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-London Opinio

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THE PRINCE OF THE HOUSE OF DAVID

Thurday, September 18, 1930

At Home

Come in & Chat Awhile

-Ruth Raeburn.

by Rev. J. H. Iingraham, L.L.D.

This is not a newly published book. but a book that never grows old. It was first published in 1855 and since then it has undergone, by the author, a complete revision, having taken advantage of every judicious criticism which the work had elicited since its first appearance:

It is the hope of the author that this work might be read by the daughters of Israel and be a convincing argument towards the altar of sacrifice." When and proof of the divinity of Christ. But it is written for the Gentile as well joined by a thousand Levites with as the Israelite.

Adina a Jewess, assumed to have been of David she was overcome, her "senses a resident of Jerusalem during the last were dissolved in a sea of seraphic four years of our Saviour's life; giving in detail all the events of interest in the life of Christ, beginning with John the Baptist's mission on earth. These letters are written to her father in Alexandria, Egypt.

The descriptions of the Temple in narrative of those great days becomes Jerusalem and its form of worship are very minute and give the reader an idea of the solemnity of worship and the beauty of the Temple. We quote a paragraph:

"Yesterday morning I was early on the housetop to behold the first cloud of the day-dawn sacrifice rise from the bosom of the Temple. When I had turned my gaze towards the sacred summit, I was awed by the profound Baby-leaves so small and perfect silence which rained over the vast pile that crowned Mount Moriah. The sun was not yet risen; but the East blushed with a roseate purple and the morning star was melting into its depths. Not a sound broke the stillness of the hundred streets within the walls of Jerusalem. Night and silence still held united empire over the city and the altar of Decked in leaves for our protection God. I was awe-silent. I stood with my hands crossed upon my bosom and my head bowed reverently, for in the absence of man and his voice I believed angels were all around in heavenly hosts, the guardian armies of this wondrous city of David. Lances of light now shot upward and across the purple sea in the East, and fleeces of Trees-the symbols of God's mercy, clouds, that reposed upon it like barques, catching the red rays of the yet un-risen sun, blazed like burning ships. Each moment the darkness fled, and the splendor of the dawn increased; and when I expected to see the sun appear over the battlemented heights of Mount Moriah, I was thrilled by the startling peal of the trumpets of the priests; a thousand silver trumpets blown at once from the walls of the Temple and shaking the very foundations of the city with their mighty voice. Instantly the housetops everywhere around were alive with worship-Jerusalem started as one man, from its slumbers and with their faces toward the Temple, a hundred thousand men of Israel stood waiting. A second trumpet peal, clear and musical as the

voice of God when He spake to our

Father Moses in Horeb, causing every

knee to bend, and every tongue to join

glaine

murmur of voices was like the continuous roll of the surge upon the beach, and the walls of the lofty Temple, like a cliff, echoed it back. Simultaneously with the billow-like swell of the adoring hymn, I beheld a pillar of black smoke ascend from the midst of the Temple and spread itself above the court like a canopy. It was accompanied by a blue wreath of lighter and more misty appearance, which threaded in and out and entwined about the other, like a silvery strand woven into a sable chord. This latter was the smoke of the incense which accompanied the burnt sacrifice. I kneeled, remembering that on the wings of the incense went up the prayers of the

Again, the writer tells her impression of a visit in the Temple. She was "dazzled by the magnificence and awed by the vast extent of the space of splendor surrounding me; while ten thousands of people were to be seen moving the choir of two thousand voices were manly voices and the whole company It is a series of letters written by chanted one of the sublimest Psalms

Apart from the descriptive portions of the book is the personal touch with Jesus and the effect of his life on those around Him which makes these letters intensely interesting and the Bible clearer and more precious to the reader.

TREES AND THEIR TENANTS Elizabeth Glenn Archer in "Our Dumb Animals"

When the young leaves on the maple Shape and size of infant's hand, Spread their palms to sunny breezes Then 'tis springtime in the land.

Yellow-green and shining new Faintly blush like autumn colors. Fresh and delicate in hue.

These the days of Nature's magis; Time of innocence and youth. Growing things, so shy-appealing Promise Beauty's perfect truth.

From the summer's sultry rays Trees, like parasols, gigantic, Foil the Sun's too ardent gaze. Not alone their shelter lending

But like giant fans they stand, Waving in the breezes for us, Wafting comfort o'er the land.

Housing bird-life in their arms; Palaces of morning music Waken first in groves and farms.

