

Halifax Explosion

**Wrecked Her Nerves**  
The reader will, no doubt, remember when a few years ago there was a collision in the Halifax, N. S., Harbor and one of the munition ships was blown up, causing great loss of life and laying a large portion of the city in ruins, and causing a great deal of suffering and distress among the inhabitants.

Mrs. Winfield Hill, now of Windsor, N. S., was living in Halifax at that time and went through this trying experience and the shock wrecked here nerves. She writes as follows:—"I was living in Halifax at the time of the explosion, and it wrecked my nerves so that I could not do my housework. I would take such nervous spells I would be under the doctor's care."

"I saw Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills advertised, so I took two boxes, and they helped me so much I look six more, and now I am completely relieved. I can recommend them to anyone suffering from heart and nerve trouble."

To all those who suffer from nervous shock we would recommend our **MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS** as the best remedy to tone up the entire nervous system and strengthen the weakened organs. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are the original heart and nerve food, having been on the market for the past 27 years. Price, 50c. a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt price by T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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From Portland to Glasgow from Halifax Dec. 24  
From Portland to Glasgow from Halifax Dec. 26  
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**MONTEAL—GLASGOW**  
Nov. 19  
From Montreal to Glasgow from Halifax Dec. 10  
From Montreal to Glasgow from Halifax Dec. 12  
From Montreal to Glasgow from Halifax Dec. 14  
From Montreal to Glasgow from Halifax Dec. 16  
From Montreal to Glasgow from Halifax Dec. 18  
From Montreal to Glasgow from Halifax Dec. 20  
From Montreal to Glasgow from Halifax Dec. 22  
From Montreal to Glasgow from Halifax Dec. 24  
From Montreal to Glasgow from Halifax Dec. 26  
From Montreal to Glasgow from Halifax Dec. 28  
From Montreal to Glasgow from Halifax Dec. 30

**NEW YORK—LIVERPOOL**  
Dec. 10  
From New York to Liverpool from Halifax Dec. 10  
From New York to Liverpool from Halifax Dec. 12  
From New York to Liverpool from Halifax Dec. 14  
From New York to Liverpool from Halifax Dec. 16  
From New York to Liverpool from Halifax Dec. 18  
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**A PRISONER WHO OVERTOPPED A KING.**

The International Sunday School for November 20 is, "Paul Before the King."—Acts 25:1—26:23.

By William T. Ellis.

A thousand pens and a thousand voices are nowadays proclaiming that the Pacific has become the center of the world's problems and the place of political perils and decisions. Personally, I cannot see it so. That turbulent stretch of territory around the head of the Mediterranean—never more ominously disturbed than today—which we call "Bible Lands" is still the crossroads of earth, the place where the great settlements or unsettlements of history have been and still are being determined. Despite the assumptions which underlie the epochal Washington Conference, now in session, the central point of interest for mankind is that upon which the eyes of the Sunday schools of the world are fixed today, as they consider the Apostle Paul, caught in a mesh of politico-ecclesiastical intrigue.

It would be enlightening to consider what may be called place providences, or the geography of power, as our thoughts are divided between Paul, the far-travelled, at Palestine, and present-day world leaders at Washington. Is it probable that the land where Christ first "turned the world upside down" is permanently the decisive point in earth's affairs? If so, we need to look sharply into the issues of Islam, Zionism, nationalism, racial unrest and European imperialism which converge there. Washington will never supplant Jerusalem.

**A Man and A Crisis.**  
As Lord Bryce points out in connection with the paucity of the highest type of statesmanship during the war, it is not true that a great occasion always produces a great man; and it still remains to be seen whether an adequate figure will emerge at the Armaments Conference. But our season reveals, rising above the pomp and trappings of state and kings and other potentates, the sunlike figure of a man who dominates his surroundings and alone made them memorable. Paul looms large in a scene where he was officially rated only as a prisoner.

This oldest of all lessons, the sheer greatness and supremacy of personality, is written on the very surface of our theme. Smaller men of official importance, played petty politics close to the essential thing. This spectacle of the persecuted apostle, in all the loneliness of real greatness, towering high above the officially important ones at whose feet he was supposed to stand, has countless parallels.

