was exceedingly happy. My children have been, and are, all that children could be. My congregation is friendly and kind—almost too kind. As I look back upon my past I realize that something like a shock that my only troubles have been money troubles, and these, although sometimes harassing, have been, as the poet says, "trifles light as air" compared to those of many better but poorer-paid men in the Christian ministry.

If my father were to return to life, and learn that I was a minister of the gospel, with twelve hundred dollars a year and a manse, he would think that my journey lay in easy paths. For one hundred and fifty years we McLeods (this is not my real name) have been Presbyterian ministers, and for one hundred and fifty years we have been poor. There have been thirty-seven pastors among us, and, man for man, we have not during all that time earned four dollars a week.

But my ancestors lived on the frontier. They could use a spade or a plow (or, for that matter, a rifle) as well as a Bible. They drew most of their salary from their gardens and farms. My father, a pious, learned man, saved during the Civil War in the Christian Commission, and spent thirty years in a poor, backward village in the Northwest. He never earned over three hundred dollars, and rarely received what he earned. We McLeods have always been a little proud of our poverty—when we have been conscious of it.

The frontier, however, has been reached; our villages are growing into cities; we are surrounded by new conditions and living has become an exceedingly complex thing. To-day you must pay for things in money instead of in labor as before. Even from the poorest among us things are demanded that in an earlier, simpler, and, I believe, better age would not have been expected.

Extravagance has grown. I remember how, a quarter of a century ago, the female portion of my congregation rapturously admired the plain black silk of my wife, when, after our honeymoon trip to New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, we returned to our manse. I remember how my dear wife, who to her last days loved in her heart all manner of trappings, trimmings and feminine finery, longed to wear her lavender silk. I expostulated that so much luxury would shock our congregation. Why, to-day there is hardly a woman in my congregation who would not turn up her nose at that old lavender silk. The finery of a generation ago is now a discarded shabbiness. The standards of the city and of the congregation have risen.

My salary in those early days was six hundred dollars. It was ample. The manse, of course, was free. It cost us only two hundred dollars for food, and we had a country girl as help, to whom we paid one dollar a week. Our clothing cost little, for we lived simply, and a coat or a best dress went further in those days. We always had a small surplus on hand with which to help out our more necessitous neighbors.

Then Esther came (she is my eldest), and after her Mary; and thence one every two years—my four nieces. Meanwhile my salary rose to nine hundred dollars, and later to twelve hundred. It was while earning twelve hundred—which I still earn—that I found it hardest to live.

Two may live cheaper than one, but eight cannot live cheaper than two. My wife was a good manager—no women are such wonderful managers as ministers' wives. A pastor who makes half as much as a steamfitter lives, thanks to his wife, twice as well. But expenses increased. We strove to live more plainly than our congregation, but, for the sake of our people, we were compelled to maintain some standard. The children could not run barefoot, and shoes and clothes cost money.

Then, of course, the children had to be educated. It is a tradition among the McLeods that no poverty can excuse ignorance. All my brothers went to college, and I myself worked my way under favoring chances through college and seminary. My oldest boy is now studying engineering and the three other boys will be prepared for some useful occupation—although none of them, unless their inclinations change, will go into the ministry.

I speak of these matters here merely for the purpose of showing one item of expense in a minister's family.

It would have been far easier had my salary been regularly paid. The congregation meant well, but somehow my stipend was always two or three months in arrears. The collector of the church was a busy man. He was a wholesale hardware merchant, who supplied retail stores all over the state. He had the reputation of discounting all bills, and of never being a minute late in any business transaction. But the church was not a business organization, and the minister was above—or below—the rules of business ethics. So, while the janitor was paid on the day, and the soprano received her check monthly, and the coal bill for the church was met promptly, the minister's salary waited.

I never received money without asking for it, and I never asked until I was in debt. I would rather dig sewers than ask for money.

One whole month my family lived on potatoes and cornmeal because Mr. Anderson, the church treasurer, was away on a trip to the Yosemite. I remember how, meeting the treasurer's wife on the street, I asked rather shamefacedly how Mr. Anderson was enjoying the West and when he expected to return. I must have blushed, for during the whole month I had thought of little else. Even while I worked out my sermons (I never write them) the thought kept constantly knocking at the gate of my mind, "How soon? How soon?"

That month I had more demands than ever before. My daughter Esther was stricken with pneumonia, the doctor came every day, and the druggist's bill rose to almost twenty dollars. My life-insurance premium fell due, and I had to borrow money to meet it. Then, a month before, I had foolishly determined to put a bathtub in the house, and that bill also had come in. There was no hurry about these bills, for no one presses a minister, but my

wife always had strict ideas about debts, and I felt uncomfortable.

At last, one bright morning, Mr. Anderson returned, and after waiting until late in the afternoon I went to his store (he has a large grocery establishment) and broached the subject of salary. He was all apologies. "It was entirely my fault this time," he admitted, "but usually you know it is the congregation—the people are always late in paying up their subscriptions." With that he handed me a cheque for the full arrears—it was for four hundred and ninety-seven dollars and sixteen cents.

It is said that love of money is the root of all evil, which I think is not a fair statement, for in proper hands money is the instrument of much good. For me, at least, it is not well to have an excess of money, for I am prone to give it away, not out of generosity, although my people think so, but rather from a weak inclination to what is often "the vanity of giving visible pleasure. I should not be fair if I did not admit that I have squandered more money through lack of a stern and measured sense of justice than would have been sufficient to meet all fair demands upon me.

Outside the bank, to which with secret elation I had just carried my unprecedented check, I met an old friend, Tom Blaine, the ragman. Blaine at this time was an unprepossessing and unkempt man of sixty. He had a grizzled beard, much stained with tobacco juice, small black eyes, and a scar across the bridge of his nose, which he received, he told me, by falling upon a stone step. His hand being crippled with rheumatism, he was forced to earn a scant livelihood by driving about the countryside collecting rags. But his horse—poor, broken-down beast—had just died, and now Blaine came to me for a loan of thirty dollars to buy another animal. "I will surely pay you back this time, sir," he assured me.

I reflected. I reviewed hastily the bills I had to pay and the necessity of saving a little money for a rainy day. The man deserved nothing. He was occasionally coarse-mouthed, and he neglected his ragged children; but then—that was because he was poor. Still, I had once given him my overcoat and he had pawned it. But then, he had honestly confessed it later. I believed that at bottom he was a good man, although a weak one. Perhaps this might be the turning point in his career.

"Very well, Blaine," I said; "for the last time." At the moment I felt generous, but, later, I realized that the mainspring of my action had been simply the money burning in my pocket. I had not had the moral courage to prefer the welfare of my own family to the satisfaction of Blaine's necessities. So, what with foolish gifts and bills and new delays by my congregation, I again fell in arrears, where I remained until a year ago, when my daughter Esther began to contribute monthly to the expenses of the family.

In handing me the check, Mr. Anderson, the treasurer, had said smilingly, "Your credit is always good at this store." Since that day we have lived largely on credit. My church usually owes me two to three hundred dollars, and I owe the grocer and the butcher and other tradesmen a like sum. We do not buy at the cash stores, although they are cheaper. We do not ask prices. We know that the tradesmen who sell goods to us, and who are also our people will charge justly and benevolently.

My daughter Esther, whom I love devotedly but with whom I rarely agree, condemns the whole system. Esther is twenty-three, with a mind of her own, with more cleverness than her father, and of a revolutionary attitude, which I think ill fits a minister's daughter. Nevertheless, I enjoy talking with her

more even than with Mary, who, since my wife's demise, has kept house for me and the boys.

Esther, to the deep distress of my congregation, went to business college at sixteen, left for Chicago when she was eighteen (where she lived at a settlement), became a stenographer in a railroad office and is now private secretary to the General Traffic Manager of a trunkline. She writes to me twice a week, and every vacation, which is one for aught a year, she spends with us. It is like the breath of a new, strange life to have Esther at home.

Well, as I said, Esther is not satisfied with my position. "It is not fair," she told me once, "for these people to treat you like a ward. They pay you too little, and too irregularly; they charge you too little at the stores, and they make you presents. It is just as though they thought you a begging friar."

She looked contemptuously at the new rug. It was an Axminster, a gift from some of my friends, who, believing that our old Ingrain carpet was not good enough for their minister, had taken this way of showing their preference. It was kindly meant.

"It seems to me rather a tasteful rug," I explained deprecatingly.

"That may be," said Esther, her lips coming together tightly, "but it's not your taste and not mine. They would not have given it to any lawyer or business man in town. I wish they had kept their old rug—or bestowed it on Doctor Sanborn."

The Reverend Doctor Sanborn is the pastor of a very poor church on the outskirts of our city. He is a hard-working and conscientious man, who, although he had had calls from other congregations, has steadfastly refused to leave his little church because he feels that the poor people, on account of their poverty, need him. He is forty years old, and has an ailing wife and five little children dependent upon his salary of seven hundred dollars a year, which, moreover, is somewhat irregularly paid. With so small a salary, Doctor Sanborn is dependent largely on the generosity of his people. The farmers bring him eggs, fresh vegetables and feed for his chickens and sometimes a bag of flour or berries for preserving. Now and then they hold a fair for him, and the proceeds of this, which are small, go to eke out his salary. Then every year he receives a donation box from the Home Mission Board containing old clothing, shoes and underwear for himself, wife and children. Doctor Sanborn is, I believe, a worthy Christian gentleman and a faithful pastor, but because of his poverty—this poverty willingly accepted as the price of service—there is felt toward him a certain disrespect by many of whom, I fear, Esther, with her strong, youthful desire for success, is one. However, I did not feel that a man like Doctor Sanborn required any defense from me.

"The rug is very distasteful" was all I could find in answer to this renewed attack.

"It is not right, dear Father," cried Esther, the color mounting to her cheeks. "Down there in Chicago, when I leave the office and get into the streets crowded with people I am my own master, but you, day or night, have not a minute you can call your own. You have your two Sunday sermons, and your Wednesday prayer-meeting, and your Sunday-school, and your Ministerial Alliances, and your innumerable pastoral visits, and your baptisms and weddings and funerals, and your free advice to everybody who wants to ask for it, and your whole life devoted to everybody and lived to please everybody."

"My dear Esther," I expostulated, "a pastor should be a public servant."

She swept on, hardly heeding my words.

"A public servant, yes; but not a private servant to the public. And they demanded all of Mother's time, and all of Mary's, and they were shocked because I wanted to earn my own living. That they meant SET SET HT, ESTHER instead of sharing the multitudinous salary they pay you. Oh, I know, Father, that they mean it in kindness, pester you with kindness, hedge you in with kindness; but they expect you to live not according to your ideals but according to their idea of how their minister should live.

Four years ago, when they gave you that big gold watch, they meant it for kindness, but, of course, you preferred the old silver one that mother gave you. Then the Christmas present of two hundred dollars—I suppose that was kindness too; but I should rather have pay for overtime. What they ought to do is to pay salaries, not make presents. I—a girl—get thirty dollars a week; your wage—I have figured it out—is twenty-three dollars."

I am afraid I winced. It is a little unusual to speak of the hire of the laborer in theological fields as wages—although, of course, that is exactly what it is, and a very fair and honorable word too.

"There are many pastors," I replied, "who get less."

"So much the worse," quoth Esther.

"Well, then," I said, feeling sure that her argument could not work both ways, "there are some who get more."

"There's Doctor Ellison."

"Yes," said Esther, "there's Doctor Ellison." And the argument ended, as arguments between us always ended, in her favor.

"After all," I said; in a somewhat embarrassed tone, "we no nothing against Doctor Ellison. His monograph is very learned—the monograph on the Development of the Hebrew Vowel Points in their Relation to the Literal and Verbal Inspiration of the Old Testament."