Caroling away our sorrows; Warbling choirs of early morn, Myriad foes of men, devouring; Birds-our friends since Time w

On each other's life depending, Trees, their feathered tenants need And in payment give them shelter; Plainly men should see and heed.

Men so blind to human welfare Need to pause and face the truth: Sparing birds and trees is wisdom To be taught from early youth.

Too Much Spring "Waiter, what kind of lamb is this "Spring lamb, sir." "Is that so; I've been chewing on one in the morning song of praise. The of the springs for an hour."

> And Her Ideas From Paris





JAPAN TEAM READY FOR CANADIAN INVASION Members of Japan's Rugby team, as they appeared at Meiji Shrine, Tokyo, Japan, just prior to their departure for Canada, where they will play a series of matches against various teams in the Dominion.

STARFISH PROVE VERY INTERESTING STUDY

Starfish Destructive to Oyster Supply According to D. C. Bailey Writing in By Blanche Ouellette in "Our Dumb "Queens' Gardens".-Very Interesting Facts About These Salt Water Creatures.

On any beach we may pick up a tentacles do we realize that it is an often fail to receive. animal and not some strange, exotic How rare are the friends who will of its five "petals". These were quickly gave to the best of our ability! snatched up and devoured whole.

more closely allied to the animal king- hopes are black as night; when you dom. It retains its flower-like colors, have been hurt by heedless humans, but it has lost its long stem and is now and it seems as though all were traitors free-swimming and actively predatory. when you feel that there is no one With hundreds of tiny tube feet on whom you can call "friend"; then go to each of its rays it can move over the your faithful dog for consolation. Take bed of the ocean at the rate of six his willing head between your hands inches a minute and can cling to any place it beside your cheek, and, in a

Starfish are hatched from eggs de- woe into his alert ear. He will know ment is very interesting, especially is not well and his deep brown eyes, so is as if we should take a round ball of likewise. putty an gradually press our finger into it. This pressed-in sac is a kind of speak to him in cheerful tones, then primitive stomach, and the entrance is watch him gambol, and listen to his

"For example, when about eight days old, another mouth has formed and two series of delicate cilia or swimming hairs wind around the creature, by means of which it glides slowly through the water. . . . Each day and almost every hour adds to the complexity of the little animal, lung tentacles grow out and many other larval stages are passed through before the starfish shape is discernible within this curious 'nurse' or living, changing egg. Then the entire mass, so elaborately evolved through so long a time, is absorbed and the little baby star sinks to the bottom to start on its new life, crawling around and over whaever happens in its path and feeding to repletion on succulent oysters." It also enjoys sea snails and

marvellous succession of changes.

sea anemones. The starfish has an ingenious way of opening oysters. These bivalves can withstand a strong, sudden tug, but not a slow, steady pull. The starfish wraps its rays about the shell of the oyster and exerts a strong, even pull which eventually wears out the unfortunate

Although starfish are considerably held in check by fish, gulls and crows, they do millions of dollars' worth of damage to oyster beds each year. In the Connecticut oyster beds alone 42,000 bushels of starfish were removed in a single year, after they had done \$631,500 damage. In six days one baby starfish less than three quarters of an inch across will eat over fifty young clams of half that length. The only way the number of starfish can be kept down is by dredging the seaweed in the latter half of July, when it is covered with young. A single cartload thrown up on shore will capture millions. Oyster beds may be protected by dragging through them large tangles of hemp or cotton waste for the starfish to attack and cling to.

Angry oyster men-often tear starfish apart and throw them back into the sea, not realizing that these animals have unusual powers of regeneration. 'Time heals all wounds' literally in the case of these creatures, and even if the five arms are torn apart, five starfish, small of arm but with healthy stomachs will soon be foraging on the oyster

INVENTOR OF SEWING MACHINE

Although the United States claims the honor of inventing the sewing machine through the efforts of a Massachusetts machinist by the name of Elias Howe in 1846, the invention by Barthelemy Thimonneir, a French tailor, was in practical use in 1830. It did the chain stitch and Thimonnier had in operation a workshop with eighty machines which met the usual fate of new inventions-destruction by the infuriated workmen who feared loss of employment. The struggle ended in the sewing machine taking its place in modern efficiency, although the inventor profited little, patents being taken out by Howe and Issac Singer, who made millions out of it. But this year the Uniesity of Paris is paying honor to

Dogs - A Causerie

Animals.

