

GOSSIP OF THE PARISH

A BRITISH JUDGE WHO HAD MORE PATIENCE THAN JOB.

A Medical Student and a Romeo Juliet Scene—What a Private Was Talking About in Passing the Saluting Base.

"Splendid!" exclaimed the old Colonel as Company passed the saluting base.

"Did you hear wot ole nasty face sez?" No. 3 of the front rank asked No. 4.

"Stand fast after parade, No. 4, for talking in the ranks!" snapped a sergeant from near by.

"It wasn't me talking!" muttered No. 4.

"You'd better not get two on us in trouble," advised No. 3 in a whisper.

"Talking while marching past?" echoed the adjutant. "What on earth did you find to talk about then?"

"As we was passing the salutin' base," explained No. 4, "the Colonel sez, 'Splendid!'

"Yes, I sez to meself, 'ah you've got the smartest officer in the British Army to thank for making us splendid, and that's our adjutant!'"

"Er—sergeant, send the man away and don't bring such frivolous complaints before me again!" snapped the adjutant.

"Romeo and Juliet," with the original company, had reached its crucial moment.

Juliet was staggering about the stage, regarding her afflicted lover.

"O, cruel poison," she wailed.

"She raised her lover for a moment in her arms.

A wildly excited medical student in the gallery sprang to his feet.

"Keep him up, Juliet—keep him up!" he bellowed. "I'll run out and fetch the stomach pump!"

Sir Henry Hawkins was once presiding over a long, tedious and uninteresting trial, and was listening, apparently with great attention, to a long-winded speech from a learned counsel.

After a while he made a pencil memorandum, folded it and sent it by the usher to the Queen's counsel in question, who, unfolding the paper, found these words: "Patience competition. Gold medal. Sir Henry Hawkins. Honorable mention. Job."

The rector of a church was greatly pleased by the knowledge of his catechism displayed by a bright urchin. After a series of questions about religious knowledge, all of which were answered satisfactorily, the clergyman next asked: "And now, my little friend, have you ever read the Thirty-Nine Articles?"

"No, sir," rejoined the youngster, anxious to display his knowledge; "but I've read the 'Forty Thieves.'"

A strong-minded British matron, on running the gamut of ministers of various denominations, as she landed in the immigration wharf, was caught by a progressive follower of Wesley, who, with his most engaging smile, begged to be informed as to what "church" she belonged.

"Church of England, of course, young man; what do you take me for?"

This is the latest.

Rector's daughter, taking a class in Sunday school.

"Now, girls, what is a miracle?"

Dead silence. Question repeated.

Little Girl—"Please, Miss, Mother says it will be a miracle if you don't marry the curate."

A rapturous American lady was much impressed with the singing of the choristers in an English cathedral and declared that they sang and looked like the angels.

An old applewoman, to whom she spoke replied tartly: "Yes, people calls 'em cherubs and seraphims, but I know different."

Country Vicar's Wife: "Rather a pleasant little tea party, don't you think?"

Novelist: "Unsatisfactory—unsatisfactory! dear lady. To an earnest student of human nature the persons here are neither high enough nor yet low enough in the social scale to be really stimulating!"

Tramp (at the door)—"If you please lady—"

Mrs. Muggs (sternly)—"There, that will do. I am tired of this everlasting whine of 'Lady, lady.' I am just a plain woman, and—"

Tramp—"You are, madam, one of the plainest women I've ever seen an' one of the honestest to own up to it."

Mrs. Backbay—"Why are you leaving us, Bridget?"

Boston Cook—"Me reasons are philanthropic. I want to give some welse a chance at the joys of living with yez."

Jimmy giggled when the teacher read the story of the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast. "You do not doubt a trained swimmer could do that, do you, James?"

"No, sir," answered Jimmy; "but I wondered why he didn't make it four and get back to the side his clothes were on."

Zealous Protestant Dublin Lady (hailing typical Irish jarvey)—"My good man, before I take your cab, I want to know whether you are a good Protestant?"

