

THE MEN WHO ARE SEEKING MORAL AND SPIRITUAL ADVANCEMENT OF KINGSTON

(Continued from page 50.) Exhibition, the latter being a scholarship in the divinity school. Ordained in 1871, where he first served in the ministry, he, as a very young man, joined his "living," and in company with the present dean of Waterford (formerly principal of Montreal Theological college), came to Canada fourteen years ago, spent six years in Montreal, and was invited to Lyndhurst, Ontario, eight years ago. In 1897 he was unanimously chosen vicar of St. Paul's church, in this city, where as in his other charges, he has done excellent work. Mr. Fitzgerald is brother of M. V. Fitzgerald, of the Bank of Ireland. In his college days Mr. Fitzgerald was a great football player, and was captain of the Trinity college team.

Rev. J. O. Crisp.

Rev. J. O. Crisp is a son of the late Rev. Thomas Crisp, M.A. He was born in Halifax, N.S., educated at Halifax grammar school, Windsor collegiate

college, Toronto, receiving his B. A. degree in 1895 and his M. A. in 1896. Canon Starr's first incumbency was at Kingston in 1899, as vicar of St. George's cathedral. Promotion followed the next year, when he was appointed succesor and priest vicar. His present position, however, was Toronto East, in 1898. This charge he held for two years,



CANON G. L. STARR, The Assistant Rector of St. George's Anglican Cathedral.

Canon Starr is a son of the late Rev. Thomas Crisp, M.A. He was born in Halifax, N.S., educated at Halifax grammar school, Windsor collegiate

school, and afterwards at King's College, Windsor, where he graduated in 1879. He took his theological course at Wycliffe College, Toronto, and was ordained in 1882 at St. James' Cathedral, Toronto. He took priest's orders at Cobourg in 1883. Mr. Crisp was curate to Rev. Alexander Stewart in Orillia, 1882 to 1884. Then he went to Nova Scotia for two years and thence to Carleton, St. John, N. B., where he was rector of St. John's church for four years. In 1892, he went to London, Ont., where he was assistant to the late Dean Innes for a time. In 1897 he came to Kingston, where he spent eight years in the drawing offices of large engineering works.

Immediately after coming to this land he entered the Methodist ministry as a probationer, and travelled the circuits of Portage on East Quebec and Brantford, before being stationed at Portmouth.

In addition to his church duties he is taking arts and medical courses in Queen's university. As a theological student he has completed two years in the medical missionary course of Wesleyan Theological college, Montreal. When he has finished at Queen's, Mr. Sager intends to go out as a medical missionary. Last summer he worked in the drawing office of the Canadian Locomotive company, when he was appointed by the vice-president, Mr. Wheatley, to organize a men's club in connection with the works. A building has been purchased and as soon as possible the "Locomotive Club" will be a realized idea.

Regarding the cause at Portmouth, when Mr. Sager took charge of the work there things were in a bad shape. In fact, the church was closed. Now the congregation numbers between sixty and seventy, and renovations have been made to the church plant.

Rev. Canon G. L. Starr. Of Canadian birth is Canon George Lothrop Starr, of the cathedral chapter of the diocese of Ontario, Brockville was his birthplace and he received much of his early training there. He attended the military school at London, and following this pursued his studies in Trinity

ton, and for one year was colporteur for the Bible society.

Rev. A. P. Merston, who has spent most of his life in the United States, was born in western Pennsylvania in a log cabin farm house, and has lived in three states. New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Illinois. After a good academic education, he entered business, and the next year was engaged by the Young Men's Christian Association. The work of a general secretary for seven years broke his health and he then devoted four years to theological study, making a specialty of the English Bible. He was ordained by the presbytery of Northumberland in Pennsylvania and continued in the ministry as a Bible teacher evangelist, working among all denominations and all classes. This took him all over the United States and into Alaska. Some years were given where pastors were not—number and mining camps, backwoods settlements, city slums, wharves, tenements and in the parlors of the rich; some years in churches and Y.M.C.A., the industrial shop, classes of the railroads.

Seeking a northern climate to improve the health of a son, Mr. Merston accepted the charge of the Bethel Congregational Church, his first pastorate, in November, 1910. In these two years the membership of that central church has increased ninety-two per cent. and the financial resources have increased about sixty per cent.

John H. Dawson, in charge of Portsmouth Presbyterian Church.

Old Time Horse Racing in Belleville and Kingston Recalled by Belleville Ontario.

