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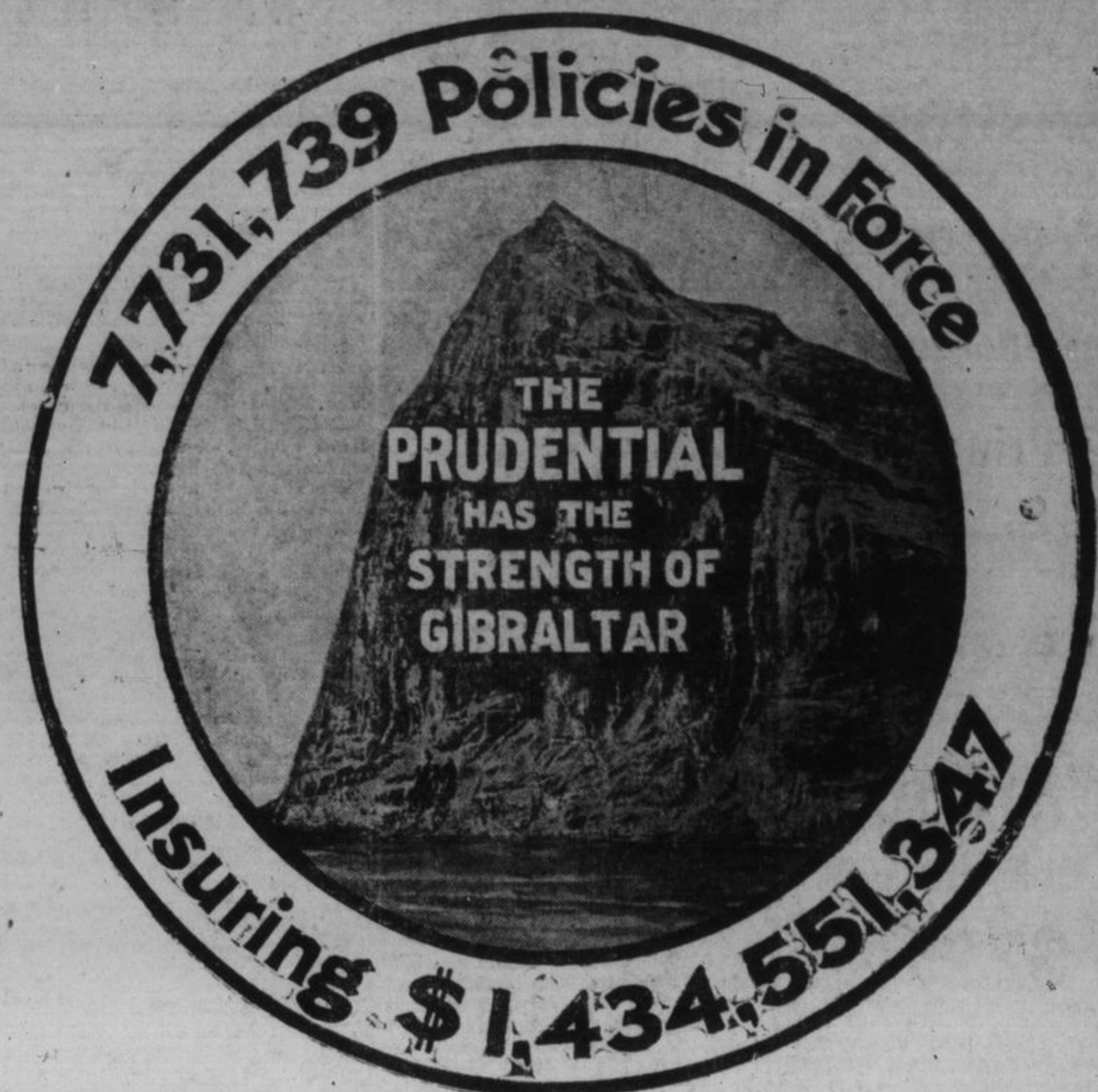
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Give Many Millions of Dollars

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NO 126.

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Both sexes.
Amounts \$15 to \$100,000.

THE GREAT JOHN CALVIN

A SKETCH OF THE REFORMER BY
CANON HAGUE OF LONDON.

He Was Born Four Hundred Years Ago—
Awakened Spirituality by Contact With
the Word of God—Calvin Greatly Misunder-
stood.

Four hundred years ago July 10th a baby boy was born in a little town to the north-east of Paris, France, who was destined to become one of the greatest men of the world. His name was John Calvin, and though his greatness was realized in the age in which he lived four hundred years of rolling time have only revealed the grandeur of his personality and his life work. For more than a week now in the city of Geneva in Switzerland commemorative meetings of world-wide interest have been held and from Great Britain, the United States, Germany, Hungary, Italy, France and Canada, some of the most famous men in the Protestant church of to-day have gathered to celebrate in an international and inter-denominational celebration this great leader of the Protestant Reformation. Who then was this great man, and what did he do that his name should be the subject of a series of celebrations-world-wide in their representative character.

