

SCHOOL STUDY SPORTS

THE JUNIOR BRITISH WHIG

BIGGEST LITTLE PAPER IN THE WORLD

HUMOR PLAY WORK

Home Talent Plays

ON THE PARK BENCH
Scene A bench in a park. One boy takes the parts of the different characters. After some practice the changes can be made very quickly.

FROLOGUE
If only an old park bench could talk, how many tales 'twould tell; stories of hope that is long since lost.

BOY: Gee, but it's nice here in the park, with the sun shining and everything.

OLD MAN: Seems like I remember this old bench. Eh, well, it's a good place to rest my bones.

BOY: Good old park bench. Don't know what I'd do without it. I can come here and get away from learning the family nag at me all the time.

OLD MAN: Hm-mm. About tomorrow, but not enough for a bed tonight. (During this scene the lights have been gradually fading out.)

BOY: (Gets up slowly.) Well, think I'll go over to the poolroom and see some of the boys. Something may



turn up. You never can tell. (Goes out. Enter middle-aged man in seedy clothes, old slouch hat, and worn shoes. He walks with a sort of slink.)

MAN: Ho hum. Here's a chance to rest a minute. My feet are about worn out, tramping the streets. It's the same story everywhere. Nothing for me to do, except sawing wood, or something like that.

OLD MAN: (Throws down paper, thrusts hands into pockets. Slouches down in seat.) Guess I'll drop into my sister's for dinner.

BOY: (Looks at the old man.) Well, it's a good place to rest my bones. (Sits down stiffly.) Any old port in a storm.

OLD MAN: (Looks at the boy.) Hm-mm. About tomorrow, but not enough for a bed tonight.

BOY: (Looks at the old man.) Well, think I'll go over to the poolroom and see some of the boys.

OLD MAN: (Looks at the boy.) Hm-mm. About tomorrow, but not enough for a bed tonight.

BOY: (Looks at the old man.) Well, think I'll go over to the poolroom and see some of the boys.

OLD MAN: (Looks at the boy.) Hm-mm. About tomorrow, but not enough for a bed tonight.

ONE REEL YARNS

NUBA, THE GENTLE LION
Nuba, the big circus lion, paced back and forth in his cage in the winter quarters of the big show.

MAN: Ho hum. Here's a chance to rest a minute. My feet are about worn out, tramping the streets.

OLD MAN: (Throws down paper, thrusts hands into pockets. Slouches down in seat.) Guess I'll drop into my sister's for dinner.

BOY: (Looks at the old man.) Well, it's a good place to rest my bones.

OLD MAN: (Looks at the boy.) Hm-mm. About tomorrow, but not enough for a bed tonight.

BOY: (Looks at the old man.) Well, think I'll go over to the poolroom and see some of the boys.

OLD MAN: (Looks at the boy.) Hm-mm. About tomorrow, but not enough for a bed tonight.

BOY: (Looks at the old man.) Well, think I'll go over to the poolroom and see some of the boys.

OLD MAN: (Looks at the boy.) Hm-mm. About tomorrow, but not enough for a bed tonight.

BOY: (Looks at the old man.) Well, think I'll go over to the poolroom and see some of the boys.

OLD MAN: (Looks at the boy.) Hm-mm. About tomorrow, but not enough for a bed tonight.

BOY: (Looks at the old man.) Well, think I'll go over to the poolroom and see some of the boys.

OLD MAN: (Looks at the boy.) Hm-mm. About tomorrow, but not enough for a bed tonight.

A BIG MAN WITH THE BLUES

The International Sunday School Lesson for January 22nd is "Elijah's Flight and Return."—I. Kings 19:1-21.

By William T. Ellis.

Although he had denied an arrogant king, and had waged a long day's contest with the priests of Baal and had called down fire from heaven in vindication of Jehovah; and although his spectacular victory had been crowned by a rain that broke a three years' drought, Elijah, the prophet of Israel, took to his heels when a vengeful woman got after him.

Of course, there was more to his flight than fear of embittered Queen Jezebel, who threatened his life. Yet the man who had withstood an apostate nation and hurled scorn at an angry king, could not endure this infuriated female devotee of Baal.

He was suffering the reaction from an intense strain. Every public speaker, every worker in a great cause, can understand Elijah's mood. How often have men gone out, spent and perspiring, from auditoriums wherein they have moved large audiences to nobler levels of thought, only themselves to toss sleepless upon hotel beds, in tortures of self-reproaches and consciousness of failure and unfitness!

The experience is as common as great service; that he was not self-satisfied after his mighty feat removes Elijah from the class of "popular" preacher or lecturer, who has been cynically described as "A pillar of brass by day, and a pillar of gas by night."

Such a mood as Elijah's is the price that a man must pay for the possession of a prophet's soul. Jesus Himself had kindred hours.

In Flight From a Woman. With the bitter and deadly hate of Queen Jezebel to spur him on, the hardy wilderness dweller performed a wonderful flight. He had outrun King Ahab's chariot on the fifteen-mile ride from Carmel to Jezreel.

