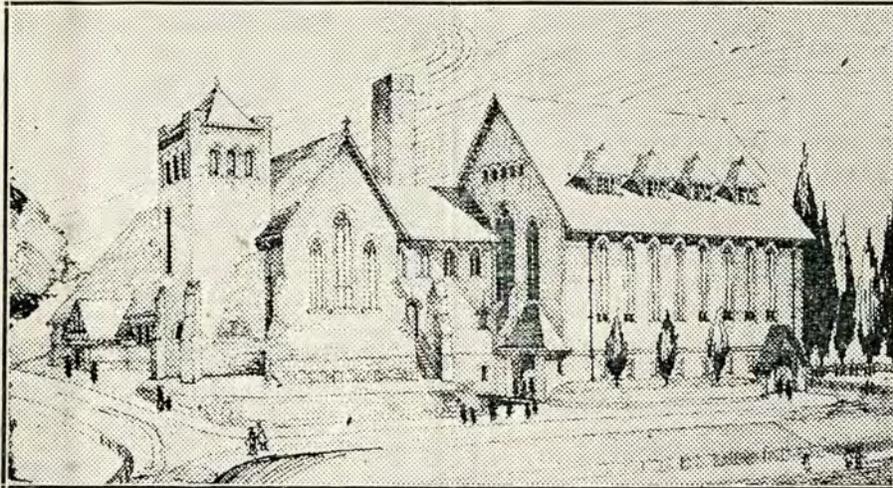


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Church of St. John the Baptist, Norway, Kingston Road and Woodbine Ave.



### Services:

**HOLY COMMUNION:**—Every Sunday at 8 a.m.  
1st and 3rd Sundays in each month at 11 a.m. Every Thursday (with special intercessions for the sick) at 10.30 a.m.  
**HOLY BAPTISM:**—Every Sunday at 4 p.m.  
**CHURCHING:**—After Baptism or by appointment.

**MATINS AND EVENSING:**—Matins 11 a.m., Evensong 7 p.m., on Sundays.  
**THE LITANY:**—On the second Sunday of the month at Morning Prayer.  
**SUNDAY SCHOOL:**—Every Sunday at 3 p.m.  
The church is open daily for private prayer, rest and meditation.

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# St. John's Parish Monthly

Editor—THE RECTOR

Associate Editor—HEDLEY PEZZACK, 315 Kenilworth. HO. 7152

Volume 11

OCTOBER, 1933

No. 132

## Rector's Letter

The Rectory,  
October, 1933.

Dear Brethren:

We are fast getting into our fall stride in Church activities, for every department is at work again. There is a big field to cover, and many workers are needed. "The King's business requireth haste," and hence the need of many labourers in the Master's vineyard.

A Western Bishop tells a story of a stage coach where there were three classes of passengers paying different rates—first, second and third. He wondered what was the reason, for all seemed to be treated alike. He found the answer when they came to a hill. The driver called out "First class passengers keep your seats, second class passengers get out and walk, third class passengers get out and shove!"

While this is a workers' Church and there are many of them—yet there are too many first class passengers. It needs every one to put their shoulders to the wheel to enable the Church to mount the hill—especially at the present time.

So the call goes forth to everyone, and so to YOU, "Why stand ye here all the day idle? Go work to-day in my vineyard." The Church School especially wants teachers, particularly men. The School, in another week, will be up to the standard of over 1,000 pupils in attendance. That means a lot of teachers if this important branch of Church work is to be served. Then every organization extends an invitation and a welcome to newcomers in our midst. So frequently we find that people who have loomed large in the work in their smaller place, seem to think that they are not wanted or needed where the work is larger and the numbers greater; but this is a great mistake—we need everyone's energy and enthusiasm, and new ideas, too. Every organization can learn from other peoples' experiences, and so gladly welcomes them.

One cannot overestimate the amount of work to be done in a parish of this size, and the importance of it. The fact that a person belongs to an organization helps to stimulate their interest and to arouse others too. There is a growing tendency for people to detach themselves from a Church connection and only to make use of the

Church when occasion needs—such as sickness, death, a baptism, or a marriage. That way of doing things is not fair either to the individual or the Church. The Church is necessary to the individual and the individual to the Church. Contact is needed by both.

Just as we need community spirit to make our community a success, so we need a Church spirit—a realization that we belong to one great family to make a Church a success in a district. Brotherhood, social contact; everyone contributing their effort and sharing in results, will bring about a great deal of happiness and minister to a better parish and a better world.

We are facing another winter and evidences are not lacking that the measures for social relief in our midst will be severely tried. The Federation for Community Service will presently be making their annual appeal and should be supported and endorsed in every way by contributions and by service.

Asking God's richest blessings on our winter's work. I remain,

Your friend and Rector,

W. L. BAYNES-REED.

### REV. TERENCE PATRICK CROSTHWAIT

We will be sorry to lose Mr. Crosthwait who has been with us some fifteen months and who now goes to Grace Church-on-the-Hill, where he will be assistant to the new rector the Rev. J. H. Dixon.

He will be leaving in the middle of October and our good wishes will follow him in his new sphere of work.

We have been fortunate in being able to secure the services of Ven. Archdeacon Fotheringham, who has been with us a good deal lately. It is a strange circumstance that the Archdeacon should return to the Church where he was ordained to the Diaconate and where he began his ministry.

### VEN. ARCHDEACON SCOTT

We hope to have with us on Sunday morning, October 15th, Ven. Archdeacon Scott of Quebec. Archdeacon Scott was the beloved Padre of the 1st Division overseas in the Great War, and was held in high esteem by the troops.

He is a poet and the author of several hymns.

