

'THEN COMETH THE END'

Are We Being Watched Over and Guarded From the Unseen World.

In the last two chapters of Revelation we are assured that the material world will, when the time is ripe, be absorbed and transformed by the spiritual. The primitive Christian expected this consummation too soon, but they were always thinking about it, and believed that the dead were also waiting for it in a state of probation, or a sleep, as St. Paul calls it, and that all the redeemed would enter upon it together.

Surely they are right. Humanity is progressing towards some great end, an end higher than the perfecting of separate individualities. One generation goes on where another leaves off, and unfolds the divine ideas a little more fully. Some day, we may hope, this idea will be realized in a human society as nearly perfect as the limitations of earth permit. We may reasonably hold that those generations which have passed on have not stood still either, and are still concerned with the work of evolving humanity, a mighty Whole, one with and in the glorified Christ.

"Then cometh the end." All illusions, all sense of separateness, will disappear; the material will make way for the spiritual, the phenomenal for the real, and the universe of universes, visible and invisible, attain to perfect consciousness in the eternal life of God. This is the New Testament view of the matter seen in the large perspective of our present day knowledge of the vastness of

THE UNIVERSAL ORDER.

When we come to the question of the survival of individual consciousness after death we can say no more than that the evidence which would satisfy the ordinary religious mind might fail with the unformed by the religious temperament. Nevertheless the lack may be in the latter rather than the former: The plane of spiritual experience is real and is felt by most to be higher than the purely intellectual, and it is in the plane of spiritual experience that certitude regarding the immortality of the soul has hitherto generally been attained.

Evidence that would carry conviction by the methods acceptable to the scientific mind would, of course, have to be on the lower plane. I quite admit that such evidence might be of great value as a reinforcement to spirituality, but it could never be a substitute for it, or take precedence of it. Still I think it not improbable that scientific psychic investigation will before long manage to prove to the satisfaction of the average man the existence of discarnate consciousness. If so, I shall rejoice, because I believe the general effect of such a demonstration would be good. But even so, I would rather rely on the instinctive perceptions of the highest order of

SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE.

The other day a miner wrote to tell me that from time to time when he had been in special need of guidance in some particular subject he has found that subject preached upon from the City Temple pulpit. So often has he had his need met in the discussion of questions from the City Temple pulpit which he had neither time nor opportunity to think out for himself that he believes the result must be due to something more than mere coincidence, and I have no doubt he is quite right.

His theory of the matter is that minds spiritually in rapport may influence each other even unconsciously, like the separate receiving stations of Marconi's wireless telegraph apparatus.

Quite true, but there is more in it even than that: there is the mind behind all, and the divine love that vibrates between soul and soul in response to the call of human need, like the ether that carries the electric force from point to point in the visible universe. I see from the list of injured in connection with the terrible mining disaster of a few days ago that there is a possibility that my interesting correspondent has been killed. If so, perhaps he knows more now of the ways of God with men than I could ever tell him.

DEATH IS NO CALAMITY

to those whom it calls higher, but only to those who mourn their loss. And even that would be turned into joy if we could but know how things really are in the great beyond.

I have received a crop of testi-

monials illustrative of the operation of the same kind of force. One is from a poor cripple. This fact throws the sufferer back upon prayer. Often the prayer has been like that of the Durham miner, with much the same result.

I have been finding out increasingly of late that the City Temple has an invisible congregation, a congregation that never enters its walls and has never looked upon our faces; but which, like the cripple I have mentioned, counts itself as belonging to us and joining in our prayers. It is a helpful fact, and if my voice could reach to all these scattered sympathizers I would like to tell them that we know it and that the spiritual communion is a fact independent of place and circumstance. If we help them it is equally true that they help us.

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL.

