

At Home

Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

Dear Lucy:
Keeping in mind your little club I have given a sketch of an old hymn and will occasionally give one of these for your discussion at your gatherings.

As ever, Ruth Raeburn.
"I Will Sing You a Song of that Beautiful Land"

From "The Story of the Hymns and Tunes" by Theron Brown and Hezekiah Butterworth.

One day in the year 1865, Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates received a letter from Philip Phillips noting the passage in the Pilgrim's Progress which describes the joyful music of heaven when Christian and Hopeful enter on its shining shore beyond the river of death, and asking her to write a hymn in the spirit of the extract, as one of the numbers in his "Singing Pilgrim". Mrs. Gates complied—and the sequel of the hymn she wrote is part of the modern song-history of the church. Mr. Phillips has related how, when he received it, he sat down with his little boy on his knee, read again the passage in Bunyan, then the poem again, and, turning to the organ, pencil in hand, pricked the notes of the melody. "The Home of the Soul," he says, "seems to have had God's blessing from the beginning, and has been a comfort to many a bereaved soul. Like many loved hymns, it has had a peculiar history, for its simple melody has flowed from the lips of High Churchmen, and has sought to make itself heard above the din of Salvation Army cymbals and drums. It has been sung in prisons and jail-yards, while the poor convict was waiting to be launched into eternity, and on hundreds of funeral occasions. One man writes me that he has led the singing of it at one hundred and twenty funerals. It was sung at my dear boy's funeral, who sat on my knee when I wrote it. It is my prayer that God may continue its solace and comfort. I have books containing the song now printed in seven different languages."

A writer in the "Golden Rule" (now the Christian Endeavor World) calls attention to an incident on a night railroad train narrated in the late Benjamin F. Taylor's "World on Wheels" in which "this hymn appears as a sort of Travellers' Psalm. Among the motley collection of passengers, some homesick and cross, all tired, sat two plain women who, "would make capital country aunts—if they were mothers at all they were good ones." Suddenly in a dull silence, near twelve o'clock, a voice sweet and flexible, struck up a tune. The singer was one of these women. She sang on, one after another the good Methodist and Baptist melodies of long ago, and the growing interest of the passengers became chained attention when she began "I will sing you a song of that beautiful land

The far-away home of the soul."
"The car was a wakeful hush long before she had ended; it was as if a beautiful spirit were floating through

the air. None that heard will ever forget. Philip Phillips can never bring that 'home of the soul' any nearer to anybody. And never, I think, was quite so sweet a voice lifted in a storm of a November night on the rolling plains of Iowa."

The Home of the Soul

I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
The far-away home of the soul,
Where no storms e'er beat on the glittering strand,
While the years of eternity roll.

Oh, that home of the soul; in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see;
Till I fancy that thinly the veil intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

That unchangeable home is for you and me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kindoms forever is He
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

Mrs. Ellen M. H. Gates.

Few Are the Years

Few are the years and swift their wings,
I know,
What matter, then, which road I choose to go?
If I find happiness in foolish things,
And if my pleasures flow from fitful springs,
Shall I express a shallow, quick delight
To seek for other paths, less calm and bright?

