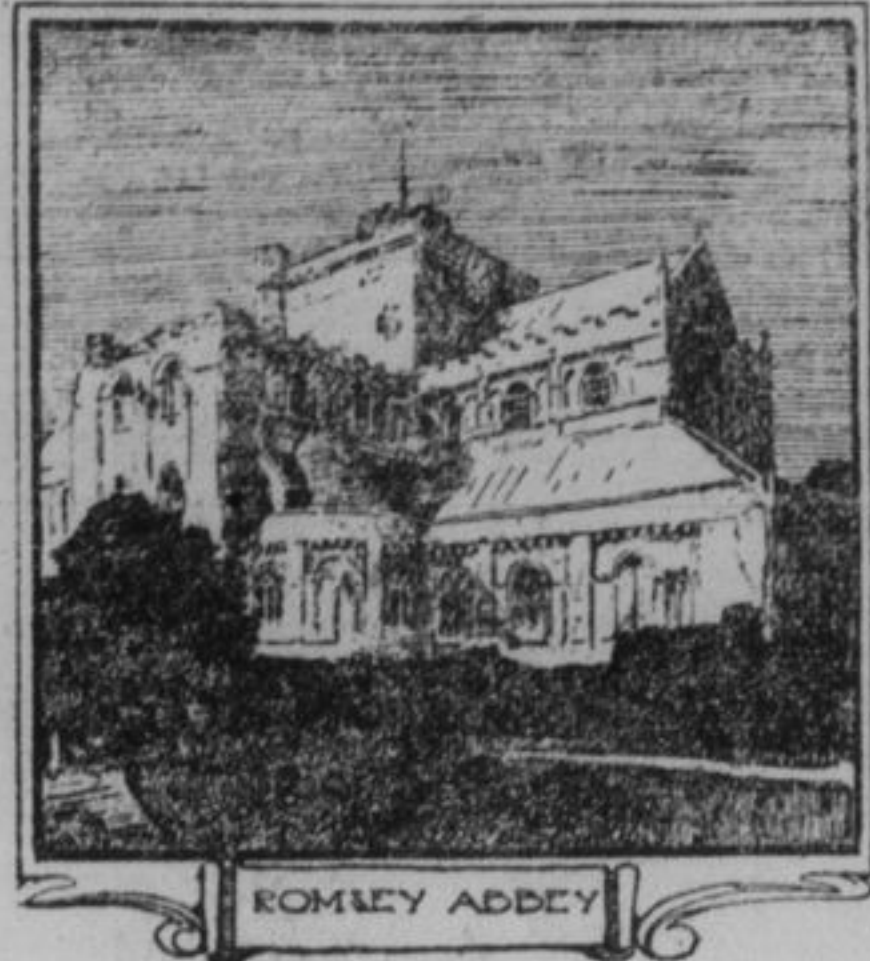


OH! HORROR! AT THOUGHT

A MODERN PORCH OVER BEAUTIFUL RUINS OF RAMSEY ABBEY.

One of the Finest Remains of Pure Norman Work in an Excellent State of Preservation—Worship in it Has Been Carried on Since 1322.



Something approaching to horror is felt by lovers of architectural treasures at the resolution to erect a modern porch as an addition to the beautiful remains of Ramsey Abbey. The pageant of a few months ago was held to raise funds to restore and preserve the Abbey, but few of those who assisted would have been persuaded to do so had they anticipated that the money would be allocated to modernising. The Abbey is one of the finest remains of pure Norman work in excellent preservation. Although the original windows of the eastern portion were removed between five and six hundred years ago, those that replaced them are not out of harmony with their thousand-year-old surroundings. From 1322 the public have had access to a portion of the building for worship. After the Reformation the church was purchased by the townfolk from the King; the original deed of sale is still among the treasures of the building. There is also among them a beautiful piece of needlework said to have been worked by the religious sisterhood in residence four hundred years ago. The list of abbesses is complete since 907 A.D., the earliest being Ethelreda, granddaughter of Alfred the Great. A romance rare in the history of religious communities attached to the name of the Abbess Mary, daughter of King Stephen, who, falling in love with a Count of Boulogne, broke her vows and married him.