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## A.Y.P.A. NOTES



The A.Y. got off to a splendid start and, with a month of successful evenings behind them, are all set for a lively season. The attendance at all meetings has been exceptionally large and the enthusiasm of all members is a "fair weather" sign for future events.

This month's programme is typical of the variety and scope of A.Y.P.A. activities. First, there is an important business meeting in which members will take a deep breath and lay plans for another period of action. Then comes one of the highlights of the season—the fall edition of "Whispers and Echoes," in which every romance, every secret, and every anecdote concerning branch members will be revealed. Ernie Hutchings and Joan Chatterton are jointly looking after this assignment—and welcome contributions. Next on the month's list is an interesting evening, arranged by Wilf. Myles, presenting a "Tour" through modern Germany with a visiting speaker who knows his subject from personal experience. To wind up the month with another outstanding evening, comes the Hallowe'en social. We are assured of a gruesome and ghastly evening by Bill Kenderdine. Everyone will come in costume.

One more important announcement—The fall production is now under way and has been well cast by director Wes. Lennox. The name of the play is "Tommy"—an hilarious comedy in three acts. This play enjoyed a long and successful run on the New York stage and we are sure that a real treat is in store for us.

## A.Y.P.A. YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE CLASS

The opening service of the 1933-34 season on September 17th was exceptionally well attended and also the subsequent service of the 24th. The Leader spoke at both services and we were very pleased to be visited by His Grace Most Rev. A. U. DePencier, Archbishop of New Westminster.

Mr. Ed. Belsham, assistant Leader, will speak on October 8th, and Major H. B. MacConnell, of the D.P.W., on October 15th.

We earnestly invite all young men of the congregation to join us each Sunday in the Church at 3 p.m.

Wifey: "Darling, do you trust me?"

Hubby: "Trust you, my precious—certainly I do. What in the world prompted you to ask such a question?"

Wifey: "Well, I notice that the pocket in which you keep your money is fastened up with a safety pin."

### Remember your Church in your Will

I give and bequeath to the Rector and Churchwardens of St. John's Church, Norway, Toronto, the sum of \$..... free of legacy duty.

## PARISH ASSOCIATION NOTES

The Parish Association are back again in full swing with their fall activities. On the last Sunday in September we held our Corporate Communion with 25 members attending.

Mrs. Pimm wishes to thank all who kindly helped her with the Exhibition tickets; she was able to hand a nice sum over to the treasury.

On Friday, October 13th, we are holding our fall rummage sale. Members of the congregation who have old clothes, bric-a-brac, old furniture, etc., kindly 'phone Mrs. Dodd, Grover 5589, or deliver it to the Parish Hall. We will be grateful for anything, however small.

There will be a shower on Tuesday, October 24th, at the home of Mrs. Stratton, 314 Lee Ave., afternoon and evening, for the perfume and toilet accessory booth.

On October 28th there will be a home cooking sale at the home of Mrs. Reeve, 160 Kingston Road, in aid of the fortune telling booth.

On November 2nd a free entertainment will be held in the Parish Hall. A night of sparkling entertainment—free to all—will be presented by Dr. and Mrs. Frank Carlton, better known as "George and Blossom" to thousands of radio fans, and supporting radio artists, in the Parish Hall, November 2nd, at 8 p.m. Admission is free; refreshments will be served, and everybody is invited. "George and Blossom" are well-known for their clever and amusing character skits, and an enjoyable programme is assured. In addition there will be demonstrations of Canadian Household Products, sponsored by the Guild.

A large crowd is expected, and members of the congregation are advised to be there early. This programme is made possible by the co-operation of the makers of several Canadian household products. Proceeds will be used for the fish pond booth in the Church bazaar. Remember the date, November 2nd—and the time, 8 p.m.

A telephone tea will be held on Friday, November 3rd, afternoon and evening, at the home of Mrs. Uren, 21 Highcroft Road, for the Christmas decoration booth.

A shower will be held on Thursday, November 16th, afternoon and evening, at the home of Mrs. Fisher, 15 Benlamond Avenue, for the fancy work booth.

We hope all who can will attend these events, and help to make the forthcoming bazaar a huge success.

## CHURCH SCHOOL NOTES

Last month we promised a certain amount of confusion in the Church School. This confusion has now given place to order, and we are now all set to break new records. The last Sunday in this month saw the School approximating the thousand mark. We have every confidence that we shall reach and surpass this number during October; last year we did not reach it until some time in November.

This increase in members is a warning to us. We must have teachers immediately if we are to meet the situation adequately. If any reader of these notes feels it their duty to volunteer, or knows of anyone who might help us in the School, they would not only help the officials to meet an

approaching crisis, but would also be doing a real service to God and His Holy Church.

This year we have been fortunate enough to have our Church as one of the eight centres of Teachers' Training courses. This means that our teachers are given the opportunity to increase their knowledge of religious problems and solutions. Two courses are being given—one in New Testament, and the other in Methods of Teaching. The Church School invites all in the parish or outside the parish, to these lectures which are held every Monday evening at 8 o'clock in the Ladies' Parlor.

#### AFTERNOON BRANCH, W.A.

The autumn season opened for the W.A. with the business meeting on Wednesday, September 20th. The President welcomed the members after the long summer and we were all delighted to have Mrs. Southgate back in the chair after the prolonged shut-in time she had after her accident in the spring. Reports were read by the various officers, and tea was served at the close of the afternoon.

A few of our members were able to attend the September board meeting at Aurora, on Thursday, 14th, and reported a very beneficial day. It is really impossible to have a very real understanding of the W.A. work unless one attends these meetings, and we hope that more of our members will be able to avail themselves of this opportunity, for, during the winter, these meetings are held in the city.