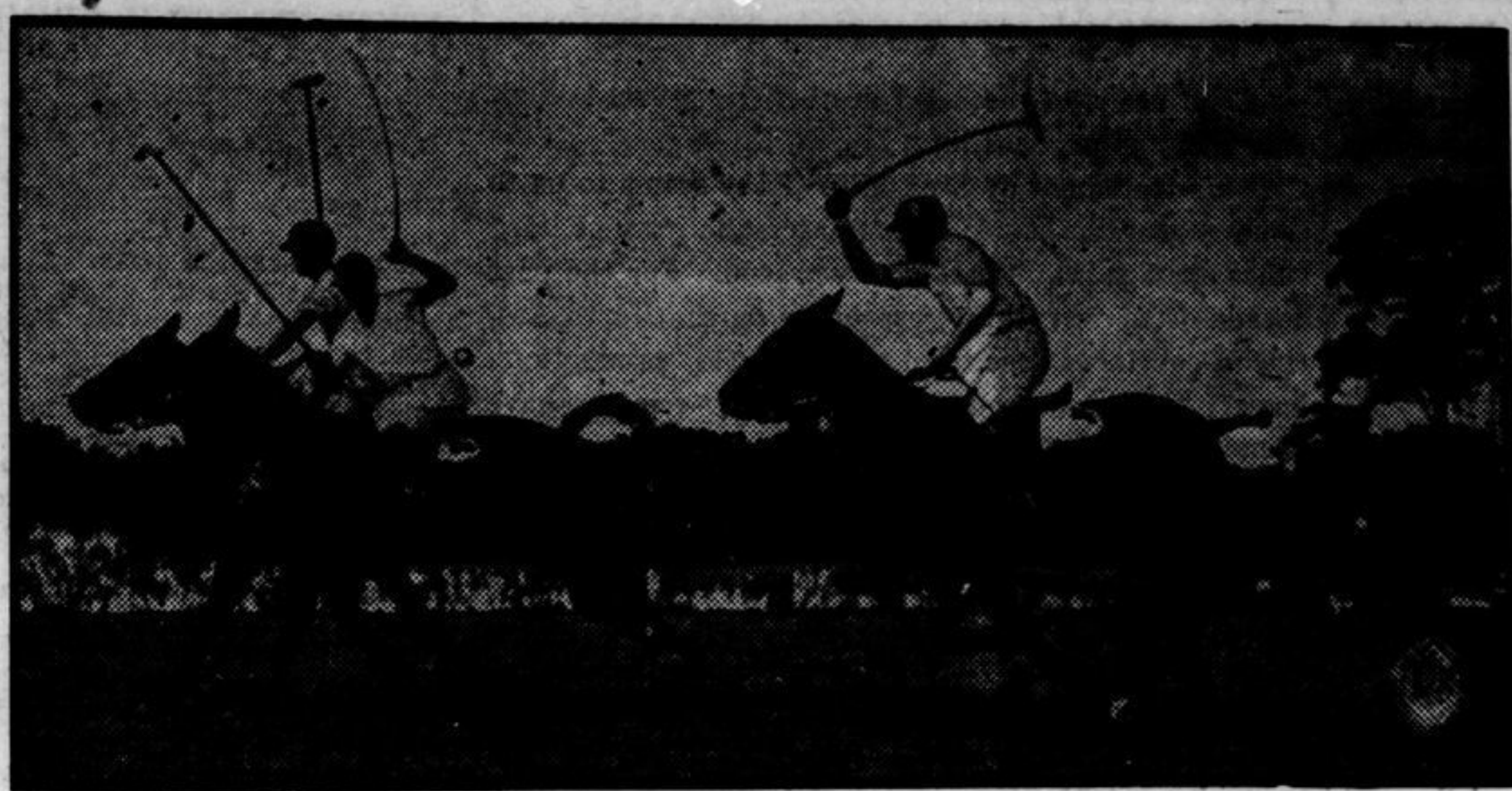
Few are the years, and in my journeying
Shall I, for some vague promise, lightly fling
Away the hoarded riches in my hand
For what may be a dream of some far land?

Few are the years, and yet the choice you make
Endures beyond the thing you leave or take;
Beyond the joy that any choice can give,
Beyond the pair, for these are fugitive.
Few are the years, but when all time is done
The record of your choice will still live on.

BUSY NEW YORK

In New York City a child is born every four minutes. Nine million persons scramble daily for subway seats. Fourteen persons are married every hour. On the average for a year, twenty-three new buildings are put up every day and six torn down. New Yorkers and their guests eat 7,000,000 eggs a day. And how the human family loves amusement! There are 800 theatres in New York city.

It will pay you to advertise in The Chronicle.



BRITISH ACE SHOWS POLO STRATEGY AT L. I.
Lewis L. Lacey, back and captain of the British Internationalists, is shown (extreme right) driving the ball down the field while Gerald Balding, also of the English team (Whites) whips his pony to ride off off Hobby Strawbridge, one of the players on the Roslyn team. Notice the ball in the aid in the above photograph. The series commences on September 6 between Great Britain and United States.

Our Ottawa Letter

As this letter is written the special session of Parliament to deal with unemployment is under way. The full program of the Government is, as Mr. Bennett promised, directed to immediate betterment of conditions. It is in no sense offered as a permanent remedy. That can be achieved, he believes, only by a rather comprehensive revision of fiscal policy, which, it is anticipated, will be laid before the regular session of the House early in the New Year.

The process will be lengthy and acrimonious. Even were the facts at hand to permit the introduction of such tariff changes as will provide a more staple remedy, it would be useless to bring them forward now with the idea of stimulating employment through the coming winter. They will unquestionably run counter to Opposition views and are likely to bring many weeks, if not months of debate and, when they are carried, it will take months for their reaction upon economic conditions to become apparent in expanding employment.