One such occurred recently at the meeting of the League of Nations, when Dr. Nansen, the explorer, pleaded their fears with the nations to forego their arms and their sordid politics, and extend a bread-filled hand to the millions of Russian peasants who are starving. Writing strongly upon the incident, The Manchester Guardian says, "The deaths it has been decided not to avert are likely to be about three times as numerous as the total deaths of soldiers in all the armies on both sides during the great war." It describes Dr. Nansen as standing out, "a detached figure, of honor, courage and simplicity, rising white and columnar out of the ranks of the ordinary diplomatists and politicians." Again, "Dr. Nansen strove with them till the going down of the sun to avert this collapse and stultification of so much honorable pride and so much real sacrifices. But the powers were not to be moved. Every detail of Pilate's attitude was theirs too, and the new Russian Calvary will have everything traditional and regular about it."

"Rising white and columnar," a great man amid mean men,—such was Paul at Caesarea, the hero in manacles. Here we have an eternally contemporaneous contrast between the Paul type and the Felix-Festus-Agrippa type. One was "not disobedient to heavenly vision." The other had left their visions and noble ideals, among the discarded interests of their early careers. They had succumbed to the commonest temptations of the politician. Of late there have been numerous books and articles devoted to an analysis of characters and careers of public men; it is a significant and hopeful sign that so many of these, as in "Mirrors of Downing Street," point out and lament the decline of moral convictions and courage as the real secret of the failures of the men studied. That ancient drama in Caesarea is strangely kin to momentous modern meetings.

**A "Dangerous" Man.**

A certain jurist known to me, who is truer to his corrupt political organization than to his judicial obligations, remarked concerning a plain-looking, besmirched judge really meant that the man was dangerous to the political tranquility of the dominant party, just as sunlight is dangerous to disease, and as the ten commandments and the civil law are dangerous to transgressors. By that definition, the Apostle Paul was the most dangerous man in Judea. His clear and fearless voice rang against the evils of society and of politics and of the church. The ecclesiastics hated him with a deadly hatred; the Roman governor trembled before his preaching, and the people turned into the way that he proclaimed.

**True, his enemies had the physical power to imprison him; but he was still the freest spirit of the time; for "Stone walls do not a prison make, Nor iron bars a cage."**

And righteous and honor which were the one hope of a degenerate day. Although he was a prisoner at the bar, he was the real leader of the force that was destined to overthrow Rome's imperial pagan power. This little Tarsus Jew, at whom petty governors and a kinglet sneered, was the champion of the coming day, at whose feet later kings and emperors were humbly to bow. Let us not miss the larger issue set in array as Festus and Agrippa ranged Paul opposite to them; this was nothing less than a phase of the eternal struggle between darkness and light, wrong and right, reaction and progress, error and liberty, God and the Evil One. Paul's privilege was the highest that ever comes to mortal, that of standing for God and Tomorrow when all the odds were against him.

true eloquence,—he turned the tables upon the king and became the judge with Agrippa in the role of defendant. He made the direct appeal for a decision. What audacity! The royal guest, confused, self-defensive, sputtered, "What! Are you trying to make a Christian out of me, a Roman king!"

Yes, Agrippa, you poor, debauched, incestuous fruit of a rotten tree, this man in the dock was giving even you, by God's royal bounty, a chance to become what you had never been. For Paul could say—as he offered the only road to a new world conversion—"I would to God that not thou only, but also all that hear me this day, might become such as I, except these bonds."

**AGREE WITH PROF. MORISON**

The Drunkenness Better Than Disrespect for Law.

Canadian Freeman.  
I would rather see an increase in drunkenness in Kingston than think that this city was inhabited by men holding "the law in disrespect."  
So Professor Morison declared in his address to the Canadian Club on October 28th. And all thinking people will agree with him.  
Prohibition in itself may or may not be a good thing; that is not the question. Every thinking man knows that the law is not enforced. Why? Because the public conscience regards it as an extreme measure; and to enforce such a law, you would require a policeman at the front door and the back door of every residence. A law that cannot be enforced is a bad law, since it brings law into contempt.

"Occasionally a citizen is apprehended violating the prohibition law; and he is fined out of all proportion to the offence. The man in the street notes this, and his resentment against this legislation increases. He disregards the law. And when you arrive at a state of mind where you pick and choose what laws you feel obliged to obey and what laws you feel free to violate, where are you going to draw the line?"

To place on the statute book a law that cannot be enforced is to bring all law into disrepute. And, in our opinion, this is exactly what prohibition has succeeded in doing.  
If one-half of the energy that is expended in trying to enforce prohibition were expended in the proper regulation of the liquor traffic, there would be to-day more respect for law in general—and Canadians would be more temperate.

