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OUT OUR WAY

By Williams



LOOKIN' DOWN IN THE MOUTH

AS THE SMALL BOY SAW IT

The International Sunday School Lesson for November 9th is: "The Feeding of the Five Thousand."—John 6:1-15.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

(Being the story of the Feeding of the Five Thousand as it may have been told long afterward by the small boy in the case).

Mother thought I was going fishing, and so did I. She gave me a good lunch for my wallet—five of her barley cakes, which she cooks better than any woman in our part of Capernaum. — and, as savory, two of the little salted fishes that father loves. It was mid-morning before I got through with my chores, and started for the bank of the lake, about two miles east of town, where I have always had luck. There the trees hide a deep little cove from the sight of the road, so that people don't bother a fellow with questions just when the fish are biting.

But I never wet a line that day. The road was filled with folks, all hurrying toward the east. This was strange, for it was Passover time, and usually the crowds were travelling the other way, bound for Jerusalem. I knew many Capernaum faces in the throng, but most of them were strangers, who had for some reason turned back. I soon learned why.

"The Nazarene is crossing the Lake."
"Yonder is his boat!"
"We shall miss him if we do not hurry."

So ran the talk. Everybody seemed excited. Out on the lake a whole fleet of boats were headed toward the hills on the northeast. In the leading boat, I recognized Zebedee's sons, who live on our street; and in the stern I thought I saw the Nazarene Rabbi, who has brought great crowds to our neighborhood where his home lies, fairly turning Capernaum upside down.

Naturally, when there is some excitement afoot a boy is not going to miss it. I soon forgot all about my fishing plans, and went hurrying forward as though I had never seen Jesus of Nazareth before; although he was one of our neighbors. Our section of the crowd, still talking about the miracles that Jesus had been doing, reached the shore before the boats landed, for the wind had been from the east.

I think Jesus was at first disappointed to find us waiting for him.

He never liked crowds, although he spent so much time with them, for he was a solitary man. As he leaped from the boat, he made off toward the east, and up a hill, as if he had formed a plan. The crowd were at his heels, close after the dozen special friends who always kept company with him.

I tell you, it was a rare sight, that great crowd of people, all sweating and puffing up the hill to be near Jesus. Some were lame and blind and sick, with friends assisting them. I couldn't help telling some dignified pilgrims from Decapolis, what I knew about Jesus, my fellow townsman; and I felt pretty big when Andrew and Peter and the Zebedee sons, recognized me and spoke to me.

Andrew was my favorite, for he was so friendly with boys, although a quiet man. I told him, while the crowd was getting settled, that I had started out to spend the day fishing, and showed him my lunch.

Well, I soon forgot about lunch. For Jesus, sitting up there on the hillside above us, cured so many cripples and sick persons, and talked so wonderfully, that we all lost thought of time and of food and of everything else but his words and wonderful doings. Even I could understand him; for he told so many stories to make his meaning clear. It did not seem at all like a synagogue service; and yet, if you know what I mean, it was more religious than a synagogue. Jesus' great idea was that God is like a father; and so we should be children worthy of him.

He talked until the sun was leveling in his eyes as it dropped over the Galilean hills. Soon the disciples began to worry about how the people were to be fed. Then, in his wonderful way, for he was as thoughtful about people's ordinary needs as my mother is about my food and clothes, Jesus reminded his helpers — you see, I was close up front, sitting beside Andrew, and so I heard everything—that the hungry crowd should be fed right where they were. All of them had a long distance to go to get back to their home or lodgings.

Jesus and Philip had been talking the matter over, just as mother discusses meals with father when company is expected, but Philip could not see any way out. The



A fapper of the New Guinea cannibals. She and hundreds more will be seen in Capt. Hurley's sensational picture, "The Lost Tribe," which opened at the Grand this afternoon for a three-day run.

disciples were all for sending the crowd away, each to forage for himself, but Jesus did not favor that.

Then Andrew, who had taken no part in the talk, leaned forward, and placing his hand on my shoulder, said — while I was so embarrassed that I could have sunk into the ground — "There is a lad here, who has five barley loaves and two fishes."

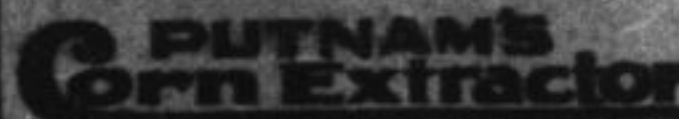
Jesus and the rest all began looking at me, and I know, I turned scarlet. Still, I had sense enough to open my knapsack, and hand to Andrew the lunch which mother had put up for me that morning, and which I had forgotten all about because I had been so interested in what Jesus was saying, and doing. "That is how I came to be a part of one of the 'signs' of Jesus — the greatest up to that time. I have since heard a great deal of talk about the miracle of the multiplication of the food I carried; but that evening it all seemed reasonable and natural. Jesus himself was such a marvel, that lesser things did not concern us. Certainly it was like him to use his powers to feed hungry folk, even if the crowd had gathered mainly from curiosity.

As easily and simply as a householder seats his guests, Jesus directed the disciples to arrange that multitude of five thousand persons in companies on the grass. I have often wondered if it was his experience as a carpenter that made him always so practical and sensible. Then, while all of us bowed our heads, the Master said grace over my little package of food: I can't remember his words, for I was busy thinking how pleased mother would be to hear what honor had come to her cooking. I know none of that big crowd had ever eaten better barley loaves.