Ripon, formerly Irbhypum, or Ad Ripam, began as a Benedictine monastery. Aelfrid, Knight of Northumbria, gave the place to Abbot Eata, but Sir Wilfrid completed it before 661. The house was richly endowed with privileges by King Athelstan, and was still in high repute when burned about 950. Archbishop Oswald, of York, and his successors assisted in rebuilding and endowment, making it into a collegiate church, which it chiefly continued to be for nearly nine hundred years, being in 1836 made a cathedral and see. It was first dedicated to St. Peter, but later called the Church of St. Wilfrid. The Scots, in a raid, destroyed the church with the town of Ripon, in 1318. It remained desolate till Edward Third defeated the Scots, and again encouraged a building up. But Henry Eighth dissolved the ecclesiastical establishment; King James First restored to the church its collegiate rights, to last for a long time. The known abbots of Ripon include Botwin, Simeon, Albert, and Sigand. As a collegiate church it was a religious institution without an abbot.

Although the cathedral is rich in history it is not of the first magnitude, but it is stately and superior in other respects to many English cathedrals. The west front is particularly fine. On some of the wood work is the date 1494, a marvel of preservation. The first bishop of Ripon was Dr. Charles Longley. He was translated to Durham, and was succeeded by Dr. Bickersteth, 1856; Dr. Carpenter, 1884.

Found A Proud King's Palace.

No other country has yielded such rich rewards to the archaeological excavator as Egypt. Professor Flinders Petrie, the noted explorer of Bible lands, says that the great find of the year has been made at Memphis, where the diggers have uncovered the palace of Pharaoh Hophra, the seventh ruler of the twenty-sixth dynasty, and a contemporary of the prophet Jeremiah, about 600 B.C. This is a magnificent palace unearthed in Egypt. It is a magnificent building, 400 feet long, with spacious courts, stone-lined walls fifteen feet thick and huge forty-foot columns. This Pharaoh, who was also called Raahpiah, Vaprah and Apries was a valiant soldier. He captured Gaza and Sidon, defeated the King of Tyre in a sea fight, and also defeated the Cyrians. He befriended Zedekiah, King of Judah, and succored Jerusalem when the Chaldeans were besieging it. But his successes spoiled him, for, like many other great men, he became proud and self-sufficient and boasted that "not even a god could overthrow him." Jeremiah foretold the downfall and death of the vain king (see Jer. 44:30). He was captured and strangled by Amosis, a rebel, who took his crown and sceptre, occupied his fine palace, and ruled in his stead. We soon may learn more about this wonderful warlord of ancient days.

The Ruining Treating Habit.

It seems passing strange that in urging the fight against the sale of intoxicants, the temperance people do not attack more persistently the one phase of the question which gives promise almost of an automatic solution—the treating habit. Stop treating and the bar business will dwindle so rapidly that the end desired by temperance people will not be far off. The treating custom is one of the stupid

inventions of the Anglo-Saxon race. Like other social evils, it has no reason for existence, but it has, nevertheless, fastened itself most securely with a stranglehold on the men who frequent bars. A man who enters a bar with the intention of taking an "appetizer" runs across a number of friends and is compelled to buy for them all. The compelling force is nothing more or less than the fear of appearing "cheap" if he drains a glass by himself. The same fear of appearing cheap or penurious will compel the friends that he has treated to one and all treat back. Thus, the man who comes for one drink remains to take numberless drinks and goes home in a drunken or soggy state. The treating system is an infallible receipt for turning stimulation into drunkenness. The men who keep up the system would be pleased if treating were made illegal, because that seems to be their only way of escaping the custom.

Pulling Well Together.

Canon Tucker tells a story which shows that though men may differ in method they are often close to one another in motive. Sometime ago the Canon was in Quebec and so enthused Canon Fred Scott, of St. Matthew's, by his fiery eloquence in the mission cause, that the latter resolved, over-night, to ask his congregation to set aside, for a time, their desire for a new organ, and devote the \$6,000 they had ready to pay for it, to the foundation of the Canadian bishopric in China. Now St. Matthew's is a very high church and Canon Scott is a very high Canadian poet, as well as one of our most useful poets. But he had no difficulty in bringing his people round to his way of thinking on the organ question, and while he was telling of it Canon Tucker resolved to mention to him the Hon. S. H. Blake's magnificent offer for the same cause. Now while every one knows Canon Scott is "high," all the world's aware that "Sam" Blake is the lowest of the "low," and the humor of the thing struck the Quebec Canon. He threw back his head, as Canon Tucker finished relating the story of Mr. Blake's latest generosity. "Well," he said, "to think that Sam Blake and I should be in the same boat."

The Marvels of Uganda.