The facts upon which Mr. Bennett will act in framing his fiscal policy are not sufficiently complete to enable him to proceed this week, or next. In truth the conditions to be met are not wholly known. Nor can they be until such time as the Economic Conference of the Empire meets in London next month and proves the extent and limitations of actual and mutual co-operation possible at this period in trade within the Empire.

One of the greatest exponents of Empire economic co-operation is in Canada at the present time. He is Lord Melchett, the great industrialist of London, England. He is seizing every opportunity to emphasize the wisdom and the necessity of this cooperation, which he views as the life-blood of Empire solidarity. Were all Englishmen as "sold" on the subject as Lord Melchett, Mr. Bennett would have little difficulty in finding a permanent market for Canadian grain and other products of agriculture in Britain. Unfortunately, such is not the case.

The opening of Parliament, even for a brisk and abbreviated business session, was attended with customary pomp. It was shorn of the brilliant social functions—the drawing room and State dinner—which customarily follow, but the opening itself was up to the usual standard of social pageantry. A new Parliament brings many new members, and in this respect the present House is outstanding. While the families of many former members did not appear, those of men taking their places for the first time descended upon the capital en masse.

Gossip still flourishes as to the probable length of the session. While some correspondents are carrying it along into months, the best guess is that two weeks will see it prorogued, even if closure has to be adopted to do so. While Governments apply that pressure reluctantly, they do it not infrequently. Mr. King enforced a type of closure only last session to stop debates upon resolutions dealing with soldiers' pensions.

In the present instances the Government accepts full responsibility for its emergency measures and the necessity of permitting leading members of the Ministry to attend the London conferences, in order that a permanent remedy for unemployment may be arrived at, will be considered ample justification for using closure if obstruction develops.

If the session ends within the fourteen days the cost will be \$119,310. Each day costs \$5,115 in indemnities, so that there is little foundation for the rumors spread that the session will cost a million or two million dollars.

CURE FOR INSOMNIA FOUND BY ENGLISHMAN

One of the most amazing cures for insomnia is that discovered by Mr. Percival Boyd. He is a member of the Society of Genealogists, and finding some time ago that he could not sleep he embarked upon the task of compiling a complete index of the marriages that took place in England and Wales between 1538 and 1837.

He has already compiled a list of 1,400,000 in 139 volumes. So good is the index that the record of any marriage can be found in five minutes.

Thousands of records have had to be examined, some exceedingly difficult to read owing to their great age. Letters and slips containing information arrive daily. Mr. Boyd calculates that at the present rate of progress the work will take a hundred years to complete. He cannot get on any faster because his task makes him so sleepy. He has found his cure.

HELL'S HALF-ACRE ONE OF QUEER PLACES ON EARTH

There are some queer places on the face of this old planet of ours, writes T. C. Bridges in Answers, and one of the queerest I ever set eyes on is a valley near Casper, in the state of Wyoming, U.S.A., which goes by the significant name of Hell's Half-Acre. It is a mass of rocks of shapes and color so amazing that you can hardly believe they were not originally made by a working party of eccentric giants.

All the same, I have seen many a spot which far better merited such a name. Of them all, the most terrible is that strange green cauldron on Sulphur Island, off the coast of New Zealand.

This is, I suppose, largely water, but it contains vast quantities of sulphuric and hydrochloric acids which make the whole surface hiss and bubble. The lake is frightfully hot, and great columns of steam pour off it, steam which will choke you like poison gas if you are fool enough to get into it.

On one side are huge blow-holes, from which pours out steam under tremendous pressure, roaring like a thousand locomotives, and every now and then hurling up great masses of rock. A most awesome place!

Another uncanny spot is the "Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes". In 1912 an Alaskan volcano named Katmai blew its head off with such fury that dust fell at Victoria, B.C., 1,600 miles away. Kodiak, one hundred miles away, was covered a foot deep.

The crater left was no less than three miles across. But the strangest effect of this eruption was to turn a number of valleys north of Katmai into a wilderness of deep fissures, from which volcanic vents pour out innumerable jets of steam and smoke. It is a nasty place to explore, for the ground is hot everywhere, and you require stout soles to your boots if you are to walk on it. A foot below the surface the heat is sufficient to boil water.

A tremendous spectacle is the crater of Kilauea, at the top of Mauna Loa, the great volcano of the island of Hawaii. You stand on the edge of a mighty cliff of black rock and peer down into a vast lake of liquid fire—molten rock boiling and seething. Even at this height the heat beats up into your face, though at your back the wind bites bitter cold, for you are standing at a great height above sea-level.

