

For The Quiet Hour

Did you ever find the Happiness Flower? It isn't so hard to find; It opens wide at the morning hour In the meadows of cheerful mind.

But it sometimes grows in the sandy dust That fills the desert of care, And down in the fields of perfect trust You always can find it there.

It's sweet as honey, the Happiness Flower, Winter and summer the same; On the difficult hills by troublous tower It shines like a rosy flame.

If you ever find the Happiness Flower,— And it isn't so hard to do,— May it flourish fair in your golden ground, A-glisten with joy's bright dew; May the sunshine of love the whole year round Lie warm on your flower and you!

THE INHABITANTS OF THE DUTCH LOWLANDS AND the people who live among the vineyards that clothe the sides of Vesuvius, says Hartwig, are both exposed to sudden and irretrievable ruin from two different elements, yet both are contented to remain and risk the future, the first behind their dykes that have often given away, the latter on the brink of a menacing volcano.

Can you find a better illustration of the blindness and contentment that oft-repeated sin will produce in the heart of men?

SCIENTISTS TELL US THAT IT TAKES 65 MUSCLES of the human face to make a frown and only 13 to produce a smile. How extravagantly wasteful some people are!

"These things have I spoken . . . that my joy might be full." "A cabin on Joy Lane is worth more than a palace in Millionaire's Row."

A heroine says to her hero in a recent novel, "Your cosmos is all ego," meaning that his world was himself. Christ taught that self-effacement is the first requisite for happiness (Matthew 5, 11, 12).

Ofttimes, "I have been forth upon my Master's work, And yet I know I was not fit this work to undertake, Nor fit to go,"— and have returned with unspeakable joy, proving again and again that "happiness is a great love, and much serving."

WE ARE DEBTORS TO ISRAEL FOR CHRIST. WE ARE debtors to the Greek for poetry and art, to the Romans for power and order, but to the Jews for righteousness and the redeeming love of God. These are the people through whose poverty we have become rich, whose grey dawn kindled our full day, whose denial opened the door of God wide to us.

We dare not forget them for the sake of common humanity, for the sake of love's vast hope and for the blessed sake of that Redeemer who was born in a Jewish home and learned the secret of divine love at a Jewish mother's knee.

That is why Christianity can find no rest till she bring into the fold of the peace of God the wide-flung folk that gave to us our Lord!—Dean Wall.

POBJENDONOSTOW, A PERSECUTER OF THE JEWS in Russia, once asked a Jew what he thought would be the result of the persecutions if they continued. They answer was: "The result will be a feast." Projendonostow could not understand the answer, so the Jew illustrated it from history.

Pharaoh desired to destroy the Jews, but the result was the Passover. Haman desired to destroy the Jews, but the result was the feast of the Dedication of the Temple. Thus it has always happened in the history of the Jews. Shall the present trials of the Jews be a feast of reconciliation between Israel and their eternal king, Jesus, the Son of David, and the Son of God?—Dansk Missionblad.

A MISSIONARY AT A RECENT CONVENTION IN Brazil, asked all in the audience who had been brought to Christ through the reading of the Bible before hearing a sermon, to stand up. Nineteen arose. He asked how many of these were preachers. Nine stood up. He then inquired how many in the audience of perhaps one hundred and fifty had known of other instances of persons having found Jesus as their Saviour through the reading of His Word before hearing a preacher. Fully one-half of the audience rose.

This will be a fair testimony of the entire membership of the evangelical churches in Latin America.

MORMONISM HAS TRIPLED IN THIRTY YEARS, largely out of our own church memberships, and just because people did not know the almost-heathenism they were going into! The tragedy of such facts only one who knows both sides can appreciate! Surely it is the duty of the religious press and pulpit to let people know, and thus stop these tragedies by the thousand every year! We know a Christian Endeavor president in New York who was won to Mormonism and later swore at us from a crowd on a street in Utah, opposing our gospel meetings; and of a former Lutheran woman who said to us, hugging her soiled baby to her breast, "My little boy, he be God bye-and-bye! My little boy, he be God bye-and-bye!"—correct Mormon doctrine!—Rev. John D. Nutting.

IF THE WINDOWS OF YOUR SOUL ARE DIRTY AND streaked, covered with matter foreign to them, then the world as you look out of them will be to you dirty and streaked and out of order. Cease your complainings, however; keep your pessimism, your "poor, unfortunate me" to yourself, lest you betray the fact that your windows are badly in need of something. But know that your friend, who keeps his windows clean, that the Eternal Sun may illumine all within and make visible all without—know that he lives in a different world from yours.