INDIGESTION CURED EVIDENCE IN PLENTY

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Every case of indigestion, no matter how bad, can be cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Not only cured, but cured for good. That's a sweeping statement and you are quite right in demanding evidence to back it. And it is backed by evidence in plenty—living evidence among your own neighbors, no matter in what part of Canada you live. Ask your neighbors and they will tell you of people in your own district who have been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of dizziness, palpitation, sour stomach, sick headaches, and the internal pains of indigestion. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure because they strike straight at the root of all stomach troubles. They make new, rich, red blood and new blood is just what the stomach needs to set it right and give it strength for its work. Mrs. Geo. E. Whitenect, Hatfield Point, N. B., says: "I am glad to have an opportunity to speak in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, for they deserve all the praise that can be given them. I was a great sufferer from indigestion, which was often accompanied by nausea, sick headache and backache. As a result my complexion was very bad and I had black rings under the eyes. I took a great deal of doctor's medicine, but it never did more than give me the most temporary relief. About a year ago I was advised to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. Before I had taken a couple of boxes I found relief, and by the time I had used a half dozen boxes I found myself feeling like a new woman, with a good appetite, good digestion, and a clear complexion. I can strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for this trouble and advise similar sufferers to lose no time in taking them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all the troubles which have their origin in bad blood. That is why they cure anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, eczema, St. Vitus dance, partial paralysis, and the many ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PACKING WITH FERNS.

It has recently been discovered that the leaves of the fern plant, which grows almost anywhere, is an excellent preservative for packing articles of food, fruit and even meat. It is said that on the Isle of Man fresh herrings are packed in ferns and arrive on the market in as fresh a condition as when they were shipped. A number of experiments have been demonstrated that potatoes packed in ferns keep many months longer than those packed in straw. In fact potatoes packed in fern leaves are as fresh in the springtime as when they were first dug in the fall.

Wife: "John, there must be a lot of iron in your system." Husband: "Why do you think so?" Wife: "Because you invariably lose your temper when you get hot."

The Home

DELICIOUS CAKES.

Boiled Icing.—Put one cupful of granulated sugar into a granite sauce pan, add a pinch of cream of tartar and one-half cupful of boiling water. Cook without stirring until it threads, then stir the sirup into the beaten whites of two eggs. Beat until it is thick enough to spread without running. Use any flavoring.

Hoosier Chocolate Cake.—Two cupfuls of brown sugar, two eggs, one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of sour cream (or milk), one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in milk, one-half cupful of grated chocolate (bitter), dissolved in one-half cupful boiling water, three cupfuls flour. Mix whites of eggs in thoroughly last thing, do not beat them separately. This makes the cake more moist. Bake in loaf or two large layers in slow oven.

Caramel filling.—Two cupfuls of dark brown sugar, one-half cupful butter, one-half cupful of cream; boil until thick; spread at once.

Hazel Nut Cream Cake.—Beat one cupful of sugar and four eggs until light, add one cupful of flour sifted with one teaspoonful baking powder, and one teaspoonful of ground cinnamon, one-half teaspoonful of ground allspice and cloves; bake in two layers. Cream—Three-fourths of a pint of milk, one tablespoonful of cornstarch, two eggs, half a teaspoonful of sugar. Peel and chop one cupful of hazelnuts fine; add a teaspoonful of vanilla. Boil all together until thick and when cool spread between layers. Use whipped cream or a boiled frosting for top of cake.

Chocolate Layer Cake.—Take one-half cupful of butter, one cupful of sugar, cream well, then add yolks of two eggs, and one and one-half cupfuls flour, and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and three-quarters of a cupful of milk. Then add enough cocoa to make cake as dark as desired, and lastly add beaten whites of eggs and bake in two layers, and put jelly between. Chocolate frosting—one and one-half cupfuls powdered sugar put through strainer, three teaspoonfuls cocoa, small piece of butter (size of egg), and two tablespoonfuls of strong, hot coffee. Mix well and spread on cake.

