

For The Quiet Hour

PASSING THROUGH

When thou passest through the waters, they shall not overflow thee.—Isaiah 43:2.
 "When thou passest through the waters,"—
 Deep the waves may be, and cold,
 But Jehovah is our refuge
 And His promise is our hold;
 For the Lord Himself hath said it,
 He the faithful God and true;
 "When thou comest to the waters,
 Thou shalt not go down, but through."

Seas of sorrow, seas of trial,
 Bitterest anguish, fiercest pain,
 Rolling surges of temptation,
 Sweeping over heart and brain,—
 They shall never overflow us,
 For we know His word is true;
 All His waves and all His billows
 He will lead us safely through.

Threatening breakers of destruction,
 Doubt's insidious undertow,
 Shall not sink us, shall not drag us
 Out to ocean depths of woe;
 For His promise shall sustain us,—
 Praise the Lord, whose word is true!
 We shall not go down, nor under;
 He hath said, "Thou passest through."
 —Annie Johnson Flint.

THE SAN FRANCISCO JUNGLE

Some missionary workers who are in close touch with the situation write:

"The laws of the jungle seem to have become common practice in San Francisco Chinatown. The gunmen of the tongs have made killing so frequent and so cold-blooded that a Chinese from the country looting about the streets and associating with the hired savages of the powerful chartered Chinese tongs comes to look upon murder as a not unusual incident of the struggle for self-protection and the satisfaction of self-interest. With organized murder breaking out almost every week at the command of warring tongs and the gun flashes in distant cities responding with electric swiftness to the death warrants issued from tong headquarters in San Francisco, is it any wonder that life has become cheap and law contemptible? The whole vicious circle of American indifference and Chinese contempt for law is plain to one who applies modern methods of community study to San Francisco Chinatown. From this vicious circle the expanding waves of influence spread out to the farthest Chinese community."

THE LITERARY DIGEST reports that Presbyterians and Methodists are leaving the south of Ireland in such numbers that in some districts there will soon be few left. According to The Church Times (Anglican, London), "the rate of decline in membership of the Church of Ireland is even higher, and it was lately alleged, at the annual meeting of a Church of Ireland society, that in one parish every churchman had been driven out or killed." On the other hand, it reports that in Belfast and other places in the North there are harrings of Roman Catholics, who are leaving Ulster in considerable numbers, avoiding the risks of having their houses burned and themselves shot. Over wide areas there is a war which has its religious aspect.

THERE IS, perhaps, no aspect of evangelistic preaching that has provoked so much criticism as that of "making the appeal," pressing for decisions for Christ at the close of the service. Many have questioned the wisdom of such procedure, contending that it is too sacred a matter of which to make a public declaration. The other side of the question is illustrated in the following incident: An eloquent minister preached one Sunday on "The Power of the Cross." A prominent man who heard him afterward said to him: "Doctor, I was in a certain city and heard you preach last Sunday. I was greatly moved by your sermon. But, if you will permit me, I would like to offer a criticism. I am a business man at the head of a large concern. We send out many salesmen. If one of my salesmen went into a prospective customer's place of business, talked as convincingly for one hour as you did last Sunday about the fine qualities of our goods and then walked out without trying to get an order, we would discharge him." Said the minister: "I was rebuked. The layman was right. I was pleading for a verdict, but sought no announcement of it. I was selling goods, but did not try to get an order."

THIS STORY of personal experience was recently told by the clergyman in question to a friend who thus passes it on:

"He was travelling, as a matter of fact, from Newcastle to Edinburgh, and found himself alone except for one man who sat opposite to him. The man, observing my friend's clerical dress, said with a kind of le-r, 'You still go in for that kind of thing, do you?' 'What do you mean?' said my friend, 'Oh, preaching.' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'Not now,' said the man, and proceeded. Out came all the stock and stale arguments and difficulties. My friend sat patiently, not interrupting. At length the stranger had had his say, whereupon my friend said: 'Now, look here, you and I until a few minutes ago were strangers to one another. I am not going to refer to what might be regarded as the discourtesy of your words, or to the veiled charge of insincerity which underlay all that you have said. I only ask you to believe that you have said things which have wounded me, things which have hurt me as much as though you had brought aspersions against the honor of my own mother. You will admit I have listened with patience. I have said nothing, but it is hard to say nothing. Now, sir, will you allow me to say one thing, and one thing only? I am going to ask you one question. It is this: Have you always been and are you at this moment the kind of man you ought to be?' Whereupon, my friend told me, a wonderful compunction seemed to grip this man, and he replied, 'God knows I have not, and God knows I am not.' 'Oh, well,' said my friend, 'that is where Christianity begins.'"

