

Sunday Services in Churches

St. Andrew's.—Rev. John W. Stephen, Minister. Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., conducted by the minister. Students, soldiers and strangers welcome.

St. Paul's.—Morning Prayer, 11 o'clock. Preacher, Canon FitzGerald, M.A. Sunday School, 3 p.m.; evening prayer, 7 o'clock. Preacher, Canon FitzGerald, M.A.

Chalmers Church.—Rev. R. J. Wilson, D.D., Minister. Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday school in the church at 3 p.m. Communion at the morning service. The minister will conduct both services.

Cook's Presbyterian Church, Brook street.—The minister, Rev. W. Taylor Dale, will preach at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School, 11 a.m. and 3 p.m.; Bible Class, 3 p.m. Students and visitors cordially invited.

Bethel Church, corner Barrie and Johnson streets. Pastor, A. Sidney Duncan. Services, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m.; Sunday school, 3 p.m.; Christian Endeavor, Monday 8 p.m.; prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 p.m. A welcome awaits you.

Zion Presbyterian Church, Pine Street.—Rev. Edwin H. Burgess, minister, 11 a.m., the minister, 7 p.m., Rev. Dr. Smith principal of Westminster College, Vancouver, B.C. Everybody welcome! Sunday school at 3 p.m.

Calvary Congregational Church, corner Charles and Bagot streets. Pastor, Rev. A. F. Brown, 144 Barrie street. Phone 1804w. Sunday, 11 p.m.; 3 p.m., Sunday school; 7 p.m., Monday, 8 p.m., Christian Endeavor; Wednesday, 8 p.m., prayer meeting.

Sydenham Street Methodist Church.—R. H. Bell, the minister, will preach, 11 a.m., "Once a Truth, Twice a Lie," 7 p.m., "Sin's Disappointing Reward." Sunday School, 3.45 p.m.; W. W. Chown's class, 9.15 a.m. Social hour after evening service. You are welcome.

St. Luke's Church, Nelson street.—Rev. J. de P. Wright, M.A., B.D., Rector. Nineteenth Sunday After Trinity (Children's Day), 11 a.m., Morning Prayer; 3 p.m., Children's Service in the Church, 4 p.m., Holy Baptism; 7 p.m., Evening Prayer. Music.—Anthem, "We Would See Jesus" (Brackett).

Princess Street Methodist Church.—Rev. John A. Waddell, minister. Services, 11 a.m., and 7 p.m. Rev. Dr. J. R. R. Cooper, M.A., Cardinal; Ont., will preach at both services. Sunday school, 2.45 p.m. E. L. Monday, 8 p.m. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 p.m. W.M.S., Thursday, 8 p.m. Strangers and visitors cordially welcomed.

St. James' Church, corner Union and Arch streets.—T. W. Savary, rector, the rector, 152 Barrie street, 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 11 a.m., morning prayer and Hymns; Sermon subject, "Studies in the First Epistle of St. Peter. Kent of the Power of God." 3 p.m., Sunday school; 7 p.m., evening prayer and sermon, "Mormonism."

First Baptist Church, Sydenham and Johnson streets. Rev. J. S. LaFlair, pastor, 11 a.m., sermon theme, "Turning Down a Good Thing." Speaker, Maurice White, 2.45 p.m., Bible school; 7 p.m., sermon theme, "The Blessed Shadow." Speaker, J. N. MacMurchy. The services will be conducted morning and evening by members of the B.Y. P.U.

St. George's Cathedral.—Very Rev. G. Lothrop Starr, M.A., D.D., dean and rector, 78 Wellington street, phone 2156. Rev. W. E. Kidd, M.A., M.C., curate, 7 Wellington street, phone 869w. Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity, 8 a.m., Holy Communion; 11 a.m., Morning Prayer. Preacher, The Dean, 3 p.m., Sunday schools; 4 p.m., Holy Baptism; 7 p.m., Evensong. Preacher, Rev. W. E. Kidd.