The sewing meetings have been well attended—members are busy making rugs, quilts and useful things for the W.A. booth at the bazaar in November.

Three new members have joined since the opening, and we gladly welcome them to our society—Mrs. Couchman, Mrs. Price and Miss Thomas. We also welcome back the absent ones—Mrs. Gascoigne, Mrs. Empringham, Mrs. Brickenden. Several of our members are still away, owing to illness, and we trust that they will soon be with us again.

Mrs. Carr is leaving, with her two children, on Saturday, to join her husband in Scotland, and to make her home in that country. We are sorry to lose her, but we send our best wishes to the family in this new venture and hope she may have a safe passage across.

The members have been faithfully attending the Thursday Communion Service, also the Pray Circle meeting held immediately after. We must still keep up our interest in the Restoration Fund Campaign until it has reached its objective, and we hope that more of our women will come out to these meetings.

A very urgent appeal for help has come from the West, and we will be sending a bale later on to these stricken settlers. Any clean, second-hand clothing will be most acceptable.

#### EVENING BRANCH W.A.

The Evening Branch of the W.A. held their first meeting of the season on September 20th. This meeting was held in the form of a little social evening at the home of their Dorcas Secretary, Mrs. Horsefall, 1 Wayland Avenue. We had a most delightful time, and had great pleasure in presenting Miss Shotter with a quilt which the members had made and quilted.

We would be very pleased to welcome anyone who is interested in missionary work, especially those who are busy during the day.

#### ST. JOHN'S, NORWAY, TENNIS CLUB

The tennis season is practically over and players can put their rackets carefully away until next May. All in all, St. John's Club has had a very successful year. Let us look over the outstanding events.

In the early season, among the Church Clubs, the Walter Bentley Trophy is the tournament most keenly contested. St. Edmund's won this. Our teams did not reach the play-off positions, although the team in the northern section tied with St. Edmund's and lost out in an extra match with them.

The Inter-Church Elimination Tournament took place immediately after the one mentioned above. The club did much better, winning two events in this contest. Miss Carol Creighton teamed with Miss Margaret Edwards to win the ladies' doubles, While Miss Edwards won one in the ladies' singles.

The Club Tournament, after being delayed with holidays, the Exhibition and other attractions, finally came to a close with the following champions being produced:

Ladies' Handicap Singles—Mrs. Frank Hull;  
Ladies' Open Singles—Miss Margaret Edwards;  
Ladies' Doubles—Miss Carol Creighton and Mrs. Perrin;  
Mixed Doubles—Miss Margaret Edwards and D. Edwards;  
Men's "B" Singles—Stuart Walkingshaw;  
Men's Open Singles—"Doug." Edwards;  
Men's Doubles—"Bob" Lee and Harry Pezzack.

On Saturday, September 23rd, St. Peter's Club visited us twenty strong, and some very good matches were arranged. Refreshments were served under the guidance of Mrs. Leech, with the aid of several of the ladies, and the compliments they received were fully justified.

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On Friday, October 13th, the club is arranging a bridge, and at this gathering the tournament prizes will be presented. Club members are asked to do their best to make this night a success.

This year the club came through rather well financially, and finished the season with twelve members more than last year. Most of these new members have made up their minds to be with us next year, and we expect an overflowing membership. Sixty-five members is the most that can be accommodated on our three courts. Any persons intending to join next year are invited to forward their application to the present Secretary, now, in order to ensure admittance to the club in case the membership should reach its limit.

#### A MOTOR TRIP OVER THE LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS

To describe in an adequate way the scenery in these mountains would require the pen and brush of an artist, but I am going to try to give some faint idea of what we saw on a trip by motor of about seventy miles between Ste. Anne de Beaupre and Murray Bay.

For a few miles after leaving Ste. Anne de Beaupre we travelled by the side of the St. Lawrence, and then began to climb. As viewed from the road, a short distance from the river the Laurentians appear to be a single range of mountains varying in height, with high peaks looming up in the distance. It did not occur to us that we should eventually surmount them.

After having encompassed some of these peaks by winding roads, climbing abruptly for some distance and then descending, we found ourselves entering another range, opening to our view scenery that we had not anticipated: for instance, a plateau with cattle grazing on the sloping hill side, a land-locked lake where the speckled trout are to be found, then, traversing a considerable distance through woodlands with more hills still beyond, a picturesque village nestling amongst the hills.

These Laurentian Mountains are almost entirely covered with beautiful pine trees of various species and colours, not large but tapering to a point and graceful in shape—a most delightful sight the beauty of which it is hard to depict. At certain intervals may be seen a tree, somewhat taller than its neighbors, which seemed to stand out as a sentinel, just as the spires of their fine church buildings dominate the villages and vicinity. The churches in nearly all the villages—and they occur quite frequently along the route—are not to be compared with the smaller and less extensive buildings of some years ago.

After travelling up hill and down dale, with the same magnificent sights all the way, and having climbed 2,000 feet above sea level, we arrived safely at Murray Bay and dined at the Manoir Richelieu.

The cars accomplished what they were asked to do without mishap, "and the 'Dodge' took the hills like a bird."

Beyond the ordinary domestic variety we saw no sign of animal or bird life with the exception of one squirrel.

At Ste. Anne de Beaupre we had the privilege of seeing the celebrated Cyclorama of Jerusalem,

portraying the day of the Crucifixion, painted by the famous artist, Paul Philippoteaux of Paris, assisted by other great painters. He also painted "The Siege of Paris" and "The Battle of Gettysburg."

The Cyclorama of Jerusalem is 360 feet in circumference and 40 feet high, and is an exceedingly realistic piece of work.

It might be interesting to note that the Laurentians were still in evidence when we reached Ottawa.—F. V. PHILPOTT.