The prospective removal of Thomas Power from this city brings to mind the fact that his father, Capt. William Power, was the possessor of the most famous trotting horse that ever trod the soil of Canada. Forty years ago the name of Lady Kate was as well known to the natives of Ontario as were the foremost politicians. A racing game was far more of an institution then than it is to-day. Belleville, Kingston and every town or city that professed to be in it at all held their annual racing meets. The crowds that attended these events, and the purses given, were so large as to be almost beyond the bounds of belief at the present time.

In the United States, too, the racing game was then at its height. The aggregate stakes at many of the centres where meets were held ran up to an amazing total.

The owner of a successful trotter in those days was in possession of a gold mine. Lady Kate was foaled on the farm of Mr. Meyers, in Sidner, about forty-five years ago. As she was of Clarion parentage and, therefore, had the promise of speed, she commended herself to Capt. Power, and he purchased her when a colt. After she had been trained to some extent, it was seen that she had remarkable speed. She was soon entered in the speed ring, and quickly demonstrated that she was one of the fastest horses on the turf.

After she had beaten everything in sight in Canada, her owner took her to the United States and attended races as far south as New Orleans and as far west as Kansas City. She was as honest as the day is long, and could trot faster than she could run. To Capt. Power she brought in a constant stream of winnings that made him the envy of all horse owners. One American offered him \$20,000 in cash after he had witnessed her performance in a race. This was a tremendous high price for that period, but Capt. Power turned it down without hesitation.

BARBARA

That Barbara was in a decidedly wrathful mood was attested by the stormy light in the usually mild, brown eyes, the sudden droop of the distractingly pretty mouth and the wonderful amount of energy put in the washing of the breakfast dishes. "If Ernest won't listen to reason," she said aloud, as she hung up the dishpan with a clatter, "all right! I'm tired of this way of living; I'm going back to the office. I know I can get my old place at Thompson's at \$15 a week. Then, besides saving a little, we can go to the theatre now and then—we haven't been there in six months—take dinner out and have some of the good times we used to have before we were married. Ernest's talk about there being no 'home life' when a woman follows business is all bosh. Where's the home in three rooms, anyway? It's nothing more than light house keeping we're doing. Put the milk bottles in the window and we've got a real thing. I'm sick of it! I hate it!"

Protestingly she went about her household duties with the one thought—going back to work—ever uppermost. By the time she heard her husband's latchkey at dinner-time her mind was made up, and the resolution she had come to burst in a crimson flush on her cheeks. "Hello, Bab!" he sung out as he swung in the door, "now goes it? Then, as he caught sight of her. "Easy, you look great. Little girl! What'd you get hold of the color?" Her smile as she lifted her face for his kiss was strained. It was not going to be easy to approach the tabooed subject. It was the first of the month and the customary bill must have come in, but then, Ernest always took care of all such matters, philosophically. He did not seem to notice that she had not answered and her rebellious train of thought was broken in upon suddenly by a "Hustle on the grub, Bab; I haven't been so hungry in months."

"I—er," she began, "let's go out to dinner, Ernest, to the Berkeley." He looked at her a moment, tacitly smiling. "The Berkeley? Come on, Bab, where are you soaring?" "I want to go out to dinner, freely." He looked at her keenly. "What's the matter? Aren't you feeling well? Come on; I'll help you get things ready."

She drew back, obstinate. "It's not that," she said. "It's—look here, Ernest, I've been thinking all day. I'm going back to work."

"Cut that subject," he interrupted, sharply. "We settled it long ago. There's nothing more to say about it."

"There is—from me," she cried, hotly. "I'm going back to the office, that's all. I'm deadly sick of housekeeping and I'm tired of having enough money to do any thing with, and—"

"Bab," his voice was cold, "you know my circumstances when you married me; you were perfectly satisfied; you selected this apartment. I know it's small, but it's the best I can do and keep clear of debt. I don't expect to skip always. I'm positive of a raise the first of the year, and I've been told that in a year or two the management is sure thing. It won't be long, you see—"

"That's just it," Bab broke in eagerly, "it won't be long, and all I want is to help you for this little time."

"You can help me by giving me a home," he replied shortly. "I must see something of a future if you think I'm going to let my wife go into the business world bringing in the dollars. You'll have to put up with what I can give you for a time. I won't have people say that I can't support my wife. If I were ill it would be a won't be long, you see—"

"Oh, you're positively silly about it!" she cried. "It's nothing now-days for a wife to work. And it has come to this with me: I won't be tied down to this narrow life."

"Very well," he said, and his eyes flashed. "I know what it means—"

"Well!" defiantly. "A separation. If you are not satisfied with what I can give you—" His shrug was suggestive, and her voice rose shrilly as she answered: "All right; that settles it!"