In the first place he was probably the foremost scholar of the day. At the age of fourteen he entered the university of Paris. At eighteen he went to the still more famous university of Orleans, and in consequence of almost incredible application he was declared to be, by one of his contemporaries, the most learned person in Europe. Trained in the most rigid school of Roman dogmatism he was awakened spiritually by contact with the word of God. He became in consequence a wanderer on the face of the earth and to the last he suffered persecution on behalf of the principles of reform. In spite of his wanderings he was enabled to prosecute his theological studies and in the year 1536 he produced the work which has made his name famous in the theological world, "The Institutes," which was first published in Latin at Bâle, that beautiful city by the rushing Rhine. They were in Latin, yet even to-day read in English with a dignity and stateliness that make them a model of elegant language. The work was so massive and so great that it has made him the Aquinas of Protestantism, and the Aristotle of Reformation theology.

A mere accident in his life a passing visit to Geneva, became in God's providence the crisis of his life. Farel, the fiery Protestant of Switzerland, laid his hand upon him and claimed him for the work that was then being carried on in that great city. It has been said that the conversation of that night changed not only the course of Calvin's life, but the course of the history of Europe. There he settled down and took up the great work of civic reform. Though his life was largely confined to that little city his influence radiated to the innermost parts of Europe. He lived a life of incredible industry. In addition to his work as a reformer and the establishment of guardians for the poor, medical dispensaries for the sick, city hospitals and institutions for widows and orphans, the codification of

the laws, and unremitting effort for peace, order and unity, he became on account of his international reputation as a scholar the Mecca for the reformers of that great age. He became the recognized leader of the leaders of all the Protestant forces of the continent. Men flocked to him from every quarter. What Wittenburg was to Lutheranism, Calvinism became to the reform school of theology. He became the councillor of princes and nobles, and his letters to Edward VI., king of England, and Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen, to Somerset, the Prime Minister, and Cranmer, the Archbishop, are still to-day of more than temporary interest. In fact he was regarded almost as an oracle and the impress of his thoughts was left upon every current theological system. His life in Geneva was altogether strenuous. He preached every day, lectured three times a week, attended business meetings of all kinds, went as delegate to all sorts of religious conferences of international interest. He lived a simple and strenuous life, and almost in the very prime of life died at an age that many men are almost settled down to their life work.

Emerson once said that to be great is to be misunderstood, and probably no greater character has been misunderstood more in history than Calvin. He was not perfect. He had certain outstanding faults, the chief of which was a kind of rigid austerity, the very opposite of Luther's cheery optimism and contagious humor. The great blemish upon his life historically was his consent to the burning of Servetus. But even in connection with this we must remember the age in which he lived, the horror of such a thing as the denial of the Deity of Christ, and the difficulty of the 20th century Christian appreciating the standpoint of the men of those days. If he was narrow he was not any narrower probably than St. Paul or Augustine. If his chief reputation was that of a theologian it must never be forgotten that he was as a Christian one of the greatest of all civic reformers. In character he was humble, modest, simple; a God-fearing, upright man. No stone to-day marks his grave. The actual spot remains unknown. His monument is the theology of the reform churches of the world. He published more than 50 large volumes, many of which have circulated to-day. He amassed no money, giving it freely to relieve the poor. Calvin died worth about two hundred dollars. The central feature of his theological system was the greatness and the glory of God; and the words of his last will and testimony were "In all the controversies which I have carried on against the enemies of truth I have employed no sophistry, but have fought the good fight in simplicity and truth."

The Beauties Of Worship.

God not only told man to worship but taught him how to do it. He gave to the Children of Israel a form of worship which cost them much in time and money and trouble; everything was to be of the very costliest and best and most beautiful—for He loves them that love Him, and love takes pleasure in sacrifice. God is the same now as He was then, and so we see that our church and everything to do with them should be the best our means will allow. And here comes in the Christian brotherhood; the rich can give much and the poor but little, but the church belongs equally to all. We must not give God less than our best, for He is the Giver of All.

HAS MANY QUALITIES.

A Missionary Preacher, Community Builder
and a Trader.

