

For The Quiet Hour

GOD KNOWS BEST

If we could push ajar the gates of life And stand within, and all God's workings see, We could interpret all this doubt and strife And for each mystery find a ready key.

But not to-day. Then be content, sad heart, God's plants, like lilies, pure and white unfold; We must not tear the tender leaves apart; Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.

And if, through patient toil, we reach the land Where tired feet, with sandals loosed, may rest; When we shall clearly know and understand, I think that we will say, "God knew the best."

—The Way.

REV. S. B. ROHOLD, NOW MISSIONARY OF THE BRITISH Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, stationed at Haifa, in Palestine, says: "It is worthy of note that the Jews have given up using abusive or disrespectful language regarding the person of Christ. Now we constantly hear, especially from the young men and women known as the intelligentsia, the following expressions: 'Jesus is our own,' 'Jesus is our greatest teacher,' 'The Gospels are Jewish literature,' 'Jesus is the renewal of the ancient prophets.' Others we have even heard say, 'We Jews have made the greatest mistake in our history, to allow our greatest teacher to be crucified.' Some went so far as to say, 'We love him.' Once, in conversation with some young men, we pointed out to them the terrible suffering they will have to go through. One of them said, 'Now, what better thing can we do, even if we have to perish on the land, than to die where Jesus died?' This was spoken in the presence of a large crowd, and there was no protest. Comparing the attitude of the Jews in other parts of the world with their fearless expressions and open reading of the New Testament, we see what a wonderful advance has been made."

EVERY MORNING COMPOSE YOUR SOUL BY PRAYER FOR a tranquil day. And all through it be careful often to recall your resolution, and bring yourself back to it. If something discomposes you or upsets you, do not be troubled by it, but having discovered the fact humble yourself gently before God and try to bring your mind into a quiet attitude. Say to yourself, "I have made a false step, now I must go more carefully and watchfully." Do this each time, however frequently you fall. When you are at peace, use it profitably, making constant acts of meekness and seeking to be calm, even in the most trifling things. Above all do not be discouraged, impatient. Wait; strive to attain a calm, gentle spirit.

FOR YOUNG MEN WENT TO WAR IN ALL THE HIGH-HEARTED erudition of youth. They returned when they did return with high hopes for better things as a result of their devotion. Have we given them anything which their hearts desired or imagined beyond a material recompense? Do they not remain after five years confused, aimless, disillusioned, pessimistic? Where is the new day which was to dawn over their heroic efforts? Where is the assurance of peace that was promised? Where is God in the world? They ask and we have no answer. They see their countries still governed in the same old bungling way by the same old worldly politicians, with little vision, with little wisdom, helpless before the problem of reorganizing a shattered economic world. The same old trust in machinery and chicanery and cleverness, and little trust in anything better.

Does it not seem to us the life of the spirit which needs refreshing and replenishing? You may overturn empires and reform churches and found libraries and museums and establish public institutions of learning and research and endow schools and colleges and multiply scholarships and wallow in democracy and your heart's satiety. But your ends are not served. What we want is a leader, an ideal, a breath from the open, a whisper from the eternal deep. Still the voice delays, and we can only await its coming. Meanwhile may it not be possible and advisable to review the training we give our children? Perhaps we can improve on our present system so that they shall be able to order the world more happily than we have done. Perhaps those things which the artist finds so necessary in his life for carrying on his work may prove the very ones which all people most need. Perhaps the fault is that we have all relied far too much on the power of knowledge and have ignored means of happiness equally vital and needful.—Bliss Carman.

FEW CANADIANS PROBABLY REALIZE THAT THERE are nearly 400,000 Ukrainians in Canada, comprising Ruthenians, Galicians and Bukowinians. Although they are now scattered throughout the Dominion, the majority are found in the West, and an authority predicts that at their present rate of increase they will within a generation or two be the dominant factor in the Prairie Provinces. The Canadian Churches are alive to the welfare of these people of Central European stock, who represent both the Catholic and the Protestant faith. The Presbyterian Church takes a keen and sympathetic interest in them through many channels. In co-operation with the Methodist Church a Ukrainian hymnal has been issued and the only evangelical paper on the continent in the Ukrainian language is also published. The Protestant Ukrainians of Canada and the United States have sent missionaries to Europe, where the need of Christian leaders is said to be great. Anglo-Saxon workers in Canada are offering themselves for service in Ukrainian communities. Two young women of the finest type are preparing for this work in the Presbyterian College in Saskatoon, while ten young men are studying languages with a view to the same type of home mission work. Those who are serving in this way report a warm reception and a ready response on the part of these foreign elements in our diverse population.