#### MOTHERS' UNION

The Mothers' Union held their monthly devotional meeting on Thursday, Sept. 28th. We were all glad to be back again after the summer holidays, and wish that all the Mothers in the Parish could be with us and receive the help and inspiration from our Union.

Our President was in the chair and the address was on the "Call to Denial," which is the theme before us for the season of 1933 and 1934. The meeting closed with the usual intercessions for missions and our parish and sick people.

The Diocesan Council has arranged a service of preparation for the Call to Renewal, to be held in St. James' Cathedral on Oct. 3rd, from 3 to 4 p.m. Our Chaplain, the Rev. Briarley Browne, will take the service and Dr. Ham will be at the organ.

Those who have grasped the true purpose of the Mothers' Union will see in it a great opportunity for carrying out, through home and family life, a great work for God, for the empire, for their own children, for womanhood throughout the world.

Everything that raises home life to its true greatness raises also those on whom that home life depends, and the work of this Union is for posterity as well as for our own day. It can hardly be doubted that such work is needed; that evils are all round us which threaten our home life with injury or even ruin. The home builders of the world are asked to come forward and help each other to do God's work by building the homes of our empire well and strongly.

#### NORWAY BEAVER CLASS

On Sunday, October 8th, at 10 a.m. sharp, the Norway Beaver Class, under the leadership of Dr. E. A. Cummings, opens its 1933-34 session.

The executive are looking forward to a very successful year and extends to all young men over 16 years of age a welcome hand to join us in our meeting.

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## Real Values.

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"Charity . . . thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth."—I COR. xiii. 5c-6.

**H**ERE are some more reflections from this mirror of Christians. "Love thinketh no evil." Love is not suspicious, ready to ascribe evil motives to others, or to interpret the conduct of others in the less rather than the more favourable light. A good Christian cannot possibly intend to do any of these things, but he may do them unconsciously from the conditions of his life. And we ought to be alive to temptations that beset our particular conditions. To have responsibility for others, and to watch over them ready to give a word of warning, may cause us to be over-ready to suspect evil in them. And a certain consciousness that one is expected to be setting a good example may incline one to the undesirable tendency to think of oneself as better than others, which is very near to suspecting evil in others. It is a dangerous thing to set a good example. We may be ready, almost from a sense of duty, to offer to pull out the mote from a neighbour's eye; and who could suspect a beam in our own?

These conditions and this temptation arising from them are to be found in the keen Church members of our parishes, and give rise to the undercurrent of friction that often mars parochial life. We shall see them more clearly when we have interpreted the words somewhat differently. S. Paul was quoting from the Greek translation of some words in Zechariah viii. 17, which differ from the Hebrew that lies behind our English Bible. We should therefore give to this clause the force of "Love does not reckon up the ill turns that others do." If now we read these words with those that have just gone before, we find in them two ways of responding to unkindness or malice. And they are these: charity is neither easily provoked nor does it nurse evil. In Church work it is very easy to suspect unkindness, and the form which the suspicion takes is often that of nursing its memory. Eager workers are

apt to "help," or as it appears to others to "interfere," and perhaps what was kindly meant or impulsively done has just hurt another worker because of her keenness in what was entrusted to her. The little thing rankles, and it is nursed in the memory, and so the two Church workers do not get on well together. But it seems impossible to think that we are nursing a grievance, because that would not be Christian.

### A SCHOOLGIRL'S PRAYER.

**O** LORD, keep Thou my hands this day  
From sinful and from evil play.  
Teach me to use Thy gifts aright,  
And on them shed Thy heavenly light.

**L**ORD, keep my ears from evil talk,  
That in thy footsteps I may walk;  
And let them be for ever full  
Of all that 's good and beautiful.

**L**ORD, keep mine eyes from evil sight,  
And let me ever use them right,  
That when my earthly end is come  
They may be pure to see Thy home.

*M. J. M. Read (aged 15).*

19-24). He did not reckon to them the evil that they did, but returned good for evil. S. Paul has written: "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good." That is the charity that does not reckon the evil and stores up no resentment and does not bear malice.

"Charity rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in (or with) the truth."

It might seem that the Christian who holds up to himself the mirror of charity cannot possibly rejoice in iniquity. But have we never known the force of a temptation to be pleased when we hear of the evil doing of one whom we regard as an opponent? These words have a close connection with the preceding ones, when we realize how easy it is to suspect evil in some one whose Churchmanship is very different from our own, and almost to be glad to be able to think evil of him. "Charity thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity."

The words "rejoiceth not in iniquity" should be

read, however, in close connection with the second half of verse six. Instead of taking pleasure when those who differ from us fall into sin, charity shares with the truth in its joy. "Iniquity" and "the truth" are almost personified, and "the truth" is best interpreted here not of intellectual truth but as S. Paul uses it when he writes of the contentious, who do not obey the truth but obey unrighteousness. Wherever there is good, even in an opponent, or in one about whom one is suspicious, or against whom one might have a feeling of resentment, there charity rejoices with it. When the disciples were displeased that some who, as they said, "follow not us" were able to work miracles in CHRIST'S Name, He rejoiced. But they thought that their resentment sprang from loyalty to CHRIST and not from the fact that "they follow not us."

It is probable that S. Paul did not mean in this chapter to give an exhaustive description of charity,

but had in his mind the state of the Corinthian Church. It was divided by party spirit into sections devoted to one or other of the names, Paul, Cephas, Apollos, and CHRIST. The charity of S. Paul saw no reason for distinguishing between them or showing any favour to the Pauline section; nor in checking the mistakes and blemishes of the Church does he ascribe any one of them to a particular party. He is untouched by the fact that some have belittled him by contrast with the eloquent Apollos or the chief Apostle. If only the mirror of Christians could show us the charity of S. Paul we might cease to have to speak of our unhappy divisions and be able to rejoice with our happy diversities. And for a good illustration of rejoicing with the truth rather than of taking pleasure in the untruth, which is iniquity, we have only to read the opening verses of this letter, full of thanksgiving, seeing all the good and taking pleasure in every mark of Christian life.