Queen Street Methodist Church, corner of Queen and Clergy streets.—11 a.m., "Marred, but Remodeled." Anthem: "O, Come to My Heart" (Ambrose), with baritone solo by Judge H. A. Lavell, 7 p.m., "Church Union, Its Present Position." Anthem: "The Earth is the Lord's" (Hollins); solo by Mrs. Douglas Pound. Preacher at both services, Rev. W. S. Lennon, 3 p.m., Sunday school and Bible classes. You are invited.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, 95 Johnson street.—Services, 11 a.m., and 7 p.m. Subject, "Probation After Death." Sunday school, 9.45 a.m.; Wednesday, 8 p.m., testimonial meeting. Public reading room open every afternoon except Sunday and holidays, from 3

to 5 p.m., and on Thursday and Saturday evenings from 7.30 to 9.30 p.m. All are cordially invited to the services and to the reading room.

PANGS OF NEURALGIA

This Painful Trouble is Due to Poverty of the Blood.

Neuralgia is one of the most painful maladies that afflicts humanity. The trouble is usually seated in the face or head, following the course of some nerve, but it attacks other parts of the body as well. It is characterized by acute pains, sometimes steady, at others spasmodic and darting. But whatever course it takes the pain is agonizing and almost unbearable. Medical authorities agree that neuralgia is due to poverty of the blood—that the nerves are actually being starved. It is further agreed that if the blood is purified and enriched the trouble will disappear. It is for this reason that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been so successful in treating neuralgia. They enrich the blood which feeds the starved, aching nerves and thus bring relief to the sufferer, whose general health is also improved. Proof of the value of these pills in cases of this kind is given by Mrs. M. Brown, R. No. 1, Warsaw, Ont., who says: "I have taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and can recommend them as being the best medicine I know of for neuralgia. Two years ago I had an attack of this trouble in the neck and shoulder. The repeated attacks of the pain were of such frightful intensity that my life was almost unbearable. I consulted two doctors and took their medicine, but without relief. I had taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills years ago, when they helped me wonderfully, and I decided to try them again. Before I had taken more than a half dozen boxes the pain had disappeared, and I have since enjoyed the best of health, thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

You can get these pills through any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A mule cannot pull while he is kicking, and he cannot kick while he is pulling. Neither can you.

A Defence of West Virginia

The following is from the pen of V. H. Benton, Sunday Editor of The Huntington, West Va. Advertiser. In the Editor and Publisher, the foremost periodical for newspaper publishers and editors in the country:

As one newspaperman to another, I would like to ask what I believe is a fair question. That question is this: "Is there an organized campaign of vilification against West Virginia?" If the answer is not, why do papers on the outside in New York, and Baltimore, especially, break out periodically with a series of the most violent attacks, most of all of which are directed against that class of citizens who are rightly of the state and the cause of good government? Apparently anyone in West Virginia who dares to oppose, either actively or passively, the raising of the red flag in this state is a gunman and "thug," or "a tool of the coal barons."

Just at the present time the campaign is directed especially against Logan county, where an altogether contented citizenry is turning out 70,000 tons of coal weekly, or more than one-fifth of all the coal now being produced in the United States. Are these miners who are setting themselves to a new production record doing so under the lash of "gunmen and thugs"? Are they herding themselves, marched to the mines under the watchful eye of deputy sheriffs armed with Winchesters, cat-o'-nine-tails, and other implements to keep them in subjection? Do they come at night to coal blackened houses only to sleep the sleep of an exhausted slave until morning calls them for duty again?

Is there a New York or Baltimore newspaper capable of giving fair treatment to a county which forms the principal bulwark between the United States and a nation-wide coal famine? Is there one newspaper in all the east which will pause long enough in its vituperation to send one honest representative into the Logan coal field to determine actual conditions? Then let that newspaper send its representative into any of the union-fields of the state to learn of similar conditions there.

