

For The Quiet Hour

DID you ever stop to think how much a human being has to learn in life? There is an old saying which will bring this before you in a remarkable way: "Very few people know how much they must know in order to know how little they know."

Recently a famous scientist, known the world over for his thorough-going investigations in the branch of science to which he has given his life, delivered a course of popular lectures. Characteristically he repeated his conclusions, not dogmatically, but in terms like these:—"I think this leads us to believe." "This seems to show." The humility of the expert was delightful. A few weeks later a lecturer was speaking on a similar theme. He was a novice, relatively, but there was no shortage of dogmatic assertions in his addresses. His work was "I know." "This is true." "This is a fact." His presumption was amazing.

Some creatures haven't much to learn. A cat can learn a few tricks, but they must be very elementary. A dog can do his few "stunts," and he will do them better for his master or his trainer than for anyone else. A horse undoubtedly displays certain powers of intelligence. Birds and other creatures reveal marks of mentality compared with which the earth-worm and lower animals are far down the scale. But when these members of the lower creation have learned all they can learn, how limited they are compared with a human being!

There are some things human beings do not have to learn. One does not have to learn to breathe,—that power comes instinctively. One does not have to learn to eat, though it is true there is much to learn about eating. It is not necessary for a human being, in this stage of advancement at any rate, to learn to protect himself or defend oneself against external forces. You necessary to learn to defend oneself against the weather. You necessary to learn to defend oneself against the elements. You necessary to learn to defend oneself against the lower and quarrel. Only when they have gained control of the lower and elemental instincts do people acquire behavior that is dependable.

The biggest task that any individual has to undertake,—the hardest task that one can face,—a task that is never finished, is the task of learning to live happily and successfully with other people.

To help people, especially boys and girls, to learn to live there are several organized agencies at work in the world. Chiefly, there are the Home, the School, and the Church. In each of these one has opportunity of 'learning by doing' the great principles of successful living. Here are a few suggestions that may be practised, and that will help one who desires to live satisfactorily.

1.—It is Better to Be a "Giver" Than a "Grabber."

The boy or girl who grabs the biggest piece of cake at the table soon becomes unpopular. The one who wants to be "first" in every game is likely to be left to the last. The person who claims the front seat beside the driver for the automobile trip may rightly be considered selfish. The boy or girl who wants to have the leading part in the pageant or drama, and who is not satisfied with a minor part, is not likely to be a successful co-operator at all. It is better to give precedence to others and to wait for recognition, than to grab the best for yourself.

2.—Honesty is the Best Policy.

Boys and girls need to learn that other people have property rights, and that these rights must be respected. A building may belong to one person, or to a group of persons. When it is placed at the disposal of youth it is only the part of honesty to take good care of that property.

A little girl had a sleigh in the winter time. Thoughtlessly she left it on the street. Someone took it and the little girl has not had it since, but she has managed fairly well. The person who thoughtlessly carried it off has not likely had much fun with it, for a little voice within has undoubtedly been saying many times,—"that sleigh does not belong to you."

It looks like an innocent thing for a boy or girl to take someone else's nickel or quarter or dollar, if no one is around, and if it seems that there are not many chances of being found out. If one does take it the person who was its rightful owner can likely get along pretty well without it, but the boy or girl who takes it has done himself or herself an injury and will be the great loser in the long run. Other people may not see, but the fact of his or her unfairness will grow upon the culprit. Other people may not know, but he will know that in the testing time he fell. Certainly God knows, for He sees into the inner secrets and purposes of life and God is sorry when a boy or girl is learning to be dishonest.

3.—When a Wrong Has Been Done Admit It and Make Amends.

It is hard to do; but it is right. In a certain school where boys play baseball there is a code of honor which requires any boy responsible for an accident to report it to the head-master at the first opportunity. In that school fourteen windows have been broken recently. To the honor of the boys and of the school it is to be said that fourteen boys of their own accord reported what they did and made amends.