As I look back on that scene, it seems strange that the thousands

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Twelve was too many!

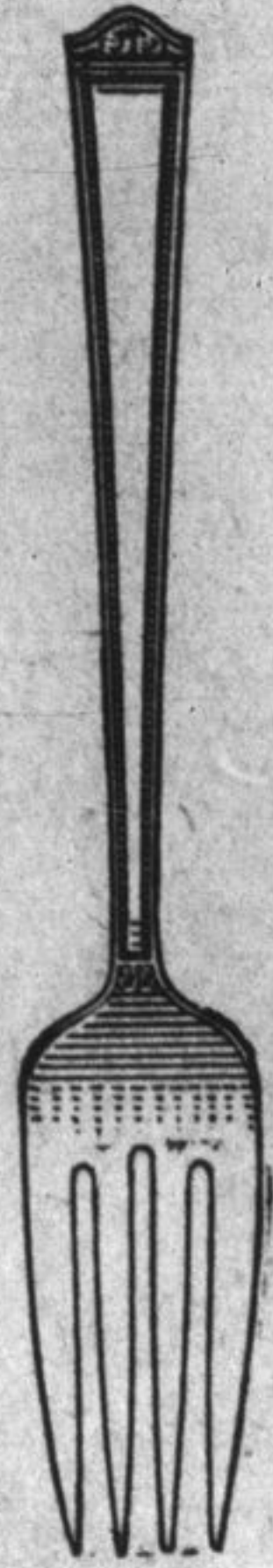
THIS planning a family dinner wasn't so simple after all. Betty was blessed with relations—six of them within inviting distance. Jack's father and mother and four aunts and uncles must surely come. Twelve—whew! Twelve was too many. They hadn't silverware enough. There wasn't even enough of it to entertain their own family.

Perhaps you, too, have been surprised, when planning a family gathering, to find that your silverware would not go round. But it is quite unnecessary to try to get along without enough silver for this and other entertaining you like to do.

Certainly expense need not deter you from its purchase, for 1847 Rogers Bros. Silverplate is most reasonable in price. And "1847 Rogers Bros." comes in every kind of piece you could desire—each unsurpassed in beauty and durability.

When you need more pieces, you can get them easily, for leading dealers throughout the Dominion carry "1847 Rogers Bros."

May we send you a copy of our booklet, "Etiquette, Entertaining and Good Sense"? Its illustrations of table settings are authoritative to the last degree. You will find it full of suggestions for successful entertaining. Write for it to-day. Meriden Britannia Co., Limited, Hamilton, Ontario.



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Any left-over meat may be potted and used for sandwiches by rubbing it smooth with butter or salad oil and seasoning well with mustard, salt and cayenne or paprika.

NO SUCH LUXURY FOR THEM NOW



Brent Glascock, alleged leader of the gang that staged the \$30,000 mail train robbery at Roundout, Ill., last spring, and his wife were carrying nearly \$25,000 in cash when arrested in Battle Creek, Mich., according to postal inspectors. Mrs. Glascock, at the time, was wearing jewels worth \$35,000, the inspectors say. And Glascock was sporting a bullet-proof vest, they declare. This picture shows them arriving in Chicago. Glascock is seen on the right, his wife in the centre and the postal inspector who returned them on the left.

FARMERS BUSY FLOWING.

A Fine Time at Recent Halloween Party. Desert Lake, Nov. 3.—The farmers are busy at fall plowing. The deer hunters are preparing for their yearly trip to the northern part of the country. The young people attended the party at F. Timmerman's and report a fine time. Nelson Albersson and James Campbell have purchased cars.

Mr. and Mrs. Edmund Page and

Laurence motored to Kingston and spent the week-end with Mrs. J. Rollon and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Abrams attended the week-end with V. Abrams. Mr. and Mrs. A. Pomeroy at J. Smith's, Hartington. Mr. Salmond, Grand Prairie, spent the week-end with his daughter, Mrs. A. F. Page. Mrs. J. Hamilton spent the week at Petworth.

Hallowe'en passed very quietly. A masquerade party was held at Daniel McGowan's cottage. Everybody reports a fine time. Mrs. A. F. Page is visiting at Myers' Cave. Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Abrams attended the funeral of the late George Shay at Hallowe'en.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Rollon at A. B. Page's. Mr. and Mrs. J. Campbell spent Sunday at D. Snook's, Sydenham. Mrs. A. Pomeroy at A. F. Page's. W. Devo, Queen's, Kingston, spent the week-end at home. Mrs.

J. Wilson is visiting friends in Sydenham.

Samuel Kelsey Injured. Charleston, Nov. 3.—Mrs. B. Thurston, Brockville, was a recent visitor at Harry Webster's. James Kavanagh is building a new boat house. Samuel Kelsey had the misfortune to fall and hurt his ankle quite badly. Misses May and Evelyn Latimer have returned from Delta and Jones' Falls. Harry and Leonard Morris, Delta, were Sunday visitors at M. J. Kavanagh's.

A number from here attended the funeral of Noah Shook, Swift Current, Sask., but formerly of Athens, at Athens, on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. H. Slack went to Spring Valley on Tuesday to see Mrs. George Ried who is very ill. Mr. and Mrs. W. Austin, Sand Bay, were visitors here on Tuesday evening after attending the funeral of Noah Shook at Athens.

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