Many newspaper men have come into West Virginia since the battle of Blair Mountain last August, but the character of the writing they have printed has not been such as to show a very high regard for metropolitan journalism. Apparently, these metropolitan "journalists" fill themselves up with a mixture of John Fox, Jr.,

and Nicholas Lenine, before they cross the state border. The first thing they want to see is a feud. The next thing they look for are the "Cossacks grinding the necks of the oppressed miners." Falling to find a feud, they invent one. Anything written about a West Virginia family life must have a feud or triple murder in the background, or it won't do. Anything written about the coal industry, according to these a few deputy sheriffs or state police meeting up a meeting of peaceful miners, or it isn't a story. They come into the state looking for romance and piracy. Finding neither, they invent both.

I am not a West Virginian by birth, and I have no connection whatsoever with the coal industry of the state. I have no grievance against unions as such, nor against the United Mine Workers in particular. But I have been in the coal fields on two occasions when miners of the union fields of New River and Cabin Creek were incited to a "march on Logan." During these occasions I have been on both sides of the range which forms the natural barrier against invasion and for me there can be but the conclusion that on one side is a force dominated by men whose sole purpose is to destroy the non-union mines of Logan and Mingo, then call a nationwide strike, which they would be bound to win and thus pave the way for the nationalization of the coal industry; while on the other is an equally determined group of men who seek only to work in peace.

During the recent trial of Bill Blizard, at Charles Town, a number of correspondents sent out stories declaring that the uprising of last August was simply a revolt of oppressed miners who had rebelled against the tyranny of the "coal barons." They did not mention that the "revolt" was staged by miners living approximately 100 miles from Logan county, nor that the majority of men in the battle line defending Logan county from invasion were day workers, coal loaders, machine miners, bookkeepers and professional men in the employ of the "Logan county tyrants." Were these men driven to the front line trenches? Were they? Would that one honest New York newspaperman could have witnessed the almost miraculous answer to the air which sounded the alarm that told of the approach of the invading army. Although the alarm was sounded at midnight, within twenty minutes every available defense in the county was moving toward the mountain gaps through which the invaders were seeking to descend upon the sleeping town. For more than a week they held their positions, most of them hungry and all of them without sleep, until the federal army arrived tardily, and disarmed those of the invaders who had not already hidden their rifles in the hills in anticipation of the next "march on Logan."

This is Logan county. The same county that the New York World, in a recent editorial, declared: "It is useless to accuse anyone of treason for invading Logan county. Logan county ought to be invaded."

Indolence is a sort of suicide, for the man is effectually destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.

Without the virtues of truth there is no reliance upon language, no confidence in friendship, no security in promises and oaths.

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Indolence is a sort of suicide, for the man is effectually destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.

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HUMAN FACTORS IN THE LABOR PROBLEM

By the Rev. Charles Steizie.

Every one called him "Tony." Evidently that is the generic name of the Italians in the community. He was short and stocky, but there was a haggard look upon his face which plainly showed suffering. He was the handy man for the people living in this fine little suburban town. He lived just beyond its borders in a settlement which would have done credit to a big city slum—so far as bad streets and sanitation were concerned. The people lived in one-story shacks, but it is quite possible to pack as much filth in to a one-story house as it is into a six-story tenement. And the overcrowding may be just as great. There was a hydrant a block from his home from which the families in the entire neighborhood drew water. There were some negroes mixed with the Italian families. Sometimes the two factions engaged in rather fiercely fought rows. Tony had a wife, also a little baby. Often Tony walked the floor a good share of the night, because the baby wasn't very well. The next morning when he came around to cut the grass he had big rings beneath his eyes. Tony apparently wasn't having a very good time. Sometimes the people in the big houses in which he worked didn't pay him promptly. They would allow their accounts with him to run for several months, just like a department store account, but in the latter case there was a rich corporation to pay the bills or hold off the creditors. Tony could not get credit. When the doctor came he wanted his money right away, so Tony didn't call the doctor as often as he should. The result was that his wife and "babine" were sick much of the time. Incidentally his wife could not speak English. Who was to teach her? She saw no one excepting her neighbors, and she was so busy caring for the boarders and her husband and baby that she hadn't much time for neighbors. The boarders were just over from Italy, and they weren't much help to her in mastering the language of the new country. Then the folks in the big houses all wanted Tony at the same time, and he couldn't very well be in more than one place at the same time. They threatened to hire another Tony if he didn't come around just when they wanted him, no matter who else wanted him just as much as they did. This worried Tony because he could not afford to lose any of his jobs. And worry didn't help Tony. If the folks in the big houses had accommodated themselves a bit to Tony's tasks he might have gotten along a lot better, and he might have found more joy in his work, for Tony was naturally a happy dispositioned man. Now, as a matter of fact, no one ever discharged Tony; the ladies simply threatened to discharge him. He was too good a workman, and he worked cheaply. This was a consideration, even to the folks in the big houses. And so Tony carried big burdens. His wife got thinner. She was disappointed in what had been described to her as a new paradise in America. His baby looked shriveled because it wasn't receiving proper nourishment. And most of the unhappiness of the little family was due to the thoughtlessness of the folks in the big houses. Daniels is the fellow in this particular shop about thirty years. He can remember when "the old man" began business in a little building which had previously been used as a foundry. Now the firm employs a thousand men. Daniels has been with the boss during all of this time, and he still calls the boss "Bob."