R. C. Jarvey—"Faith no, ma'am, but shure me baste is, he's never been on his knees in his life."

A clerical friend informs me that on a certain Sunday in September he married William Button to Elizabeth Thimble, and that one of the witnesses to the signatures of the happy pair was Mary Needle.

A young man lived at some distance from his bride-elect. On the eventful day he set off for the station in good time, but, being delayed, missed the train. Then he thought him of the telegraph. "Don't marry till I come—William," was the message he sent.

Breathless Urchin—"You're wanted dah our court, and bring a hambulance."

Police-man—"What do you want the ambulance for?"

Urchin—"Muvver's found the lidy wot pinched our doormat."

A Scotch publican was complaining of his servant maid. He said that she could never be found when wanted. "She'll gang out of the house," he said, "twenty times for once she'll come in."

"Here," said the editor, "you use too many

words. You say, 'He was poor but honest.' You have only to say that he was honest. 'Agin, you say, 'He was without money and without friends.' Simply say that he was without money."

"Nellie," said the teacher, "you may tell me how to make a Maltese cross."

"Seep on its tail," answered Nellie promptly.

The Archdeacon's Surprise.

Archdeacon Madgen, speaking of his visit to Canada, said: "Another remarkable fact in connection with the Canadian Congress was the small part taken by laymen in the set programme and in the ordinary discussions at the various sessions. One was surprised to find a Congress of a Church in which the laity have so much power decidedly lacking in lay speakers. Of course, as to so many of our English Congresses, the papers took up too much time, and there was therefore at most sessions little opportunity for the ordinary public to have a share in the debates; but even when there was such an opportunity the laymen seemed content to remain silent and leave the speaking to their clerical brethren."

It is to be feared that Canadian men do not take the share in Church work that men in the old country do. The men of leisure and means in the old land give much of both to the service of the Church. The same cannot be said of Canada. A man here, who accumulates money, usually considers himself far too great to condescend to working at religion.

The Ancient Fanes.

Middlewich, Cheshire, possesses a fine old parish church, dedicated to St. Michael and All Angels. The first mention of a rector, according to Ormerod's "History of Cheshire," is A.D. 1306; now it is a vicarage. When the church underwent restoration some years ago a mutilated figure of stone was discovered in the north wall, and is supposed to be of the reign of Edward III. During the Civil War two battles were fought at Middlewich between the Royalist and Parliamentary forces, the old church came in for very rough treatment, horses were stabled in it, and to this day there remains in one of the pillars of the church an iron ring used to attach a horse's chain or halter. The church tower has recently been restored at the expense of a local lady. Parish work is carried on with keenness; the Sunday schools, Bible and other classes, and the various Church societies all flourish.

First Cause Poverty.

Active preparations for the publishing of a new Tuberculosis directory have been begun by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. The Directory will contain up-to-date lists of all hospitals, sanatoria, dispensaries, and associations engaged in the war against consumption. A summary of what has been done by the various state legislatures and the county and municipal governing bodies will be included in the book.

A recent writer says: "The bacillus may be the father of tuberculosis but the mother is poverty. Divorced the bacillus from poverty and his monstrous child would not be conceived to prey upon mankind. The parents of poverty are high rents and low wages. The infection breeds in hovels, but ever and again it marches forth against the palaces to avenge the suffering of Lazarus upon the children of Dives."

True in Canada, Too.

Speaking at Chelsea, in support of the Bishop of London's Fund, the Bishop of London said the weak spot was a lack of imagination and vision. Why was it that the fund stood at almost the same sum for the last fifteen or twenty years? The reason was that Churchpeople only imperfectly understood what it was to be Christian. What was lacking was not Christianity, what was wanting was the writing of "In Christo" over the lives of professing Christians in London today. He was therefore appealing to the deepest motives, as he believed St. Paul would have done. Until they could really say that they were truly Christian, they could not expect to convert London; until places like Chelsea were burning with zeal they could not hope to reach the East-end.

The Forest Call.

Gene Stratton Porter.