Then go wash your windows, and instead of longing for some other world, you will discover the wonderful beauties of this world; and if you don't find transcendent beauties on every hand here, the chances are that you will never find them anywhere.—Ralph Waldo Trine.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Markdale, September 5, 1926. Editor Durham Chronicle.

Dear Sir: It is not often of late years that I have been tempted to write an open letter through the columns of a newspaper, but your last week's issue contains a political appeal so amusing and, at the same time, so misleading, that I cannot let it pass without comment. My reference is to an article or advertisement under the caption of "Farmers in the Field," and is published by the authority of the president and secretary of the South-East Grey United Farmers' Political Association. The identity of the author matters little. It is the hand of Esau, but the voice is that of Jacob. The expressions "honest toil," "common people" and "special privilege" in the first paragraph, sound amazingly like the pet phrases of the late member of South-East Grey. If it had included "the people who work with their hands," the cycle would have been complete.

The "motoring tourist" is supposed to be enquiring as to the candidates in the political field and is informed that there are two farmers, one who has served well and represents the "common people" and the other representing "special privilege." Any one giving such information has certainly succeeded fairly well in "stifling the voice of conscience." An unbiased informant would have said that the Conservative Candidate is a farmer, the U. F. O. Candidate a school teacher and that no Liberal Candidate has yet been selected.

If the farming activities of the U. F. O. Candidate have included anything further than an occasional helping at home in the holidays and the buying of chickens which make some background in a photograph, those activities have been kept quite successfully hidden. If a representative farmer is one who for thirty years has continuously resided on a farm and has during all of those years been actively engaged in farming, who has reared and educated a large family of sons and daughters, who has improved his land and brought it to a high state of tillage, who has erected a house and barns that are a credit to the community and made of his home and its surroundings a pleasing sight to the eyes of the "motoring tourist," then R. T. Edwards, Conservative Candidate in South-East Grey, is that man.

It is rather amusing to note how the interests of the "common people" are being represented by Miss Agnes Macphail, who served them so well in the last two parliaments. If by "common people" is meant a person who do not read, cannot think and fail to understand, then perhaps the statement is well within the truth. To people who have been honestly and intelligently trying to follow her, however, the mental acrobatics of our late member in the last session of Parliament must have been productive of a vast amount of dizziness and brain fog, to say the least. In her election campaign literature last year, she was an Independent. In her nomination speech at Durham, she declared that if elected she would represent the farmers of South-East Grey and no one else. In caucus at the beginning of the session, the Progressives, to which group she attached herself (no longer independent), voted, by a substantial majority according to one of their own members, to support the Conservatives. Before the first division in the House of Commons, including Miss Macphail, had made an agreement to support Mackenzie King. When the Customs Investigation Committee reported and the matter was up for discussion and action in the House, the first division was on the Woodsworth Amendment. She sat in the House and did not vote at all. (The King government supported the Woodsworth Amendment.) When the Fansher Amendment (Progressive) was brought in, she voted with the King government against allowing it to be discussed. After the Conservatives had appealed successfully against the Speaker's ruling on this question, she switched back again and voted with the Conservatives against the Rinfret amendment which was the third attempt by Mr. King to avoid the censure of the House of Commons. Finally, when the government had changed hands and Mr. Meighen was trying to save the country expense by completing the work of the six months' session, voting supply and passing third readings on bills which had occupied much time and had cost so much in effort and expense, our late member must needs swing back again to Mackenzie King, supporting him in his attempt to prevent the voting of supply. She stood the same way on the Constitutional question, which brought the session to a close with its work undone. The vote was close, 96 to 95. On the head of Miss Macphail and one other, Bird Nelson, who voted although paired with a sick man, rests the responsibility of the loss of a large share of legislation which they had personally approved, and of the forcing of another election which will cost the Dominion another two million dollars. And this is the story of how our late member represented the "common people."

This is how we have been represented "loyally, independently and fearlessly in the past. Is there any member of any political party who can conscientiously approve of it or even follow it?

Coming back to this "Farmers in the Field" stuff, almost the last sentence is an expression of that school of thought which is mainly responsible for the Russia of today. It says that the Conservative candidate is pledging himself to follow blindly a political leader "whose Cabinet contains many millionaires." It does not say how many, or who they are, or whether they inherited their wealth, earned it themselves honestly or acquired it by bootlegging and smuggling. There is a type of mind which begrudges success to anybody else. A person possessed of such a mind is always missing the good things of life. It induces meanness, envy and cupidity. In political circles it is used by the Red element to stir up discontent, to disrupt social institutions and to foment rebellion. I don't think that we have very much of it in South-East Grey. Thank God for that. As far as the Cabinet in this or any other Government is concerned, the welfare of Canada is very much more likely to be in good hands if directed by men who have made a success of their own lives—rather than by those who are failures. We are also more likely to be better off financially as a nation, under a government whose members are making sacrifices to serve the Dominion rather than by those who consider government office as a royal road to easily acquired wealth. I may be wrong, but I have a faint suspicion that the two gentlemen whose names are attached to the article are striving honestly to accumulate a goodly portion of this world's goods and would not put up any determined fight against getting into the millionaire class.

