

Aug. 28 **Canadian National EXHIBITION TORONTO** Sept. 13

\$150,000 IN PRIZES AND ATTRACTIONS \$150,000

"PATRIOTIC YEAR"

Model Military Camp
Destruction of Battleships
Battles of the Air

MAMMOTH Military Display MARCH OF THE ALLIES

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Field Grain Competition
Greater Poultry Show
Acres of Manufactures

One Thousand and One New Things to See

REDUCED RAILWAY RATES FROM ALL POINTS

NOVEMBER JOE

Continued from page 6.

"Some, yes. But he mostly worked when snow was falling. He's cunning."

"Did any one ever see his tracks but you?"

"Sylvester did."

"How was that?" said Joe, with sudden interest.

"I came on Sylvester one evening when I was trailing the robber."

"Perhaps Sylvester himself was the robber."

Mrs. Rone shook her head.

"It wasn't him, Joe. He couldn't 'a' known I was comin' on him, and his tracks was quite different."

"Well, but tonight? You say the thief come here tonight? What did he do that for?" said Joe, pushing the tobacco firmly into his pipe bowl.

"He had a good reason," replied Sally, with bitterness. "Last Thursday when I was on my way back from putting my letter under your door I heard something rustling through the scrub ahead of me. It might have been a lynx, or it might have been a dog, but he'd been trying to force open the trap, and when he heard me he wrenched hard, you bet, but he was bound to take care—not to be too rough."

"Good fur, you mean?"

"Good?" Sally's face flushed a soft crimson. "Good? Why, I've never seen one to match it. It was a black fox, lying dead there, but still warm, for it had but just been killed. The pelt was fair in its prime, long and silky and glossy. You can guess, November, what that meant for Danny and me next winter, that I've been worrying about a lot. The whooping cough's weakened him down bad, and I thought of the things I could get for him while I was skinning out the pelt. Sally's voice shook, and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, Joe, it's hard—hard! The skin was worth \$800 anywhere, and I come home just singing. I fixed it at once, and then, being scared-like, I hid it in the cupboard over there behind those old magazines. No one but Ruby knew that I had got it. I left Ruby here, but Mrs. Scats had her seventh yesterday morning, and Ruby ran over to help for awhile after she put Danny to bed. The thief must have been on the watch and seen her go."

"Where's Ruby now?" Joe inquired.

"She's stopping the night. They sent over to tell me," replied Sally. "Well, to go on, I had a lynx in one of my traps which got dragged right down by Degerhorn pond, so I was more than special late. Danny began at once to tell me about the man that came in I rushed across and looked in the cupboard. The black fox pelt was gone of course!"

"What did Danny say about the man?"

"Said he had on a big hat and a neckerchief. He didn't speak a word, gave Danny sugar, as I have said. He must 'a' been here some time, for he's ransacked the place high and low and took nearly every pelt I got this season."

Joe looked up. "Those pelts marked?"

"Yes. My mark's on some—sever pricks of a needle."

"You've looked around the house to see if he left anything?"

"Sure!" Sally put her hand in her pocket.

"What?"

"Only this," she opened her hand and disclosed a rifle cartridge.

Joe examined it. "Soft nosed bullet for one of them fancy English guns. Where did you find it?"

"On the floor by the table."

"Hub!" said Joe, and, picking up the lamp, he began carefully and methodically to examine every inch of the room.

"Any one but me been using tobacco in here lately?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," replied Sally.

"A cool hand," said November.

"When he'd got the skin he stopped to fill his pipe. It was then he dropped the cartridge—it came out of his pocket with the pipe, I expect. All that I can tell you about him is that he smokes Gold Nugget—he pointed to the shreds—and carries a small bore make of English rifle. Hello! Where's the old bitch?"

"Old Rizpah? I dunno, less she's gone along to Scats' place. Ruby'd take her if she could, she's that scart of the woods, but Rizpah's never left Danny before."

Joe drained his cup. "We've not found much inside the house," said he. "As soon as the sun's up we'll try our luck outside. Till then I guess we'd best put in a doze."

Mrs. Rone made up a shakedown of skins near the stove and disappeared behind the deerskin curtain.

When I awoke next morning it was to see, with some astonishment, that a new personage had been dawn into our little drama of the woods. A dark bearded man in the uniform of a game warden was sitting on the other side of the stove.

"This is Game Warden Evans, Mr. Quaritch," she said. "He was at Scats' last night. There he heard about me losing fur from the traps and come right over to see if he couldn't help me."

Having exchanged the usual salutations, Evans remarked good humorously:

"November's out trailing the robber. Him and me's been talking about the black fox pelt. Joe's wasting his time all right. I can tell him who the thief is."

"You know?" I exclaimed.

Evans nodded. "I can find out any time."

"How?"

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson XI.—Third Quarter, For Sept. 12, 1915.

THE INTERNATIONAL SERIES.