**A Belleville Woman Accused of Bigamy**

Belleville, Nov. 17.—Dora Amanda Wannamaker was arrested by Chief Kidd and Sergeant Harman at her home, between Bloomfield and Picton, on a charge of bigamy, and in the lock-up.

Mrs. Wannamaker faces the charge of having, in the city of Belleville, on Sept. 17th, 1917, being already married to William Wannamaker, gone through a form of marriage with Robert Francis Brown. The warrant was issued by Magistrate Mason. The woman's name was originally Alexander.

She appeared in the police court and was remanded. E. J. Butler appeared for the accused who is thirty-six years of age.

**Hold Play Immoral.**

New York, Nov. 17.—"The Demi-Virgin," one of Avery Hopwood's hoppest farces, is too naughty for Broadway, in the opinion of Chief Magistrate McAdoo. After hearing testimony from its accusers the Chief Magistrate bound A. H. Woods, producer of the play, in \$1,000 bail to await the action of special sessions on the charge of presenting "an impure and immoral" drama.

**Oberchains Can't Marry.**

Los Angeles, Nov. 17.—The remarriage of Mrs. Madalyne Oberchain, held in jail on a charge of murder of J. Boston Kennedy, to her divorced husband, Ralph H. Oberchain, will have to await her restoration to freedom, the sheriff having decided yesterday to refuse permission for a wedding in jail.

The original potato was the size of a walnut. Sesame produces an oil used in cooking.

**Good Night Stories**  
By Blanche Selous

**The Reason the Zebra Got His Stripes.**

Many years ago deep in the wilds of Africa, there lived a family of four-legged creatures. Mamma Zebra was very proud of her little children, and always kept them dressed in lovely white suits. Three of the young zebras were always careful of their clothing, but the youngest, Zeppy, was pampered and petted by his older sisters and brothers, and he became very careless.



Zeppy Put it On.

"Give him time! Zeppy will yet make the world sit up and take notice. Just you see."  
Down in his heart Daddy Zebra wasn't sure, but he hoped he was right, and he wanted to cheer up poor Mamma Zebra.

Time went on, and Zeppy, instead of getting better, grew worse. His mama would no sooner have him cleaned up in his nice little white suit than away he'd run down to the edge of the marshes. And when he came home, generally long after the dinner hour, his once spotless white suit would be covered with dirt.

One day Mamma Zebra expected company, so she cleaned up her four little youngsters, and told them to be very careful not to get dirty. The three oldest children went out under the trees and sat down on the grass. But Zeppy, who couldn't seem to keep still long at a time, ran away to play with Mrs. Tiger's youngsters, and when he came home his suit was all covered with mud.

Mamma Zebra excused him as best she could before her guests, and sent him out to the fields, telling him not to dare to come home until he could promise that he'd never get so dirty again.

Of course, Zeppy felt badly, and went right over to tell Mrs. Tiger about his troubles.  
"Well, I can't see any sense in dressing jungle children in white, myself," said Mrs. Tiger. "Now, how much more practical it would be if Mamma Zebra put you in dark clothes."  
"But we Zebras have always prid-

wash the dishes with **Snowflake Ammonia** softens water-cuts grease

ed ourselves on wearing white!" exclaimed Zeppy. "Why, there isn't a zebra in the jungle that doesn't wear white!"  
"Then it's high time they change their minds," snapped Mrs. Tiger. "Why, look at my children! I dress them in stripes, and their clothes never look soiled. White! Why, I couldn't keep them looking decent. Put on one of their striped dresses and see if you don't like it," and she handed Zeppy one of the fawn-shade dresses with its broad black stripes. Zeppy put it on, but turned up his nose.  
"I'd like it better if it were white and black," he said. "I agree with you that stripes would be better, I'd like them."  
So Mrs. Tiger, wishing to help Zeppy, of whom she was very fond, set to work and made a white suit with broad black stripes running around it. Zeppy put it on and went home. There's no need to say that he caused a commotion, but when Mamma and Daddy Zebra saw how much less clean, they went to work and dressed all their children in black-striped clothing.  
From that day to this Zeppy Zebra's relatives all wear black and white-striped suits.  
The merchant who does not advertise his wares is as big a fool as the man who insists on advertising his faults.  
Just as the man who has bought his home begins to make faces at his former landlord along comes the assessor and doubles his taxes.



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**THE PLAGE OF EXILE AND ZITA.**

Is shown above. It is Funchal on the Island of Madera, a Portuguese possession, 440 miles off the west coast of Morocco. The former chief rulers of Austria-Hungary will occupy a house constructed several years ago by German financiers as a sanitarium.