

GOSSIP OF THE PARISH

WHY A BEADLE KEPT A MINISTER WAITING UNTIL AFTER DARK.

He Didn't Want to Let the People See Him or They Wouldn't Turn Out to Service—Retort of a Priest to a Sharper.

A Scottish parish minister was going from home and procured the clergyman of a neighboring parish to officiate on Sunday. The parish minister's servant, who was also beadle, says the London Globe, was sent over to the station to drive the visiting reverend gentleman to the manse.

When the train arrived the beadle asked the visitor to be good enough to wait awhile, as he had some errands to do before going home. It was two hours before he returned. The minister was furious and threatened to report the beadle to his master.

"Well, sir, ye can dae that if ye likt," said the beadle, "but he'll tell me himself to wait till it was dark afore I drove ye ower, for if the folk o' the village saw who was to preach naebody wud turn out the morn."

Away back when herds of buffalo grazed along the foothills of the Western mountains, two hardy prospectors fell in with a bull bison that seemed to have separated from his kind and run amuck.

After this had been repeated several times, the man in the tree called at the mouth of the cavern: "Stay in the cave, you idiot!"

The Sunday school class had reached the part of the lesson where "Abraham entertained the angel unaware."

There was a bashful silence; then the smallest girl in the class piped up, "Un'erware is what you take off before you puts on your night."

Druggist—"What's the matter with you? You seem excited!"

Clerk—"No wonder. Mrs. Griggaby wanted an ounce of boracic acid, and I gave her an ounce of strychnine by mistake."

Druggist—"Well of all the careless idiots, you head the list! Say, haven't you any idea of the value of strychnine?"

"Gracious!" cried the clergyman, when the young mother had told him she wanted her baby baptized. Jane Emily Nora Eliza Maria Frances Sarah, "why do you want to afflict the child with a string of names like that?"

Motherly Hostess—Our modest establishment has only one bathroom, so we all have to arrange when to take our turn.

Father S—was remarkable for his ready wit. On one occasion, while travelling on a steamboat, a well-known sharper, who wished to get into the priest's good graces, said:

"Father, I would like very much to hear one of your sermons."

"Well," said the clergyman, "you would have heard me last Sunday if you had been where you should have been."

"Where was that, pray?"

"In the county jail," answered the bluff priest as he walked away.

On the rolling ocean. She—"Shall I have your lunch brought up to you, dear?" He (feebly)—"No, love; have it brown straight overboard. It will save time and trouble."

GREAT BATHING FESTIVAL.

Once Every Twelve Years All Castes Dip in Holy Waters.

Christian Herald. Every twelve years the great Mahamakam festival is celebrated by Hindus of all castes in the sacred city of Kumbakonam, Madras. There are two festivals, lasting ten days, the closing day being the most important in a ceremonial sense, as on that day they bathe in the holy waters.

For centuries it has been the belief of these Hindus that, by bathing in the great Mahamakam tank (into which the nine "holy" rivers of the world are believed to pour their waters on this day), they can save themselves from all sins and secure salvation in the future.

SYMPATHY TO BE USEFUL

Must Try and Brace the Sufferer to Fight Depression.

In an article in C.F.N. on "Sympathy," A. C. Benson speaks of the possibility of well-intentioned sympathy doing more harm than good in keeping the mind of the sufferer on the cause of the trouble. The writer then goes on to say:

What is undoubtedly a far harder business for most of us is to sympathize generously and sincerely with joy and happiness and success. We are apt to feel that happiness is so delightful a thing that it needs no sympathy, and thus we often tend to spoil our friends' triumphs and joys by giving them but a brief and formal recognition, and turning to more congenial things.

Addressing a meeting of clergy of the diocese at Exeter cathedral, the Bishop, Dr. Robertson, said that while the clergy had advanced far further than their predecessors of a generation or two ago in the studies which were more purely ecclesiastical, they had fallen behind them altogether in their Biblical study, in their knowledge, he would not say about the Bible, but in their knowledge of the Bible.

BOYS OF ASHBURY COLLEGE.

Heard the Wholesome Talk of Chaplain-General on Purity.

There was a large attendance of the boys of Ashbury College, who helped swell the big meeting gathered in St. George's hall, Ottawa, to hear Bishop Taylor Smith's last address before he left for England. His subject was "The Dignity of Manhood."