Have you ever noticed that when we have set our hearts on a thing; when, perhaps, we trampled down all sorts of obstacles to obtain it; when it had really become a fact, how horribly flat it seems sometimes? Barbara found it so, anyway. Life in Thompson's real estate office was not what it had been before her marriage, for the simple reason that when Ernest had worked there several years before he had been very popular and it was the general belief that in his domestic difficulty he was undeservedly getting the worst of it. They had taken her on without any hesitancy, but no one seems to have considered for her they once had. Quite frequently when they were rushed she was kept until 6.30, 7 and even 7.30. The assistant manager told her once that he hated to ask Miss Bentley to stay. "You see, it's this way," he said. "She's got a young Brown son and their friends are having little affairs for them in the evenings. While you—it's all business with you now, and I know you don't mind. She did, very much at first, but found later when things got slack that she would very willingly have worked every single night in the week. Because it was fearfully lonely on the third floor of the rooming house where she had selected to live. Somehow the girls she had chummed with in the old days left her very much to herself. They, too, had liked Ernest, and they did not leave her in doubt as to whose side they were on."

Once or twice she had tried the theatre—the last time to sit through the entire performance with the tears pressing hot against the big, brown eyes. It was an almost love and home and made her think of a certain three room apartment and Ernest and of the night have been of her own life, and she went back to the rooming house ten times lonelier than when she had left it.

It was three months after she had left her husband that she saw him. She was riding home on the elevated

BARBARA

one night, sitting in the rear of the car, looking indifferently, lazily, at the passengers or gazing wistfully into the many kitchen windows as they flew by, when she saw Ernest up at the front of the car, deep in a paper. And he looked tired, pale, awfully thin. Staring at him, love unchecked shining in her eyes, she forgot all about their estrangement—forgot everything except that Ernest was near her and looked sick, worn, and—yes, she must go to him. But even as she thought came the guard called out a street and Ernest was up and out the door before she fully realized what she wanted to do.

Then her own street was called and in a few minutes she was climbing the stairs to the room that seemed as a prison, there to throw herself on the bed and cry her eyes out for what she had given up. Next day the longing for home and Ernest was almost more than she could bear. She sat at her desk listlessly. She was hardly conscious of questions asked and answers given until Brown, head of the renting department, soon to marry Miss Bentley, passed by her desk and galvanized her into sudden, heart-breaking attention with his simple statement.

"I'm thinking of taking your old apartment when Ernest's lease expires next month. And we want to—that is, we thought you might want to sell your stuff. Thought I'd speak to you first; and if you were willing to sell I'd go out some night and see Ernest."

At last she gasped out: "You said you haven't said anything to Ernest?" "No! I—"

"And he's giving up the apartment soon?" "I took that for granted. I—" He paused for a moment and looked at her searchingly. Then he said softly, "He won't leave the flat until his time is up, but it must be awfully lonely for him, don't you think? He's been running down and—"

She looked at him eagerly. "Do you mean he lives there always?" "Why, of course."

Barbara's voice trembled slightly as she said, what she had said four months before. "That settles it, then," her eyes were very soft and pent as she closed her desk and walked into the office of the manager.

She never could remember how she felt as she opened the door of that three-room apartment and she got her first glimpse of the home once despised. Things were not in an unkept condition as she had expected. The only evidence of undone work was the coffee pot, the plate, the cup and saucer, mute witnesses of a lonely breakfast. As she entered the bedroom the pretty face quivered pitifully, for there on the dresser, just where his eyes could rest on it, was her picture, and on a chair drawn close to the bed a faded dressing jacket and a pair of knitted slippers—all that had been left him.

It was not quite eight o'clock that night when she saw Ernest coming up the street. He stopped abruptly as he caught sight of the lighted apartment; then he came on hurriedly. She heard him run quickly up the stairs and the front door could not face him yet. Standing in the kitchen, she saw his glance flash through the room. Then a look of amazement came over his face as he saw the daintily set table, the fresh pot of ferns, the appetizing supper, the warm look the place held. She heard a low cry, "Barbara!" In a twinkling he was in the kitchen.

"Oh, Ernest," Barbara cried, "I—just had to come!"