"Really, Father," concluded Esther, "I should not recognize a Hebrew vowel point if I met one on the street; and, as you say, we really know nothing against Doctor Ellison."

The allusion to Doctor Ellison had not been fortunate. For several reasons it had not been fortunate.

When Doctor Ellison first came to us six years ago, it was as a supply during my summer vacation. He was a studious, courteous, young man, very good looking, very well dressed, very facile in intercourse, with modest, pleasing manners; but, as some of the ministers at the Presbytery maintained, unduly ambitious. His first congregation was in a village twenty miles to the west of our city, and he used to come in every fortnight, ostensibly to talk over with me a study I was then contemplating on Christian Ethics and the Labor Problem, but really, as I later discovered with a shock, to see Esther. I would not have heard of any engagement at that age, still I did not look with disfavor upon so promising a young man. I was therefore surprised one day, when the subject cropped up awkwardly, without either Esther or myself intending that it should, to hear her say, with flushed cheeks: "I'm never going to marry any one, but I'd rather marry old Tom Blaine than Doctor Ellison."

Whether he had proposed or not I never knew. He never visited us again, and I afterward learned that he was a candidate for a better church. In a few months he secured a thousand-dollar appointment in a large western city, and announced the call to the old congregation, stating that under divine guidance he had decided to accept. Two years later he was again a candidate, and received as a charge a small fashionable church in a rich suburb. One of my conferees felt that Doctor Ellison had shown too little willingness to labor in the harder fields, but I have never been convinced that he did not make his choice with due regard to the needs of his new congregation and his special capacity for meeting those needs. Moreover, I learn that he has found favor with his people, and is now happily married to the daughter of a respected merchant. Clearly there is nothing against Doctor Ellison, and, yet, of course, his case is not typical, and I had been awkward to refer to him in arguing the question of ministers' salaries with Esther.

My conversation with Esther was on the last day of her annual visit, and after she left, and I had time to think the matter over, I recalled many arguments that I might just as well have used. As I took my long afternoon walk, after visiting some of the

ladies in their homes and a few gentlemen in their business offices, I began to realize—what, of course, I had always known—that the chief remuneration of the minister is not the dollars and cents of salary, regularly or irregularly paid, not the presents and donations and Axminster rugs and gold watches, but the friendship and love of his congregation, and the privilege—the privilege without value and without price—of serving his fellowmen in humble ways. God had not intended man to measure his labor by its monetary reward, but by its service to other men. My daughter's work as private secretary to the general traffic manager was to be gauged not as a thirty-dollar position but as an opportunity to aid inconspicuously in the noble task of the railroad, which is to minister to our comfort and happiness, to bring help to the overburdened, to unite the disinherited, to bear the fruit of soil and mine and factory to the hungry; the naked and the unsheltered all over the world. Esther had put it all on a low moral plane; men and women, ministers of the gospel and private secretaries to general traffic managers cannot live by bread alone.

I turned, almost surprised to find that I had been sermonizing to an absent Esther, and I hurried home to write to her exactly as I felt. I was on my seventh page when my daughter Mary informed me that a gentleman desired to speak to me.

He was a tall, aged, excessively pallid man, in a painfully neat but shabby clerical suit, in a white tie which had been laundered into a stiff and rigid skeleton of its former self, and in congress gaiters the elastics of which had lost their elasticity, and which now gaped so as to show a pair of frequently darned but clean white socks. He bowed to me with a certain exaggeration of old-time courtesy, and after discussing the weather, the city and foreign missions, he brought the conversation to bear on the preparation of sermons.

"I have here," he said, suddenly lapsing into the professional book-agent's intonation, "a selected volume of sermons, readily adaptable, that will save you the painful necessity of going to the bottom of your sermon barrel for new, or what is the same, old and forgotten sermons. I can offer you this valuable—"

"Doctor Williams!" I cried. "Have I not the honor of addressing my old pastor, the Reverend Dr. Micah Williams?"

It was he. After supper we sat up until one o'clock in the morning talking about old times and new changes in the ministry. He told me how his salary, which had been eleven hundred dollars a year, had never been increased; how he had surrendered his position owing to irreconcilable differences with his congregation ("the truth of the matter is, they were tired of me"); how he had sought one position after another only to find that he was too old; how he had been forced to depend for his daily bread upon his sister's husband, and how, finally, he had been compelled to take up this position as book-agent to try, as he put it, "upon the strength of my former position to palm off worthless books upon other poor pastors. It is humiliating," he concluded, "humiliating."

For three years the old man had been carrying his books—"predigested sermons" he called them—from village to village, and door to door, and the frequent incivilities he had encountered and his own distaste for the work had embittered him against our whole system. He told me of scores of ministers all over the country trying desperately to keep up positions, to educate their families, even barely to keep alive, upon beggarly pittance. He told me of pastors who dabble in real estate, and who do all manner of work, against which they rebel to eke out their insufficient incomes. One desperately poor minister embarked ignorantly upon a shady financial transaction and narrowly escaped going to jail. He told me of ministers without books, without newspapers, without money, without the food required to feed their families; of ministers who, through the meagerness of their salary or

(Continued on Page 13.)

SUNDAY  
SCHOOL

## The Quiet Hour

YOUNG  
PEOPLE

## DAVID'S LOVE FOR GOD'S HOUSE.

When one has David's faith in God one will have David's love for God's house. It was one of his chief delights. "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house and the place where Thine honor dwelleth." "Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto Thee, that he may dwell in Thy courts; we shall be satisfied with the goodness of Thy house, Thy holy temple." There was no place like the courts of the holy temple. Here his great loyal heart loved to be; here he came to meditate on the wondrous lovingkindness of God; here he learned that "the law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul; the testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple." Here he could sing: "O how love I Thy law, it is my meditation all the day." It was here that his soul poured itself forth in those sweet and imperishable Hebrew melodies which have been the solace of God's people in all generations. It was a love that never grew dim; even when his heart was overwhelmed and in perplexity, still could he sing: "Lead me to the rock that is higher than I."

But the "holy temple," as it was in Solomon's time, was not for him. The splendors of that magnificent structure he never saw. Yet he had made preparation for its erection. The spoils of war had been laid away, not to enrich his own life, but for the adornment of the house of his God. In all his forays, in all battles with his enemies, he did not forget the prospective temple. And when he came to his old age, and opportunity had not been given him to build the house of God, he called his brethren together and said to them: "Hear me, my brethren, and my people: as for me it was in my heart to build a house of rest for the ark of the covenant of Jehovah, and for the footstool of our God; and I had made ready for the building." Then he went on to tell them why he had not carried out this desire of his heart: "God said unto me, Thou shalt not build a house for my name, because thou art a man of war, and hast shed blood. And he said unto me, Solomon, thy son, he shall build my house and my courts." (1 Chron. 28: 2, 3, 6.)

How pathetic are these words! Yet what extensive preparation had he made for this dwelling place of Jehovah; silver and gold and brass and precious stones had all been laid away in anticipation of a day when he might be permitted to use them, or turn them over to his successor for this purpose. Said he, in recalling those days of gleaming, those years of saving, those times of storing away for the hope of his heart: "I have prepared with all my might for the house of my God." What a lesson that carries for you and me. "Prepared with all my might!" There was no sluggard, laggard soul there that needed to be awakened or quickened by appeals to his charity, to his love of Zion or to his loyalty as a leader in God's house. "With all my might!" Write it on your banners; hang it on your study walls; let it greet the eyes of the children in the Sabbath school, of the young men and women in the Young People's Society halls, and in the places where the fathers and mothers assemble. "With all my might!" Write it in your watch cases, you business men, that you may see it whenever you consult the time of day.

And how did this love manifest itself? This was no New Year's resolution, to be broken ere the dawn of a new calendar month. He put his resolution into effect. This is what he did: "I have prepared with all my might of the gold for the things of gold, and the silver for the things of silver, and the brass for the things of brass, and the wood for the things of wood." That was doing magnificently, but he looked farther. He had laid away "onyx stones and stones to be set, stones for in-

laid work, and of divers colors, and all manner of precious stones and marble stones in abundance." O what a treasury for the house of the Most High! What consideration for his home Church, and what love there was back of it all! He was a consecrated man, and he felt that without this there could be no growth in grace or progress in the work of God. It was, therefore, no idle inquiry that he addressed to those whom he had gathered around him: "Who, then, offereth willingly to consecrate himself (to fill his hand) this day unto Jehovah?" It is the one who "offereth himself" willingly to the Lord, whose hand is full. And a full heart will always be manifest in a full hand. Love of God lies back of a life devoted to God.—United Presbyterian.

## MY RESTING PLACE.

By George W. Bethune.

When time seems short, and death seems near,

And I am filled with grief and fear:  
And sins, an overflowing tide,  
Oppress my soul on every side:  
One thought shall still my refuge be,  
I know that Jesus died for me.

His name is Jesus, and He died,  
For guilty sinners, crucified:  
Content to die if He might win  
Their ransom from the guilt of sin.  
No sinner worse than I can be:  
Therefore, I know He died for me.

If grace were bought, I could not buy;  
If grace were coined, no wealth have I.  
By grace alone draw I my breath,  
Upheld from everlasting death.  
But since I know His grace is free,  
I know that Jesus died for me.

## THE DEPTH OF OUR HAPPINESS.

God made us to be happy. This spirit runs through the life of many of us who would not range ourselves with the hermit or the Puritan. We are always afraid of good things. If God places a cup in our hand, brimming with happiness, we put it to our lips with a trembling grasp, and dread lest we may be having too much happiness. We never expect to have a day of perfect pleasure; we think it would be too good to hope for; there will always be some freckle in the lily, some thorn in the rose, some cloud in the sky. When we take our joys, it is with foreboding. We tread the happy path with fear. Or, if we let ourselves go, and have one long, blessed day; if we let ourselves go into a friendship, and in some avocation, accomplishment or interest, we always fear that there will be a rebate; and that after some days or weeks have passed, God, who can trust not us with too much joy, will see to it that our life is plunged in gloom and sorrow to make an equivalent.

If there be a burst of sunshine, we go about the world, saying: "You may depend upon it, we shall have to pay for this." This spirit is perpetually casting a shadow over our happiest days. The mother takes the little child in a perfect ecstasy to her bosom, but as she looks upon its face, she says to herself: "I must not be too happy for such happiness as this cannot last." This is the way so many of us go through this life—afraid to drink the cups of joy which are ready in our hand.

There is another phase of this same experience—we shut ourselves up with our sorrow. And yet the darkest day that ever came had some alleviation; the saddest hour that ever struck, had something in it to make life possible; but too often we wrap the mantle of grief around our person, and, although the sky sends down a glint of smiling sunshine, although there

are wafts to us of some beautiful burst of music, which should lift us up on its wing, we shut ourselves up in our sorrow and say: "No, we are too down and dull to-day, to be able to entertain and accept joy." How often the good love of God, therefore, although all around our path, is sent away abashed, disappointed and thwarted.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

## I SHALL NOT WANT.

Green pastures! Green pastures in which God makes us to lie down! I have learned myself this year too foolishness of the sheep who will not lie down, but whom God has to make lie down.

A dear brother told me that God had to make me lie down this year. I told him I thought I could have heard God's voice without being shouted at quite so loud.

But he said, "Not so! God has been telling you to lie down these five years past, but you would not listen, so he had to shout."

Sheep herders will tell you very often that the reason they go in front of the great flocks of sheep we have in this western country is because the sheep feed too fast. The great thing is not to drive the sheep, but to hold them back; to keep on the same pasturage until it is time for new.

So God holds us back and makes us to lie down in the pastures of his refreshing. Refreshing and peace and rest—that is the type of God's mercies. There is always enough to go around and plenty left over. When a man puts a meter on his water pipe he is careful to only turn on a small stream of water, and to shut it off before dark. But when God makes a fountain he turns a Niagara over its great beetling cliffs and lets it pour for unnumbered centuries.