THE DANGER OF THE WORLD LIES NOT ON THE ECONOMIC, but on the spiritual side. The nations blundered into a great war. That might be excusable. Once in the war they could not stop until one side was thoroughly beaten. That is easily understood. It is the peace which cannot be forgiven, and if the peace itself could be forgiven to the passions of the time, the frustration of the efforts to undo its wrongs is deliberate and persistent. We are forced to recognize a deep-seated disharmony in our civilization, something wrong within the nations which comes out in their dealings with one another. The very growth of man's power over nature, the very success and triumph of human effort has raised problems which seem too hard for man to solve. The development of communications, the interlocking of commercial interests, have made the world for important purposes one society. But it is not one morally or politically. There is neither the spirit of mutual good-will nor is there the adequate political organization necessary to reconcile the divergent interests or to arrest the disastrous collisions with which they constantly threaten the distracted peoples. War has been no purge. Mutual suspicion is deepened. The respect for human life is lessened. The authority of law is everywhere sensibly impaired. The violence of reaction faces revolutionary anarchy, Black-shirts against Red, mobs from the Governmental aeroplane in answer to bombs from the back street secret arsenal. The material quarrel winds criss-cross in and about the class quarrel, and all sides alike utter, and deride, the words of reason and of peace.

This moral break-up is the cause of the desolation which Mr. Wells sees advancing, and the question that we have to face is whether the reserves of good-will and good sense are sufficient to repair the breach before the oncoming tide has swept everything away.—Manchester Guardian.

SOME THINGS TO CULTIVATE

Honesty. A railroad magnate said to his lawyer: "I want you to show this law is unconstitutional. Do you think you can manage it?" "Easily," said the lawyer. "Well, go ahead and get familiar with the case." "I am already at home in it. I know my ground perfectly. It's the same law you had me prove was constitutional two years ago."

Sincerity. There was a man, cultured and eloquent, familiar with the Bible and the best literature, but when he rose to speak in a prayer-meeting he casts a blight upon the service because the people knew that there was something very wrong in his life. Attending the same meeting was a coal teamster, to whom all the people listened, for they knew he loved God. Better speaking rests upon our sincerity.

IT IS NOT THE WHIRLS AND EDDIES THAT TELL THE course of the river, but the steady flow of its current. It is not the occasional effort that tells what our lives are, but the trend of the common days.

PIONEER DAYS IN HOLSTEIN AND VICINITY

The Third of a Series of Articles by W. J. Sharpe of Holstein.—This Article Deals With the Village of Holstein Only.

This week we will endeavor to give a descriptive account of "Pioneer Days in the Village of Holstein." We are indebted to Miss Maggie Swanston, who came to this vicinity in 1847. She informs us that the late William Romains was the founder of Holstein. Being a carpenter and wagonmaker by trade, he built a shop about where W. P. Ellis' residence now stands. He induced his brother-in-law, Charles Kerr, who was a blacksmith by trade, to join him, and they together, under the firm name of Romains & Kerr went into the manufacture of wagons and work in general. The writer's father purchased one of their make and it was "M22." Mr. Romains later built a log residence about where A. R. Hershey's residence now stands.

Settlers were beginning to come in rapidly, hence it became necessary to erect a school-house. About the year 1849 a log school-house was erected about the place where the Misses Brown's residence now stands. Desks were arranged around the walls and benches in the centre. Mr. Ben. Rogers was the first teacher, followed by the late N. D. McKenzie, thence by Robert Legate, who served as Township Clerk for several years. In 1865 a stone school was erected on the present grounds.

Matters of religion were not neglected, hence a log meeting-house was erected on Lot 49, Concession 2. We are informed that Methodists and Presbyterians attended this place of worship, the Rev. Mr. Ward being the first preacher. This church was under the supervision of the Methodists and was afterwards replaced by what was known as the Brick Church, erected on Lot 36, Concession 3.

Mr. N. D. McKenzie, tired of school-teaching, entered mercantile life. He erected a small addition to his residence, which stood where the Presbyterian church now stands. Later, he built quite a large building where the store now occupied by George Fenton & Son stands. After about 20 years of service, he retired from mercantile life to the residence now occupied by his daughter, Mrs. J. D. Roberts. The late Peter Dickson was his successor.

The first Presbyterian church was erected on the rear of Lot 37, Concession 3, the Rev. Mr. McLean being its first pastor. Rev. Mr. Crozier, still alive, was his successor, followed by the late Rev. P. Straith. The first sawmill was built by one Jake Rawn about the site of the present mill. It was later operated by Mr. J. S. Shields. Mr. W. T. Petrie erected the first grist mill down stream about half a mile west of the village. In 1876 he removed the mill to where the present mill now stands.

Michael Stonehouse ran the first hotel where Mrs. Tanner now resides. A man named Boakes built the building where Mrs. Tanner resides now and ran an hotel for several years, the former building having been burned.

William Seaman, now of Mount Forest, opened the first tinshop about where Elijah Smith's residence now stands, afterwards removing to the opposite side of the road, adding a hardware business.

In the early days small shoe and repair shops were conducted by M. Stonehouse and A. Doupe.