Why Fret? From the American Magazine. Are the trains too slow for you? Caesar, with all his court, never exceeded the speed limit. Are your wages too small? In Europe people are content with making a living. Are the lights too dim? David wrote the Psalms by the light of a smoky torch. Are you ugly? Cleopatra, though homely, bewitched two emperors. Are you cold? The soldiers of Valley Forge walked barefoot on the ice and snow. Are you hungry? The children of India are starving for want of a crust of bread. Are you tired? Why fret about it? Jacob was tired when he dreamed of the angels of heaven. Are you sick? Suppose you had lived 2,000 years ago, when sickness was fatal? Are you poor? The Saviour of man was not wealthy. Cheer up! Praise God that you live in the midst of His blessings. Why fret?

Remembered the Grocers. She was apt to forget things, and so he was afraid she would forget to order the chickens in time. All day, to guard against it, she would see, eating to herself, "Chickens—grocer—chickens—grocer."

Finally, at the time he was accustomed to call the grocer, she went to the telephone and asked: "Has you any nice young grocers?" "Why yes, ma'am," said the surprised voice at the other end of the line.

"This is Mrs. Jones talking," she went on, "and I want you to send me a couple dressed."

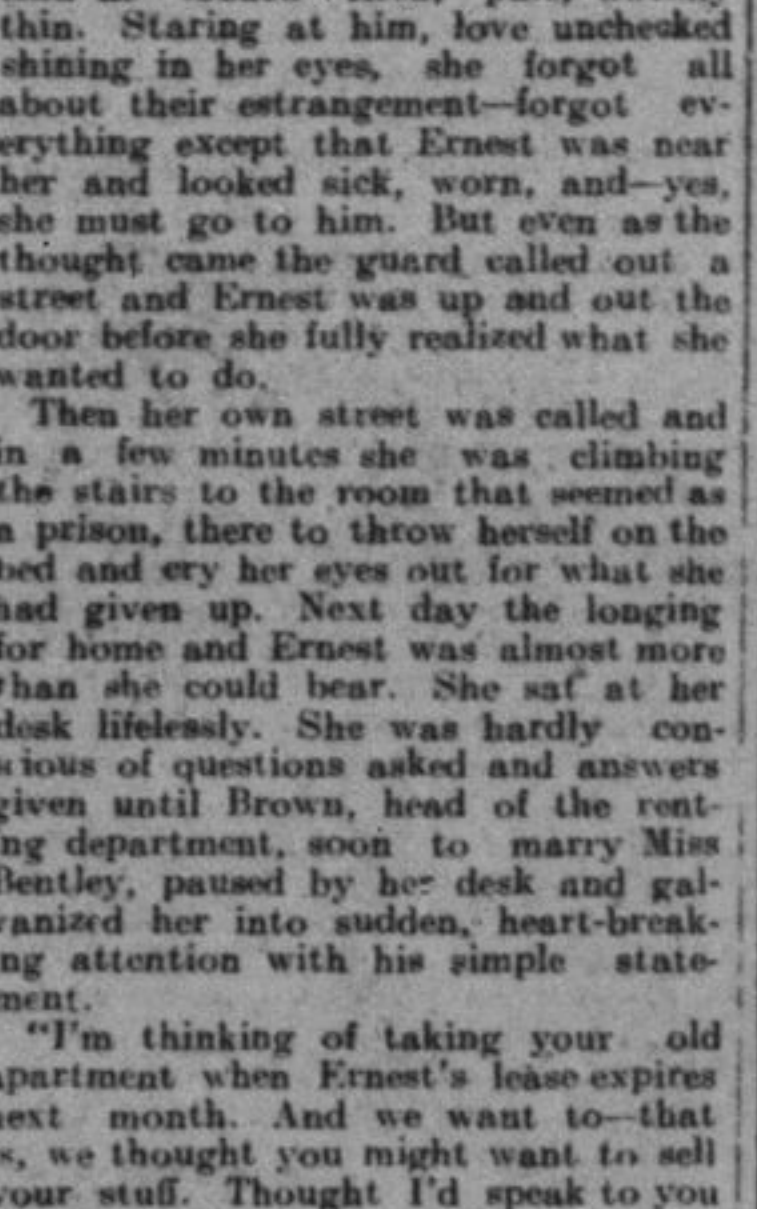
"Send you a couple dressed?" gasped the grocer. "Well, no; you had better send them undressed, and when my husband comes home he will bring their necks and the cook a dress them."

A Great Conqueror. London Chronicle. An inspector, while examining a class in one of the London schools, said: "Give me the names of some of the most distinguished English generals during the Victorian period." Hands went up all round, but one impulsive little fellow, unable to control himself, bawled out: "General Panie."

"General Panie?" queried the inspector. "Oh, indeed! And what was he specially distinguished for?" "Please, sir, when the South Sea Bubble burst he seized hold of the whole nation."

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