The most remarkable feature of the very remarkable Uganda mission is the way in which the natives themselves support it. On "missionary Fridays" collections are taken up in kind and the articles are placed before the altar. Among the native clergy are men of education and ministerial gifts. Rev. Henry Duta is a zealous pastor, and Rev. Yonasani Kaidzi is a preacher of power. It is an inspiration to see him preaching to a congregation of many thousands. An impressive incident was the burial of Kamswaga, one of the chieftains. When he became chieftain, a few years ago, he murdered every one of his relatives, and not a day passed but his "lord high executioner" put people to torture and death. He was converted to Christianity, but in the "good old times," if he had passed on to "the happy hunting grounds," all his wives would have been slain and with numberless boys and girls and sheep and chickens interred with him for company. But he died a Christian, his wife followed him quietly to the grave, the Church of England service was read by the native pastor, Rev. Silasi Alwony, and the old chiefs were present to bear testimony to the peaceful influences of the Christian faith.

How the Impulse Came.

It was on the North Sea that Dr. Grenfell served his apprenticeship as a missionary to fishermen. An Oxford graduate, trained in surgery at the great London hospital, he was moved to service by a sermon of the revivalist, Dwight L. Moody, in London. He sought work and went out to the Doggerbank on the medico-missionary ship that ministered to the physical and spiritual needs of the hardy Englishmen who reap the harvest of the sea in those perilous waters. The establishment of this service was largely due to the efforts of the famous surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, and the service itself became world-famous in 1904, when the mission ship went to the rescue of the innocent victims of Russia's armada, when starting off on the long journey that was to end in its destruction. It was after a "heart-to-heart talk" with Sir Frederick that the young surgeon, who had already determined to devote his life to helping his fellow-men, decided to throw in his lot with the deep-sea missionaries. The work on the North Sea being in competent hands, Dr. Grenfell turned his attention to the urgent needs of the fisher-folk on this side of the Atlantic.

A Contrast That Inspires.

"Bobby Wild Goose and his ragged regiment" was the name hooted after Robert Raikes, the first modern Sunday school advocate, and his scholars. The thoroughfare was "Sooty Alley," and the scholars were the ragged boys who toiled in the pin factories of Gloucester, England. Robert Raikes paid Mrs. Brandon, a poor woman, one shilling each Sunday to teach the boys the Bible. That was in 1780. Four years later there were 250,000 boys and girls attending Sunday school in the kingdom. Now the Sunday school hour in city or village, the civilized world over, resembles Lilliputian land or dress parade. Streets leading to churches are bonny with lads and lassies, not ragged, but dressed in their best, going happily to "hear the wonderful story." Thousands now do the work Robert Raikes started.

Several Excellent Characteristics.

It proves itself an axiom—"There are no idle people in China." They work steadily on, whatever the circumstances, never showing nervousness. They are quiet and accurate in method. They handle large columns of figures, make delicate calculations, and no amount of confusion or jostling disturbs them; they work calmly on and seldom make mistakes. In Japan and in the foreign concessions the banks employ the Chinese for important detail work. The principal reasons are that they are honest, self-possessed and accurate. They move so quietly that employers are astonished at what they accomplish.

The Retort Courteous Given.

An amusing story is told of Mr. Astor's "house-warming," when his new estate office on the Thames Embankment was opened. There was a great reception, at which he asked the famous old Duchess of Cleveland whether the great staircase of the building was not finer than any she had ever seen. "Oh, yes," said the Duchess, "I admire it very much; it is much finer than our old staircase at Battle Abbey, which has been knocked about so for three or four hundred years by the spurs of those stupid old knights!"

ANCIENT CITY OF HEBRON.

It Is Claimed That It Was Built by Abraham, the Father of the Faithful.

Standard. Hebron, next to Bethlehem, is one of the oldest cities in the world. According to the traditions of the natives, it was built by Abraham, and it is where the tombs of the Patriarch and his descendants are, zealously guarded by the Moslems. About two miles north of Hebron are the remains of a building begun by Abraham, but never finished. The stones are very large, and resemble those used in the Temple of Solomon. According to the Mohammedan tradition, Abraham began to build a city there, but was forbidden by God, and told to build it in the valley, where Hebron now stands. The valley of Eschol is one of the beautiful and fruitful valleys of Palestine. The vineyards are still the best in the land, and it is not difficult to believe that at the time the spies of Joshua's Israel entered the land it required two men to carry one bunch.