A FINE STORY of a rejected missionary candidate comes from England. The medical examination showed that he was unfit for service in foreign climes, and he passed out bitterly disappointed. "If, then, it is God's will for me that I must remain in this country in business, my business shall be the Lord's, and all the profits shall be devoted to his work in foreign lands." He entered business life. His first year's profit was £75. This he sent to the mission board. The next year he sent £480, the year following £1,024, and successively £2,500, £3,000, and last year £3,500. In these six years he has paid in £10,579, instead of the personal service he was not permitted to render. God is making him more useful than he ever could have thought! There is still room upon this holy altar for other consecrated business men.

A SOCIETY of professional conjurers and others interested in "magic" entertainments in England is giving attention to the investigation of spiritualistic claims respecting photographs of beings from another world. The society formed a committee to examine with care the processes adopted by mediums. Their report has been made public. Colonel Elliott, the chairman, says: "A number of the members of the committee started the inquiry with preconceived notions in favor of supernatural photography. With the evidence before them none of them think so to-day." "Collectively, the result of the tests was damning," says the report. Plates cunningly prepared were found to have been substituted for the plates handed to the medium by the committee, the absence of secret marks on the committee's plates showing up the fraud. "An intensely agitated scene followed the exposure," is the comment of the report.

AFTER A HARD DAY'S WORK in serious discussions, Theodore Cuyler and Charles H. Spurgeon went out into the country together for a holiday. They roamed the fields in high spirits like boys let loose from school, chatting and laughing and free from care. Dr. Cuyler had just told a story at which Spurgeon laughed uproariously. Suddenly he turned to Dr. Cuyler and exclaimed: "Thee and I have knelt down and thank God for laughter!" And there on the green carpet of grass, under the trees, two of the world's greatest men knelt and thanked the dear Lord for the bright and precious gift of laughter. There is no antagonism between tears and laughter. One is conducive of spiritual health, the other of physical health. Both are necessary.

TWENTY YEARS AGO

From The Chronicle File of January 29, 1903.

The firm of Guthrie & Collins have dissolved partnership as blacksmiths. William Leggette advertises his farms in this issue.

Our Flesherton correspondent gives an interesting account of the marriage of Miss Bella Christoe to Rev. Mr. Thom, Presbyterian minister.

Hugh McDonald and Bob Scott were in St. Thomas recently and purchased three pedigreed Wild Brinos, rising a year old.

On Tuesday evening a meeting was held in the council chambers to consider the opening of a reading room down town. Committees from the cement works and furniture factory were appointed to confer with a committee from the Library Board on Friday evening.

Priceville is making a move towards the establishing of a public library.

Miss Margaret Bull of Pincher Creek, Alberta, gave us a call a few days ago and speaks well of the West after an experience of four years there. Pincher Creek is a place of about 400 inhabitants. There are three teachers in the school, the Misses Mary and Agnes Bull being the two assistants. There are two local newspapers and good church facilities.

Mr. Adam Little, writing recently from Lumsden, reports a temperature of 40 below.

The new Baptist Church was dedicated on Sunday last. The new building is recognized by all as the nearest little church in town and the most up-to-date in style and equipment. The lighting is excellent, acetylene gas being used. The dedicatory sermons were preached morning and evening by Rev. Mr. Kennedy of Toronto and in the afternoon by Rev. Mr. Farquharson. Excellent music was furnished by the choir at all the services. The opening exercises will be continued on Sunday next when Dr. Spencer of Bramford will preach morning and evening and Rev. Mr. Smith of Durham in the afternoon.

At the Women's Institute meeting, held in the Town Hall Monday, Mrs. W. T. Rogers of Holstein gave an excellent paper on "The Training of Children."

BENTINCK COUNCIL

Council met at the Township Hall, Lamash, on Monday, Jan. 8, at 11 o'clock. The Clerk administered the oath to each member and Council organized as follows:

Reeve—Herbert W. Hunt.
 Councillors—Robert Grierson, Jas. W. Mather, Edward Rehkopf, Donald J. McDonald.

McDonald—Mather—That James Brunt and W. G. McCulloch be Auditors at \$6 each, and \$2 for Auditor reporting to Council.—Carried.