embody the elements of companion- agreeable to touch. The firm body beship, gratitude, and loyalty, it is diffi- neath its softer covering imparts a feelrough-skinned starfish or "five-finger". cult to understand why they are some- ing of strength and solidity. And, too, It may be any gorgeous shade of red, times—I should say often—disliked. it is very satisfying to hold one of the purple, orange or gellow. Not until we Dogs possess these three virtues which limp paws in one's hand while stroking feel the strength of its tube-covered we expect from our friends, but so it gently.

flower cast up from the sea. It is stand by us in adversity—and perhaps thought that at one time the starfish in disgrace; how many there are, who own neighborhood everybody's dog is did grow on a long stem like a daisy. importune us with avowals of friend- mine, in the sense that they are all my With its "roots" firmly anchored to a ship when all is well with us! How rock this curious animal flower was many deny us their companionship siasm which I return with a pat and a wafted to and fro by the ocean cur- when we are most desolate; and how rents. It could reach no food except few show us gratitude for the help those bits which drifted-within reach which, impotent though we may be, we

When all the world seems to have The starfish of the present day is turned against you, and your fondest I loved the most, but lost. confidential tone whisper our tale of posited in the water. Their develop- by the sadness in your voice that all sion "Comin' Through the Rye" acwhen seen under a microscope. Eggs pathetic and appealing, will carry a for experimental purposes may be se- sadness in harmony with your own.He called the Rye. The girls forded it gocured by drawing a cloth net through will even want to lick your face, but ing to church, school and to market, an ocean pool. They will continue grow- that is not permissible. Perhaps, if you and as the water was a foot or two deep ing for some time if kept in water. In realize how eagerly he is offering you they had to hold their skirts up. "The Log of the Sun" William Beebe the deepest sympathy and consolation The boys would meet them in middescribes their development: "At first of which he is capable, you will allow stream and kiss them without difficulty, the egg seems nothing but a tiny round him to lick your hands just a bit. Hold as the girls couldn't drop their skirts globule of jelly, but soon a dent or de- him tightly and tell him again and to make any resistance. pression appears on one side, which be- again, having no fear that he will be- Thats' what Robert Burns meant comes deeper and deeper until it ex- come impatient or bored, for as long as when he wrote "Comin' Through the tends to the center of the egg mass. It you are sad your little friend will be Rye".

If you should be happy, however, and the love of living. He is anxious to signs and warnings very differently join in your merrymaking for he is from the brief commands seen on the

happy when you are. If necessity should oblige you to ly" and "Beware of crossroads." and see how closely he watches when worded request. you step to the door for a moment. He is afraid that you will leave him again.

Should you be maliciously attacked your dog will fight for you with all the strength in his wiry body, for he is with the green's committee."

fighting for the one that is all the world to him.

Dogs are a hobby with me, and ever more than that. They have become a passion. I love their wistful faces in Hibiscus blooms and wind that sings which are set a pair of soulful brown eyes, a dear little black leathery nose, and beneath it a curly pink tongue. Their soft floppy ears are so pleasant to When we see how pre-eminently dogs finger, and their smooth fur is equally

> To me, every dog on the street is a potential friiend, for if it is at all possible, I eventually win him over. In my

In my dreams of the future, I see myself surrounded by dogs. A big Saint Bernard over there near the door, a police dog close by that window watching the antics of a Pekinese on the sill, a white poodle scampering wildly with a small terrier, while best of all, close beside me on my big chair, sits a large yellow and white dog. He is a mixture of collie and shepherd, and a gliving memento of "Jimmie", the dog

COMIN' THROUGH THE RYE

Few persons understand the exprescording to the Readers' Digest.

There is, in Scotland, a small stream

VERY POLITE

True to their reputation for politeused as a mouth. After this follows a joyous little yelps. His eyes fairly ness, the French traffic authorities on shine with mischievous lights radiating the Riviera have worded their road English roadsides, such as "Drive slow-

leave him for some time, he will become The road from Nice to Monte Carlo listless, will refuse food, the while he is has now been adorned at dangerous anxiously listening for the familiar points with signs "Please drive nicely" sound of your footsteps or welcoming written in English for the benefit of whistle. But, oh! the mad joy on your English and American visitors. Even return! The ceaseless leaping! The the worst "speed maniacs", it is hoped, joyous barking! Note his restlessness will be moved by such a charmingly

At the Durham Bowling Club "Waiter, this spinach is terrible." Sorry, sir-you'll have to take it up

NO LONGER SUFFER-

Ukelele

"Twang . . . twang!" across the fragrant night The ukelele rings;

Low in the west a crescent white Through amber shadows swings.

