

At Home

Come in & Chat Awhile

—Ruth Raeburn.

Nahum

When Nahum was called to pronounce the doom and destruction of Ninevah, the city represented the utmost in all the forces opposed to God and the power she exercised was very cruel. Nahum's message is for men and nations today just as it was for the nation of Judah and her people many years ago—Ninevah sowed, so must she reap.

R. Walter Wright in his songs in "Among the Immortals" expresses this thought in his own beautiful way. "In characters so clear that all must see,

Tis writ on earth and wave and wafy air
Vengeance! It needs no prophet to declare;
Even blind men on the page of mystery
Spell it with spirit fingers: Ninevah."

Habakkuk

Habakkuk pleaded with God for the people whereas most prophets pleaded with the people in behalf of God. The author of "Among the Immortals" has chosen a petition of the prophet's prayer to weave into a message in song.

REVIVE THY WORK

"Revive Thy work, O Lord our God,
All power is in Thine hand,
Though evil as a raging flood
O'erwhelms our guilty land.

Revive Thy work! 'Tis true Thy path
Is dark with judgment's dire;
Remember mercy in Thy wrath,
Nor let our hope expire.

Revive Thy work! The fateful years
Are speeding on apace;
Nearer the flaming throne appears,
Shorter the day of grace.

Forth from the heaven's Thy glory
show,
Thy hidden power make known;
The everlasting mountains bow,
And make the clouds Thy throne.

As fiery bolts the forests rive,
Smite Thy great enemy;
The chariot of salvation drive
O'er every land and sea.

For Thee, O Spirit of God, for Thee
The sun and moon stand still;
Waters as walls of granite be

To work Thy granite will.
March forth, Anointed One, to bless;
Thy sceptre, Truth, assume;
Unfurl Thy banner, Righteousness,
With love the world illumine.
Revive Thy work! Kindle the fire
Of God in all our hearts;
To holiness of life inspire
With power which ne'er departs."

Zephaniah

When God is ignored by all classes of people there is need of a warning, and Zephaniah hesitated not in this duty of warning the people of Judah. No prophet paints a blacker picture of the judgment for wrong doing and no prophet paints a brighter scene than Zephaniah when he sings of the glories of the Messianic kingdom of Jesus Christ.

Rev. R. Walter Wright pays a high tribute to this worker of many years gone by.

"A manly man, who dared to fling the light
Of God's eternal truth, with searching rays
On prophet, priest, on prince and judge, whose ways
Were hidden in Corruption's hateful night.

"A manly man, ay, with a heart to greet
The penitent with outstretched palm,
and song
Of hope! and coming with triumphant feet
Saw Israel's God among His people move,

A Father-soul forgiving wrath and wrong,
With a lover's rapture resting in His love."

Haggai

The Temple Building prophet is a name sometimes given to Haggai. He was among the Jewish exiles who returned from the Babylonian captivity with Zerubbabel in the year 536 B.C. They had restored the altar of Jehovah and laid the foundation of the temple. Then the people grew indifferent and became much more interested in the building of their own homes and in making their fortunes. Then Haggai heard God's voice calling to him to inspire the people to complete the temple and to assure the people "the glory of this latter house should be greater than the former." The desire of all nations, which is Jesus Christ, would not only bring glory to that temple of olden days but brings

honor and glory to the human temples of today in which he is asked to dwell. The author gives us a picture in words of Haggai.

An earnest man, who in degenerate days
When souls were lapt in ease of worldiness,
Great selfishness was counted great success,

And panelled palaces with pomp ablaze
More than Jehovah's house of prayer and praise—
Saw Truth as Truth, amid the time's fierce stress,
Refused in sophistry to acquiesce,

Veheement spake, "Consider now your ways."
The true soul ever sees with eyes of hope
Great destinies from deeps of doom upgrown.

The finished temple on the mountain-top
Where desolation long had reigned alone:
The World's Desire finds ever wider scope
As God's great purpose doors are wider thrown.

Zachariah

Zachariah was a prophet of the same day as Haggai. A record of his visions is left to us and one of these that he saw when in the midst of the building of the temple and the "holy city's forts with gate and tower strong," was the vision of Jerusalem as "towns without walls,—for the Lord will be unto her a wall of fire round about and will be the glory in the midst of her." The author of "Among the Immortals" describes this wonderful man in a poem entitled "The City Without Walls."

"Stood one amid the multitude
Whose eye beamed like a star,
Seeing in rapt prophetic mood
Beyond the things that are.
"While yet with shoutings and with tears
Chorus to chorus calls
A vision to his soul appears—
A city without walls.
"God's power is round about her thrown
A wall of living fire;
His presence more than castle stone
All courage can inspire.
"God's love is largeness, liberty
And life beyond constraints;
All kingdoms of the world shall be
The city of His saints.
"Today with gladness we confess

PRESBYTERIAN W. M. S.

The Presbyterian Women's Missionary Society had the Dromore W. M. S. ladies as their guests for their regular monthly meeting on Friday, August 12.