McDonald—Mather—That salary of Collector be \$105.—Carried.
 Rehkopf—Grierson—That salary of Assessor be \$105.—Carried.

Mather—McDonald—That fees of Deputy Returning Officers be \$3 and Poll Clerks \$2.—Carried.

Rehkopf—Grierson—That Collector be instructed to collect balance of taxes and return Roll to Treasurer, who is hereby authorized to pay his salary.—Carried.

McDonald—Rehkopf—That Clerk Advise for Assessor and receive applications until noon, February 12 next.—Carried.

Grierson—Rehkopf—That By-law No. 71 be read and finally passed.—Carried.

McDonald—Mather—That scale of wages be:

Attendance at meeting.....	\$2.75
Man, per day.....	2.25
Man and team, grave-digging.....	4.00
Man and team, grading.....	4.50
Man and team, dragging.....	4.00

—Carried.

Mather—Grierson—That J. H. Chittick be Clerk at \$350 per year.—Carried.

McDonald—Rehkopf—That salary of Treasurer be \$125, Treasurer to furnish his securities.—Lost.

Mather—Grierson—That salary of Treasurer be \$150, Treasurer to furnish Dominion Bonds.—Carried.

Grierson—Mather—That the following accounts be paid:

Election account.....	\$83.00
Municipal World, stationery.....	19.77
W. G. Hastie, war tax, postage and phoning.....	33.51
J. H. Chittick, postage, express, and phoning.....	11.97
Dr. Smith, salary M.O.H.....	150.00
W. G. Hastie, bal. salary.....	75.00
J. H. Chittick, bal. salary.....	125.00
W. G. Hastie, prep. Fin. State.....	4.90
E. Bailey, time on roadway etc., Kennedy bridge.....	5.00
C. Bailey, notices and selling timber.....	3.00
H. W. Hunt, 1 1/2 days, debentures, etc.....	4.50
H. W. Hunt, one day at bridge.....	3.00
H. W. Hunt, prep. Fin. State's One meeting of Council.....	13.75

McDonald—Mather—That we adjourn to meet on Monday the 12th day of February for appointing Assessor and transaction of general business.

—J. H. Chittick, Clerk.

HON. FRANK OLIVER HAD TO SWALLOW HIS OWN MEDICINE

When the Hon. Frank Oliver was in personal charge of his newspaper, The Edmonton Bulletin, it was often rough sailing in the journalistic seas of Northern Alberta. But Oliver was not easily daunted. He had taken his first type cases and hand press from Winnipeg to Edmonton by ox train in the early days and in the beginning his circulation was so limited that he did practically all the work himself while waiting for settlers to come into the new country.

A good reporter as well as a good printer, it was natural that Mr. Oliver should insist on a high standard of ability among his staff when The Bulletin eventually became able to financially support reporters. The proprietor insisted that when a man was sent out for a story, he had to bring it back. No excuses were accepted.

"If you can get a man to talk at all, you can make him talk enough for half a column," he would tell his employees.

After a while Mr. Oliver became more and more engrossed in politics. He was sent to Ottawa and in 1905 he became Minister of the Interior, a position which he held until the Reciprocity landslide.

On his way back from the capital after having been appointed to a Cabinet position, Mr. Oliver had occasion to spend the night in a little town which boasted an aggressive morning paper. The train had got in late and the Minister went straight to bed.

A few minutes later a reporter, tipped off by the hotel clerk, was rapping at Mr. Oliver's door, asking for an interview.

In picturesque and emphatic language, the Minister of the Interior announced that he had retired for the night, and said that he'd be everlastingly darned if he'd talk for publication.

The reporter insisted, but Mr. Oliver refused to budge. He said he was tired and wanted to sleep. He promised to see the newspaper man in the morning; why the devil couldn't he take "No" for an answer, and go away.

"That trouble is that I was raised in a hard school," explained the reporter. "I used to work on The Edmonton Bulletin and Frank Oliver taught me always to get the story, no matter how much the other fellow disliked speaking for publication at that time. I'm thinking this is a fine chance of letting him see how well his training sticks!"

"I guess I'll have to let others do unto me as I do unto them," misquoted the Hon. Frank, as he got up and opened the door. And, to prove that persistence pays, he gave out a first-class story.