The palm leaves, etched against the sea Are drenched with spray's white rain, Hibiscus flower and camphor tree Lift grateful leaves again.

For cool and sweet the night wind

Along the shining sand; The ocean murmurs as it sleeps,

And slumber claims the land. "Twang . . twang!" The ukelele brings

Always the palms, the sea, Its ageless melody. "Twang . . twang!" though down a city

This music comes to me.

Its voice, insistent, very sweet, Tells of the palms, the sea.

Adequate Comparison "How's your car running?"

"Not so good; con't get her throttled "How's your wife?"

"She's the same, thank you."



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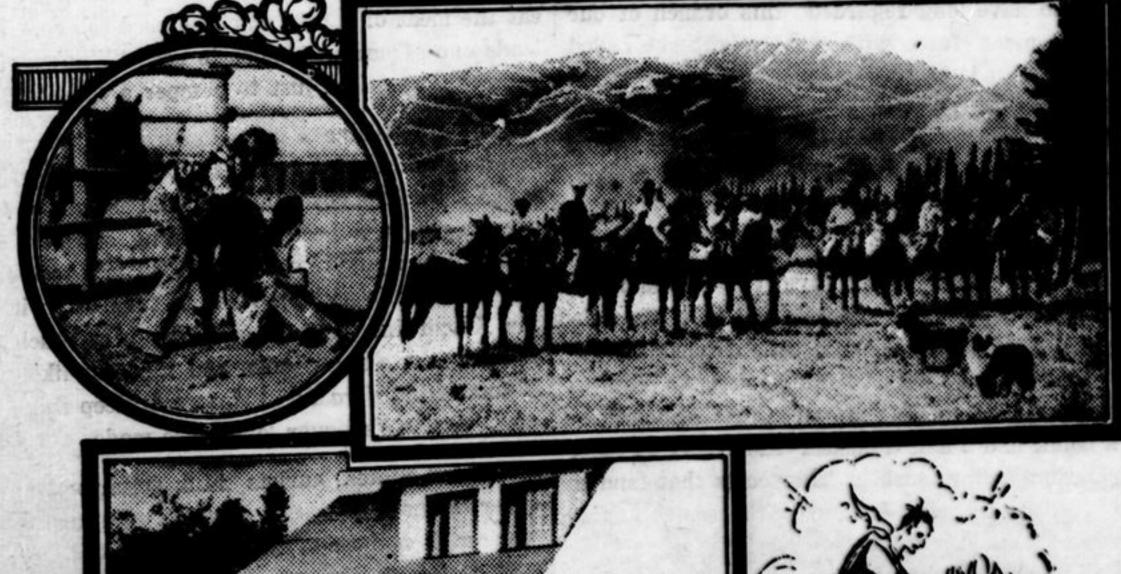


Clearance Sale

WE ARE OFFERING OUR ENTIRE STICK OF Dry Goods Boots and Shoe

Reduced Prices Money on these Articles.

Holidays on Horseback in West





I holiday recreation that really means re-crea- cently opened by Miss Emily Yates of Montreal, to tion, is taking greater hold on young and old alike name a few. The holiday-maker attires him or all over the continent. Horseback riding, trail herself in weird and wonderful cowboy outfit from riding, taking part in rodeos—if you are a good high-hecled boots and chaps to ten-gallon hat and enough cowboy—but anyhow on horseback from tries out everything—roping and tieing calves. morning to night, that is the way to harden the packing mules and ponies and learning all the muscles and bodies of people who have some soft mystery of the ancient craft of knot-tying, ricing in the enervating life of cities. This totally dif- the mountain trails and sleeping out o' might ferent kind of a holiday is offered in any of haif just a real western open-air holiday. a dozen Dude Ranches in the Alberta Foothills Lay-out shows typical scenes from the Kanana and the Rockies. There is the historic Kananaskis-Ranch:—Society buds hog-tying a calf; a party
kis Ranch, owned by Mrs. "Bill" Browster; the
of riders all set for a day's outing and a giveny of
T. S. Ranch, operated by Guy Woodick: De Loke

Wear by year the idea of Dude Ranching as a Windermere Girls Camp and the E. Y. Ranch, re-