The speaker named as the best three rules for pure living: daily prayer, daily Bible reading, and the putting of the will on the side of purity. He exhorted parents to maintain a pure Christian home, which was the nearest approach to a home above.

Rev. J. W. H. Milne, of the Glebe Presbyterian Church, made a short address of appreciation, saying that the address of the evening was the most powerful he had ever heard. He thanked Bishop Taylor Smith for furnishing so many splendid illustrations and parables for use in teaching truths of nature to the young, and would make use of them in his work amongst boys.

For the first time for about two centuries a wedding took place lately at the ancient chapel of Lincoln's-inn, London. As the chapel is not licensed for marriages a special license had to be obtained from the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Origin of Harvest Festivals.

Harvest festivals are now so popular that it is not easy to imagine that they are quite a modern innovation, and for some years were not looked upon altogether with favor by those in "high places."

CHURCH LOST IN SAND.

An Ancient Cornish Church at Perranzabuloe Being Dug Out.

Antiquaries are excavating in Cornwall and bringing to light an old church. Of the work a visitor writes: "The western gable end of the ruin, peeping a few feet above the sand, is all that you can see of the actual building as you approach. But the excavators were busy at the time of my visit, and the walls and other parts of the oratory were being disclosed in a way which promised ample reward. Close to the ruin I found Mr. Athelstan Riley, himself busy with a shovel. He and his assistants were keenly bent on their work of discovery."

Clergy of the Present Day.

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The power to control the operations of nature was an insight into what was unquestionably the methods of the work of God. Knowledge in this generation had reached a level undreamt of in any period in the previous history of the human race.

Should She Be Canonized?

There has been a good deal of talk, in England, lately, regarding some system of canonization, whereby those who have qualified for sainthood as such as any of the lesser saints of the past, ever did, might be recognized in the calendar.

Old Bibles For New.

We are just old-fashioned enough to take no stock in the modernized Bible which is shortly to appear "couched in everyday language, with obsolete words and phrases eliminated."

An Ancient Chapel.

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NOT A DYING RACE.

A Medical Missionary to the Indians Talks About Them.

We clip from the Winnipeg Free Press the following interesting extract: "That the Indians are not a dying race, but a living, increasing and progressive people, is the opinion of Miss Anna A. Hawley, teacher and nurse, St. Stephen's mission, Fort a la Corne, Saskatchewan. She believes that the change from boarding schools to day schools for Indian children, which is being made by the Government, is a move in the right direction."

The boarding schools are not satisfactory. After several years of school life the children returned to the reserve unfitted to live the life of either the white man or the Indian. They had been taken from home life and when they returned were at sea, because not only did their customs differ from those of other people, but parents and the children had grown apart in tastes, sympathies and interests.

With the day school it was known there would be difficulties. One was the trouble of getting the children to attend school regularly; and the other the difficulty of raising the ideals of the children, when after school hours they were subject to the influences of the homes.

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Westminster Chimes.

While the musical qualities of Big Ben and its associated chimes are under discussion, it is worth recalling that we owe the melody of the quarter bells to no less a musician than Handel.

Isn't This True?

Sometimes, too often, we meet the "very good" woman whose life is a white and open page, but who, while commiserating the daily evils of life, points out "poor Betty Malt," whose pitiful plight nobody had ever known anything about until the "good" woman, with many head-shakings, whispered the story.

There is a rose tree on the wall of a cathedral in Hildesheim, Germany.

It is known to have flourished since the eleventh century.

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Advertisement for Taylor's Borax Soap. Text: "IN the kitchen—in the laundry—in the bath-room—in every room in the house—there's a need for Taylor's Borax Soap. It dissolves dirt whether on clothes, pans, dishes, furniture, woodwork or bath-tubs. It freshens and brightens everything, and the borax makes the water soft." Price: 5¢ everywhere.

Advertisement for Beaver Flour. Text: "Just what I've been looking for." "BEAVER FLOUR" makes ideal bread and pastry, because it is a perfect blend of Manitoba Spring wheat and Ontario Fall wheat. You don't need to keep two kinds of flour for bread and pastry. Beaver Flour makes both—a pure, white, nourishing, light loaf that "stands up" in the oven, and pastry that is crisp and appetizing. It is more economical than other flours, and appeals to all thinking women. Order it to-day from your grocer.