BERKELEY STOREKEEPER HAD FINE RETURNED

On October 28, F. Stafford, storekeeper of Berkeley, was fined \$200 by Magistrate Creosor because cider he had given to some of his friends had, on being tested, contained 41 per cent. alcohol. There was no evidence to show that he knew that the kick had come with his former sweet cider, but it was there, and the fine resulted. Mr. Stafford has since had his fine remitted to him by the Department.

Allan Park

(Our own correspondent.)

The young people in this district spend many a happy evening sleigh-riding down the Allan Park hill. Mr. William Kerr intends loading a car of 30-foot cedar Wednesday. He will still have another load of poles ready to load and two cars of posts, and one car of piling timber, with more to follow.

The tremendous wind of a few nights ago put Robert Brigham's windmill out of commission and caused him to take it to the blacksmith shop for repairs.

Mr. Albert E. Thompson leaves for Belfast, Ireland, Wednesday afternoon by C. P. R. He will arrive at St. John, New Brunswick, Saturday at 12 o'clock noon, and immediately takes the ship (Montclair) for the Old Country. We hope to hear of Albert getting out as lucky as Jonah, if swallowed by a whale while crossing.

It has been rumored that Mrs. Robert Herd was dead, but we are glad to say it was a false report and no one had any foundation for circulating such a yarn.

We are glad to say that the la grippe is slowly passing out of the neighborhood. It has, however, left a number of weakened people.

Priceville.

(Our own correspondent.)

The January thaw we had last week did not continue long enough to wet the snow to the ground. Some wells are still short of a proper supply of water.

Bad colds have been the general ailment about here, but the majority of people are getting back to normal health again.

Mr. George Rutherford of Shelburne, insurance agent, was around here last week on business.

The annual meeting of Priceville Agricultural Society was held on Saturday of last week. The attendance was not as large as it should have been, but the members present did considerable business. The Financial Report as read by the Auditors seemed to please the meeting and the Directors were recommended to revise the Prize List, and as there is a good substantial balance in the treasury they intend to increase the cash prizes in classes of live stock exhibited at the Fall Fair next October 4 and 5. Two Field Crop competitions are on the program for this season. The regular field crop competition and also the combined field crop and threshed grain competition, which offers \$275 in seven prizes ranging from \$75, to \$10. The total prizes for the two competitions will total \$350. Mail a card at once to the Secretary, Fall Fair, Priceville, asking for full instructions as to where to get pure seed and all other particulars. He

has a limited supply of instructions on hand and will get more if necessary in a few days. So go to it and make money.

A CHANCE TO GET RICH

(Chesley Enterprise.)

We received a letter on Saturday from a former resident of Chesley requesting us to take stock in a Kirkland gold mine in New Ontario and to pass the good news on to our friends who might not have heard of the good news whereby they might get rich quick. As far as we are concerned we will pass the prospectus on or consign it to the banana crate which serves as a waste-paper basket in the office. We are advised in the letter to hustle along the money as the stock of this gold mine with a par value of \$1.00 per share is selling at 25c, and the company expects it will advance in a couple of weeks. That hurry-up stuff doesn't work as well with gray-haired veterans as with impetuous youths. If our correspondent is agreeable we will exchange 700 paid-up shares of the Garner Manufacturing Company at one dollar per share with 50 shares of \$1.00 each in the Desboro Oil Company thrown in, for a 25c. share in the Kirkland Excelsior Gold Mine. We have the beautifully-embossed certificates to show for what we offer and all goes for one share of the gold mine up north. As Auctioneer Cass says: "Going, going, gone," but in this case there is no gone.

A DOCTOR IN A TIN BOX!

Sounds strange, does it not? Yet that is how Mr. J. Cartier says Zam-Buk is regarded by his family. Mr. Cartier who is a member of the family of the late Sir George Cartier, is Justice of the Peace and Assistant Clerk of the Circuit Court, Montreal. He first discovered the wonderful power of Zam-Buk by using it for eczema, which it completely ended. Since then his family is never without it. "Allow me to express my gratitude," he writes, "for the benefit I have derived from the use of Zam-Buk. I have proved that it is, without doubt, the finest remedy for eczema. Its general healing and curative powers are immense. 'The call it 'Our Family Doctor,' and are never without it.'"
 Doctors should see that Zam-Buk is always handy, for not only does it end pain, draw out inflammation and prevent blood-poisoning, but it heals skin diseases and injuries in the shortest time possible. All dealers, 50c. box.



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OPEN a Savings Account in this Bank for each child the year it is born. Make small deposits regularly, and when college days come, the requisite funds are ready, and the education will not be a drain on the family purse.

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