Mrs. Patterson, the president, spoke words of welcome. The Dromore society took charge of the meeting. Their president, Mrs. Honeyman, opened the meeting by the singing of hymn 531. The Scripture lesson, Matthew xi:16-31 was taken and prayer by Mrs. Honeyman followed. The roll call was responded to by a verse of Scripture on "Rest." Miss Bessie Drimmlie gave an excellent paper on Mark xvi:31, "Come ye, yourselves apart into a desert place and rest awhile." It was God's command to His disciples to "come apart and rest awhile." So we must have rest. God calls us home to rest when our earthly tasks are over.

Mrs. Wilfred Renwick and Mrs. Drimmlie sang a duet in pleasing harmony.

A sketch on "Women Who Build," was given by the following ladies: "Home," Mrs. Henderson; "Church," Mrs. Nicholson; "Prayer," Mrs. Adams; "Nation," Mrs. McMurradoo; "World," Mrs. J. Eccles; "Tomorrow," Mrs. Phillips; "Eternity," Mrs. Patterson. Mrs. Taylor led in prayer.

A solo, "Building for Eternity," was well rendered by Mrs. Wilfred Renwick, accompanied by Mrs. Patterson. Hymn 270 was sung and Mrs. Sharpe voiced words of appreciation for the splendid program.

Mrs. Renton closed the meeting by repeating the benediction. A social half hour was enjoyed over the tea cups.

STATEMENT OF WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION

During July there were 3,313 accidents reported to the Workmen's Compensation Board, 19 of these being fatal cases. There were 3,614 accidents during June, and 4,945 during July a year ago.

The total benefits awarded during July amounted to \$409,647.17, \$341,446.85 of this being for compensation and \$68,200.32 for medical aid, as against \$444,674.81 benefits in June this year, and \$432,325.92 in July of last year.

Where'er God's mercy falls,
There rises o'er man's narrowness,
A city without walls."

THREE WOMEN IN A PONTIAC

Being an Account of an Interesting Trip Into Ontario's Northland

BY JULIA M. WEIR, B.A.

For years I had hankered for a trip up through Northern Ontario, but for reasons beyond my power or inclination to explain, such a trip never seemed possible until this summer, and it remained for 1932 to allow me the realization of my ambition.

I took with me two travelling companions, Mrs. A. W. H. Lauder, of Durham and Grace Smith, of Guelph. It was with some misgivings that we looked forward to packing three people in a one-seated car but as we advanced on our journey we experienced little discomfort, the close proximity only tending to increase the harmony and good feeling.

We reached North Bay about 3 o'clock of the first afternoon, having covered about 250 miles of our journey. We first registered at the Empire Hotel, where we had very pleasant quarters and then drove around the town getting a superficial view of it, shopping a little and admiring the blue waters of Lake Nipissing, on which it is situated. That night we spent in the picture show, our one form of entertainment at each of our stopping-places.

Wednesday morning gave us a change of weather, with rain and gloom, and, going out of town, we took the wrong road—the road to Sudbury—and a greasy detour road it was, too. However, we soon found out our mistake, finally making the right exit about 9 o'clock. About three miles from North Bay at a small roadside station we were brought to a standstill to be handed a travellers' permit, for we were just then entering a great government reserve. This was a delightful experience as we passed through miles and miles of virgin forest of tall pines and hardwoods. The denizens of this forest have not yet fully learned the fear of man. Partridge families walked demurely on the highway not in any haste to allow us to pass; rabbits bounded across and at one place three deer crossed ahead of us. The odor of the pines and the woody tang of the forest dripping with rain came to us as we drove along. The Ferguson Highway makes very pleasant motoring, but in this forest it had its humorous side, too, as the road took us over a succession of hills—hills that you climbed and then descended—rollie coasters we called them. The youngest member of our party said, "I'd rather go over these toboggan slides after a meal than before it." The road wound around rocks and hills, often giving us a pleasant surprise in a glassy lake or stream. Here and there parties of tourists were camped but the main tourist camp is at Lake Timagami, which lies pretty well to the far side of this forest. It is quite a large lake, dotted with many islands—1,600 we were told—and a steamer plies it, affording a pleasure trip to sight-seers. Timagami itself is only a small place, consisting of a large hotel and a number of cabins. In these cabins complete tourist accommodation is given, as meals are served here. By the time we reached Latchford we had really emerged from this 80 miles of forest.

Our journey now lay through an open and level country, resembling somewhat the prairie lands of the West. This is farming land and no better crops than what are here have I ever seen. Haying was in progress, potatoes were in blossom and a profusion of flowers adorned the homesteads. Here the barns are fine and large and the houses modern and attractive buildings. We passed through Thornloe, Earleton, Englehart, all interesting-looking places, the latter being a fair-sized town.