The forest issues a universal invitation, but few there be who are happy in accepting its hospitality. If you carry a timid heart, take it to the fields, where you can see your path before you and familiar sounds fall on your ears. If you carry a sad heart the forest is not for you. Nature places gloom in its depths, sobs among its branches, cries from its inhabitants. If your heart is blackened with ugly secrets, better bleach them in the healing sunshine of the fields. The soul with a secret is always afraid, and fear was born and has established its hiding place in the forest. You must ignore much personal discomfort and be sure you are free from sadness and fear before you can be at home in the forest. But to all brave hearts, I should say, "Go and learn the mighty chorus."

Loved Her Prayer Book.

To Sunday school children of the last generation no books were better known and loved than "The Little Episcopalian" and "Bessie Melville," though they are unknown titles to most children to-day. The author, Miss Mary Ann Cruse, passed to her rest in October at her home in Huntsville, Ala., in her 86th year. The first named of these works was endorsed by the General Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union and Church Book Society. The authoress said she had written the book because in general the members of the Church "bestowed too little time and attention in endeavoring to imbue the minds and the hearts of the young with a just appreciation of the value and excellence of the Book of Common Prayer."

Imperial Mother!

William Watson, in London Times.

Imperial Mother, from whose breasts We drank as babes the pride whereby We question ev'n thine own behests, And judge thee with no finching eye—

Off slow to hear when thou dost call, Off vext with a divided will, When once a rival seeks thy fall, We are thy sons and daughters still, The love that holds, the faith that veers, Are then deep sunk as in the Sea; The Sea where thou must brook no peers, And halve with none thy sovereignty.

JAGGARDS, WILTS.

One of the Curious Stories That Make the Old Land So Fascinating.

Jaggards is one of the most interesting old houses in the country, dating from 1664 or 1674—there are two dates—and having been built by the Kingston family. The dining-room was at one period the kitchen, and in the window-sill are two circular holes for pots, under which charcoal used to be placed to keep them hot. There are a pleasant oak-panelled room—used as a study—and a fine staircase; while in the pretty grounds is an old dove-cote of two storeys. But even more interesting than the old house is the story which the late Bishop Ellicott of Gloucester used to tell about it.

Some time in the seventies there was some difficulty in finding a house to suit a clergyman appointed to the district, so Jaggards was taken, Bishop Ellicott going himself to see the place. But the cleric soon began to have trouble with his servants, who would not stay in the house, which they alleged was haunted by a woman in blue, who appeared everywhere. Things became so bad at last that the clergyman left, and was succeeded by another, who was also troubled by the apparition. Bishop Ellicott, on being appealed to, suggested that when the blue lady next appeared, the clergyman should ask, in a sympathetic manner, what he could do for her. This was done, and, with "a seraphic smile," according to the tale, the spirit vanished, never to appear again.

Subsequently Bishop Ellicott received a letter from an old clergyman in America, who said that an aged parishioner had on his deathbed, before he could die happily, told him the story of a crime he had witnessed in England when a boy. He had been taken by a number of highwaymen who had their headquarters at Jaggards, and while there had witnessed many deeds of violence, including the murder of a young girl who had been carried off to Jaggards, and in the rows and quarrels which ensued had been done to death. The story is a very strange one, but it was told by Bishop Ellicott, who implicitly believed it himself. The American clergyman wrote to him, and the Bishop had his correspondent's statement verified, the result being that the deathbed confession was exactly as at first related.

"THINK FOR YOURSELVES"

Is the Sound Advice of the Archdeacon of Liverpool.

Venerable Archdeacon Madden, in his address at the Men's meeting, Montreal, urged the men, both young and old, to think for themselves. "The multiplicity of books," he said, "is not an unmixed blessing—Young men read a book, and then say 'I think so and so,' but it is not they who think, they simply reproduce the thoughts of the author. 'Do not,' the speaker said, 'be hypnotized by an editor or a parson, but think for yourselves. But, if you will read, study history. History is the wonderful cordial for every drooping spirit. It shows us how God is ruling in the kingdoms of men.