Canadian Courier.
Then there is the Anglican missionary at Onion Lake. En route from Edmonton down the big river by scow—is the best place to observe this missionary, who is not only a preacher of the gospel but a community-builder and a trader. The missionary scow is one of the poetic remnants of the day the Saskatchewan was more used for navigation than it is now. A remarkable craft; starboard amidships the team and backboard in which the missionary with his half-breed mate has driven over the trail to Edmonton. A catwashed rampart of bags, boxes and bales—goods for trading to the Indians at the mission. Two hundred miles of crooks and rapids to Onion Lake; at the bow sweep the half-breed man; at the stern pole the missionary close by, his wisps of tobacco smoke mingling oodily with the trail from the fire-box. Croaking and crawling round the curves of the crooked river, this gospel scow on her six-days' glide keeps green in the missionary's imagination the days when from Edmonton to the head of Lake Winnipeg the only settlement not a half-breed colony was old Battleford on the right bank. Past Pakan and St. Paul's de Metis—the grey humpty shacks with the mud chimneys the sixth day out—and the half-breed mate laments that he has seen not a moose swimming the river as it used to be at the beginning of the century before the railway came; even the moulting wild geese are scarce; and alongshore the bald gleaming dots of settlers' houses spangle the fat round domes of the splendid hills. A few years ago—nothing of this; the unweeded solitude unbroken by even the flat-bottomed steamers that went off when the branch railways pushed up from the old line south; and before that the long York boats that plied to the fur posts from Hudson's Bay.

When the missionary lands he is greeted by a company of Crees; the red men whose souls and bodies and children he shepherds from the mission hill seven miles north. Busy as beavers under the thumb of the overlord they lug ashore the sacks, bundles and boxes. Down come the waggons and soon the cargo crawls in a slow caravan over the hills headed by the missionary in his buckboard—somewhere in the rear the police rig of the red-coated sergeant whose yellow barracks are two miles from the mission.

But the mission settlement is the metropolis. There also is the Agency house; one store of the Hudson's Bay Company; shack of the telegraph operator—and two little churches. In the wall of that heterogeneous aggregation of wings and annexes and lean-tos, known as the mission, are the decks and hold timbers of a score of scows built in Edmonton and broken up at Onion Lake for the lumber and nails. Log stable crammed with prairie hay; wagon-loads reeling in from the sloughs and the uplands—slough hay in the dry season and upland in the wet. In the yard a mob of Cree lads shooting arrows; some with football. Out of the mission comes a pale careful woman—the missionary's wife. She is a doctor, in charge of all the Crees; and the two women in her household are both teachers and nurses, according to the needs of the case.

Unloading of goods brings a pack of idle babbling Crees; hunters and women—blan-

keted women—and babies in laced-in cases. The missionary's room is audience chamber, office, study and storehouse for dry-goods. Almost any time of day half a dozen Crees may be found congregated here. Some to buy goods and some to beg; many to smoke and jabber of the hunt and the fish baskets and the doings of police. And if a Cree is sick but able to visit the mission, there he airs his symptoms; profoundly pleased to note the pack of hospital stores fetched with the cargo of goods—packs of gauze and lint; bottles of chloroform; bottles of whiskey and brandy; sundry medicines—not least among which are the bottles of cod-liver oil which to the Cree is a sort of grand medicinal beverage. The missionary's wife compels the wondering awe of the natives. They verily believe that all craft and knowledge of healing belong to her. Once she was a missionary in India—then an undergraduate in medicine. Since her advent at Onion Lake she has completed her examinations for the degree of M.D. besides bringing up a family of children.

Three Thousand Dollars a Foot.

For one foot frontage of land in the City of Edmonton a well-known mercantile firm in that city has been offered three thousand dollars by one of the banks. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars was offered for the entire lot. The offer was refused. There is a three-storey store on the property—just as there was nine years ago; but as the store could not be used by the bank, it was not counted of any value in the estimate. The land on that corner—at three thousand dollars a foot! Well do I remember that corner; nine years ago mainly a bluff of little poplars from which a few years before the Edmonton boys used to chase jack-rabbits. Up and down the whole length of that flag-leg, fine wide street lined with its little shacks of trade and commerce one might see the wild prairie roses hanging through the wooden fences along with the blue-bells. Vacant lots everywhere; here and there a relic of the Klondike—some outlandish rig that had gone the trail and come back or had not gone at all. For the fur town then was a reminiscence of the huge busy time that opened up that whole west to the eyes of the world—the delirium of the overland route.

Where People Live Longest.

Longevity is common in Sweden and Norway. Thus in the former country, while mortality in 1880 averaged only 17 per 1,000 inhabitants, in 1906 it had fallen to 14; infant mortality shrank from 112 per 1,000. In Norway the rate showed a reduction from 16 to 13 per 1,000, and that of infants from 95 to 69. For these healthy rates the hygienic habits of the population are responsible; public baths; the admirable organization of hospitals, which receive the rich as well as poor; the cleanliness of habitation and wide-spread precautions. Again, there is the public attitude toward inevitable sicknesses. Sweden and Norwegian have faith in recent scientific and medical discoveries. Consequently, each contagious case becomes a public matter, and individual liberty is never placed in opposition to the general welfare.

The man who returns good for evil is as a tree which renders its shade and its fruit even to those who cast stones at it.—Persian Proverb.



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