## The Dress of the Clergy.



Master of Arts in cassock, gown, and hood with liripipe (c. 1484).

IN the early days of the Church the clergy did not dress differently from other men either when ministering in the services or at other times. They wore the ordinary "civilian" dress, normally consisting of a tunic with sleeves and over it a *paenua*. This was a circular piece of cloth with a hole in the middle through which the head was passed. Another common garment was the *lacerna*, a long cloak without sleeves fastened over the breast by a clasp.

In the fourth century when Christianity became the official religion of the Roman Empire, and it was no longer unsafe for the Christian priesthood to wear a distinctive dress, most people were giving up these garments in favour of a more convenient costume. They were, however, retained by the clergy as their official garb, and in course of time they developed into the liturgical vestments which we know to-day, the tunic becoming the albe, the *paenua* the chasuble, and the *lacerna* the cope.

In the Middle Ages these vestments were worn only in the services of the Church. At other times the clergy wore an under-tunic (the cassock), and over-garment (the gown), and a hood, which could be turned up to cover the head. Dignitaries and University graduates were allowed to have their hoods and gowns lined with fur in winter and with silk in summer. We see the result of this custom in the various linings of the hoods worn by University graduates and doctors to-day. Towards the end of the Middle Ages dignitaries also added a skull-cap to the costume.

All these articles of clothing are familiar to-day, though the gown is now worn, as a rule, only by graduates. Priests who are not graduates, however, are at liberty to wear a stuff gown if they desire to do so. The skull-cap has developed into the University square cap, and also into the "Bishop Andrewes cap" and the biretta, originally a Continental form. The cassock and hood are known to us all, and the tippet is a descendant of the liripipe, which



Priest in cassock, tippet, and cap (from a brass of 1520).

was originally part of the hood, though it has now become a separate garment. It was also called the poke, i.e. pocket, because it was sometimes used for carrying small articles.

In 1604 definite rules for the dress of the clergy of the English Church were laid down by Canon 74. Their ordinary costume was to include cassock, gown, hood, tippet (if graduates), and square cap. When on a journey they might wear the plain gowns with sleeves "commonly called Priest's Cloaks." This costume remained the rule except that the hood and tippet were discarded for common use and worn only in church. Towards the end of the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century most of the clergy gave up their special dress and adopted that worn by other professional men (lawyers and doctors), namely a black suit with white collar and neck-cloth and top hat.

This costume continued in general use until about the middle of the nineteenth century when the "clerical waistcoat" began to be worn. Rather later the "clerical collar" and stock superseded the lay collar and neck-cloth, except among the more old-fashioned clergy, some of whom also continued to wear the cassock in their parishes as well as in church. Finally the soft felt hat superseded the top hat for general use.



Two forms of the tunic, the ancestor of the albe.

(Continued from opposite page.)

But there is comfort in the thought that the leaves fall because they are dethroned by next year's lusty buds. Wherever the leaf-stem is broken, there sits a fresh bud, black buds on ash, brown-pointed needles on beech, downy buds swelling on willows, dreaming of a March day when they shall hear the murmurous songs of the bees. So each autumn day gives us a far vision, and new hope arises with each day's unrolling of God's manuscript.



# The Pageant of the Seasons.

By Marcus Woodward.

Decorations by Edgar Norfield.

## III. AUTUMN.



“IS a dull sight to see the year dying,” sang a poet, and thought it was a wise course to retire to the fireside. If there be sadness in death, autumn is a time for mourning. We may think of the fate of the queen wasp’s nest, how every one of the sixty thousand offspring of her loins must die of cold and starvation in autumn, save herself and daughter queens. The tragedy of the bee-hive impresses us with horror, that deliberate slaughter of the drones by their sisters. Or our thoughts go wistfully with the birds leaving us to our winter discontent and seeking sunnier shores, for migration is the most fatal act of their lives. For every thousand that go not four hundred will return in the spring. Our human sympathy goes out to old Nurse Nature at the loss of so many of her broods.

But we may find many happy subjects for painting the reverse of the medal. Mellow October days are surely among the most enjoyable in the year. The swallows go and summer goes on their wings, but, to give a new interest to the fields, there arrive the first of our winter bird visitors, the Scandinavian thrushes we name redwings and fieldfares. “The rooks are blown about the skies” is a line which brings to mind a familiar and always pleasing picture of autumn, and their calling seems in harmony with autumn’s golden light and mellow foliage.

As the day wears on to evensong, bands of starlings unite in trees or reed-beds, or, in towns, on the ledges of buildings, to sing their mighty choruses, an indescribable medley of whistling, chattering, beak-clicking, and warbling notes, continued by the hour. More full of mystery is the evening concert of a flock of linnets, densely clustered in a tree, filling the air with a gushing flood of melody, their evening grace, a thank-offering for a day of good hunting and no harm from sparrow-hawks.

Perhaps nowhere may we feast the eye more richly on the glowing colours of summer’s sunset than where a Pilgrim’s Way runs under beech-covered hills, when the beech-leaves are running through their gamut of tones of bronze, copper, gold, and fox-red. Travellers’-joy festoons the high hedges, and there is a border of floral tapestry to the way, of mauve scabious (more happily called “gypsy-rose” in Somerset), purple knapweed, and golden ragwort. Wherever a bush of dog-wood stands autumn has lighted a fire, glowing in crimson tones. Hedge-maples have turned to orange and lemon. The greyish-green leaves of the wayfaring-tree change their Quaker-like garb for one of richest crimson, a tree that perhaps gained its name from the pleasure given by its gay berries, in varying tints of coral, ruby, and jet, to all who take the Pilgrim’s Way in the fall of the year.