When the dear Lord fed the hungry people in the wilderness there was more left over than they had to start with. When Paul went to him asking to be relieved from his "thorn in the flesh," his answer was, "My grace is sufficient for thee." We eat of his manna by day and then we pillow our heads upon his tender mercies at night and waken to his renewed blessings in the morning.

That nation is poor and that man is poor who only raises enough corn and wheat for himself. And God himself would be poor, if, when I asked him for something, he only gave me just what I asked for. I never had a prayer answered that way in my life. He gives me more than I ask or can ever think of.

God's beautiful pastures are always green when everything is bare and brown. We have only to lift our faces and ask for our daily bread and, lo, all the world is his granary. And the bountiful God is bending over us, and all the fields of the world, and all the storehouses of heaven are emptied to feed his hungry children.—Dr. Robert J. Burdette.

"Salvation is the only real success. Men are called successful who succeed in a section or two. What if the air-tight compartments keep dry, when the bulkhead breaks and the ship sinks? What if a man wins a boat race, a horse race, a lottery prize, and cannot speak grammatically, and does not know one good book or one star, nor tune, nor one flower from another, nor ever had a real friend? Is that success?"—Maltbie D. Babcock.

"Before we could convert China," said Lord Cecil, "we had to convert their language, as there were no terms in which we could preach the love of God and the sacrifice of Christ. This in itself was one of the most marvelous literary achievements of the age."

## PRAYER.

O Lord, we beseech Thee to succour all Thy servants who, in any fashion, are seeking to do Thy will, and to fight against the evil and the misery of the world. We pray thee that Thou wouldst spread the name of Jesus Christ throughout the earth, that Thou wouldst give Thy servants whose office it is to witness for Him a deeper personal experience of the reality of the power of His grace, that they may lift up their voices and not be afraid, and say unto all whom they can reach, "Behold your God." We pray for the communions of Thy saints throughout the world, and beseech Thee that all good people may come to understand each other better, and to sympathise with each other more, and be drawn to Thyself, the Centre and the Source of unity, that Thy great purpose may be fulfilled, that there shall be one flock, however many folds, and one Shepherd. Amen.

## A COMMON SALVATION.

The Gospel river of life does not branch out into divers streams. There is not a broad sweep of water for the rich, the intellectual, and the cultivated, and a little scanty rannel where the poor may now and then come and get healed by the side of its precarious wave. There is no costly sanatorium beneath whose shade patrician leprosy may get by itself to be fashionably sprinkled and healed. Naaman, with all his retinue watching, must come and dip and plunge like common men in Jordan. There is no sort of salvation except the one ransom and deliverance that is purchased for rich and poor together by the sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ; and the poor beggar, his garments ragged from the havoc of a hundred storms, and his flesh bleeding from the ulcers of a hundred wounds, may dip eagerly into the same Bethesda, and emerge unscarred and comely as a child.—W. M. Punshon.

The soul that has felt the touch of the living Christ in the use of the means of grace, does not need to depend upon mere argument for the reality of religion and the divinity of Christ.

## TRUE GREATNESS.

By Professor James Stalker, D.D.

The closing portion of this lesson really belongs to another section of Jesus' life; for, at verse 29, He is caught up into the stream of pilgrims making for Jerusalem for the approaching festival. There are two harmonistic difficulties in this incident—the one, that Matthew introduces two blind men, whereas the other evangelists speak only of one; the other, that Luke speaks of the miracle as happening before Jesus entered Jericho, whereas the other evangelists make it appear that it took place as he left the town. Very likely Bartimeus was more prominent at the time than his neighbor, as well as more famous afterward; and this may account for the miracle being generally remembered simply as the cure of his blindness. As for the other difficulty, the suggestion has been made that at Jericho there may have been two towns, an old and a new—as is the case in places which will occur to every reader—and that the miracle took place after he left one of these and before he entered the other.

Line Upon Line.—The account here given of our Lord's communication to his disciples as to His own future ought to be carefully compared with the two similar ones at 16: 21 and 17: 22. It will be seen that he expanded the picture from time to time and filled in details. Here, for example, it becomes, for the first time, manifest that, while He is to die through the will of the Jews, His death is to take place through the co-operation of the Gentiles. Only Romans could inflict death in Palestine by means of crucifixion; and so there is a new light cast on what He had said long before about bearing the cross. He was evidently endeavoring to familiarize the minds of the disciples with the trials that awaited them. But this frequent return

to the theme betrays also how his own mind was exercised and engrossed with his approaching sufferings, the scope and consequences of which he was grasping in their full extent.

A Mother's Ambition.—It is of the utmost consequence to understand why the Twelve found it difficult or impossible to take in their Master's teaching on this subject. They believed Him to be the Messiah. Now, the Messiah was not to die, but to reign; and He was to reign forever. This was the conviction of every Jew at that time; and the disciples must have interpreted the deliberate and reiterated assurances to the contrary, which they heard from Jesus, as figures of speech, due to fits of depression. At all events their notions about the course of the Messiah's career were too old and deep-rooted to be transformed by anything short of the teaching of events. Nevertheless, it is with astonishment we gather from the petition of the mother of the sons of Zebedee how completely Messianic hopes of the crudest kind held possession of the circle about Jesus. She was Salome by name; and she was a sister of the Virgin Mary; so that her sons were near relatives of Jesus; and she could, therefore, believe that they had a title to the favors which she craved on their behalf. But the good woman's ideas were of the most frankly worldly description; the "worship" with which she approached Jesus was identical with that with which a petitioner always approaches the presence of royalty in the Old Testament; and she took it for granted that he would act from the same motives as ordinary kings in the choice of favorites. It would be a relief to be able to hope that the mother's ambitions were not shared by the sons, especially by the disciple whom Jesus loved; but another of the evangelists makes it plain that the sons took part in the conspiracy.

The Glory of Service.—The indignation excited in the rest of the Twelve, when the request of the mother of their colleagues came to their ears, was not unnatural; yet it is to be feared, they were only angry because an attempt had been made to snatch by underhand means, what they were coveting themselves with equally unspiritual desire. Jesus, accordingly, seized the opportunity of introducing into their minds one of the deepest laws of His kingdom—His own conception of kingship. This He illustrated by contrasting it with the pagan conception of royalty, which is identical with the conception of greatness in the mind of the natural man. To be king or to be great is to have multitudes at your beck and call, whom you can order about in any way you please. In Christ's kingdom, on the contrary, the very reverse is to be the rule: he who desires to be great must serve, and he who will be the greatest of all must be not only a servant but a slave. A king can by the utterance of a single word do more good than others may be able to do by the exertions of a lifetime; and, the higher any one is placed socially, the wider is his influence and the more potent his example. Now, to use such power not for self but for others, to do the greatest good to the greatest number—this is kingly. Slowly, very slowly, does the world learn this lesson; yet it was perfectly illustrated in one life; "for even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." Even he, however, had not yet given the greatest possible illustration of his own principle: this he was to do when he gave "his life a ransom for many." About this he was now incessantly thinking; and in these words he embodied his conception of his own death. No man can redeem his brother, and still less can any one redeem himself; but "the Son of man"—this brother and friend of all—was to pay the debt and set the captives free.—Aberdeen, Scotland.

To be satisfied with one's own efforts is reaching a culminating point, which bars farther progress. Man's business is not to re-make himself, but to make the absolute best of what God made.

## DUTY UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

By Robert E. Spear.

How may we know our duty? Tell a case of faithfulness to duty. Name some everyday duties, such as kindness, etc. One of the most wonderful things in the life of our Lord was His noble sense of duty. How large a part it played with Him is concealed from us by the fact that in our English Bible the word duty is not once applied to Christ, and is only once used by Christ, in the saying, "Even so ye also, when ye shall have done all the things that are commanded you, say, we are unprofitable servants; we have done that which it was our duty to do." Yet the absence of the term from our English Bible is no evidence of the fact from the life of Christ. We easily recall the times when our Lord himself said, "I must." And the word so translated is not a mere mood of the verb. With Christ it was a word which might be translated, as sometimes it is translated, "it behooves," or better still, "It is my duty." It was the word he used when, as a lad, his father and mother took him to task for lingering behind in the temple: "knew ye not that it was my duty to be in my Father's house?" It was the word he used on the threshold of his public ministry. "It is my duty to preach the good tidings of the Kingdom of God to other cities also: for therefore was I sent." John tells us that Jesus conceived it to be his duty to go up to Galilee by way of Samaria, and Jesus tells us that it was the duty of the Son of man to go up to Jerusalem and to suffer many things, and to die.

Noise and applause are unnecessary and distasteful to the spirit of duty. It loves to do its work against difficulties unobserved. Dr. Stoner, surgeon of the Public Health and Marine Hospital service in charge on Ellis Island, told recently of a typical case of many. "The danger accepted by the men who hazard life in the interest of science," said he, "calls out the highest manhood. That risk is to some extent run by the staff right here on Ellis Island in connection with the handling of these hordes of immigrants. Then, too, our men may be called upon at any moment to go to any part of the world to do epidemic duty, quarantine service or laboratory work in the study of fevers such as has recently been done in collaboration with Dr. Ricketts himself in Montana. On these assignments the physicians expose themselves directly to such diseases as yellow fever, typhus or typhoid, smallpox, plague and cholera. Demer is unheard of. Yet in all this work a man has need of a courage at least equaling that of the soldier. His courage must be even greater. I should say, for the soldier approaches danger to music and hurrahs that carry with them a good deal of stimulus. With the man of science it is otherwise."

All that we need to know about anything is, "Is it duty?" "If the voice of conscience tells us that He requires anything of us we have no right to measure its importance; on the other hand, whatever He would not have us do, however important we may think it, is as naught to us. How do you know what you may lose by neglecting this duty, which you think so trifling, or the blessing which its faithful performance may bring? Be sure that if you do your very best in that which is laid upon you daily, you will not be left without sufficient help when some weightier occasion arises. Give yourself to him, trust Him, fix your eyes upon Him, listen to His voice, and then go on bravely and cheerfully."

It is always possible to do our duty.

We can never do more than our duty.

We dare never do less than our duty.

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- Mon.—Patience in dark days (Exod. 5: 19-23; 6: 1).  
 Tues.—Duty rewarded (Josh. 14: 6-15).  
 Wed.—A trying situation (Acts 26: 19-29).  
 Thurs.—Duty in peril (2 Cor. 11: 23-33).  
 Fri.—No surrender (Acts 4: 13-23).  
 Sat.—Graces we need (Romans 5: 1-5).

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Japan is having her troubles in Formosa. She has really never been in full control of the island, but has now planned a comprehensive movement, and is building entrenched lines 400 miles long, with block-houses, flanking the Formosans. Mountain guns have been taken in, as well as machine guns, and have brought about the surrender of large bodies of natives. The fighting is mostly in thick forests and on mountain sides, 3,000 to 4,000 feet above sea level, and there are difficulties in the way of using artillery. The Japanese are mounting guns on high hills, from which the native strongholds can be bombarded.

The reports of the commission on carrying the gospel to all the non-Christian world, as presented to the Edinburgh Conference, told of the great advances being made by Mohammedanism in Africa, in China, in India and many of the islands of the Pacific Ocean. The Prophet is gaining more converts in Africa to-day, than Christianity. The Christian Church is advancing from the south, but Mohammedan followers are at work among the pagan tribes in the north. "Every Mohammedan trader, we are told, is a Moslem missionary. As they trade throughout Africa they tell of their faith. It is an advance on the religious beliefs of the pagan tribes, and they accept it with avidity. They would accept Christianity just as willingly if Christian missionaries were sent to them. After once becoming followers of the prophet, they offer a most difficult problem to the Christian missionary."