White Hickory Nut Cake.—One and a half cupfuls of granulated sugar, two-thirds cupful of butter, one cupful of milk, two-thirds cupful of water, whites of five eggs, four level cupfuls of flour, one cup of hickory nuts or English walnuts broken fine, not cut, three level teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sift sugar and flour separately three times, cream sugar and butter until white, add milk and water slowly. Beat in the flour one cupful at a time. Dredge the nuts in one cupful of flour. Add the baking powder to the last cupful of flour. Stir with the back of the spoon. Fold in the whites of the eggs last. Flavor to taste. The butter and sugar can be creamed quickly with the hand. Use a boiled icing.

TASTY DESERTS.

Banbury Tarts.—Measure all the raisins that will pile on a cup and stone and chop, add two rounding tablespoonfuls of finely chopped citron. Add the juice of one lemon and the grated yellow rind, one cup of white sugar and one egg beaten light. Roll rich pie crust as thin as possible and cut in rounds the size of a saucer. Put a tablespoon of the mixture on one-half fold, wet the edges slightly with cold water, fold over and press together. Crimp the edge with a fork dipped in flour, and prick the top several times to prevent bursting while baking. Bake a light brown color.

Parisian Charlotte.—Soak one-fourth of a box of gelatin in one-fourth of a cupful of cold water. Scald one cupful of rich milk, or better still, one cupful of thin cream in a double boiler and pour it over four eggs beaten well with one-half a cupful of sugar. Stir over the fire until it thickens, add the gelatin, stir until it has dissolved, then strain, and set aside until chilled. When it begins to thicken, add one-fourth of a pound each of stale macaroons and lady fingers broken or cut in pieces, one teaspoonful of vanilla, two tablespoonfuls of sherry, one cupful of grated cocoanut, and one cupful of thick cream, which has been whipped to a solid roth. Fold and mix lightly, turn into a wetted mold, and set aside where it will stiffen. Turn out carefully and garnish with

a little whipped cream, which has been tinted pale pink, and one-half a dozen quartered candled cherries.

SOME PRESERVING "DONT'S."

Don't make a mistake and wait until the special fruit in season is nearly over and then pay the highest prices for it.

Don't think overripe, soft fruit makes good preserves or jellies.

Don't ever use anything but the best materials for good results.

Don't use what is called "A," or "soft" white sugar or brown; use granulated white sugar for all preserves or jellies.

Don't use granulated sugar for spiced fruit; use light brown only.

Don't make spiced fruit too sweet; four pounds of light brown sugar to seven pounds of fruit is a good proportion.

Don't use an over abundance of spices—too much makes it taste bitter.

Don't cover preserves or jellies while cooking. They are apt to boil over.

Don't use cold sugar for jellies; measured the strained fruit juice; to each pint allow one pound of the best granulated sugar, put it on a platter in a warm oven to heat, and add it to boiling liquid.

Don't put hot preserves in cold glasses or jars and not expect accidents; have the glasses or jars in scalding water, rinse well, then fill as quickly as possible.

Don't allow preserves to stand about after they are cold; put melted paraffin on cover with lids, wash off every trace of stickiness, and put in cool, dark place for future use.

Don't allow preserves to cook over a hot fire and not expect them to stick and scorch.

Don't let them cook without stirring, even when the fire is slow.

Don't cook preserves on a gas range without an asbestos mat.

Don't use a steel knife to pare fruit with; use a silver knife.

Woollen cloth was first made in England in 1330.

KEEPING CHILDREN WELL.

Every mother should be able to recognize and cure the minor ills that attack her little ones. Prompt action may prevent serious illness—perhaps save a little life. A simple, safe remedy in the home is therefore a necessity, and for this purpose there is nothing else so good as Baby's Own Tablets. They promptly cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds, make teething easy and keep children healthy and cheerful. Mrs. Jos. Levesque, Casselman, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets and have always found them satisfactory. My child has grown splendidly and is always good natured since I began using this medicine." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE WRONG SEASON.

'Twas only a pin—rust and bent, Placed on a chair by Willie Dent.