Mr. Smith Seaman Sr., was the first cooper here. Now, last, but not least, we must refer to the establishment of a post office. The residents of the vicinity received their mail at Egremont post office. This proved quite inconvenient, hence Messrs. N. D. McKenzie and Andrew Swanston set to work and succeeded in having a post office opened in Holstein. This was about 1865. During 1864-66 there was trouble in Europe about the provinces Holstein-Schleswig. The post office inspector, it is said, chose the name "Holstein" for the new office.

Glenelg and Priceville. (Our own correspondent.)

It was snow most of last week and by the look of the beginning of this week we are to have rain in abundance.

Chill November's stormy blasts make fields and forests bare. The general complaint of the ground being too hard for ploughing the last few weeks is now that it is too soft in some places, but in good condition for ploughing sod.

William McLeod of the South Line, Glenelg, sold his 50-acre lot on the Durham Road to Robert Shortreed. Mr. Shortreed has a good farm now of 150 acres.

We didn't hear how Miss McPhail's meeting was attended, but we presume there was a large attendance at St. John's Hall. On account of the change of weather not many attended from the Edge Hill Line.

Glenelg Council meeting next Saturday at the Town Hall. Tax collectors will be on their rounds after this week.

Quite a number attended the sale at Mrs. McNab's on Monday afternoon.

Cattle sell at a rather low price at present, but those able to keep them on during the winter will find better prices next spring.

Hutton Hill, North (Our own correspondent.)

Messrs. William and Nathan Grierson and sister Susie visited friends on our line last Sunday and also visited Mr. and Mrs. Robert Grierson, Aberdeen.

Mr. William Gray has the job of taking out William Noble's bush for the Durham Furniture Company, and he has now got a gang of men busy at work.

Mr. Max Grierson visited friends at Mulock last Sunday.

Mr. Alex. Morton was engaged for a few days last week with Mr. Alex. Hopkins, doing some carpenter work.

Mr. and Mrs. George Noble and the latter's sister, Miss Margaret Alexander, spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Noble. Miss Rebecca Grierson of Toronto is spending a short vacation with her mother, Mrs. McKill Grierson.

Mr. Gordon Armstrong and sister Laurine, spent an evening last week at Mr. Alex. Hopkins'.

Mr. Thomas Fulton purchased a fine bunch of cattle from Mr. Ed. Limin of Durham last week.

Messrs. Joseph and William Noble motored to Owen Sound the first of this week, where they intend to remain for a few days.

Edge Hill. (Our own correspondent.)

Miss Jane Ritchie is visiting her brother, Mr. George Ritchie.

Mr. John A. McDonald visited last week with friends at Priceville.

Messrs. Henry Williams, Adam Anderson and Victor Williams attended the plowing match at Arthur on Thursday. Mrs. Williams, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Mortley, for some time, returned home with them.

Mr. John D. McFayden and Misses Mary and Kate were in Owen Sound on Tuesday.

We have had an exceptionally fine fall and work is progressing favorably. We are having our first snow storm to-day.

Miss Kate McDonald is enjoying a few holidays with Priceville friends. The household needs of her brothers are being looked after during her absence by her aunt, Miss McLean of Lambton street.

Mr. John G. Firth has installed a radio outfit, which is working very satisfactorily. He has already heard messages from various points.

The young people are holding a taffy-pull in the school-house this Tuesday evening. A good time is expected.

Mr. Arthur Edge was in Owen Sd. Tuesday.

The twenty-fifth annual meeting of Edge Hill Beef-ring was held at Mr. Robert Ector's home on Thursday evening, with a good attendance. The average weights of beef this year was 464 pounds, the highest average, we believe, in the history of the ring. The ring is organized for 1924 with the following officers:

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President, Henry Moffat; Secretary-Treasurer, W. G. Firth; Inspectors, David Robinson, Adam Anderson, Robert Ector; Auditors, Clarence Robinson, and Victor Williams. Mr. Thomas Turnbull has been butcher for the twenty-five years, is still going strong and begins next year on the first lap of his second quarter-century as butcher. The price of beef next year was set at 42 cents per pound and the ring is to commence on the second week in June, 1924. Of the charter members of 1899 only four remain, who have been continuously in the ring. These are W. R. Edge, Robert Ector, William Weir and Joseph Atkinson.

"As I was crossing the bridge the other day," said an Irishman, "I met Pat O'Brien. 'O'Brien,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Brady,' says he. 'Brady?' says I, 'that's not my name.' 'Faith,' says he, 'and mine's not O'Brien.' With that we again looked at each other, and sure enough it was naythur of us."

"I was so confused, I don't know how many times he kissed me!" "What! with the thing going on right under your nose?"

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- Ginger Snaps, per ponnd 15c.
- Pure Honey, 10 pound pail \$1.35
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- Chipsso, 1 1/2 pound package for . . 25c.

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