All the way down the lane robins are singing their odes in autumn. Flocks of goldfinches seek seeds on the thistleheads, presenting us with one of the daintiest pictures our bird life can show. Thrushes sing, trying to recapture spring’s rapture, the wood-pigeon offers us comforting words, the lark’s in the heaven.

It may to many be a melancholy pleasure  
To view the leaves, thin dancers upon air,  
Go eddying round.

(Continued on opposite page.)



## The Table that Wasn't There. By Madge S. Smith.

**C**RASH! Then an ominous silence, while old Mrs. Pontex, forgetting her rheumatism for the moment, leapt to her feet, and Mollie Ford, putting out a timely hand, saved her from falling. It was an ear-splitting, nerve-shattering crash of china and silver and tea-tray, all in jumbled collision with a tiled floor. Mrs. Pontex and Mollie both remembered in one sickening moment that the Crown Derby tea-things had just been carried out by Barbara, the new little maid whose praises the old lady had been singing.

Mollie was just asking Mrs. Pontex if she thought Barbara might join her Company of Guides, for she had noticed the little badge pinned in Barbara's dress. And Mrs. Pontex had gladly consented. Barbara was a rosy, smiling, country girl, and when she heard this she was rosier, and smiled more than ever.

And then came the crash.

"My Crown Derby tea-things! My dear mother's tea-things! I know it," Mrs. Pontex said with a dreadful calm in her voice. "Give me my sticks."

Mollie fetched the pair of stout sticks without which Mrs. Pontex was unable to walk, and then darted through the door to see what had happened.

One glance into the little kitchen was enough. There was the silver tea-tray, upside down; there was the cut-glass sugar basin, luckily in one piece; there was a pool of cream; there were the remains of the sponge-cake in a coalbox; there was a pathetic fragment of blue and white; and there in the midst of the deplorable ruin was the unlucky Barbara, her woeful face liberally spread with strawberry jam, which covered her large spectacles, her hair, and her little pleated cap.

"O Barbara, are you hurt?"

was Mollie's first thought, for it was not easy to be sure where jam ended and blood began.

"Hurt? No, I'm not hurt, only a little cut. But oh, Madam's tea-things! Madam's beautiful china! Oh, she'll never forgive me."

Pulling the lace-edged cloth from out of the debris, Mollie began to wipe the jam from the girl's face.

"Keep still, Barbara," she said, "and I'll scrape some of this off your hair. I don't believe there's such an awful amount of damage done after all. I can see three cups that aren't broken at all, and we had only three on the table. There's a saucer in two pieces, and I'm afraid the slop-basin is broken too, but the bread and butter plate is all right, and the cream jug is on the mat, so that is all right. There! Now you can open your eyes. Let's pick things up."

"There! Just as I thought!" Mrs. Pontex had hobbled into the kitchen, and her voice was bitter with real pain. "Oh, you careless, heedless girl! What were you doing?"

"O Madam, please. I wasn't careless. I was minding ever so," sobbed Barbara. "I can't think how it came to happen. I just went to set that tray down as careful as ever could be on that little table in the

corner, and down it came wop. For why, look, the table wasn't there at all!"

"Table! What table?" exclaimed Mrs. Pontex sharply.

"There isn't any table in that corner," said Mollie, now on her hands and knees, gathering up the fragments of the slop-basin.

"Of course there is no table. The tray was thrown down yards away from the table. You are only making matters worse, Barbara, by seeking to excuse yourself with a falsehood," said Mrs. Pontex, looking simply terrible. Indeed it did sound like a rather ridiculous invention, for the only table in the small kitchen was fixed against the farther wall, quite out of reach of the spot where the tragedy had happened.

"Begging pardon, Madam," said poor Barbara, "I wouldn't tell a lie. I did put it on the table, and I couldn't help it if the table wasn't there. I wouldn't go for to put a tray on the floor, Madam."

Mollie felt very sorry for the miserable culprit, and wondered how anybody can bear to be cross with people who break things by accident, and then she saw a sparkling tear drop on the fragments of the cut-glass jam-dish in Mrs. Pontex's trembling old hand, and had to be sorry for her too.

"I don't know how it happened no more than that chair," Barbara persisted. "All I know is, I went to set it on the table, and down it came wop."

"You will only make matters worse by persisting in this ridiculous falsehood," said Mrs. Pontex sternly.

"Well, where was the table, Barbara?" said Mollie. "Perhaps you thought there was a table there, because there was one in your last place?"

"No, I saw it," said Barbara stubbornly.

"But you can see there is no table there now?" said Mollie. "It must have been the ghost of a table, I should think."

"The ghost of a table," said Mrs. Pontex sharply, "what nonsense!"

Then Mollie produced an unlucky argument for the defence.

"Barbara wouldn't tell a story, I'm sure. She's a Guide, and Guides don't."

"A pretty Guide, I must say!" said the old lady angrily. "I shall certainly not now allow you to attend the Guide meetings, Barbara. I don't think you at all a suitable young person—"

"O Mrs. Pontex, I'm sure she never meant to deceive you."

But it was no use. Mrs. Pontex was hopelessly angry with Barbara, and now, just because she had tried to stick up for her, she was angry with Mollie too. So after a few unsuccessful attempts to change the subject, Mollie said: "I think I ought to be going, and thank you so much for having me," and departed with a heavy heart.