Then, at the word of the queen (who belonged to that dominant group of women who have ruled kings as if they were abject slaves) Elijah set out on the ninety-five mile flight to Beersheba, on the desert's edge in the South, later the headquarters of General Allenby and the British soldiers in their campaign against the Turks.

Who was the servant with the physical stamina to share the prophet's rapid journey to this wilderness spot? One legend says it was the Zarephath widow's son, and that he later became the prophet Jonah.

Utterly spent, Elijah went off alone—in our black hours we want no companion—and, reclining under a juniper tree, or a broom plant, prayed to die. "It is enough; now, O Lord, take away my life!" he cried.

"There are no lars like our bodies," says Kipling; for physical sensations seldom tell us the real truth. Had Elijah not been spent and weary and beaten, he would have been exultant that day. He thought he needed to die: what he really needed, and what the angel gave him, was a good sleep and a square meal, repeated the second time.

I seldom bother my head about the nature and work of angels; but I am sure that Elijah's juniper-tree angel belonged to that goodly company of wives and mothers and sisters who feed the preachers and the prophets, and make comfortable homes for them; and in general, minister to the Lord by ministering to His servants. It was the simple Bedouin meal, of fat wheat cakes and water, that was served Elijah; but we may be sure the bread was well cooked!

A Personal Glimpse of Sinai. Green amid the granite is the traditional cave on Mount Sinai, or Mount Horeb, to which Elijah fled from Beersheba; and green is the spot in my memory. The journey is less than two hundred miles, but Elijah spent forty days, like Moses and our Lord, in his retirement and wanderings. The figure recalled the forty years spent in the wilderness by the Children of Israel.

It was natural that so deeply religious a spirit as Elijah should turn to the Mount of God for a refuge. The desert has a grandeur of its own; and so has the deep forest, but the majesty and awesomeness of the rocky ravines and peaks of Sinai would impress even the pagan mind with a sense of the presence of the supernatural. There it seems especially true that "Nature is the art of God."

Only the few travellers who, on camel-back, have undergone the rigors of the journey, know how soul-lushing are the sublimities of these bare crags. From the height of Jebel Musa—7000 feet—one studies a panorama unmatched in all natural scenery.

From the simple Greek stone chapel which marks the site of the Theophany, where Moses bowed before the visible presence of the Invisible, I have looked down half way to the base, where grow, in a stony plain, the few cypress trees that mark the Chapel of Elijah, built over the cave where tradition says the fleeing prophet prostrated himself and listened to the voice of Jehovah.

The Ecstasy of the Pious. Good people, and especially the introspective, pious sort of good people, are prone to the same sort of ecstasies that made the fugitive Elijah cry out to the Lord, "I have been very jealous for Jehovah even I only, am left." To call this morbid mood simple conceit and self-centeredness may seem harsh; but that is the truth. Everybody knows this type of Christian, sensitive,

spiritual, consecrated; and yet distrustful of the Church and of fellow disciples, and sure that there is little spirituality left except their own. They pray much, but they are more absorbed in the fact that they are on their knees than in the exalted truth that God is on His throne.

They have become fenced in by a barricade of personal pronouns; it is "I," "I," "I." They are defeatists of God's army. As one has said, "They have sky-lights but no windows."

When one begins to slump into this depression he needs to go fishing or trawling or to a big Christian convention.

All over the Near East, and especially in Ghilad, Elijah's homeland, one finds the caves of ancient Christendom. I once examined one, cut out of solid granite, in the wilds of Kurdistan. We understand now, says that this over-individualistic conception of religion was wrong, even as Elijah was wrong. From the first, the religion of Jehovah has been social and active.

"What does this here, Elijah?" was God's question; implying, "What about the work that waits to be done? Here you are hiding your talent in a napkin. There are two things and a prophet to be anointed, and a deal of first-class prophet-work to be done, and here you are off in the desolate mountains, moaning and moping!"

The Test of the Mountain. There were still seven thousand in Israel who had never bent the knee to Baal, as the Lord reminded Elijah. Seven thousand and Elijah thought he was alone! How absurd our caterwauling conceit must seem to heaven! God never leaves Himself without his seven thousand.

There are myriads of times seven thousand faithful ones scattered over the world today; and more of them are in our own community than perhaps we, in blind egotism, have been able to see. Amid all the depressing talk from the host of Christian Jeremiahs that fills our land today, we have need to keep in mind God's reassurance to Elijah.

On the mountain Elijah was given a demonstration that corrected the impression he had evidently carried from Carmel. There God had vindicated Himself by fire from heaven.

But the normal expression of the Divine will is not spectacular; and God expresses Himself in quiet ways and through individual understanding. First came the wonder of the crackling sides of the mountain; then an awesome earthquake; and then a fire; but God was not in these.

"And after the fire, a still, small voice," and God was in it, speaking to His servant.

Not by mighty organizations or conventions; not by magnificent demonstrations such as the Interchurch World Movement; but by the "still small voice" of God speaking to the individual heart does the kingdom of heaven come. And in world affairs, it is by the quickened and enlightened conscience and resolute purpose of men and women, rather than by the elaborate functions of statecraft, that the era of righteousness and peace is to be brought to pass.