About once a year Daniels is invited out to the old man's home, but he is less and less inclined to accept the invitation. Not because he doesn't like "Bob," or because he doesn't have good time when he goes, but principally because he is now an old man and would rather remain at home. For about five years Daniels has been talking about quitting, and half a dozen fellows in the department are wondering who will get his job, each one secretly hoping that he will be the lucky man, although at least two are dead sure that they'll get it. But Daniels is holding on. Once in a while he is laid up for a couple of days, and the story goes out that now he's done for, for "how can an old fellow like him last much longer?" and when Daniels drags himself back to the darkest corner of the shop, after a brief period of illness, the half dozen candidates for his job—when he "gets up"—are sullen for at least a week because they feel that they have been cheated.

Somewhat Daniels has come to sense the situation. He feels that the men would like to see him quit—no matter how, but quit somehow, so that they may step in and boss the job. This knowledge doesn't make Daniels any more cheerful, and so for days, occasionally, there's friction among the men in the gang, and secret bitterness in the heart of Daniels. There's one certainty about this situation—the job will never be the same that it was while Daniels held it, for no matter who may succeed Daniels, he won't be able to get within a mile of the boss. There'll be no more invitations for the "gang-boss" to come out to the old man's house, for he doesn't know the other men, not even by name, for even the superintendent knows most of the men in the plant only by their numbers, if he knows them at all. One reason is that the men change so often. Another that most of them are foreigners with rather unpronounceable names. All this makes it harder not only for all the men but for the boss, too. During the first twenty years of the firm's history, there hadn't been a four during the last five years, and the men lost practically every one. They gained a few points true enough, but scarcely enough to justify the loss of time and money. However, the most serious consequence is the feeling of hatred which has arisen not only between the boss and the men, but among the men themselves. For some of them remained in the shop while the rest went out. To what extent this condition prevails in other shops, nobody can tell with any degree of accuracy, for there are factors here which can scarcely be enumerated or tabulated. The elements are so human and so varied. But it's a safe guess that the bitterness in the industrial world isn't all to be charged up to the bosses. Every shop has its group of workers who through jealousy or greed or inordinate desire for praise are ready to knife the fellow who is apparently making good and steadily climbing to the top. And it isn't a square-cut-in-the-open fight that they wage against the man at the front, either. They try to shoot him in the back.

Daniels may not hold on to his job very much longer, but there's one thing about him which every man in the place will remember—no matter what the provocation, Daniels never double-crossed or slandered or even spoke spitefully of any other fellow in the place. The memory of this fact will make the fellows in the shop forget Daniels' shortcomings and bring to their mind the realization that "Dan" as the boss calls him, was "one, big, square man," and this will be worth while. It will be better than having been a gang-boss, or even to have had the ability to become one.

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