

REV. JUDSON McINTOSH

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be slain, or a giant Egyptian whose spear is like a weaver's beam, to be disposed of, it shall be done. No danger can frighten, no difficulty appal—such men must always win. They were fixed with a mighty purpose to make David King. It was this that united them and inspired them and transformed them into mighty men of valor and this is precisely our purpose as to "great David's Greater Son". It may seem a long way yet to fulfillment; nations may be heedless, but from out the din and smoke of battle his ultimate and universal Sovereignty is certain. "He shall have dominion also from the Sea to Sea and from the great river unto the ends of the Earth". This is our work to make Jesus King; if it is not, we should stop praying "Thy Kingdom come". But it is our work; for this we preach. For this we build our churches; we maintain our missionary boards and we send out our missionaries. For this we build our colleges and educate. For this we evangelize. In order to do this successfully, we must have understanding of the great movements of our times; we must have prophetic insight "To know what Israel ought to do".

I would venture to assert that there is coming in these days a new reverence for God. You may say if you will "The wish is that there are many who are eager but unable to believe that it is so. These are great times, and in spite of the fact that much has been said about the "decline of religion", the "collapse of Christianity", these are spiritual times. As Dr. Jowett said quite recently in New York, "There is beneath all a deep and almost universal yearning for a new assurance of Immortality, and a great outgoing of thoughtful, reverent minds after a new apprehension of the principle of the atonement." What does this signify but that the world is keenly conscious of the need of God?

Truly, God's greatness flows around our incompleteness. Round our restlessness His rest. I was reading this week an account given of a memorable dinner in London some fifty years ago given by Christopher Neville to some prominent leaders of English thought in politics, in literature, in science, in art, in religion, and they called upon Dean Stanley to preside for after-dinner speeches; no set topic was assigned. Everything was extempore. The Dean arose and proposed for discussion: "Who will dominate the future?" Prof. Huxley gave as

his opinion that the future will be dominated by the nation that sticks most closely to facts. The report goes to say the audience was profoundly moved; after a silence the Dean called upon Edward Miall, an English journalist. Beginning quietly, he went on to say: "Gentlemen, I have listened to the last speaker with profound interest, and I agree with him. I believe the future will belong to the nation that sticks to facts, but I want to add—all the facts; now, the greatest fact of all history," he went on to say, "is God."

The guests of that dinner party have all vanished, but the question they discussed is with us still, and in an aggravated form. We think of these days dark days, but no darker than many another day the world has seen. In the Laurentian Mountains in a beautiful spot called Mulgrave on some summer mornings the fog is seen to obscure your view of a certain peak. It is hidden for a time, but wait—you know it is still there. It will come again to view. Shall we doubt God because for a season He has hidden His face? Have we not seen Him?

"God of our Fathers, known of old, Lord of our far-flung battle line, Be with us yet—lest we forget."

Not only a reverence for God, but a vital belief in the Personality of Jesus. Nineteen centuries ago there lived in a conquered province of Rome one whose personality cast across the darkness of that age a radiance such as lightning casts across the midnight sky. He lived, there is no doubt of that. He died, no doubt of that; nor no doubt how He died. Then singularly, when the world thought it had got rid of Him, his personality continued to impress men and still continues to impress us in a larger measure than any other personality. The brightest pages of all centuries are those across which His personality most freely moves, those He dominated most fully, and those He most fills with influence of Himself. Who is He? "Hast thou not known me, Philip?" And we have had time to hear what one of the earliest and most intellectual logicians of that age says: "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the God-Head bodily." "I pleased the Father in Him should all the fulness dwell." Yes, this same Jesus; His personality is becoming now more real to us in these times. He walks upon the fields of France and Flanders as "The Comrade in White." To find Him is to find God. To find God is to find the key which unlocks every other door of life.