The following items of Scottish ecclesiastical news, we glean from the Belfast Witness:—

Of prospective ministerial changes intimated during the week, the most interesting are the nominations of the Rev. A. M. Maclean, B.D., of Peebles, for the First Charge of Paisley Abbey, and of the Rev. William Edie, B.D., of Greyfriars', Dumfries, for the parish of Inveresk. Mr. Maclean was ordained in 1889, and Mr. Edie, in 1893, and both are therefore, men of ripe experience. For the vacant Chair of Biblical Criticism, at Glasgow, the name of the Rev. Dr. Milligan, of Caputh, is mentioned. The death of one of the oldest ministers in Scotland is announced. Dr. David Ogilvy-Ramsay, of Closeburn, came of a ministerial stock, and was ordained so far back as 1855. He held two charges in Kiriemuir, before going south to the beautiful parish of Closeburn, where he did excellent service for a long period of years. He was in full charge of his parish to the last.

## Right-hearted and Right-handed.

"A wise man's heart is at his right hand, but a fool's heart at his left." That is because a wise man is never a mere dreamer. He dreams enough, but he either puts his dream away, or else he grasps it and make a reality of it. He builds his castle in the air, just as the fool does; but he works at the building seriously; and when it is perfected, he takes it as his "blue-print" and goes to work to duplicate it on the ground, to make his vision a concrete reality. The wise man dreams and builds; the fool keeps on dreaming.

The fool's heart is at his left hand. He does take hold of his life's plan sometimes, to perfect it or to realize it; but he takes hold with his left hand. He works unskillfully. Or, if he ever takes hold with his right hand, and so puts into life's greatest work a little of his best skill, still his heart is not in his work, and so it comes to nothing. His heart is at his left hand. All his real zeal is with the secondary things of life.

Because he keeps his heart at his left hand, occupied with comparatively trivial matters, the fool often makes a great success in little enterprises, such as the acquisition of wealth, fame, office or honor. Even in the church, his chances for promotion are good, for even the Church has a left side, and some spiritually left-handed people. The left-handed brigade of Benjamin were great at slinging stones. Some of their modern successors are skilled to make the worse appear the better reason. They can even deceive themselves. But, after all, it should not be difficult to decide what is worth while in life. The treasures that can neither be corrupted nor stolen can be plainly seen from any tower or crook in the path of life. Earth's darkest corner is not out of the reach of heaven's light. The wise choice and the consistent life are possible to every man.

## RAILROADS AND THEIR RELATION TO THE PUBLIC.

The man who knocks on the railroads belongs to the Lobsteria. As the railroads prosper we all prosper. When the shops shut down, orders for iron are cancelled, and the empties line the sidings, we are all up against it, and the bread-line forms.

Always in times of stress a vast number of people look to the Government for relief. But what shall we say of a Government which makes war on those who are now giving work to millions, and thereby assures us peace and prosperity. If the men in charge of our Government insist on being Business-Baiters, the hoarse roar of the mob, demanding work or bread, will again be heard, and women and children will be pushed defenceless into the storm. Business in this country gives work and wages to everyone who wants to work. Let business alone.

Ex-parte actions against the railroads should be forbidden by the Statute. Burglary, hold-ups, strong-arm tricks, rape, are all ex-parte proceedings. And what think you of the dignity of a President who resorts to an ex-parte action in order to gain a cheap and transient legal victory over a very important part of the people whom he has sworn to protect in their legal rights.

The Railroads have only one thing to sell and that is transportation, and the people of this country are willing and anxious to pay for the transportation all it is worth. We are not mendicants, and we ask for nothing at less than its value.

He who tries to incite class-hatred and makes it appear that there is war on between the railroads and the people, is a wicker-sham. The railroads thrive only as the people thrive, and every railroad manager knows it.—Elbert Hubbard.

Take your life day by day and hour by hour. Do not look too far ahead. If you are suffering, you have only to suffer that day. If you have an anxiety, God undertakes to see you through it, but only day by day. One of the great secrets of a happy, calm, and strong life is to pray day by day, and trust day by day.—Bishop of London.

## ABOUT PASTORS WANTING TO CHANGE.

On this subject our excellent contemporary, The Presbyterian Standard, well says:

"Many a time a minister of the Gospel gets restless and begins to hunt for a new field solely because he is not successful in doing things as he expected to do them. His efforts to effect this or that project for the progress of the work had proved fruitless. Discouraged in an hour of adjudged defeat, if we may so put it, he resolves to look out another field. In spite of the fact that his flock gives abundant evidence of attachment to him, and in many points of view there are ample grounds for a satisfied state of mind, yet he persists in efforts to make a change.

Is it not well to keep in mind that the defeats of pastors in doing this and that in their work are often real victories. There can be no failure in honest effort to do what it is the will of God to do in the progress of His Kingdom. And it should ever be in mind that we are called, sent, and directed as Ministers in the Church of Christ. We cannot leave a work nor go to a work if the Commandant resolves otherwise any more than Paul could turn aside this way, and then that, from the way on to Troas whither the Spirit was guiding him. When the day comes for a change of work, in that day there will be a voice to that end which he who has a will to obey will hear in ample clearness of tones.

## THE FAULTS OF OTHERS.

Charity does not require of us that we should not see the faults of others, but that we should avoid all needless and voluntary observing of them; and that we should not be blind to their good qualities, when we are so sharp-sighted to their bad ones.

What if others are weak, is that a reason for your no longer keeping any measure with them? You, that complain of their troubling you, do you give nobody any trouble? You that are so shocked at the faults you see, if all to whom you have been troublesome should return the trouble they have had with you, you would be oppressed with the weight. And, besides, even supposing that men had nothing to reproach you with, yet consider, farther, what obligations you lie under from God to show forbearance toward others for which you know you have such abundant occasion at his hands.

Has sleeping in church become less common, or is it one of the subjects which have become too threadbare for homilists or humorists to concern themselves with? One thing is sure—much less is now said about it than was the case formerly. The editor of the Western Christian Advocate has been delving among the files of that paper of years ago (1839) and finds a most serious and pointed discussion on "the prevalence, cause and cure of the habit of sleeping during divine worship," by a writer who signs himself "a reclaimed sleeper." The style of preaching may have something to do with the decline of the habit, if it has declined, or it may be the censors are winking at things which formerly they condemned.



## THE GATEWAY OF THE WEST.

The Belfast Witness has a correspondent, "The Man in the West," who writes about the capital of the prairie province in the following terms:—

Look at the map of Canada and you will see how fittingly Winnipeg is designated "the Gateway of the West." It is situated about 300 miles west of the extremity of the Great Lakes, at which point the structural features of the country change, and the lakes and forests of Western Ontario give place to the flat prairie which rolls in one unbroken stretch from this side of the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains—a distance of roughly about one thousand miles. This prairie land is where the settlers are pouring into, and the wheat raised on this vast extent of territory finds its outlet through Winnipeg to the markets of the world.

Again, the great railways which penetrate the West—the Canadian Pacific, the Canadian Northern, and the Grand Trunk—all converge on Winnipeg, and from "the Gateway City" send their lines out through the West like the spokes of a half wheel. Winnipeg is, therefore, both the outlet and the distributing point for a district of country as large as Russia, and which is every year increasing rapidly in prosperity and population, as the homeseekers from the Old World pass through the portals of "the Gateway City," and out to the prairie, to settle down upon their land and reap an abundant harvest from a virgin and fruitful soil. Hence the prosperity of Winnipeg.

The progress of this mushroom city has been phenomenal. Its history has a smack of the flavour of "The Arabian Nights." Just think of it. Thirty-five years ago Fort Garry (the old name of the city) was a Hudson's Bay post on the Red River, surrounded by a score or so of wooden shacks, and inhabited mainly by officers of the Hudson Bay Company, and a number of half-breeds—in all about two or three hundred souls. Now we find the splendidly-equipped modern and progressive city of Winnipeg, with a population of 150,000, occupying the site of the old Hudson's Bay outpost. In 1901 its population was 41,000, so that in 9 short years it has almost quadrupled. Where forty years ago the Hudson's Bay trader and the half-breed hunted the moose and the buffalo, in the year of grace one thousand nine hundred and nine the British Association for the advancement of science made their annual attempt to solve the problems of the universe, and the winds which a generation ago had listened to stories of bear hunts and perilous journeys by field and flood, drank in theories concerning matter, and all the fairy tales of science.

Winnipeg is as level as a billiard table. It has the appearance of a city which had been taken from its place of origin, and just set down on the prairie. Two rivers, the Red River and the Assiniboine, wind through it. Like all prairie rivers, they are turbid streams, and have muddy banks. The streets of the city are wide and imposing. Altogether, it is a well-planned city, the residential avenues are beautified by rows of trees, and the houses of the wealthy citizens are usually in excellent taste and design; in the business portion of the city, most of the buildings are of stone; the private residences are nearly all built of wood; Main street, which is about three miles long, is almost as wide from end to end as Sackville street in Dublin. The streets are lit by electricity, and there is an excellent electric car service.

The whole city has an air of prosperity, its population are well supplied with the good things of life, and are inclined to "eat, drink and be merry." Money is easily made, often too easily, and vulgar display sometimes reveals the man possessed of wealth and oblivious to its responsibilities. Winnipeg is destined to be the Chicago of Canada; American influence and enterprise are everywhere visible. Many of its chief business houses are simply branches of American firms, and most of its imports come from the States. American methods, and even American slang prevail; just as Montreal is French, and Toronto English, so Winnipeg is American

in tone and spirit.

The god of Winnipeg is Mammon, and never had any god more faithful worshippers. But to give the people their due, they are a tolerant people, generous and open-handed in their charity; the hospitals are well supported, and the people do display proper civic pride in the development and growth of their city. Literary societies are not much in evidence, but real estate agents are more plentiful; the three daily newspapers are a long way behind the average provincial newspaper at home, both in style and matter. One cannot help thinking that the ceaseless hunt for "the almighty dollar," with the almost certain hope of success, is hardly the existence most likely to develop the best side of human nature, and to lead one to the conclusion that the future of Canada lies not with the dwellers in this city of the plains, but with the sons and daughters of the pioneers who have passed through "the Gateway of the West" to the lonely prairie farms beyond.

Veritably a city of contrasts; there, cheek by jowl, on Main street, you will see the swarthy Italian from the sunny land of Italy, and the Russian peasant from his frozen steppes; there arm-in-arm, go by the fair-haired Scandinavian and the voluble Frenchman from Quebec; the German, the Chinaman, the Pole, are all to be found in that motley throng, rubbing shoulders with men of Anglo-Saxon breed. Read the signboards, and the names thereon tell a story of far-off lands; in the Kian street you will find Steinkopps, Gottis, Ostermans, Cherriers, Narvolanskyes, Koychuks, and a dozen other designations which come awkwardly to an English tongue; from every land of Europe they have come to find a home under the English flag, and in the main they make good citizens and loyal subjects.

Every branch of the Christian faith is probably represented in Winnipeg. The leading denominations are the Presbyterian and the Methodist. The English Church is also strong. Winnipeg has also its Icelandic and German Lutheran Churches, its Jewish synagogues, Roman Catholic chapels, Greek Catholic churches, and even a rendezvous for Christian Scientists and Faith Healers. The strong Scotch element in the population is responsible for the predominance of Presbyterianism.

To sum up, Winnipeg is the making of a great city—before fifty years have passed, it may be one of the greatest on the American continent. Commercial in spirit, cosmopolitan in character, with its present prevailing tendencies, future historians are more likely to class it with Babylon, rather than with Athens or Geneva.