Unlike Jerusalem, Hebron is well favored with springs. Those in Hebron are called the upper springs and to the south are the springs which Caleb gave to the daughter as a wedding present. In this land, the trees and any spring of water on a piece of ground do not belong to the purchaser, unless they are specified in the agreement. About a mile west of Hebron is Abraham's oak, supposed to be the ground around it is owned by the Russians. There is a hospice church and tower built for the Russian pilgrims. The matron in charge, when asked how many pilgrims they could accommodate at the time, replied: "A thousand; they lie down like sheep!" which is quite true. They have two rooms, one for women and one for men. A ledge two feet high and five wide runs round the room. On this are placed straw mats, which are all these sturdy travellers require. They are provided with bread; some get tea, gratis. From the tower a splendid view is obtained. To the east the mountains of Moab, south the hills of the south country, west the plains of Mediterranean, and north the Mounts of Judah.

It is quite impossible for a Christian to buy a piece of land in Hebron. The Moslems are the most fanatical in the land, and claim that Abraham forbade any Christian to own land in the city. Until a few years ago it was unsafe for a Christian to visit or remain in the city. Sixteen years ago the Church of Scotland sent Dr. Patterson to Hebron to establish a hospital. The poor people were glad to have an English doctor, but influential fanatical sections were against them. The municipality sent police to the doctor; they entered his house and drove the people out with a stick. Guards were placed all round the place to keep the people away. A few Moslem women from Jerusalem, over whom the police had no jurisdiction went to the doctor's house and, walking up and down the yard, dared the police to touch them.

To show his independence, Dr. Patterson went to Jerusalem for six weeks. When he returned, soldiers were again placed around his house, but each day they were moved a little further away, until removed altogether. The average attendance for the year has been 10,000. Five years ago a building was rented for hospital purposes only, where all patients are received. The people come for many miles around and are grateful for attentions. Children bring other sick children and are better behaved in the hospital and more content than at home. The mothers of this land know nothing about the training of children. Sometimes they take their boys to Dr. Patterson to have them whipped. For some time he has been trying to buy land, on which to build a hospital, but in vain.

Enemies To Their Own Church.

Hugh Weir. If you were to capitalize the churches of the United States at \$2,000,000,000 you would be within the facts. Moreover, these billions are in the class of "gilt-edged securities"—real estate in the leading business centres of our greatest cities, buildings rated among the architectural triumphs of the day. To maintain the activities of the churches demands a weekly expenditure of \$10,000,000. In other words, a yearly total of over \$500,000,000 must be raised. To approach the subject from still another view-point, the American people spend nearly \$1,500,000 every day for development of their religion. Nor is this surprising for the American Church, all denominations included, represents an empire greater in population than the Republic of France or the Kingdom of Italy. Its constituency is five times the present population of the original thirteen States.

This is the institution lashed by the cynics. Its usefulness, we are told, is crumbling to the dead ashes of a forgotten fire. We have heard the charge from men outside and from men inside the pulpit, that the blood of the American Church is turning to water; that its veins have shrivelled, its muscles grown flabby, its heart grown hard, that the gulf between it and the world has grown broader and deeper; that it has drifted away from the people—and is drifting farther. Theologians have heard these charges and have not refuted them; many have been added to them. Much of the criticism of the church has come from the church, from the gods as well as from the heathen. And the world, seeing and hearing and ever ready to believe the worst, has been torn by the tidal wave of what, for want of better term, is defined as "spiritual unrest."

A Strange Religious Dance.

A singular ceremony takes place at Whit-suntide in the Luxemburg town of Echternach—a procession to the tomb of Willibrod, one of the patron saints of the city. In this old corner of Europe the idea of dancing to God's glory lives still. Religious dancing is as old as history, and was once common in the church. The spring procession of Echternach refreshes the philosopher because it trips right up from old times and certifies him that nothing is absurd which is done sincerely.

It is Whit-sund Tuesday, at eight in the morning, a late day in spring. The town is gay with wreaths, flags and streamers, the windows aflame with flowers. Twenty thousand people fill the streets and stretch in a double row across the bridge. The procession starts, with banners, tapers, three hundred singers, and its clergy. All chant the Litany of St. Willibrod. Suddenly an electric tremor thrills along the cortege of pilgrims; instruments all along the line take up the tune, and forty thousand feet, not all light but all fantastic, are vibrant in the dance.

It is a sort of sobered polka, three steps forward and two back. Youth and the old man rejoice together, the sick and the hale, the bent dotard side by side with the saucy schoolboy. They dance for health, for the state of their parents and friends, and for the ill of their beasts. Some old and infirm dance

by deputy, and many an urchin dances lustily for several invalids. Here a young mother dances with her young child in her arms; here an old man, whistling like a saw, forces to the measure his rheumatic bones.

Offering Of An Artist Convert.