And there is coming a new reverence for democracy. This is expressing itself among the nations as a great movement of the times. Old petty provincialism of those days must go, and in its place there must come an enthusiasm for humanity that will make the missionary enterprise a task of modern times. Race antagonism must yield to the spirit of Christianity; the hate and vengeance of war subdued. The church must help achieving the fruit of democracy for all peoples. This comes as our opportunity particularly as Baptists, with our democratic church, for only such a church can appeal and adequately meet the needs of a democratic age. In a recent number of the "British Weekly" Dr. Fullerton, President of the Baptist Union, says: "The essence of the Baptist position was its insistence on vital union with Christ. The act of Baptism subsidiary; the priority of the Spiritual life all important. Baptism so understood was rich in suggestion for Christian faith, setting forth its supernatural Divine quality, the confession of faith, the individuality of decision, death to the old life the new birth a call to an abundant life. Such Baptism is a true means of grace and we cherish it as ordained of Christ. Here is our contribution to the common life of the church." This then is not only an opportunity but our responsibility. Vision is always the first fruits of obedience and in these times our Lord's last commission remains for us to fulfill.

We cannot believe that in times like these that Christianity has failed: When we see to-day throughout the world such an outpouring of sacrificial sympathy for the wronged, the suffering, the bereaved. When men are deliberately choosing the hard place, the place of danger and the obscure place of helplessness. It has not failed when fathers and mothers are bravely and silently giving their sons and are sustained by the living Christ. It has not failed when letters come from "Somewhere in France" containing this message: "If I fall, it is God's will, and it is best for me. Don't think me dead, but rather living the great and glorious life."

"You that have faith to look with fearless eyes Upon the tragedy of a world at strife, And know that out of death and night Shall rise the dawn of ampler life. Rejoice, whatever anguish fills the heart, That God has given you a priceless dower To live in these great times and bear your part For Freedom's crowning hour.

That ye may tell your sons who see the light High in the Heavens, their heritage 'I saw the powers of darkness put to flight, I saw the coming morning break." He did not live to see it. It was the light eternal morning that broke upon his view.

And so times like these are a challenge, a call for such men, such Christians as the world has never known. Men who will recognize the fact of God, men who are dominated by the Spirit of Christ's personality, and men who are impelled to extend the Kingdom of Heaven; of such a life death will be but an incident on the way home.

EDGE HILL

Miss Edith Edge is home, after completing her course at Stratford Normal.

The members of Edge Hill beef-ering will enjoy their first dinner of beef-ring meat on Thursday of this week. This is the 19th consecutive season for this ring.

Miss Chadwick, of Durham is the guest of the Misses Edge this week. Mrs. Spanner and two children from Toronto, are visiting with Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Greenwood this week.

Mr. and Mrs. D. Edge visited with friends at Latona on Thursday. The Messrs. Hopkins, of Toronto, were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Collier last week.

Mr. and Mrs. David Watson and family, of Paisley, were visiting at Mr. Thos. Ritchie's the beginning of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Moffat and family, of Owen Sound, and Miss Washburn, of Wainwright, Alta., were guests of the Moffat family for a couple of days.

We congratulate Miss Alix Edge, who has passed her examination at the Faculty of Education.

On Thursday, June 7th, Mr. Edgar Ritchie, of Elbow, Sask., formerly of Edge Hill, was married to Miss Bessie Weir, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Weir, Egremont. The marriage took place at Moose Jaw. We extend best wishes to the young couple for their future happiness.

SOUTH-EAST BENTINCK

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Vollet received a cablegram last Wednesday stating that their son, Pte. Earl Vollet, had been wounded on May 13th, but no further particulars were given. Earl enlisted in Carman, Man., with the 22nd Battalion, and was so fortunate as to cross the ocean on the same transport as the 147th, where he met many of his former friends and acquaintances. He has been at the front since February, and his many friends here hope that his wounds are not of a serious nature. Our Red Cross sewing circle met at the home of Mrs. Knisley last week. Twenty-one ladies were present, and the collection amounted to \$2.60.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Grasby, of Egremont, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Picken.

Rev. Mr. Whaley will hold a prayer-meeting on Thursday evening of this week at the home of Mr. Wm. Smith.