## HOW THE BLIND READ AND WRITE.

Accompanying his annual letter in which he asks the readers of The Dominion Presbyterian to send him the names and post-office addresses of any boys or girls, known to them, whose eyesight is so defective that they cannot attend the Public schools with advantage, Principal Gardner, of the Ontario Institution for the Education of the Blind, at Brantford, sends us a card on which he has printed, without ink, the letters used by the blind in their reading. These letters are composed of raised dots or points, arranged in two horizontal rows, and the combinations of points that have been contrived to represent the various literary, numeral and musical characters are most ingenious. Point letters are much easier to read with the fingers than line letters, and blind children soon learn to read and write words, figures and music signs, the writing being done with a steel stylus and a brass frame which they call a slate. The School for the Blind is maintained by the Ontario Government as a part of our free school system, under the supervision of the Minister of Education, and the Principal will promptly answer any letter of inquiry concerning the school and its work.

## LANGUAGES USED IN CHURCHES.

The Census Bureau of the United States has recently given out some facts of interest concerning the different languages in use in church services in that country. In many respects this report is quite applicable to Canada. We quote as follows:

"The number of languages reported is 44, though two of them, Austrian and Scandinavian, are probably German and one of the three Scandinavian languages. The list includes aside from the well-known European languages, Arabic, Armenian, Chinese, Estonian, Gaelic, Modern Syriac, Lettish, Montenegrin, Wendish, and Yiddish.

"Scarcely less significant than the number of languages are the combinations as reported by local organizations. Some are natural, as Slavic and Servian, the former the language of the liturgy and the latter that of the address; or where they are cognate languages, as Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish. Such combinations, however, as German, Italian, Scandinavian, and English; 'Chinese, Greek, Magyar, Polish, Slavok and English,' or 'Armenian, Chinese, Hebrew, Italian and English,' illustrate very vividly the cosmopolitan character of the congregations.

"It appears from the report that German, aside from Austrian, is reported by 77 denominations; the American Indian languages, by 25; Norwegian, by 22; Swedish, by 21; Danish, by 19; French, by 15; and Italian, by 13. In respect to the number of organizations, German is reported by 13,934; Norwegian, by 2,849; Swedish, by 2,177; Hebrew, by 946; French, by 889; Spanish, by 732; Polish, by 570; and Indian (American), by 524. In respect to the membership of organizations using the various languages, German continues to lead with 3,601,943; the second place is held by French, with 1,160,420; the third by Italian, with 938,594; and the fourth by Polish, with 867,549. Other leading languages, with membership of the organizations using them, are Spanish, with 379,549; Norwegian, with 357,865; Swedish, with 266,603; Bohemian, with 201,791; Greek, with 114,495; and Slavic, with 113,852. The large figures shown for French are chiefly attributed to the large number of French Canadians in the country. In the case of the figures for all languages, it should be remembered that a greater or less proportion represents members who in their worship use English or a foreign language other than that specified."

The Belfast Witness makes mention of the visit of Rev. Dr. MacLaren, our Home Mission Secretary, to the north of Ireland, with the view of securing men for the mission fields in our west. He was announced to speak in two of the Belfast churches on the 31st. In his last visit to Scotland Dr. MacLaren was successful in securing a number of suitable men, and doubtless his present visit will result in his bringing to Canada several laborers for western mission stations.

An editorial note in one of our exchanges tells of a collection of hymns, published about a century ago, in which the familiar hymn by Thomas Shepherd, "Must Jesus bear the Cross alone," appears in a strangely altered form, which seems to have been the original. It is

"Must Simon bear the Cross alone  
And all the world go free!"

It is a new thought, and it is difficult to say whether the familiar version or the older one is the better. Each has its own peculiar heart-message—the one making us cross-bearers with Jesus for the world's sake; the other making us cross-bearers for Jesus' sake, seeking to bear a part of his burden in the world-saving, for his sake. Not to Simon alone—not to others alone, the burden of a Cross for Jesus' sake, but to us as well, and not only the burden but the honor! Still, the old form would sound strangely to-day, and most of us will prefer it as printed in our hymn-books.

STORIES  
POETRY

## The Inglenook

SKETCHES  
TRAVEL

## A GOOD ENDING.

"And so you have given up your trip?"  
"Yes, Aunt Maria, mother seemed so poorly, and needed me at home, and the money went for doctor's bills, so I gave it up, and I am glad I did, for mother's better already, and she goes soon to visit her sister in the country, and that will just make her all over new."

"Well, I am sure you are a sensible girl, and will not fail of your reward." And the thin, prim village gossip tied on her rusty black sunbonnet and took her leave after an hour's gossiping over the affairs of the neighborhood to the suffering listener in the inner room.

"Daughter," called a weak voice, after the widow had gone, "I hear Jane Ford is laid up again with that trouble in her hands, would you be too tired to take her a loaf of bread and a little pot of that sweet butter sister Anna brought me?"

"No, indeed. I'm aching for a walk, and I'd love to play Red Riding Hood. Perhaps I shall meet the wolf, who knows?" and gathering the things into a small basket, with a bunch of fragrant flowers, she set out with a gay good-bye to her mother, whom she had carefully bolstered up by the open window.

The errand done she decided to go home by the railroad, though she seldom did it so late in the evening. But the sun had not yet set, so she chose that way, being the nearest; and seeing others before her she was not afraid.

"Steady there, boys! Heave ho! altogether once more. There, that was well done. Now we can quit for the day. Gather up your tools and dinner pails and take the hand car. I'll come in on foot. I'm tired enough to want to stretch my limbs a bit." And Harry Folstrom raised his cap from off a damp forehead and let the breeze play with his moist, curly hair.

The sun was just saying good-bye to a lovely picture of restful meadows and fields, and to homes snuggled among vines and shading trees. The young man's gaze lingered over the scene, then stepped over the rail to start for his hotel. Just as his foot touched the soil it caved in and his heel slipped back under the rail in such a way as to double his foot under him, throwing him forward and striking the ground so hard that for a while he was stunned. But the pain of the doubled up foot aroused him and he tried again and again to extricate himself. But his foot was caught in such a way he could not, and with a groan of despair he remembered the evening express would soon be along. Would no one come to help him?

Eagerly he scanned the level track and his spirits rose as he saw a woman and a child coming. When they came within hailing distance he called in a voice full of pain: "Madam, would you be so kind as to help me out of this predicament?" But even as he spoke the lady gathered up her rustling embroideries and hurried by. "For God's sake, woman, help me," he cried out imploringly, lifting his begrimed face, on which were bloody streaks and bruises.

There was no response, only the child saying, "Poor man hurt; mamma, want help," and the answer, "Hush, Horace, he may be a drunken tramp for all we know."

The young man grew cold and his hopes went down to low ebb. Another pair loomed up in sight. Again he called, but the woman only looked coldly at him and stepped a little quicker, saying to the little girl who pleaded, "Let's see what's the matter with the poor fellow, mamma."

"No, Dorothy, papa told us not to talk to strangers, and he looks so rough," and she, too, passed by on the other side.

"Merciful heavens, are they going to leave me to die like a beast?" groaned young Folstrom, giving his foot another wrench, which only served to fix it tighter and caused a fainting sensation for a moment.

Opening his eyes he saw the slender figure of a young girl coming toward him with brisk, firm step. He waited till she was near then called out: "For love of mercy don't pass me by, but help me out of this. I've caught my foot so I'm fast and can't help myself. I am Harry Folstrom, from the hotel, and my father is president of this road. If you'll only help me, lady, you'll find I am all right," and his voice trembled with a choking sob, as he heard the shrill whistle of the oncoming train in the distance.

With quick instinct Dora Manning took in the situation at once. She, too, heard the train. "Have you a knife?" she asked. "In my left pocket, quick." With strong fingers the heavy shoe was cut, the earth dug away, a side twist given the foot, and the half fainting young man was dragged off the track as the evening train, five minutes late, shined full on them its glowing headlight.

"My God," whispered the young fellow, "how near I was," and he shuddered at the thought, while the pain of the released foot made the cold perspiration stand in great drops on his face.

Dora made him brace his shoulders against a pile of railroad ties while she went in search of water, then bathed his face gently and quietly.

Folstrom looked up gratefully, saying, "That feels like mother;" then, with a touch of grim humor: "You'll think I'm a fellow of little nerve, if I don't brace up soon. Just hand me that stick there, and let me lean a bit on you, and perhaps I can make it." But he found he could not even stand, the exertion was too much for him.

His breath came hard, in short gasps, as he said: "It's no use, I can't do it. See, there's a light just showing yonder; it must be Tim Mahoney's old hut. Go ask him to hitch up and come for me; tell him it's young Harry;" and hiding his pain-drawn face in his hands, he leaned heavily against the ties.

Dora sped quickly. Sure enough, the old Irishman was there, just in from his truck patch, and soon he had the "by," as he called Harry, in his strong arms lifted into the seat.

Dora wanted to walk, but the young man insisted on her getting into the low rattle trap of a truck cart with them, and it was quite an imposing spectacle they would have made had the lights been brighter. But Dora was glad indeed that they were so dim, and with a promise to call at the hotel on the morrow to see how he did, she slipped out into the shadowy side and hurried home.

Her anxious mother met her with, "Why, Dora, child, what kept you so late? I was beginning to worry."

"I met the wolf, mother," cried Dora, hysterically, laughing and almost crying, and dropping into her chair beside the bed, with head pillowed against her mother's knee, related her experience. Her mother listened intently, saying at the close: "I am proud of you daughter; it was a brave, courageous deed for you to do. We will just be careful now that no gossip is started up."

"Oh, mother, I couldn't bear to have it talked over; do you think he will tell?"

"I don't know, dear. I am feeling so much stronger and so tired of lying here, that with your help I'll slip over to the hotel, it is such a little ways, and ask him, for your sake, to keep it out of the papers; it will be a relief to both of us."

The mother, Mrs. Manning, went in alone. Young Harry readily promised; said he didn't enjoy being fussed over himself; all that the doctor knew was that he had sprained his foot coming from his work, and that old Tim told no tales.

Then with glistening eyes the young man told how brave and quick to act her daughter had been; his praises were enthusiastic, his thanks warm and sincere, and he added significantly, "My father will have something to say when he

comes."

Sure enough, in a few days a fine, business looking man stood in Mrs. Manning little parlor holding her hand closely in both his, and brokenly trying to tell her his thanks for the rescue of his son.

"He is our only boy," he said, "and I dare not think what might have happened to his invalid mother if it had turned out differently. As it is, she must know nothing of this; so I must leave him here a little longer, and if you will only be good to him and let him come to see you sometimes I shall be so thankful; the hotel life is very distasteful to him."

And then, skillfully and tactfully, he led Mrs. Manning on to tell of her own affairs; of Dora's giving up her school money, earned for the western trip, that she, the mother could have the benefit of a doctor's care; that her illness had been aggravated by the knowledge that the lease on their little home would expire in a few weeks and could not be renewed. This and more, to Mrs. Manning's after amazement, she told to her sympathetic listener, whose magnetic way made her forget she was talking to a stranger.

He arose at last, expressing regrets that her daughter was not home that he might thank her personally, and bade her good-bye as deferentially as though she were a princess.

The shy, short call of Dora's at the hotel was soon returned by young Harry, hobbling awkwardly on his new crutches. He made himself very much at home at the little cottage, and a very pleasant friendship sprang up. Harry read the latest books to Mrs. Manning, or pulled basting for her while Dora was busy with the housework, and sometimes he beat eggs for Dora and sampled her cake, which was quite to his taste. Occasionally there were carriage drives through the beautiful country, with picnic lunches, so the time passed much more pleasantly to young Harry than had he been relegated to the hotel alone.

For a wonder Aunt Maria, the village news monger, was quite busy in an adjoining county over a case of measles in her sister's family, so that the two young people had a very happy time during the convalescence without any special comment being made about them.