Text of the Lesson, I Kings xix, 8-18. Memory Verses, 9, 10—Golden Text, Ps. xlvii, 10—Commentary Prepared by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

"And Ahab told Jezebel all that Elijah had done." She was the ruling spirit in the house of Ahab, the leader in the worship of Baal, and had 400 prophets eat at her own table (xvi, 21; xviii, 19), and was one of the most devil controlled women that ever lived. Now she was indeed angry and swore to have the life of Elijah within twenty-four hours xix, 1, 2, and he fled for his life from this angry woman and came to Beersheba, which means the well of the oath and should have made him think of the faithfulness of the everlasting God (Gen. xxi, 31-34). This does not look like the same Elijah who stood so grandly with and for God on Mount Carmel, but it is another evidence of the utter failure of man apart from God, as the Lord Jesus said, "Severed from me ye can do nothing" (John xv, 5, margin).

It is truly pitiful to see this man of God in the wilderness, under this tree, wanting to die; but the secret of it seems to be that he had begun to think himself of some importance and necessary to God. Notice his thrice repeated, "I, even I only, am left; remain a prophet of the Lord" xviii, 22; xix, 10, 14). He evidently thought that the hundred whom Obadiah saved were not worth mentioning, and he did not know that the Lord had 7,000 who would not worship Baal xix, 18). Self in any form, even religious self, is very bad and a great hindrance. The only safe way is, "Not I, but Christ." "Not I, but the grace of God" (Gal. ii, 20; I Cor. xv, 10). Even the apostles failed by seeking greatness for themselves, so we all need Jer. xiv, 5. As for God, he is always gracious and full of compassion, for he knoweth our frame, he remembereth that we are dust (Ps. ciii, 8, 13, 14). Elijah had been through a great strain, physical and mental, and was simply worn out. The Lord pitied him and gave him sleep and sent an angel to prepare food for him and let him sleep and eat twice, and in the strength of that food he went forty days and forty nights to Horeb, the Mount of God (verses 5-8).

How wonderful is the food which God provides, either for soul or body. We think of the bread and fish by the sea of Galilee for the men who had toiled all night and caught nothing (John xxi, 9) and of the way He fed Israel for forty years in the wilderness. We shall see that this discouraged man who wanted to die never did die, and after some 900 years we see him alive and well, with the only other forty day fasters in the Bible story, on the mount of transfiguration. Let all faint and discouraged ones look up and see Him who so tenderly careth for us, and pitieth us, and notices whether the way is long or short, and just how much strength we have, for He said to Elijah by the angel, "the journey is too great for thee" (verse 7). There are many things too heavy and too painful for us, but there is nothing too hard for the Lord (Ex. xviii, 18; Numb. xi, 14; Ps. lxxliii, 16; Jer. xxxvi, 17, 27). It may not be easy for us to understand why Elijah took that long journey to Horeb, but when he reached there the word of the Lord came to him, saying, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" (Verses 9, 13.) Twice the question was asked him, and twice he answered in the same way, that he was jealous for the Lord God of hosts, that Israel had forsaken His covenant, that he was the only prophet left, and that his life was being sought (verses 10, 14). That he was the only prophet, if it had been true, would seem to be a good reason why he should have remained, and not run away. Fear for his life does not sound well from Elijah. The poor man was evidently quite out of fellowship with God, and much occupied with himself.

The God who could rend the mountains with a mighty wind, make the earth to quake and send fire from heaven (verses 11, 12), was certainly capable of caring for His servant, and it seems to us as if Elijah might have relied upon Him. It is not always His way to do great and mighty things, and what Elijah needed now was quietness to hear the still small voice. The golden text for this lesson has been well chosen. Instead of special zeal and energy, which is often of the flesh, how often we need to be still, stand still, sit still, rest in the Lord and wait patiently for Him. The Lord's instructions to Elijah must have been very humiliating to him: "Go, return on thy way, * * * anoint Elisha to be prophet in thy room. * * * I have left me 7,000 in Israel who have not bowed unto Baal" (verses 15-18). That looks like a setting aside of the man who had been so grand for God.

There are certain people whom God cannot use—the fearful or the self-indulgent, as in the case of Gideon's army, or the self important, as in this lesson. He looks for the weak and empty ones, the things that are nought with which to bring to nought the things that are. When he wants a man He knows where to find him, as when he found Saul and David, and Moses, and Amos, and now Elisha. And he called each from their ordinary occupations, as he did also some of the apostles. Gabriel probably found Mary busy in household duties.

ONTARIO FALL FAIRS

PRICEVILLE	Sept. 30, Oct. 1
DURHAM	Sept. 23-24
HOLSTEIN	Sept. 26-29
Arthur	Oct. 5-6
Atwood	Sept. 21-22
Blyth	Sept. 28-29
Brussels	Oct. 1
Chesley	Sept. 21-22
Collingwood	Sept. 22-25
Dundalk	Oct. 7-8
Fergus	Sept. 28-29
Flesherton	Sept. 28-29
Gorrie	Oct. 2
Hanover	Sept. 16-17
Hepworth	Sept. 21-22
Kincardine	Sept. 16-17
London	Sept. 10-15
Listowel	Sept. 21-22
Markdale	Oct. 12-13
Mount Forest	Sept. 15-16
Orangeville	Sept. 16-17
Owen Sound	Oct. 6-8
Paisley	Sept. 28-29
Palmerston	Sept. 23-24
Pinkerton	Sept. 24
Port Elgin	Sept. 28-29
Ripley	Sept. 28-29
Shelburne	Sept. 23-24
Tara	Oct. 5-6
Teeswater	Oct. 5-6
Toronto	Aug. 28-Sept. 13
Walkerton	Sept. 14-15

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W. Black

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