"DOING TIME" IN THE ARMY

In an interesting letter to his father, J. W. Ewen, here, Signaller J. D. Ewen, now at the front, tells of a trip he had through Ireland, in which he overstayed his leave, and got "soaked" when he returned, and was "doing time" in the "clink" at Shorncliffe when the letter was written. His letter is characteristic of the conditions of the average soldier—pay-day, lots of money; in three days after, dead broke—and though Sig. Ewen was doing time in the guardhouse, he says the trip was worth it, and the reason he showed up when he did was probably because his money ran out—and a fellow in the army just naturally has to eat occasionally. The letter reads in part:

Risboro Hotel de Clink, Shorncliffe, Kent, England, May 17th, 1917.

Dear Dad.—Well, dad, I suppose you have been wondering why I have been cabling for money. I was for my last leave, and I'm back now in a fine resting-place—the clink. I can get all kinds of writing done now in my second holiday.

I got the money the morning mail and we left at noon for Belfast; arrived London at 5.45 and left from Euston on the Holyhead boat train at 8.45 p.m., getting to Holyhead at 3 a.m., and direct to boat, arriving at Kingstown at 5.30 a.m., and Dublin at 6.00. Believe me, the mail boat travels, it is built something like a needle, long and narrow, and rolls something fierce. It was blamed good and rough going over, and of course we all got sick.

Dublin is a nice city, but the Sein Feiners certainly made a wreck of Sackville street, which is the main one. Everything is down flat, very much like Front at Toronto, from the fire. We couldn't get a train for Belfast until 6 o'clock that evening, so we went out to look the city over. Soldiers aren't liked in this city, especially by the lower classes. The kids on the street would make faces, and fire stones at us, so you can imagine what it was like. We had numerous offers from uniform people to throw away our different and put up the S.F. colors. It is the easiest thing in the world to "beat it" over here. We went all through the zoological gardens in the afternoon. This is a very beautiful place, but has suffered from the war slightly, in not being looked after. Took some snaps here, then went to our train after getting some addresses in Belfast from some people we met. I forgot to say that there were five fellows in our party. We got to Belfast at 9.15 p.m., and went to the hotel and got a room, and went out to look around.

Belfast is a fine city, very much like Rochester, N.Y., especially in the down-town section. The city hall is a fine place, not quite as big as Toronto, but far more beautiful, and finished in five different kinds of marble. We were shown all through it on Wednesday morning. The lights are all going here as bright as day, and another funny

sight is the recruiting sergeants walking the streets. There are only a few soldiers up here, and a very large number of civilians, who mostly all work in the shipyards at Harland & Wolff's, the linen mills, and other places.

We met a gentleman, Mr. McKenna, manager of the C.P.R. steamships, who took us out along with four other friends of his. Mr. McKenna had been all through Canada working with the C.P.R., and knew all the head fellows.

Two of the fellows had relations, so we all trooped up to their homes and say, nothing was too good for us. Shown all over the city in a big car, taken to the theatre, part-big car, and lord knows what. The result was we all overstayed our leave three days—supposed to leave Thursday, to get back Friday noon, and didn't leave until Sunday at 4 p.m., and arrived back Monday noon. While we were there we put up at one of the swellest Soldiers' and Sailors' Clubs that a city could provide. It was a hotel, and the business men took it over and with the assistance of the ladies' voluntary aid, have an up-to-date club. Bed, sixpence a night, clean linen, every morning meals, a shilling; three courses, billiard rooms and baths, and lunch counter, and all the best-looking girls working there and waiting on the soldiers.

When we got back to camp, we were all put under open arrest, and got soaked four days' pay by Royal warrant, which is a complete loss. Ten days' pay fine, which we don't get until we get our discharge, and seven days' field punishment No. 2, which means down in Risboro Hotel de Clink, and we lose our pay for the time we are in, but we should worry—the time we had was worth it ten times over. I wish we had made the money last a week instead of three days; we wouldn't have got any more punishment. Just to show you how things are run, a fellow in the clink here was absent for twenty hours, and he got the same fines and ten days' clink. Everything around here is just about the same.

Yes, I got everything o.k., except the cigarettes, and I guess I can say good-bye to them. Somebody down in the Army Post Office is enjoying them, I suppose. Got the money order also in your letter of March 25th. It sure was a long time in coming. Never got it until about April 27. It just came in time to pull me out of the hole of my Canterbury trip. I had three bundles of washing out which I couldn't get. It sure is a tough war.