But the day came at last when the slowly healing sprain gave no longer any excuse for inactivity, and young Folstrom bade them a reluctant good-bye, leaving with Mrs. Manning a large envelope that his father had left for her. When the two were alone they opened it wonderingly and found a deed to their home, and a ticket for the long western trip that Dora had given up. "Only think, mother, sleeper, dining-car service and all; my, what a windfall!" And yet more, there was an amount of money placed in the bank to their account, and they were not to refuse the gift unless they wished to wound their friends.

Dora danced in glee around her mother, waving the letter. "Oh, mother, it's as good as Aladdin's lamp; it just seems as though some good Genii had visited us and dropped all sorts of jewels into our laps. Aren't you glad, mother deariest, seeing her mother sitting pale and quiet?" "Yes, daughter," with a sorrowful sigh, "I was thinking if only this could have come when father was here with us."

Dora's arms went around her mother, and her soft cheek pressed lovingly against the mother's in silent sympathy. The packing up was quickly over and mother and daughter went the same day; one by stage through familiar country scenes, the other by the long westbound train through scenes all so delightfully new and strange to Dora's untraveled eyes. She was having the time of her life; a little lonely at first, but she soon found friends among the passengers; a dear old couple going away out west to see their darter

Mary," and some teachers out on a sight-seeing tour like herself.

On the third day, going a little late to the dining-car, she was barely seated when a familiar voice said quietly, "Hello, little traveler, how goes it?" and there before her, with smiling face, was Harry Folstrum. She could not but show that she was glad, and the two had a lively time over their dinner, not noting how closely they were watched by a sinister looking man at a nearby table.

Young Harry made the rest of the trip pass very happily for Dora, and on reaching her journey's end, helped her find her relatives, and in the ensuing days of sight-seeing he made himself unobtrusively helpful to her.

"It was all like fairyland," Dora wrote home to her mother, and Harry Folstrum was just as nice as he could be to show her around."

Other letters were coming to the little cottage, also Aunt Maria received one in which was this paragraph: "You know that girl what was at your house the time you had the janders, an' she left so quick when I come in, would hardly give a feller a decent nod? You said she was poor an' proud, but she's on this train, an' you wouldn't think she was poor now, eatin' in the dining-car every time with a swell young gent hangin' round her an' hobnobbing with her, an' all the waiters a-jumpin' when he calls for somethin'. I'm just going' to keep my eyes on her, an' see how Miss Proudbody behaves away from her mammy. I'll tell you what I see," etc.

So all unconsciously Dora moved about with an evil eye watching her.

When Dora reached home it seemed to her that everybody was somehow shy of her; even the old station agent who she had familiarly called "Uncle Billy" for years, and who had always given her "peppinits" when a little tyke, could hardly take time to see to her checks.

And when she went to mid-week prayer meeting very few came up to greet her, or spoke cordially to her. Some spoke hurriedly and turned away as though there were something very urgent demanding their attention. The minister was new and looked at her through his gray glasses with studied coolness. She went home to her mother with a fearful dread tugging at her heart. What could it mean? All her beautiful, happy time seemed like a shadowy, golden dream, and with a dry, choking voice, she demanded to know what was the matter.

Her mother very sorrowfully told her what she had learned in the few days since her own return; how Aunt Maria had been busy as usual, this time circulating reports that brought a smirch on Dora's good name, because of circumstantial evidence of what her (Aunt Maria's) nephew had written that he "had seen with his own eyes."

"That was who it was," said Dora, speaking with scorn. "I noticed several times a man watching me, and I thought I had seen him before, but could not place him; a coarse, low-browed fellow, but he had had his face smooth shaven and I did not recognize him at all. The low-brow fellow. What shall I do, mother? Harry is coming next week. He said he wanted to talk with you," and a happy flush for an instant spread over the fair, angry face. "I can't bear to meet him under suspicion. What shall I do?"

"Nothing, daughter, only go in your usual way. God knows it all; He can make crooked things straight and deliver us from the scourge of Aunt Maria's tongue; we will trust Him. Old Betty up in the hills is pining for a sight of you. Her heart is as true as steel; you might go spend the morrow with her. We will just wait a bit, 'every lane has its turning,' and this will be straightened out somehow."

So next morning, bright and early, that she might not meet averted faces, Dora hurried to the hills, feeling like a shunned, hurt creature. But the beauty of the dewy morning, the grandeur of the sunrise over the hill tops and the peace and strength of the hills all came with quiet, soothing comfort to Dora, and stayed by her through the long day, as she listened to Scotch Betty's quaint utterances, ministered to her wants and read the usual "portion."

This afternoon the "portion was from an old book, written by one who doubtless had had experiences of his own, and as Dora read on down through the beautiful chapters and came to the words, "Every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgment thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord," her voice faltered and broke, and almost before she knew it she was telling all her miserable trouble to sympathetic old Betty, the touch of whose hand, as it rested on the bowed head at her side, and whose few, well chosen words were as oil on a troubled sea, and with a quieted, trusting heart Dora started homeward.

Meanwhile some things had been happening in town. Young Folstrum had found it convenient to come a little earlier than anticipated. Going through the town he met the young minister, whom he found, to his surprise, to be an old college classmate, and he was given a warm invitation to call at the parsonage. Finding Dora not at home and Mrs. Manning rather constrained, he decided to accept the invitation.

They were having a very congenial hour together when Harry incidentally spoke of being in the town for the purpose of calling on Mrs. Manning and Dora. The minister asked him how long he had known them, and, in a burst of confidence, Harry told him the whole story. The minister, Mr. Ralf, listened closely; then he, in turn, told Harry of the stories afloat and of how he had been warned that Dora was one to be let alone. Young Harry's eyes blazed as he asked passionately, with a fine touch of scorn: "And you believed this?"

Mr. Ralf humbly replied: "I was a stranger, what could I know or do? But I will tell you what I will do now. I am to address a young people's gathering at early twilight on some one of the social problems of the day, and I think," he added dryly, "I have found the theme that has so eluded me. I am ashamed for ever listening to worse than idle tales, and I will do my part to undo the cruel wrong."

In his earnest desire to remedy his part in the wrong, he went around and gave invitations to several whom he wished to be present, and even Aunt Maria felt quite flattered and promised to be there. The lecture room was well filled, and all seemed to be in a state of expectancy. After the opening, Mr. Ralf announced his subject, "Hidden Heroisms," and proceeded to tell of quiet lives lived here and there, by some who, in laying aside their own plans and ambitions, and in doing simple duty so as to gladden and help other lives, were as worthy of the name of heroes as many whose names came down to us in history, fragrant with patience, purity and courage. Then pausing a moment, he said, "I have just heard to-day of a brave young life that did a heroine's deed quietly, and though greatly rewarded for it made no noise of trumpet in her own praise; but because she was quiet about it she has had to bear the cold suspicion and distrust of those once her friends." And then he told them of how he had that day met an old college friend who told him how nearly he had lost his life but for the brave, quick thought and action of a young lady who rescued him, and had been given passage to and from the exposition by the young man's grateful father, a railroad president. "And this young lady," he said, looking over his audience, some of whom were beginning to squirm uneasily and cast stealthy glances toward the door, "is no other than our Miss Dora Manning, so well known to you. And I am sure if any of us have misunderstood, misjudged or cruelly slandered our young friend's good name we will do all in our power to make ample reparation. Let us sing, 'Blest be the tie that binds.'"

Aunt Maria pulled her gray shawl about her thin shoulders and quickly slipped out of the room, and several others, with shamed faces, followed her.

Coming down from old Betty's that eve, through the lingering sunset shadows, Dora saw the strong, manly figure of young Harry coming to meet her. Her heart fluttered and she wondered, "Had he heard? Did he know?"

He held her hand closely in both his and

said, with the love light in his eyes, "Dora, dear heart, I know it all; I won't say what I think, but it is all right between you and me, isn't it?"

And looking into the eager, loving face she could only say, "O Harry," and somehow she was gathered into his arms and her head found a refuge on his breast.

Two happy hearts met Mrs. Manning as she watched and waited for them at her gate, and Dora whispered as she kissed her mother: "I am glad you sent me to the hills; there was peace and strength there."

#### WHEN BABY'S LIFE IS MOST IN DANGER.

Summer is the season when the mother finds it most difficult to keep her little ones well. The complaints that afflict the babies during the hot summer months come on so quickly and so unexpectedly that often it is too late before the mother realizes that her baby is anything but well. In summer the mother should make a special effort to keep baby's bowels regular and his little stomach sweet and pure, for this is the secret of successfully warding off those dangerous summer complaints. The mother will find a great friend in Baby's Own Tablets during the hot weather. These Tablets regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach, and thus ward off or cure cholera infantum, diarrhoea, colic, vomiting, etc., Mrs. Wm. Sinclair, Bonaventure River, Que., writes: "I can highly recommend Baby's Own Tablets, as they have done my baby much good." Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail, at 25 cents a box, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

#### THE MILE AND THE BOY.

He toddled along by the meadow side,

As bright as a boy could be.

"I feel as if I could walk," he cried,

"All the way to the sea."

"The roaring sea?" said a laughing rill,

As over the stones it ran,

"Ah, no! Ah, no! It's a long way still—

Too far for so small a man."

He trotted along by the hedge-row fair,

Less bright than a boy can be.

"I think I could climb to the hilltop there

Up in the clouds," said he.

"The hill-top there?" cried the budding

May,

"That over the hedge-row far away,

"Ah, no! Ah, no! It's too far, say

For the feet of a tiny man."

He loitered behind at the river stile,

And sat on his mossy bar,

"I think," said he, "I could walk a mule;

But the sea is a bit too far.

And the hill looks steep; so perhaps to-day

It's hardly the place to roam."

And then (though he asked for "a little

way")

I carried the laddie home.

#### FRIENDS.

A writer says: "We should never let a friend go out of our lives if we can by any possibility help it. If slights are given, let them be overlooked. If misunderstandings arise, let them be quickly set right. Friendship is too rare and sacred a treasure lightly to be thrown away. And yet many people are not careful to retain friends. Some lose them through inattention, failing to maintain those little amenities, courtesies, and kindnesses which cost so little, and yet are hooks of steel to grapple and hold our friends. Some drop old friends for new ones. Some take offense easily at imagined slights, and ruthlessly cut the most sacred ties. Some become impatient of little faults, and discard even truest friends. Some are incapable of any deep or permanent affection, and fly from friendship to friendship, like birds from bough to bough, but make no rest for their hearts in any. There are a great many ways of losing friends. But when we have once taken them into our lives we should cherish them as rarest jewels.—"

CHURCH  
WORK

## Ministers and Churches

NEWS  
LETTERS

## WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. A. H. McGillivray, preached in Knox church, Regina, the two first Sabbaths of this month.

Rev. J. G. Inkster, of London, Ont., has been filling the pulpit of St. Paul's, Regina, during Mr. Laidlaw's absence.

Rev. Solomon Graeb, of Fern Avenue Church, Toronto, is spending a short vacation in Hespeler.

Rev. Dr. Johnson, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Hartford, Conn., is supplying the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, London, during the holidays.

The Rev. J. A. Wilson, B.A., of St. Andrew's Church, Hamilton, is spending his holidays in the Old Country.

At a large congregational meeting held last week a unanimous call was extended to Rev. Mr. Findlay Mathison, of Chatsworth, and the Knox Church, Embro, people are in hopes that Mr. Mathison will accept.

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," was the text on which Rev. Wm. Dunlop, the Scottish preacher, who was supplying the pulpit of old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, discoursed yesterday morning. The sermon was appreciated, and there were large congregations at both services.

A special meeting of the Presbytery of London was held in the First Church on Monday. The attendance was very small, nearly all the ministers being away on their holidays. Rev. Dr. Munro acted as moderator, and Rev. Dr. McCrae, clerk.