It was some little time before Mollie went to tea with



"In the midst of the ruin was the unlucky Barbara."

Mrs. Pontex again, and this time Miss Pontex was at home, and Mollie's friend, Jessie Palmer, was asked too. Miss Pontex opened the door to them herself, and Mollie was rather glad to hear that it was Barbara's day out.

There was the usual tempting tea, but not this time in the Crown Derby tea service; that, or rather the remains of it, had been placed at last in safe retirement in the china-cabinet, where the old lady pointed it out with grim satisfaction, remarking that it was like locking the stable door after the horse was stolen!

"Please may Jessie and I clear away?" said Mollie briskly after tea. "We will be ever so careful."

Permission was granted. Jessie, shy and glad to escape from the society of her elders, picked up the tray and went first into the kitchen.

"Here, on the table?" she was beginning, heading straight for the fatal corner.

With a shriek of warning, Mollie pounced upon her and wrested the tray from her hands. Naturally Jessie struggled a little, and the china reeled, but nothing crashed.

"What *is* the matter?" gasped the astonished Jessie. Mollie, having the tray safe, collapsed in helpless laughter.

"Oh, it's too funny! You—you were going to put it—on the ghost of a table. It is a ghost. The table—it isn't there at all."

"A ghost of a table?" repeated Jessie. "But I can see it quite well." She went into the rather dark corner to examine it. "Why, how very odd! It looks exactly like a little square table with a ledge underneath. And yet there's nothing there."

But Mollie had not stayed to see her astonishment. She dashed back into the drawing-room, her eyes sparkling with excitement.

"Do please come and see, Miss Pontex. We've solved the mystery. The table—the ghost of a table—Barbara's table, you know—has come back! Jessie only just missed putting the tray down on it."

"What nonsense is this?" snapped old Mrs. Pontex, rather crossly.

"Just show me what you mean, Mollie," said Miss Pontex quietly.

And they all went to the kitchen, rather slowly, because Mrs. Pontex, walking with her two sticks, insisted on going first.

"Well, where's this table?" she demanded.

Mollie looked. Miss Pontex looked. Jessie looked.

"It isn't there now," said Jessie.

She was right. The table was gone. The ghost of the table was gone too. There was nothing anybody could possibly think of setting a tray down on. Mollie's eyes went to the ceiling for inspiration, and found it.

"I have it! It was the shadow from the skylight. When the sun goes it doesn't show at all. Yes! Look, there it is again!"

A shaft of evening sunlight fell for a few seconds athwart the skylight. Once again what looked exactly like a small square table was clearly defined.

"There! Didn't I tell you?" cried Mollie in triumph. "The ghost of a table! It just comes out at tea-time, when the sunlight is right for it, and then goes away, exactly like a sundial. Anybody might be excused for putting a tray down on that. And Barbara was not telling stories."

"How very strange!" Old Mrs. Pontex spoke in a gentle, troubled voice. "It does—it really does—look exactly like a table. Oh dear, I'm afraid I was very hasty and rather harsh with that poor child Barbara."

"I should have done the very same thing if Mollie hadn't been quite so quick," said Jessie, forgetting to be shy. "I should have sunk right through the floor and been no more seen if I had dropped the tea-tray."

It became quite an exciting adventure after that to be invited to Mrs. Pontex's house to see the spectre table appear and disappear. But there is a real table in the corner now, where trays may be set down in safety.

As for Barbara, of course her character was vindicated, much to her relief, for she was a particularly straightforward young person, and had been dreadfully grieved. But she is very happy with old Mrs. Pontex now, and has become a regular visitor at Guide guest-nights, where she is always ready to thrill the company at a camp fire with the true story of "The Table that Wasn't There."

## The Holy Communion Service.

Simple Instructions by Celia Atkinson, Author of *The Gospel of Suffering*.

### V.

#### The Prayer of Consecration.

**W**E have now come to the last Step, the Prayer of Consecration, the nearest and closest approach we can have to our Blessed LORD. Before the priest begins the prayer just say quietly to yourself, "Come Thou HOLY SPIRIT, come."

In the Prayer of Consecration we are told of God's great gift of love for us in the Sacrifice of His Son for our redemption and for the saving of the whole world. CHRIST made once for all the perfect Sacrifice on the Cross, never to be repeated, but always to be held in perpetual remembrance. For this purpose CHRIST, on the eve of His death, instituted the Holy Eucharist. "The LORD JESUS the same night in which He was betrayed took bread: and when He had given thanks, He brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is My Body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of Me. After the same manner also He took the cup, when He had supped, saying, This Cup is the New Testament in My

Blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me."

Solemn words, spoken solemnly on a very solemn occasion. CHRIST left this memorial, and gave His disciples authority to perpetuate it. Through the ages this communion has been fulfilled, until now millions kneel in adoration and thanksgiving before the throne of God.

As the priest says these words of Consecration, we know by faith that by the power of the HOLY SPIRIT the Presence of CHRIST is with us. In the Church Catechism we are taught that the outward sign in the LORD's Supper is bread and wine, the inward part or thing signified is the Body and Blood of CHRIST, which are verily and indeed taken and received by the faithful.

We do not attempt to understand the mystery of CHRIST's Presence in the Holy Communion; we have faith to know that He is there present with us, and having that sure and certain faith we know ourselves to be brought into very solemn nearness to God.