As soon as we get out of this place next Monday noon, we will be on draft, and leave about a week from that, on Sunday, most likely.

Up in Belfast, there is all kinds of food, and very cheap, too, but it is getting worse down around here. We can't buy any eatables now until after 5 o'clock.

The American Navy, or part of it, is over here, already helping on patrol duty around the North. Our

ship, the Lapland, struck a mine near Belfast, but was towed in before she sunk. We met two of the engineers' wives on the train, and they recognized us at once and invited us down, so we made a trip through the old boat again. The explosion tore a large hole, but they said she would be to sea again in 18 days. You know Fritzie mined the entrance and part of the Clyde, and all traffic was stopped for two weeks. We intended going back via Glasgow, but couldn't on account of this.

ABERDEEN

The Red Cross workers met last Friday at four o'clock at the school, and with Miss McGarity as hostess, spent a couple of busy, but pleasant hours. The school was tastefully decorated with flags and pretty bouquets, and presented a very home-like appearance. Thirty-nine pairs of socks were turned in, and a collection of \$3.45 taken up. The next meeting will be held in the school on June 23rd, when Mrs. Hugh MacLean, and Miss Maggie MacLean will provide refreshments. At 5.30, a buffet luncheon was served, after which the meeting closed with the anthem.

Don't forget the Red Cross garden party on Friday, the 15th, on McCracken's lawn.

Revs. Ashton and Bilton visited the school last Thursday afternoon and entertained the pupils with story and music. The visit was much appreciated by teacher and pupils.

Aberdeen workers sent 54 pairs of socks and 6 pillows to the Red Cross packing at Mulock on Saturday.

Miss McGarity has resigned her position as teacher in No. 10.

We have a stock of ground feed wheat on hand that we are offering for the next few days at \$40 per ton, sacks included. If you need feed, buy now, as we have only a limited quantity to offer at this price.—The Rob Roy Cereal Mills Company, Limited.

COW WITH CALF STRAYED

Strayed from Lot 56, Con. 2, Glenelg, about June 8th, a gray yearling heifer, with black calf at foot. Information rewarded.—W. J. Atkinson, R. R. No. 1, Durham.

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VOL. 50—NO 26
NEWS
House to rent.—Apply
The High School Entrance examination commenced yesterday.
Bradford has decided main street, instead of
Owen Sound is preparing demonstration on the
Bring your wool to L. Durham. He is paying prices for washed and
Mrs. Norman Boles is spending a couple of her mother, Mrs. Ward
Mr. W. R. Barrett is filling the vacancy caused of Mrs. Saunders.
Fifteen hundred rods 800 bags Canada brand ment, have arrived at Son's hardware store.
A three-year-old ch over by a street car Tuesday, and had both She was taken to the pital for treatment.
The third annual picnic Football Club will John Beaton's grove July 2nd. Admission Ladies bringing boxes
John McCauley of been chosen by the L test the next Federal North Bruce, against member, Col. Hugh C
Stanley Wilkinson, of Leamington, has electric, iceless, non-ator, and has sold his for \$50,000 and royal capitalists.
The Kincardine tow templates the build wall, 150 feet in leng tion of the lake, the municipal powe directly facing Lans
Mr. C. W. Rutledge the Markdale Stand ried on Saturday las Edwards, of Glenel known them both f years, and tender d gratulations.
Edward J. Slater, a ston, was fined \$10 three months impr charge of having and \$200 and costs quor in a place oth ate dwelling. Stat American, and we from Buffalo, N.Y.
The Canadian attended service the Methodist church appropriate sermon Rev. E. S. Moyer. 40 Foresters in a society is quite a bit quite a number being in the trench vice to the Empire
A soldiers' field 25th, from Earl V ter, Miss Irene V "quite well." A June 6th, officia wounded on May previous to date may be an error of the report, or it was very slight returned to the
At the meeting ciation in Toronto man in the bunch dishonest, or dis his fellow-membe "the other fellow but the other fe Judging them fr they were all a fellows, and the becoming less pr
Zion Women's at the home of Glenelg, at 2 p.m. 28th, when they by Dr. Susan L. Toronto, on Thought." A he extended to all whether member or not. Collectio diers' Sock Fund