The unveiling of a valuable picture of Christ, painted by Professor Carl Hecker, took place at the Salvation Army headquarters, New York City. A very large audience listened to an address by Adjutant Mrs. E. M. Whittemore, founder of the Door of Hope, who told the story of the picture. Professor Hecker was a leading teacher of art and she was one of his students. Learning that she and her husband had visited the McAuley Mission, the professor, who was a sceptic in religious matters, expressed surprise that any one claiming social position should visit the slums. She told him, when he ridiculed religion, that she would pray that God might reveal the truth to him, and save an infidel as readily as he can save a drunkard. Some time afterward, the professor, during a severe illness, remembered her words and became troubled in his conscience. He told of his change in heart, determined to paint a picture of the Saviour as a gift to her who had first led him toward the light. A year passed, and the picture was finished. It is a rare work of art, valued at \$5,000. The Saviour is represented saying to the sinners, "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The Lack of Impression.

At sermon time the art of listening is not nearly so general as it might be. In every congregation are those who have never taken lessons in this useful accomplishment. It was once customary to require of children and young people, on their return from church, a report of what they could remember of the text and sermon. This excellent practice has become largely obsolete. Three of every four persons who have apparently been paying attention during a morning sermon cannot repeat the text when they reach home. Should it be some happy circumstance have been so striking as to fix itself in their memory, they have not the remotest idea from what part of the Scriptures it was taken. As for the sermon, it has completely left them. An eminent rector, whose sermons were a rare delight, was asked by a young man just inducted into the ministry how soon he thought it safe to repeat a sermon. "My dear fellow," he replied, "with the average parishioner and the ordinary congregation a sermon that is preached in the morning might be repeated in the evening."

Gems of Unconscious Humor.

An old story has lately recalled the prayer for Queen Victoria in her presence in the parish church of Crathie: "Grant that as she grows to be an old woman she may be made a new man; and that in all righteous causes she may go forth before her people like a he-goat upon the mountains."

A Manchester paper, reporting affairs in a Lancashire village, says: "The Dead and Burial Club had a delightful dance on Tuesday evening," and adds that at a funeral, presumably under the auspices of the same club, "the trustees met the corps just outside the Dusty Miller."

It was told at the Edinburgh U.F. Presbyterian meeting this month in connection with Hillhead Church, Glasgow. Mr. Lamont, just after the call had been received, gave out for singing at his church, "Sunset and evening star and one clear call for me."

Double Dowry In Sumatra.

Marriage among the Oeloes of Sumatra is celebrated with the following curious ceremony. In front of the bride's house is suspended an immense balance with large wooden scales, the whole adorned with leaves. On one of these scales the parents of the girl deposit fruit, rice, fuel for the hearth, some coconuts, and a young goat. On the corresponding scale the bridegroom has to deposit before sunset the presents he makes to his intended till the balance sinks in his favor. At this very moment the girl leaves the house, approaches the bridegroom amidst the acclamation of those present, and the ceremony is concluded by a meal in common and by dances of a monotonous rhythm.

Eskimo Graves Of Stones.

To the Eskimo mind, everything animate or inanimate possesses a soul. Thus, in their graves we found they invariably placed every cherished possession, that their spirits might serve the departed spirit in the same capacities in the life to come. There is little room for burial beneath the scanty earth in Labrador, even if the frost would permit it. So the grave consists of upright stones, with long, flat ones laid across. These not only serve to keep the wolves from the body, but the wide chinks also afford the spirits free passage in and out.

No Change Of Faith.

Mr. Kirke had been setting forth some of his cheerful views of life, and the summer boarder was much pleased. "You are a real optimist!" she said, joyfully. "No, ma'am," said Mr. Kirke, with reproachful decision. "If I've given you any reason to think I'm going back on the Methodist church that I was raised and brought up in, I'm sorry; you've mistook my task. I haven't any quarrel with folks that find new sects helpful, but the old ones are good enough for me."

The Lesson For The Day.

A college president in Indiana, a clergyman, was addressing the students in the chapel at beginning of the college year. He observed that it was "a matter of congratulation to friends of the college that the year had opened with the largest freshman year in its history." Then, without any pause, the good man turned to the lesson of the day, the third Psalm, and began to read in a voice of thunder: "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me!"

The Golden Rule.

When one mockingly asked Hittel if he would teach him the whole law while he stood on one foot, the rabbi replied:—"What you would not like done to yourself, do not to thy neighbor, this is the whole law; all the rest is a commentary on it—go learn this."

Finland was the first country on European soil to enact a state-wide prohibition law, and it was done by the unanimous vote of parliament. Naxos, off the coast of Greece, last year supplied about one-third of the world's consumption of emery stone.

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