What one bashful Sunday School boy is now resolving in his heart may possibly mean more to mankind than the invention of the submarine and airplane, or the Paris peace convention. But God pity the world if there are not a host of persons listening to the still, small voice.

DO YOU SMOKE TOO MUCH? There are many men on whose heart and nervous system tobacco produces the most serious results. It causes palpitation, pain in the heart, irregularity of its beat, makes the hands tremble, sets the nerves on edge, causes shortness of breath, and loss of sleep.

To counteract this demoralizing influence on the heart and nerves there is no remedy so equal as Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. They make the heart beat strong and steady, restore tone and vigor to the nerves, and remove all the evil results caused by the tobacco.

Mr. Frank Lutes, 71 Terrace Hill St., Brantford, Ont., writes:—"I had been troubled with palpitation of the heart for a number of years, and by spells it would bother me a lot. The doctor told me it would stop on me sometime if I did not cut out tobacco. When I would get a spell my heart would pound, and I would break out in a perspiration, and get so weak I would have to sit right down and quit my work; also in the night I would wake up and my heart would be going, I should say, about 120 beats a minute. About three years ago I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, took them, and found that they did the job. I am feeling fine and have gained over 20 pounds in weight."

Price, 50c. a box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

FOR SOALS, CUTS AND BRUISES, FOR COLDS, COUGHS AND BRONCHIAL AFFLICTIONS, FOR STIFF MUSCLES, SPRAINS AND STRAINS, AND NUMEROUS OTHER AFFLICTIONS, IS NOTHING SUPERIOR TO THAT OLD TRIED AND RELIABLE REMEDY, DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL.

DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL

DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL

DR. THOMAS' ECLECTIC OIL

WHITE PINE
White Pine is again quite reasonable in price and when we say White Pine we mean White Pine, the Ottawa Valley kind that is lasting and easy to work.
Allan Lumber Co.
Phone 1042 - - - - Victoria Street

DAVID SCOTT
Plumbing and Gas Work a specialty. All work guaranteed. Address 145 Frontenac Street. Phone 1377.

20% REDUCTION
ON ALL PORTABLE LAMPS
10% REDUCTION ON ELECTRIC IRONS AND TOASTERS
Burke Electric Company
74 PRINCESS STREET PHONE 423



More nourishment in one cup of Ovaltine than there is in 3 EGGS or in 7 cups of Cocoa

"Ovaltine" is the ideal beverage for every member of the home.

OVALTINE TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

"Ovaltine" is super-nourishment in the form of a delicious beverage. It is prepared from Nature's tonic foods—ripe barley malt, creamy milk, fresh eggs, and is flavored with cocoa.

BRITISH—and used throughout the Empire. A. WANDER LIMITED, (Canada Office) 27 Front St. E., Toronto

FURS
Gourdier's BROCK STREET

Absolute Evidence in Favor of Ground Cylinders

All high grade automobile engines manufactured in this country as well as in Europe have their cylinder bores finished by grinding. Some of the American cars that might be mentioned are:

- Apperson Hudson Peerless
Brewster Kissel Pierce Arrow
Cadillac LaFayette Rolls Royce
Cunningham Lincoln Standard
Dorris Locomobile Stevens Duray
Franklin Marmon Stutz
Haynes Mercer Templar
Holmes Packard Winton

Automotive Grinders
R. M. CAMPBELL, Corner of Queen and Wellington Streets.

Painful Sores
On Her Ankle
Healed by Hood Preparations

From Ocean to Ocean
IN every Province in Canada we have bought, underwritten and sold Government, Municipal or Railway Bonds guaranteed by the Government.

1922 Investment Situation
Not so simple or easy as it has been in 1921, when highest grade bonds could be bought to yield 6 per cent. or better.

Write for the Investment Guide. Before You Invest, Consult Us.

Emilius Jarvis & Co. LIMITED
INVESTMENT BANKERS

Dingbats
Jim Howly says
A fellow keeps always saying "Nay" in a Hoarse whisper.

Wille Winner says that his father says bald-headed men always come out on top.

PILES
Do not miss another day of itching, bleeding, or protruding PILES. No surgical operation required.

Women, who are asking for provincial franchise, have been definitely notified that the Quebec government will not bring in a bill.

The Late Mrs. Bower. Spaffordton, Jan. 16.—Mrs. William Bower passed peacefully away at the home of her daughter, Mrs. H. W. Halferty, Spaffordton, on Jan. 11th after an illness of two months' duration.

Keeley, Wolfe Island; Mrs. Herbert B. McAdoo, Kingston; Mrs. Herbert W. Halferty, Sydenham; John P. Bower, Sydenham; Harvey W. Bower, Kingston.

Women, who are asking for provincial franchise, have been definitely notified that the Quebec government will not bring in a bill.

1922 Investment Situation
We believe good times are here, that business will revive, that industries will take on new life in 1922, and that we will see advances in prices of all good securities.

Our advice, therefore, is to buy now.

Write for the Investment Guide. Before You Invest, Consult Us.

Emilius Jarvis & Co. LIMITED
INVESTMENT BANKERS