The phrase "special privilege" used in the article as being responsible for the bringing out of Mr. Edwards as a candidate merits just a little attention. If there is one thing besides the soundness of its national policy of which the party which brought out Mr. Edwards is justly proud, it is the democratic manner in which its candidates are chosen. Its policy is national because its exponents believe that it is solid in its appeal to the needs of the people of the nine provinces, that it can be expounded from the Atlantic to the Pacific without abbreviation or amendment, and that within it there is nothing offensive to any creed or class of our people. Its candidates are chosen by the people of the riding to be contested irrespective of whether they are painters, preachers or plumbers. The Dominion of Canada contains a majority of rural ridings. The riding of South-East Grey contains a majority of rural polling divisions. If there were anything in "special privilege," the farmers of the Conservative party and of the Liberal party could at any time select and elect a majority of farmers to the House of Commons. Once in a generation they push this special privilege to an issue. They did it in the Ontario elections of 1919, when a good many of our best farmers fell for this special privilege cry, and voted for a real special privilege which lasted four years, made some people rich, sent others to jail, and fastened a burden of taxation on the Province which will last for a lifetime. This cry of special privilege surely comes with poor grace from a political party with such a record behind it, with an appeal to people of one occupation. It comes with even less weight from a political group which in the last Dominion election, elected only two

members out of eighty-two in the Province of Ontario, in three Provinces has no candidates nominated and couldn't form a government if all its candidates throughout the Dominion were elected.

I have refrained from discussing any of the issues, contenting myself with criticizing and retuting the misstatements and innuendoes contained in the article in question. Politics is not rotten even if some politicians adopt rotten methods. The people of Canada, both common and uncommon, whether they use their heads and their hands, are pretty well fed up on the evils of the group government. There are in the final analysis only two sides to any question, the right side and the wrong. We have wasted years in wrong. Let us have done with the nonsense. The subscribers to the article are made to say, "Electors do not let your conscience be stifled on September 14." I would add to that message, men and women of South-East Grey, whatever your calling or occupation, awake to the need of your country. Forgetting the past but remembering its lessons, use your influence and cast your votes for Canada and Canadians, by marking your ballots for R. T. Edwards, not because he is the nominee of a political party, but rather because he is in accord with a program which, if put into force and effect, will insure stability of government and national prosperity. Yours truly, L. G. CAMPBELL.

NOVEL PLOT IN NEW THOMSON PICTURE

"The Wild Bull's Lair," a strange story by Marion Jackson who has written so many of the Fred Thomson successes, will prove one of the athletic star's most popular vehicles at the Veterans' Star Theatre where it will be screened on Friday and Saturday, September 10 and 11; and certainly it is the most original plot which has been flashed on the screen in a "Western" setting within memory. Supported by an excellent cast, and mounted on his noted co-star, Silver King, Thomson sweeps through this story of superstition, mystery and the supernatural in whirlwind fashion; finally conquering a full grown bull in a thrilling fight at the close of the picture. Plenty of fine comedy keeps the story from becoming too "heavy" at times, and the direction is superb. Thomson is gaining histrionic ability to such a point that he will soon have to be seriously considered when the "champion actors" are up for ranking, as well as at the head of the list of champion athletes.

The Faithful Cow Boston Post.—In an out of the way corner of a Boston graveyard stands a brown board showing the marks of a brow and neglect. It bears the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Eben Harvey, who departed this life suddenly and unexpectedly, by a cow kicking him on the 15th of September, 1854. Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

Read the Classified Ads. on Page 7.