There are very few places where dry land lies far below the level of Mother Ocean. One of them is that deadly and dangerous spot which well reserves its sinister title of Death Valley, and which lies on the borders of the States of Nevada and California. It is thirty-five miles long and eight wide.

Climb down into this terrible place, but do not attempt to cross it in the day-time for the heat will blast your brain and drive you mad. Water there is, but it is poisonous, and you die if you drink it.

Those who work for the borax company which pursues its business in this desert say that one hour without water in Death Valley spells death, so fearful is the heat. Indeed, there is no other spot on earth that seems more like the domain of his satanic majesty.

CANADA'S WAR MEMORIAL STILL UNDER CONSTRUCTION

The stupendous work of creating Canada's War Memorial to be erected in Ottawa in honor of the men who formed the first Canadian contingent who answered the call during the great struggle, is still being sculptured, and the task will take a few more years to complete.

The huge figures are being built at the studios of March Bros., in Kent, England, and will need a specially chartered freighter to convey them to Canada when finished.

Many a couple has married on puppy love only to lead a dog's life afterward.

CONSTIPATION

caused by FRUIT-A-TIVES
writes Mrs. W. Walker. Thousands say constipation, indigestion, gas and overwork with "Fruit-a-tives". Constipation clears like magic. Nervous, heart quiet. Get "Fruit-a-tives" from drugstore today.

MOVIES

THE ISLE OF MAN MADE FAMOUS BY SIR HALL CAINE

Age old customs are disappearing, but some of them still exist on the Isle of Man, where the story of Sir Hall Caine's famous novel, "The Bondman" has its beginning and ending.

It is a picturesque little isle, albeit a peculiar one, with charming people, and a strange breed of ponies, cattle and cats.

Sir Hall Caine lived on this island and loved its people. He gave several novels about them to the world, one of the most popular being "The Bondman" which has been made into a photoplay and comes to the Star Theatre, Durham, on Friday and Saturday nights.

The Isle of Man is in the Irish Channel, about an equal distance from England, Ireland and Scotland. Its government is home rule under a Lieutenant Governor, who with the Council of Keys, consisting of twenty-four members, make up the Tynwald Court.

Acts, with the assent of the Crown, must be proclaimed on Tynwald Hill. This with The Mellish, or Harvest Festival, are two of the oldest surviving customs of these people. Many people are of Celtic origin, but the language and most of the old customs have gone.

Herbert Wilcox, the producer of "The Bondman," has caught much of the quaintness of the island and its people in his photoplay and picked a splendid cast to interpret it. Norman Kerry, famous star, plays the part of "The Bondman."

Making a living is man's most monotonous occupation.

Clearance Sale

WE ARE OFFERING OUR ENTIRE STOCK OF

Dry Goods Boots and Shoes

—AT—
Reduced Prices

A Real Opportunity to Save Money on these Articles.

E. A. Rowe

Elaine And Her Ideas From Paris

Heavens! no they're just the latest chiffon handkerchiefs

Ruffles & organdy have made their charming debut to the new mode. White organdy lightens black crepe in a lovely model

Three shades of leather & lots of space & that's the smartest sandal!

Oh, dull & shiny wood make a bag!

The buckle is of leather on this belt.

Elaine

And Now—The Quebec Festival!



Habitant artists, born and bred on the soil of the Province of Quebec, and celebrated artists from cosmopolitan centres of culture will rival one another in recovering the spirit of old France and old New France at the Quebec Festival of French-Canadian Folk-Songs and Handicrafts, which, the Canadian Pacific Railway announce, will be held on October 16, 17 and 18 this year, with headquarters at the Chateau Frontenac.

Among the many delicacies which will be served at this annual banquet of French and French-Canadian culture, will be two ballad operas, "A French-Canadian Wedding," and "The Order of God Cheer," the first depicting a joyous country ceremony of a hundred years ago, and the second being a page from the history of Champlain's first settlement at Port Royal in Acadia, in the early years of the seventeenth century.

The charming folk-songs of old Quebec, of the "voyageurs" and the "coureurs du bois" of the backwoods, will be sung by the famous Bytown Troubadours; groups of Quebec and Montreal children will perform traditional country dances of old French provinces and of Quebec; and a hundred other entertainments of a varied and delightful nature will be provided by noted artists of the Gallic race from Canada and other countries as well during the three days of the Festival; while there will be constant exhibitions of handicraft work with spinning-wheel and loom by Quebec women, whose tapestries and clothes are famous and sought for all the world over.