"But the most gullible men in creation are the sceptics, they simply open their mouths, shut their eyes, and swallow what anybody tells them concerning religion, and religious people. There is not much in materialism to help a man in his spiritual needs. The human body, considered from a physical point of view, is little more than a combination of solids, fluids and gases. It is an animal form; but if man is an animal, he is a thinking animal; and as such should govern his passions. A man should control his appetites; he should restrain his natural desires. Otherwise, he falls to the level of the beast; who obeys but the impulse of the moment."

The Archdeacon, who is the most lovable and attractive of men in private life, has made friends wherever his kindly presence has been seen, his rich brogue heard.

Curious Ancient Ceremony.

A Martinmas Day ceremony, which dates back 360 years, was observed on the 23rd ult. at the Church of St. Cuthbert, York, England, after having fallen into abeyance for two centuries. Sir Martin Bowes, a native of York, who was Lord Mayor of London in 1545, gave to the Lord Mayor and Commonality of the City of York £600, they paying one pound six shillings annually on Martinmas day, to be distributed in bread to the poor of St. Cuthbert's parish, also five shillings to the clerk and five groats to each churchwarden, for distributing the bread; four shillings to the minister for a homily, and six shillings to six aldermen for their trouble in carrying out the bequest, the Lord Mayor and aldermen, and the sword and mace-bearer to go to the altar, and each of them lay down a penny and take up twelve pence, which they give to the poor. The charitable donation has been regularly distributed by the incumbent, but until this year the procession and ceremonial has not been performed for two hundred years. Through the steps taken by its revival by the new rector (Rev. Mr. Pyne), the Lord Mayor (Alderman Carter), aldermen, and other civic officials, went in procession from the Mansion House, and carried out the wishes of this distinguished London merchant and benefactor. A descendant of Sir Martin in the person of Richard Bowes, Esq., J.P., of Monkend, Croft, was invited to the ceremony.

Religious Sects in Toronto.

One of the results of the house-to-house visitation recently held in Toronto by the various religious bodies is the discovery of a host of small denominations of which few people knew or suspected the existence. The list of their names includes the following—Anglicans, Methodists, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Baptists, Salvation Army, Congregationalists, Jews, Advent Christian, Brethren, Catholic Apostolic, Christadelphian, Christian Workers.

Church of Christ (Disciples), Christian Scientist, Church of God, Church of the New Jerusalem, Evangelical Association, Free Methodist, Friend (Quaker), Greek Catholic, Latter Day Saints, Lutheran, Pentecostal, Reformed Episcopal.

Reformed Presbyterian, Seventh Day Adventist, Syrian Catholic, Theosophist, Unitarian, Bulgarian Orthodox, African Methodist Episcopal, Macedonian Mission, Greek Orthodox, Spiritualists, Missionary Alliance, Divine Healing.

Finnish Church, Covenanters, Second Adventists, Dissenters, Parkdale Tabernacle, Beulah Hall, British Welcome League, Free-thinkers, Interdenominational.

CANADA'S NEEDS.

Brought Before London Junior Clergy Missionary Association.

The Bishop of St. Alban's, speaking before the above association, touched on his four visits to Canada and on Earl Grey's remark to him, "We now have eight millions. What is to prevent us from becoming eighty millions?" There was every condition present for the upgrowth of a great population and a great Dominion.

The Presbyterians had realized the needs and opportunities of the great Northwest, and a great deal of the wealth of Montreal and Toronto was in the hands of men belonging to that body, who were doing their best to supply the need. The Episcopal Methodists of the United States had also quickly appreciated the importance of the opportunity. As an English Church man and Bishop, he confessed he had been saddened at the result of the backwardness of our own Church. Now English Churchmen are waking up to understand the opportunity and the need of intervention. It was none too soon that the two Archbishops called attention to this great matter and asked the whole people of England to consider what ought to be done.

Rev. Dr. Lwyd, vice-president of Trinity, also spoke and put his audience in good humor by poking fun at the difficulty of pronouncing his own name. He told an incident in the career of a certain Bishop of a Welsh see who had a rather bad time with the Welsh double D and asked his dean, a Welshman, how to pronounce it. The dean's instruction was, "Your Lordship must put the tip of your episcopal tongue to the roof of your apostolic mouth and then hiss like a goose."