A friend was visiting the great schools of England a short time ago. When he was shown through the dressing-rooms near the famous schools, he noted that in the dressing-rooms near the gymnasium there were no lockers, and there was no check-room where valuables could be placed in safe keeping while the boys were having their recreation and exercise. He remarked to the teacher his surprise, explaining that in Canada we always have to have lockers near the gym. The English school-master, with a pride in the traditions that gather about the school, exclaimed,—"The boys are gentlemen here."

Sometimes mistakes may be made, but a boy or girl who is learning to live aright will not fail to make amends in the quickest and most natural and most effective way.

4.—Ask God's Help For Each Day's Duties.

It is a splendid thing for a young person to learn to kneel at prayer in the morning and to ask Divine guidance for the day. It is a worthy habit that should be formed in youth to lift the voice of prayer at the close of the day, thanking God for His goodness, asking forgiveness for wrong that has been done, and for what has been left undone. But in learning to live boys and girls will realize the true power of prayer in those moments when, in the thick of things, one sums up all his or her own resources and calls upon God in the silence to give the strength and help that is needed. Then God answers prayer. Such prayer is real.

These four guiding principles may help one to learn to live. The practice of them may be carried on with an eye on the Master, who said,—"I am the way, the truth and the life." In His strength there will be victory. He will help you truly to learn to live.

A TOURIST WRITES: "There is a cut in the rock in the Catskill Mountains a memorial to a noble dog. The creature was so attached and obedient to his master that when the latter happened to point a friend to something just beyond a precipice, the dog took it for an order and leaped over to his death."

To be a soldier in God's army is to obey no matter what the consequences are, or whether we feel like it or not. As Mr. Moody often said, there is very little room for feeling in obedience any way. To consult feeling is to court weakness.

AT THE ENTRANCE TO A HARBOR IN THE ISLE OF MAN there are two lights which guide the mariner into the harbor. One would think the two signals would confuse the pilot. But the fact is, he has to keep them in line, and so long as he keeps the two lights in line his vessel is safe.

So God has set before us two lights, his commandments and his promises, and keeping in line with them will leave us little time to question his plans. The best of all is, we are then safe!

SOMEONE TELLS THE STORY OF A BRAVE FRENCH SOLDIER who in defiance of his commander's orders rushed upon the battlements of a besieged fort, and led a charge which resulted in the capture of the place. He was knighted for his bravery and then beheaded for his disobedience.

Obedience in one direction will never compensate for disobedience in another. God commands us for the best, and we must yield to his guidance.

DOUGLAS JERROLD TELLS OF A MAN WHO, UPON BEING told that the church desired to raise "five and four naughts," benevolently said, "Put me down for one of the naughts." "Missions don't pay" was his creed. "Nothing to nobody" was his practice.

HON. DR. JAMIESON HAS BEAUTIFUL SUMMER HOME

Surroundings of Great Natural Beauty Make It Equal of Any At Muskoka Or More Distant Resorts, Says "C.M.C." in Saturday's London Free Press.

Ever since we first saw the cedars of Grey County lifting their shelves of golden-brown green to the sky, we have wondered why anyone should go to Temiskaming for a vacation. Why in the world should anyone buy an unreal leather club bag and hike to the ends of the earth to see scenery or smell a fine flower-scented breeze when all he has to do is to lift up his eyes unto the hills right at home and sniff the sweet clover fields of Egremont. It is no more necessary to go to India to see something worth looking at than it is necessary to go to the city to find somebody worth hearing.

Perhaps that is what the Hon. Dr. Jamieson thought when, instead of buying a summer home in Muskoka or migrating to Atlantic City, he just went out into the country about seven miles from his home town and built a cottage on Wilder's Lake. Wilder's Lake (and doesn't the name suggest the very essence of suitability for a summer house?), the lake, we say, is a lake with a marl bottom, from which the raw material used in the manufacture of cement used to be taken when cement making was Durham's biggest industry (and Dr. Jamieson one of its strongest promoters). In those days a special railway ran between the lake in Egremont and the works in Durham Town. The railway has been taken up and its bed, bought by Dr. Jamieson and the Township Council, has been made into a public road.