A call from Tilbury in the Presbytery of Chatham, to Rev. G. F. Atkinson, of Appin and North Ekfrid, was presented. The salary is \$1,000, with manse and a month's holidays. The call was accepted and Mr. Atkinson will leave Appin after Sept. 11.

Rev. George Weir, of Glencoe, was appointed moderator pro tem of Appin and North Ekfrid. Rev. P. E. Nickle represented the Presbytery of Chatham, in favor of the call, and Mr. R. Webster, of Appin, and Mr. Peter Ferguson, of Ekfrid, represented the congregations of Appin and North Ekfrid.

Rev. Neil McNeill, spoke in the highest terms of Mr. Atkinson's good work during his pastorate among them.

Rev. Walter Moffat, moderator of St. George's Church, London Junction, reported that both Rev. John Bailley and Rev. Alexander Crow had declined to consider calls offered them by St. George's Church.

It is rumored that the congregation will now give an unanimous call to Rev. John Lindsay, of Kintore. Mr. Gordon Thorpe, of Cook's Church, Caradoc, applied to be received as a student, and to be recommended for work in the home mission field. It was decided to refer his application to a committee of the Presbytery.

At Cook's Church, Toronto, a memorial service was held in memory of the late Rev. Dr. W. J. McCaughan, former minister of New St. Andrew's Church, who met a tragic death in Belfast, Ireland.

"A man and a preacher," was the manner in which Dr. McCaughan was characterized by the Rev. John Bamford in his sermon. At Mountpottinger Church, Belfast, where Mr. McCaughan was minister from 1883 to 1897, Mr. Bamford had had a long personal acquaintance with the dead clergyman.

After the sermon the Dead March in Saul was played on the organ, the large congregation standing, as a tribute of respect.

Rev. J. P. Falconer, of Rodnez, cousin of Dr. Falconer, president of Toronto University, preached in First Church, Chatham last Sunday. St. Andrew's and First congregational are holding union services this month.

Anniversary services in connection with St. Andrew's Church, Parry Sound, will be held on Sunday, the 14th inst. Rev. Principal Gandler, D.D., of Knox College, Toronto, will preach at both services.

Rev. N. Smith, Toronto, has been supplying the Bradford pulpit during the absence of the pastor, Rev. J. Burkholder.

The congregation of St. John's Church, Broadview Avenue, Toronto, tendered a reception to their pastor, Rev. J. McP. Scott, who had just returned from a trip to the Old Land, and presented him with an address, and an oil portrait, valued at \$300. Mr. Scott has been pastor of St. John's for over twenty years, ever since the church was a mission.

On Thursday last, the induction service of the Rev. Frank Davey, of Mono Mills, to the Cedarville Church was largely attended. The Rev. S. Young, of Clifford, Clerk of Presbytery, preached the sermon. Rev. John Little, of Holstein, took charge of the induction service, after which he heartily welcomed Mr. Davey, as pastor and member of Saugeen Presbytery. The Rev. Mr. Currie, of Bethel and Melville, addressed Mr. Davey, welcoming him to his new charge. The Rev. David Smith, of Conn, addressed the people, his address bearing on the loyalty and co-operation of the people to their new pastor. After the service was concluded by Rev. M. Young, supper was served in the basement by the ladies of the church.

Knox Church, Beaverton, was, on Friday, once more the scene of two most impressive and interesting ceremonies, the events being the ordination and induction of the Rev. F. A. Symington, into the united charges, Knox church, Beaverton, and Gablebridge.

The church was well filled with an interested audience many of whom were of other denominations. The Rev. T. M. Wesley, of Sunderland, who has been Moderator of the Session since the vacancy, presided.

The solemn function of ordination to the sacred ministry was conferred upon Mr. Symington in the presence of a number of members of the Presbytery, after which he was formally inducted into his first charge.

Rev. Ewan McDonald, of Leaskdale, and Zephyr, preached a most eloquent sermon, being followed by the Rev. A. C. Wishart, of Brussels, who addressed the pastor, and the Rev. Mr. H. H. Turner, of Kirkfield, addressed the people, both of whom delivered most impressive addresses.

At the close of the induction a reception was given to the new minister, in the basement of the church, which had been most tastefully decorated for the occasion. The ladies of the joint congregations surpassed themselves, not only in the excellence of the menu for which they are noted, but in the dainty tasteful manner of its serving.

The large assembly spent a most pleasant hour in social reunion.

At the close of the function, the Rev. T. M. Wesley was made the recipient of a well-filled envelope in recognition of his services to the congregation, as Moderator during the vacancy, by the Managers of the churches.

Among those present, were Rev. D. W. Best, Clerk of Presbytery; Rev. Mr. Steele, of Glenora; Revs. McKay and McKinnon, visitors at Ethel Park, with the Rev. Mr. Totten, of town.

Mr. Symington enters upon the duties of his new charge under the happiest auspices and preached his first sermon on Sabbath morning to a large and appreciative con-

gregation. In the evening, Mr. Wishart, of Brussels, a former pastor, preached to a large congregation, his old friends were very glad to hear him again.

## EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. R. J. Drysdale, of Rochester, N.Y., preached in Knox Church, Perth, on Sunday.

Rev. A. K. McLeod, of Brighton, filled the pulpit of St. Columba Church, Kirk Hill, on Sunday morning, and at Laggan in the evening.

The Rev. S. S. Burns, of Lakefield, is supplying the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, Haileybury, for the month of August, during the absence of the pastor, Rev. J. A. Donnell.

The congregation of St. Andrew's, Perth, united with the Asbury Methodists for the last two weeks, for worship in Asbury Church. Services were conducted by Rev. A. H. Scott.

Anniversary services were held at Dewar's Settlement, on Sunday. Rev. Mr. Hodges, pastor of Adamston Church, occupied the pulpit morning and evening. There was a large attendance.

Rev. Dr. Steele, an English missionary to China, and a professor in the college in Canton district, preached in St. Andrew's Church, Carleton Place, on Sunday. In the morning he spoke of his work among the Chinese.

During a terrific storm which passed over Iroquois, on Wednesday night, the Presbyterian manse was struck by lightning. The family, fortunately, escaped injury, although both Mr. and Mrs. McArthur distinctly felt the shock.

The new Presbyterian Church at Buckhorn mission, Peterboro Presbytery, was dedicated to the worship of God on the last Sabbath in July, by the Rev. S. S. Burns, B.A., Moderator of Peterboro Presbytery, and Convener of Home Missions. The church is a neat little building of brick, and will seat 150 people. All the furnishings, pulpit and chair, lamps and carpet, and 125 seating chairs, were gifts of friends interested in the work. The church was opened, practically without a debt hanging over it.

Much credit is due to the Student Missioner, Mr. Stewart, and the Board of Managers, for a place of worship in Buckhorn, which is a summer resort for many tourists.

At a meeting of Peterboro Presbytery held in St. Andrew's Church, a call from McVicar Memorial Church, Montreal, to Rev. J. G. Potter, B.A., of St. Andrew's Church, Peterborough, was presented. Rev. D. A. McKenzie, Centreville, acted as Moderator, and there were present Rev. Robert Paghe, Rev. Mr. McLennan, Norwood; Rev. Mr. Thompson, Hastings, ministers; and Mr. R. Lees and Robert Harrison, elders. The call was placed in the hands of Mr. Potter, who intimated with appropriate remarks his acceptance. Translation was granted to take effect after the second Sunday in September. Rev. Mr. Thompson was appointed interim moderator.

Rev. Robert Paghe, of St. Paul's Church, Peterborough, and Mr. John McClelland, a member of St. Andrew's Church, Peterborough, expressed the deep regret felt because of Rev. Mr. Potter's removal from Peterborough and his severing his connection with St. Andrew's.

Never to tire, never to grow old, to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening ear, to hope always, like God; to love always—this duty.

(Continued From Page 5.)

through the default of it, were in a perpetually dependent position; of ministers—men of character and integrity—obliged to cringe to the wealthier members of their congregations in order to retain their contributing membership.

"I have been looking into this subject," he said. "I have had time—plenty of time—to look into things. Here is an article that says that ministers do not average over six hundred dollars a year. Six hundred dollars—and you know the price of meat and eggs and milk and butter and vegetables and fruit and clothes, and the size of doctors' bills and dentists' bills.

"Here," he continued, fishing from the depths of his clerical coat the latest report of the Methodist Year Book—"Here are some actual figures. You can see for yourself that the average income of forty-five Methodist pastors is only eight hundred and sixty-four dollars, or about sixteen dollars and fifty cents a week. But even this average is too high, for it includes pastors who receive five and six and eight thousand dollars a year. Why, over half of all these men receive less than eight hundred dollars a year, and almost three thousand of them earn less than four hundred dollars—less than eight dollars a week."

"Less than eight dollars a week?"

"Yes," he replied, "less than eight, less than six; even less than four dollars a week. Here are some figures from the United States Census—you've got to believe them, you know." He read from a lead-pencil note on a smirched piece of paper the following:

"The average salary of all ministers of all denominations in the United States is, according to the census, twelve hundred and twenty-three dollars for cities of over three hundred thousand population in 1900; eleven hundred and ten dollars for cities of one hundred thousand to three hundred thousand; ten hundred and sixty-three dollars for cities from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand; nine hundred and seventy-two dollars for cities of twenty-five thousand to fifty thousand, and five hundred and seventy-three dollars for all other places."

He launched into details. He gave me figure after figure of the salaries of Baptists, Unitarians, Universalists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Hebrews, Christian Scientists, Roman Catholics, Congregationalists, waxing more excited as he spoke. It soon became unmeaning to me, for I can only remember one "statistic" at a time, and I soon forgot the number of dollars received by the average Baptist minister in Alabama and began to watch the face of my old pastor as it glowed under the excitement of his rapid, figure-laden speech. Suddenly I thought irrelevantly and wonderfully touching sermon I had heard him preach almost forty years before on the Ten Talents of Silver.

"Why is it, Doctor Williams?" I asked.

"I do not know," he answered. "One old minister, who had just given up his place because, as he claimed, he no longer had the spring styles in theology, said it was a lack of Christianity among Christians. Another minister told me that there were too many churches, that the Protestant church members, even if they all attended, could be seated in half the churches. I myself have often seen five churches of five different competitive denominations trying to survive in a little town that could barely support one; and I have known many ministers who believed in swarming and who established mission churches to save their congregations' carcasses.

"There was an educator in Baltimore," he went on, "not a churchgoer, and I fear, not a Christian, who told me that there were too many ministers and too poor ones. He said the systems of instruction were poor, that the free instruction and the fellowships brought in too many men; that it was too easy for a pastor to get a parish. He said we ought to set higher standards of education, of work and of pay; and when we could not give a salary that would bring out the best there is in a man and attract the best type of man in the community

we ought not to employ him at all. His proposal was: fewer pastors, better-trained pastors and better-paid pastors. I remember that he said, half jocularly, that he would favor a theological trust, with the elimination of superfluous plants, as he called them."

"Well," I said, "if a man can just live and bring up his children decently, and insure himself against old age and his family against his death, what else can he claim?"

"If," repeated Doctor Williams hotly, "if, if, if! If he can do all these things! But how can a man who earns less than enough to pay his bills take insurance? Do you realize how few of our ministers can afford three dollars a week for insurance premiums? Do you realize how many poor old ministers there are of sixty, seventy and eighty and more years, who actually are without bread—poor, old, worn-out men, half blind, lame, weak, with perhaps invalid wives—men with holes in their shoes and in their sleeves, with threadbare clothes, buttonless—men who have not five cents for carefare? The Boards of Ministerial Relief do what they can, but it is not enough; and it is always giving—not earning." He paused suddenly.

"Pardon me," he said. "I should not complain. It is time for me . . . to retire."

Before I went to bed that night I read over my seven-page letter to Esther. Then I tore it up.