And when the laughter subsided, Dr. Lwyd, with grim earnestness, brought home the momentous nature of his subject to his hearers. His words called up a vivid picture of a nation of English blood growing up on the virgin soil of our vast spaces; where distance loses its meaning, of a people in close contact with nature in her most gigantic moods, and, at the same time, trying to absorb all sorts of elements of other nationalities that are coming in, and which must be blended with the virile Anglo-Saxon stock, and gradually brought to receive its finest qualities and habits and modes of thought. It was an immense task he sketched, but he spoke of it hopefully even while indicating the dangers that surrounded it and the disaster that awaited failure. He emphasized his belief that this century will be recognized in the future as the period in which God opened out before the enlarged hearts of His children a prospect unequalled in the annals of mankind for the exaltation of His Kingdom upon earth. Men, money, and prayers given largely, lavishly and without stint—these alone could meet the emergency that confronted the Church in Canada.

Speaking of the foreign element in the problem, he recalled the teaching of history, which showed clearly that the future of the Anglo-Saxon race there depended upon its power to assimilate these foreign elements, which otherwise would bring disaster and cause the whole ship to sink, as it were. He referred to the efforts that were being made in Eastern Canada, where the laymen were rousing themselves nobly to their duty and responding to the call as they had never done before in the history of the Church of England there. He said it lay within the power of England and England's Church to-day to say what should be the future of this great and vast Dominion. It was in the hands of England as well as of Canada, to both the prairies stretched out appealing hands asking for the Gospel of Christ and the Prayer Book of the ancient Church in the language to which the people of our blood who come here had been accustomed in their youth. They asked for the sacraments, for the worship, and for all the traditions that had made life beautiful, and peaceful, and happy in the past. The question he asked was this, Out of all the millions pouring into England's treasury year by year, from investments all over the world—how much was there for Christ, how much for Christ's Church, how much to make Canada not only what she now is, the brightest gem in the diadem of England's monarch, but the brightest gem in the diadem of the Monarch of both Heaven and earth?

Headquarters for Fashionable Weddings.

It is announced that the Rev. David Anderson is resigning the living of St. George's, Hanover-square, the famous headquarters of Hymen, if one may be allowed to use the simile of a pagan deity in connection with a Christian temple. How many fashionable weddings take place at St. George's in the course of a season? How many famous persons have been wedded there? Why should this particular church, which is not specially notable in other respects, be so favored with weddings? We do not know. But it is certain that as far back as the time of George I. it had almost the monopoly of marriages in high life. It was built from designs by John James in 1724, being one of Queen Anne's fifty new churches. Its portico and tower are handsome. "The marriage registers are a perfect library of the autographs of illustrious persons," says Hare, "amid which the bold signature of Wellington often appears." In the beginning of the nineteenth century, from 3,100 to 1,200 couples were sometimes united here in the course of a year. Nelson's Lady Hamilton was married here September 6, 1791.

"London's Dialect."

In the book, entitled "London's Dialect," Mr. Mackenzie-Macbride challenges the view expressed by the Education Department of the London County Council, that "there is no London dialect of reputable antecedents and origin," and that "the Cockney mode of speech is a modern corruption." He points out that the London dialect, especially on the south side of the Thames, is a perfectly recognizable child of the old Kentish tongue, to which we owe our earliest written literature. "That" for "that," "benk" for "bank," "keb" for "cab," are remnants of the old Kentish mode of pronunciation. In the Kentish dialect "that" was spelt "thet" as early as A.D. 825. The use of "it" for "is," as in "itdy," was common from the Trent to the Thames in Elizabeth's time, and John Stow, writing in 1580, gives us "bylliffe" for "balliff." The use of "an" for "is" in such cockneyisms as "telegraph" is of very old origin, and "abarth" and "ahside" are both warranted by ancient use. As for "kep" and "leg" without the final "t," they are really uncorrupted words, the "t" being an intruder of late date.



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