There the doctor's sedan sped out one summer day with a party of people similarly satisfied with Grey County as a summer resort. A narrow, shaded road through the leafy maple woods it was, but it finally ended at a gate, and "Oh, John," gasped the irrepressible person, "see the chimney, John said "Um-huh." The chimney was there, all right, built of field stone from the ground on the outside of the green-shingled and shingle-stained bungalow with the red roof under the grove of tall pines. Under foot the brown pine needles, everlastingly shadowed, suggesting a coolness, which is reinforced by the icelike in the background. The icelike makes possible chinkly summer drinks and home-made ice cream, and there is no reason why anybody cannot have

one. The bungalow faces on the lake rising a little to meet the lake breezes. The verandah is of un-planned scantling structure and below it the steep terrace is planted with gladioli and dahlias. A summer kitchen down on the shore below keeps the cooking heat out of the house.

Having explored the outdoor arrangements, the party entered the dining-room, and the irrepressible person cried, "Oh, John, there's the fireplace we want!" John said "Um-huh," but the doctor did not proceed to drape it up. He likes it, too. Anybody should. It is built of roughly-hewn field stone, with brass candlesticks above to supplement the moon on cool summer nights. Above there is also a large brass tray, ages old; and besides, there are hung Hon. Arthur Meighen and Premier Ferguson, and not far away Mr. C. M. Bowman, former Liberal M.P.P., of Southampton, father-in-law to the doctor's son. These political pictures are, no doubt, at election time, no small factor in the heating arrangement of the room! But then, it is only in figurative language that the representatives of the people hang each other's hides on the fence. No doubt at dinners and receptions and teas they are quite cordial with each other. And even the people themselves who, at election time used to bleed each other's noses at small crossroads centres, are content now to take it out in chaff. So let them hang there, Meighen and Ferguson and Bowman, while we go down to the lake in a boat.

The small building down at the water's edge would have made a good milk-house in the days when milk-houses were "all the rage." (We borrow the expression from the little city gal who by its help floundered out of the slough of disgrace into which she was precipitated by the discovery that her mother had been born in a loghouse. "Oh," but she protested, "log houses were all the rage then!"). But the model milkhouse did not shelter a big trough full of milk cans. It contained a boat, and into it we all clambered—but cannily, man, cannily. Not that we were nervous, oh, no; but we determined that whoever were the fools who rocked the boat, it would not be we.

Ducking our heads courteously to the opening, we were presently out on the shallow, clear water. The doctor took the oars and pulled the craft out a bit from among the slim green reeds. Then he arose and tramped on a lever. "Burr-r!" barked the motor, impudently, the wheel flew around—and stopped. The member of the Provincial House stepped on the lever again. "Burr-r!"

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Chug, chug! Do it yourself!" yapped the motor, and stopped. One wondered how it dared. In the meantime, the boat drifted back among the reeds, and one studied the tiny shells in the bottom of the clear, clear water; wondered what would happen if we struck against the old log that was the only reef in sight; and wondered if that motor had the temperament of the average gasoline engine. . . . Presently the motor decided to go, and the wheel spun around merrily and we moved out into open water, under courteous escort of the dragon flies.

Out farther and farther we went, and the oars idly rippled along behind for all the world like the legs of a goose, only curling up the clear, Nile-green water in silvery ripples, and the cool breeze came running to meet us in the midsummer sunshine. So clear the water was, all pale green and silver in the sun. But then, all water in Grey County runs clear, from the little roadside streamlets and butterfly puddles to the Saugeen itself. And jealous people from neighboring counties, with their muddy waters, say it is because of the poverty of our soil!

Farther and farther we went, while the motor purred away obligingly, making conversation impossible, and giving us every chance to enjoy the beauty of our position, to follow with the eye the ripples from the boatside away out to the wooded shore on either side, the shore of good green woods, with tall, slim, white birches gleaming frequently among them. Perhaps a birch canoe would have been more in keeping

with the fairy place, but we were vastly content and immensely comfortable in the wide, golden boat.

We passed a respectful distance from an island, and just as woody and picturesque as the islands of Temiskaming, and more interesting, for there, though we could not see them, recently hatched and probably getting ready to fly, were numbers of English pheasants. Our curiosity fairly stood on tip-toe, but our bodies sat still out of deference to the (Continued on page 6.)

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