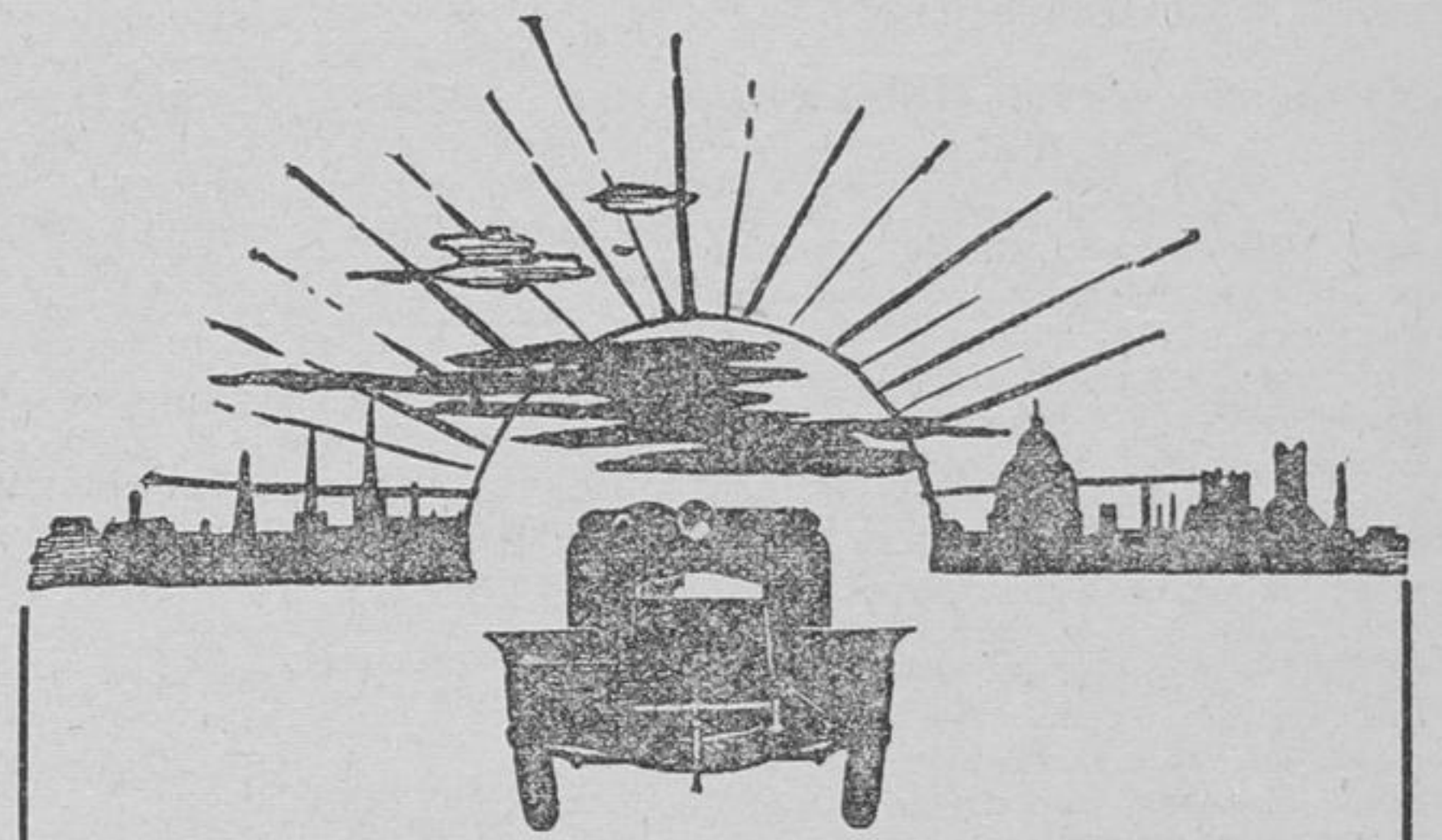
On the teacher's face there was a frown As he made a bluff at sitting down.

Willie whispered: "I know one thing— There's sure to be an early spring."

But the teacher saw—and a surprise Was due for a kid of Willie's size.

For the teacher got into the game And Willie for a week walked lame.

Instead of spring, for Willie Dent It proved the winter of discontent.



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