Farther up the Ferguson Highway we entered another forest—this time of white spruce and poplar. These trees are tall and straight, but small in girth, and this is the famous pulpwood of Northern Ontario. This forest runs for miles along the highway. On emerging we enter again a second farming district—the country around Matheson, Monteith and Porquis Junction—on a part almost with that of Earleton and Thornloe. At Monteith is a government experimental farm and school. At Porquis Junction a branch line runs to Iroquois Falls and another to Timmins. Here we were taken to a homestead to get a close-up view of a garden and grain crop. The grain was a mixture of oats and peas and stood high and thick. The garden would be a credit to any Southern Ontario gardener. The potato shows were luxuriant and in bloom; there were the regulation vegetables of Southern Ontario, carrots, beets, onions, cucumbers, lettuce, etc., all a good crop. At Porquis I made an appointment with a Mr. Hopkins, by the way a relative of the Hopkins family of Hutton Hill, although born and brought up on Manitoulin Island, to

return at 12 o'clock Thursday to see a veteran grant in which I was interested. We then turned off the Ferguson Highway to make for Timmins, 40 miles away, where we purposed staying over night. We found the road to Timmins, though just as good as the Ferguson Highway, but we were really journeying back, as Timmins lies to the southwest of Porquis. We arrived at our destination shortly after dark, having passed through Porcupine and South Porcupine, two mining towns a short distance from Timmins.

We stayed here at another Empire Hotel run by the same company as the one at North Bay. We got the last room as the hotel was full that night, of those who would compete in the golf tournament to be held the following day. The next day we drove around the town, getting a general view of it. We were taken through the High School which we were interested in, as Miss McNamara, a former teacher in Durham High School, was a member of the staff. The building is a new one and up-to-date, and the school offers a technical education as well as the regular academic one. The technical training comprises courses in domestic science, woodwork, mining, commerce and electricity. We were delighted to have seen the school but the time consumed in this prevented us from seeing the McIntyre mine, a treat we had contemplated giving ourselves, since Mr. Angus McKelvey, of New Liskeard, had directed us to the manager of McIntyre. We hastened back to Porquis and I spent the afternoon walking through tag alders to get to the farm I was interested in. I returned enriched by the gift of a bearskin, the bear having been shot on the farm in April last. Just where we left the car stood the home of a Polish couple and we were taken in to it by our guides to see their flower garden. The garden was gay with the flowers we have in Southern Ontario—roses, bleeding hearts, poppies, daisies—all the varieties, even to the delicate babies' breath. While I was inspecting the farm my two companions entertained themselves sleeping and then picking and eating blue berries which grew in abundance by the road.

We left for Cochrane about 6 o'clock which was about 40 miles distant, and arrived in good time by daylight. The country passed through was the least attractive of any which we had yet seen, the houses being mere shacks of spruce logs and the soil rather sandy, although we were assured in Cochrane that it was a good farming section. All had a primitive look, however. Cochrane itself stands on high ground and is spread out, and depends on the railways, it being the junction of the T. & N. O. and what was the G. T. R. formerly. The hotels, too, were not the best. We were urged in Cochrane not to return until we had seen Kapuskasing, which we were told lay 84 miles directly west and could be reached by motor over a good road. Rather reluctantly I consented to go.

The road to Kapuskasing passed on the main through a pulpwood country. It was a good road and through a level country. At one place we had to be ferried across a river—a river with the ridiculous name of Ground Hog river. The houses at the Cochrane end were of the spruce log kind, but nearer Kapuskasing they changed to modern ones of frame. Our first view of the town was an ample reward for our additional 84 miles of travel. Kapuskasing is the show place of the North. It has a huge paper mill, employing from 700 to 900 men and supplies all the paper for the New York Tribune. It is owned by a joint American and Canadian Company, who have bought up pulpwood to last their mill 35 years, running 6 days per week. This Company owns the whole town, which has been built up in the last three years, the buildings of which are very modern and attractive. The Kapuskasing Inn, a lovely large red brick building with white stucco trimming, is built in an arc of a circle to conform in shape to a round lake in the centre of the town. The surface of this lake is about 30 feet below the ground level, its sides sloping up. On the slope in front of the Inn is a rock garden and all around the lake are shrubs and bright colored flowers. We had intended only to visit the mill, take a cursory view of the town and return on our journey, but we were so charmed by the place that we could not tear ourselves away at once, but had to stay the night. The hotel management offered us a lovely suite of rooms on the first floor at a very reasonable price and we gave in at once to stay. It was a delightful visit. Besides the hotel there is a community club house built and furnished by the Sprucedale Paper Co. There are two very large sitting-rooms, beautifully furnished, an auditorium where a picture show is given each evening, a gymnasium where all sorts of sports may be played, a bowling alley, etc., etc., and a well-kept restaurant. The town also supports a fine hospital. On the west side of the town, where was the old German detention camp, is a govern-

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Does Your Business Need "PEPPING UP"?

IS THERE that "Something" at the end of the day that tells you your receipts are not quite what they might have been, but fails to suggest a remedy?

Why Not Advertise?

These are days of competition and "every little bit helps". Sales may not be very brisk, but this is the very reason you should get your share. Tell the people what you have to sell and if your price is right they'll buy.

Advertise in THE CHRONICLE

The Paper with the Durham and District circulation

BUYERS NOWADAYS BUY ADVERTISED GOODS