FOR GIRLS WHO WORK

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Is a Great Friend—It Stops Pain and Restores Health

Toronto, Ontario.—"I work in a factory and I would have to get away from my work every time I was sick. The dragging-down pains and cramps were very bad, but my back was terrible. It hurt so that I couldn't lie down with it. I heard some of the girls talking about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and they told me to try it. I have taken about a dozen bottles of it and it has done me a lot of good. I never have any pains or sore back now, and have not been off from work a day since I have taken it. I recommend the Vegetable Compound when I have the opportunity."—Miss ROLLO, 21 Howie Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

"The Advice of a Friend" Hanover, Ontario.—"I was terribly pained and a few odd times I almost fainted. I used to do housework until a few months ago and sometimes I had to leave my work and go to bed. I am now a mender in the knitting-mill. I suffered five or six years from painful periods before I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound by the advice of a friend. I get relief almost immediately, and I tell my friends what a good medicine it is. You may use this testimonial if you like, if it will help others."—Miss J. PEARSON, Victoria Street, Hanover, Ontario.

Not His Patient The doctor hurried into a downtown restaurant and sat down at a side table. A languid waitress plumped down a glass of water in front of him and announced: "Boiled tongue, stewed kidneys, fried liver." The M.D. interrupted her. "Never mind your symptoms," he said. "Let's have something to eat."

School Opening Supplies

Text Books, High and Public School, Loose Leaf Note Books, Scribbles, Drawing Books, Pencils, Crayons, Book Bags, Papers, Fountain Pens (Waterman's), Fountain Pens (Parker's).

FREE SPECIAL: A 5c Lead Pencil FREE with every 10c Scribbler or 10c Exercise Book.

Peptonized Iron Tonic Puts Iron in the Blood; builds up the nerve system and gives you PEP.

McFadden's Drug Store

Men's Sweater Coats at Special Prices Penman's All-Wool, in all the newest shades. Reg. \$3.50 value. Sale price \$2.50 Men's All-Wool Work Socks, Sale price, pair 25c Men's Khaki Work Shirts, a large made shirt 98c Men's Blue Denim Overalls with stripe . . \$1.85 Men's Heavy Police Braces, reg. 60c value. Sale price, per pair 45c Red and Blue Work Handkerchiefs, 2 for . . . 25c John McKechnie, Durham

WATER Iron Pumps of All Kinds Renfrew Ranges and Separators Brantford Windmills Gould, Shapley and Muir Gas Engines Schutz Pump & Tile Co. Phone 15 Durham, Ont.

A Good Piano for Over Half-a-Century AFTER you have been the fortunate owner of a Gerhard Heintzman for a few months, you will find a new admiration—a real affection for its sweet, mellow, inspiring tone. An admiration which, as the years roll by, will grow into a realization that you have made one of the most satisfactory investments of your life. The editor of The Durham Chronicle will be glad to forward any enquiries regarding the Gerhard Heintzman Piano to Mr. Frank Babcock, district superintendent for Gerhard Heintzman Limited. Telephone or write The Chronicle office.

The Beauty of Her Hair PLANT By DR. ART Note: Dr. Forster will accept columns as will be of interest public print. Personal copy accompanied by self-addressed Dr. Arthur L. Forster

HOW LONG The human body is the length of whose life is—the quality of material—the manner in which it is That summarizes all written by scientists and

Self-preservation is the basis of life. Every living thing resists against annihilation. We think of horror of destruction. We cling to life with every faculty. And yet every day we do that inevitably clip days from the life's calendar. We subject our body to abuse and neglect, to work and lack of rest, to dirt and filth. We love life, but we are unwilling to pay the price—NATURE exacts for the privilege of life.

Heredity and Environment The human being is a product of two essential fundamentals—heredity and environment—both of which largely determine his life. The first is beyond the control of the individual; the second is under his direct command.

With reference to the kind stock we come from, it may be we owe a double duty—to ourselves and to posterity! The individual born with a special handicap can overcome it by a large measure by extra effort correcting it, and by so ordering his life that no unusual demands are made on this weaker member. His debt to posterity consists in doing everything that will improve the race and protect the coming generation. Mothers should give proper care during pregnancy; should nurse their offspring; should educate their children; should guard their children against hereditary diseases should be stated.

(Copyright, 1926, by THE HEALTH QUEST) Cataarrh of Stomach P. K. writes: "What is the cause of foul breath, bitter taste in mouth and a white coat on tongue in the morning? I feel

EUGENIA Eugenia! Beloved! God has made thee Cathedral-like! Thy crazy reach high As if to touch with eager fingers The sagging, soft blue fabric of sky. The balsam trees that fan thy ledges Are minarets wherein a spirit To worship; and the winds conjuring Go forth and shake the sea's waterfalls Into a million bells; thy perfume Makes incense, swarming upon the air. And all the air is hushed and holy As if celestial presences were upon the air.

Eugenia! Beloved! I must love And walk within the common again. Prim thoroughfares and piazas Stations. For men have need of men and men. Yet in that hour when hearts

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