From La Patrie, June 21st, 1910:

The French-Canadians now number two on the Directorate of the Grand Trunk Pacific—Mr. Alfred Brunet, who was named by the Government to represent it, at the time it was formed, and the Hon. Raoul Dandurand, who was chosen at the last meeting of the Directors.

The nomination of Mr. Dandurand is welcomed with much pleasure in railway circles, where his talents and ability will be valuable in the direction of our National Transcontinental line. We are now represented in the two great Canadian Railways as we already have Hon. Senator Forget on the Directorate of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

Inverness congregation in the Presbytery of Quebec is looking for a pastor. This congregation has a splendid history with a fine succession of ministers. Those desiring supply are requested to communicate with the Rev. H. Carmichael, Richmond, Que.

The Presbytery of Kingston met on Tuesday, the 2nd inst., at Picton, and ordained Rev. J. A. Shaver, M. A. B.D., a late graduate of Queen's, and inducted him into the pastoral charge of St. Andrew's church there. Rev. Mr. Glover preached, Mr. Wilkins addressed the pastor and Mr. Nichol the congregation.

#### OTTAWA.

Rev. D. L. Gordon, B.A., of Russell, preached in Erskine Church, on the 7th instant.

Rev. Robert Eadie and family, of Hintonburg, have been spending a few weeks at Norway Bay.

Rev. James Little, B.A., of St. Paul's Church, occupied his own pulpit on Sunday, after an enjoyable holiday of five weeks.

A lawn social was held under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church, at the manse at City View, on the 2nd instant. It was largely attended, and a success in every way. Rev. Mr. Urquhart is meeting with a large measure of success in his work at Merivale.

Reverend A. E. Mitchell, M.A., of Knox Church, Hamilton, formerly of Erskine church, Ottawa, preached in Bank Street Church, at both services, on the 7th inst., giving eloquent and practical sermons, with his old-time vigor. Many of his former parishioners were present at both services. Mr. Mitchell is accompanied by his wife, and their friends in the Capital

are glad to welcome them back. Mr. Mitchell preaches next Sabbath in St. John's Church, Almonte, one of his former charges.

The growing man will have an open heart, and an expectant mind.

Refrain from words of censure or harsh criticism prompted by mere irritability, if you would have needed reproofs, now and then, prove effective.

#### FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Florence Nightingale, the famous nurse of the Crimean War, and the only woman who ever received the Order of Merit, died Saturday afternoon, at her London home. Although she had been an invalid for a long time, rarely leaving her room, where she passed the time in a half-recumbent position, and was under the constant care of a physician, her death was somewhat unexpected. A week ago she was quite sick, but then improved, and on Friday was cheerful. During that night alarming symptoms developed, and she gradually sank, until two o'clock, Saturday afternoon, when an attack of heart failure brought her end.

Her funeral will be as quiet as possible, in accordance with her wishes, made during recent years. Owing to her feebleness and advanced age, Miss Nightingale had received but few visitors. On May 12 last she celebrated her 90th birthday, and was the recipient of a congratulatory message from King George.

Miss Florence Nightingale, whose name was rendered illustrious by her philanthropic efforts to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded soldiers during the Crimean War, was the daughter of William E. Nightingale, of Embley Park, Hampshire, and was born at Florence, Italy, May 15, 1820. It was not long before her philanthropic instincts exercised among the poorer neighbors of her English home, led her to the systematic study of the ameliorative treatment of physical and moral distress. Not satisfied with studying the working of English schools, hospitals and reformatory institutions, she examined similar institutions, abroad in the same spirit, and in 1851 spent some months in an institution of Protestant Sisters, at Kaisersworth, on the Rhine. Before long, an opportunity presented itself for applying the practical lessons she had learned, for having heard that the Governesses' Sanitarium languished for the want of supervision and support, she generously devoted both her personal energies and private means to restoration and thorough organization.

This work had scarcely been accomplished when, before Miss Nightingale had time to recover her overtaxed strength new demands were made upon her spirit of self-sacrifice. The inefficiency and mismanagement of the English military hospitals in the Crimea led to an outburst of public feeling at home. Various plans of help were suggested, the most popular of which was the sending forth a select band of women. At the request of Lord Herbert, Secretary of War, Miss Nightingale undertook the organization and conduct of this body.

By instituting order where confusion had before reigned, and by affording care and consolation, Miss Nightingale alleviated the sufferings of all, saved the lives of many and earned the blessings of the sick and wounded, as well as the gratitude of her country. A testimonial fund, amounting to \$250,000, subscribed by the public in recognition of her noble services, was, at her special request, devoted to the formation of an institution for the training of nurses, which later became the Nightingale Home.

For the past 40 years or so the heroine of the Crimea lived in quiet retirement in her house, near Park Lane, London. For the past 12 or 15 years she had not been able to leave the house. But, though confined at home by constant ill-health, she continued ceaselessly at work for the welfare of humanity, giving her attention to all matters affecting the public health, education and social benefit.

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

**Rice and Cheese.**—One teacupful of rice to four cupfuls of hot water. Boil rapidly for twenty minutes. On bottom of buttered baking dish, put layer of bread crumbs, then a thick layer of rice and grated cheese, another of cheese. Finish with bread crumbs on top. Pour over all a cold mixture of one egg, one cupful of milk, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one tablespoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of dry mustard. Bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. This is delicious as a luncheon dish, or as a substitute for potatoes with meat.

**Cheese Balls.**—Beat the whites of two eggs stiff. Have ready one-half cupful of finely grated cheese. Mix cheese and beaten eggs quickly, mold into balls with floured hands, and fry in hot fat. Serve while hot.

In serving a poached egg to an invalid, trim the ragged edges of the white with a biscuit cutter.

Lemon juice improves the flavor of scrambled eggs, if a few drops are added while they are cooking.

Planked sirloin steak, baked like fish on a hardwood board, is a delightful change from broiled or smothered steak.

For successful sponge cake, the flour should be sifted four times before measured, the sugar twice and the tins should be lined with greased paper.

Southern cooks never wash waffle irons, cleaning them with coarse salt and plenty of clean brown paper and putting them away in a fresh paper bag.

A fad of the hour is to serve, with the salad, little rounds of piecrust rolled very thin, fried in hot fat and sprinkled with granulated sugar.

Delicious eggballs to serve with soup are made from the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs mashed with an equal amount of boiled potatoes, well-seasoned and bound together with the raw yolk of an egg. Roll in flour, making them the size of cherries, and drop (in the skimmer) for a minute, into boiling water, then serve in the soup.

The Chicago Department of Health gives this recipe for killing flies. Put two teaspoonfuls of ordinary formaldehyde in a pint of water, and place where flies mostly congregate.

We have found this to be the greatest fly destroyer we have yet seen," said an official of the Health Department.

A lady has found a sure cure for broken dishes. If the dish to be mended can be tied with a stout string, then place it in boiling milk and left one hour, you can never tell the dish had been broken, and it can afterwards be put in boiling water without the pieces coming apart. This experiment has been tried and proven, and many are the broken dishes which were thought to be useless, which are now as good as new.

☞ Linen that is badly scorched may be improved thus: Boil well half a pint of vinegar, half an ounce of soap, two ounces of fullers' earth and the juice of a few onions. Spread this over the linen wherever it is scorched; and leave it to dry, when dry wash the garment, and the scorch will have disappeared.

Bread that has been toasted until it has become brown has had the starch in it largely converted into dextrine, and hence, so far as the brown portion is concerned, one of the processes of digestion is gone through before the bread is taken to the stomach. It will be found that the thinner the slices of bread, and the more thoroughly they are toasted, the easier digestion will be.

Thin sugar cookies, if flavored with bitter almond make a good substitute for macaroons.

After using fat for deep frying, turn it into a bowl of hot water, stir well and set aside to cool. When cold, the clarified fat can be removed in a cake from the top of the water.

## SPARKLES.

"Oh, mamma, I'm to travel with Edgar in Egypt—the lands of the pyramids and hieroglyphics!"

"Well, dear, remember I can't have you bringing any of those things home with you."

"There's a proverb that fits every man."

"What one fits me?"

"To whom God gives office, He also gives brains."

"But I have no office."

"Well, don't you see how it fits?"

"Last Sunday," says the Philosopher of Folly, "our pastor preached what I call a well-timed sermon. I saw six men holding their watches on him."

"Do editors ever do wrong?" "No."  
"What do they do?" "They do write."

A Sunday-school boy, upon being asked what made the Tower of Pisa lean, replied: "Because of the famine in the land."

The Minister—"Then you don't think I practice what I preach."

The Deacon—"No, sir, I don't. You've been preachin' on the subject o' resignation fur twa years, an' ye hivna resigned yit."

"What were you and Mr. Smith talking about in the parlor?" demanded Miss Blushe's mother.

"Oh, we were discussing our kith and kin," replied the young lady.

"Yeth, you wath," interposed her little sister. "Mr. Tamith asked you for a kith, and you thaid 'You kin.'"

Some children were telling their father what they got at school. The eldest got reading, spelling and definitions. "And what do you get, my little man?" said the father to a rosy-cheeked little fellow.

"Oh, I dets readin', spellin' and spankin'."

Husband—"Excuse me, dear, but don't you cook much more for dinner than we can use?"

Wife—"Of course! If I didn't, how could I economize by utilizing left-over dishes?"

First Young Doctor—"When will you be able to get married?"

Second Young Doctor—"I'm waiting now for only three operations more."

Little Mary went into the country on a visit to her grandmother. Walking in the garden she chanced to spy a peacock, a bird she had never seen. She ran quickly into the house and cried out:

"Oh, grandma, come out and see. There's an old chicken in full bloom."

"I suppose you know all about the dangerous places in this channel?"

"Nope," replied the pilot.

"You don't!" exclaimed the president. "Then why are you in charge of that wheel?"

"Because I know where the bad places ain't."

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These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers, or may be had by mail, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. William's Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A Christian is to love all men, even the worst of heathens and of unbelievers, his own enemies and the enemies of God; whoever they are, he is to wish them well and pray for them always, and when they come in his way to do them as much good as he can. But towards those who are Christians like himself he owes something more than this, he must love them with some-what of that partial kindness which all men naturally feel towards their brethren and near relations. He must not wait till the opportunity of doing good to them presents itself, but must go out of his way to find it, must make it one of the chief businesses and employments of his life to advance their interests in always; especially that interest which the great Father of the family he knows has most at heart—the holiness and salvation of their immortal souls.—Keble.

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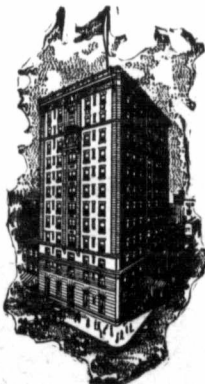
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**SEALED TENDERS** addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received until 4.00 p.m., on Tuesday, August 16, 1910, for the supply of Coal for the Public Buildings throughout the Dominion.

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

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

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

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

By order,

R. C. DESROCHERS,

Asst. Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
 Ottawa, July 5, 1910.

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

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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	3.55 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.

Trains arrive at Central Station 11.00 a.m. and 8.35 p.m. Mixed train from Ann and Nicholas St., daily except Sunday. Leaves 6.00 a.m., arrives 1.05 p.m.

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day, August 3, 1910, for the work  
mentioned.

Tenders will not be considered  
unless made upon and in accord-  
ance with conditions contained in  
forms furnished by Department.

Plans and specifications to be  
seen at the Department of Public  
Works, Ottawa.

Each tender must be accompa-  
nied by an accepted cheque on a  
chartered bank, payable to the  
order of the Honorable the Minister  
of Public Works, equal to ten per  
cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of  
the tender.

By order,

R. C. DESROCHERS,  
Asst. Secretary,  
Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, July 15, 1910.