Think again of the mountain climber, nearing the summit. Often a cloud will obscure everything from his sight, but suddenly the sun bursts through and he gets a wonderful view of sea, mountain, and blue

distance, which almost takes his breath away and leaves him speechless. This is what the Christian feels when, after the words of Consecration, the soul is blinded with a Light which floods the church, the Light of the World comes to show His people the way of truth. It just leaves us looking up to Him in silent wonder and worship. Here He gives us His own Self, "He that eateth My Flesh and drinketh My Blood, dwelleth in Me, and I in him." Every Communion we make it seems more wonderful, for I suppose that as we get nearer and nearer to Him we get to know Him better and better. The nearness of our Blessed LORD in this great Love Feast cannot be emphasized too strongly. He is really and truly quite close to us, listening intently to our halting prayers, watching ever for our response to His appeal of love. It is a time when any of us, who are in trouble, pain, or difficulty, are just as near and dear to Him as those who are whole and happy; a time when every tribulation may be put away; a time of real joy and peace, because our dear LORD dwells in us and we in Him. "Your life is hid with CHRIST in GOD."

From the moment of the Consecration try and keep your mind entirely on the thought that CHRIST, with

an overwhelming love, is coming to you; and as you go up to the altar rails try and realize His nearness to you, waiting for you, as a father waits for his little one to come and tell all its joys and sorrows. Tell Him how happy you are, and thank Him for that happiness; He loves to know. Offer Him your adoration and worship. If you have come with a special intention, just ask quite simply for what you want; speak to Him quite openly, quite naturally, as if you were talking to a friend. Maybe you will have nothing particular to ask; if so, then listen for Him to speak. It is perhaps one of the most beautiful kinds of prayer simply to kneel and wait for Him to speak to you; you will never go away empty.

Don't be discouraged if you come away from your Communion without any warmth of feeling, or not being conscious of receiving any direct grace, feelings are delusive; if you can come away with fresh courage to conquer the little temptations which come to you daily, with a determination to fight the battle of life with all your strength and might, then you will know that your Communion has been well worth while, and that CHRIST Himself has blessed it.

(To be concluded.)



## Spare-Time Service.

### II. WHAT CAN I DO?

IT is not always easy for those who wish to embark upon some enterprise of voluntary service to know at once how to set about it. In the glow of a new-found conviction that even small gifts of personal service may be acceptable, if combined with goodwill and common sense, it may yet seem "dull at whites" to set about doing "the thing that's nearest." But the most sensible first step to take may be towards some quite inconspicuous act of neighbourliness.

To the would-be spare-time helper who is a member of the Church, the obvious step to finding ways of usefulness would be to consult the incumbent of the parish. There may be some small piece of humdrum parochial work that needs doing at once. Moreover, many of the more or less familiar aspects of home and overseas mission work, the care of the afflicted, organizations for the young, and other activities directed towards the service of humanity, often have local representatives who will be glad to receive inquiries.

It may happen that none of the people at first approached are able to accept immediately particular offers of assistance. Again, some unfortunate past experience of unreliable volunteers may make those responsible for the work somewhat chary of accepting help. But that is no reason for discouragement, and consultation as to one type of service often brings information about another, especially if patience as well as zeal for service is exercised.

Perseverance may be needed also, and in some circumstances it may be best to offer one's personal spare-time service through the central office of one of the big national societies co-ordinating local effort. Many of these are well known, and information as to their general and special aims and needs will be readily supplied by their officials. It is quite impossible in these articles to discuss in detail the wide range of happy service, whether towards youth or age, the hale or the helpless, at home or abroad, which can be undertaken within the fellowship of various special societies and guilds. A very few examples must suffice to show what

is being done, or what might be done, by individuals independently, but through particular channels.

Needless to say, there are constant opportunities for those who are possessed of any special talent or skill, or who have a "spirit of intelligent initiative." Innumerable requests are received for "somebody to play the piano." It may be simply now and then for children's games, or for "musical chairs" at a young people's gathering, or it may be to accompany songs or dramatic performances for half a dozen rehearsals and the final competition or display, over a period of three or four weeks. Instructors in some craft may be wanted, or examiners or judges for needlework or some other simple test or competition, among children or adults. A "sports girl," with experience as a school captain perhaps, is capable of being just the coach or referee for whom a harassed club leader is searching in order to accept an offer of a playing field on alternate half-holidays for her team.

To chat for half an hour now and then to some one whose outlook is bounded by four walls may be of untold value; better still to sit and listen. Even those who are themselves afflicted in body may share in service to their fellows. For instance, a young woman who was herself somewhat deformed, but able to walk sufficiently well, was seen regularly at church guiding a sightless friend. A bedridden invalid who learnt to write braille was thus able to correspond with one suffering the great loneliness of being both blind and deaf. A woman handicapped by deafness gave spare-time service in the office of a big society by cataloguing or filing, labelling collecting boxes, sorting garments, or some other necessary "odd job," for which the staff had no time. A housewife in a far-off village can find time to address and post a monthly magazine to some still more isolated outpost overseas, or a box of spring wild flowers to a slum settlement. A business girl can help in "provident collecting" under a nursing scheme.

There are countless possibilities of service for those who can help to "make things." A ladies'-maid may be clever at cutting out, and even rheumatic hands need not exclude a willing helper from membership of a

working-party, if she can be a sensible secretary or can read aloud.

Some may bring delight by singing to inmates of an institution, others may join in children's games, while to another it may fall "just to cut up the buns."

What can you do? Does your ability lie in doing, making, or being? Possibly your piece of spare-time

service needs not looking for, but looking at—and doing. Possibly you must look long and far and seek advice. Perhaps, like S. Paul at Damascus gate, you may find you are called to go straight onward whither your face is already turned, but with a new purpose, and "it shall be told thee what thou must do." v. m. c.

(To be concluded.)



## Maria Takes a Holiday. An African Sketch.

By A. C. Thompson.

MARIA was tired. She needed a holiday, or, as she quaintly expressed it, to "go home and sit down for three months." Before setting off Maria brought the friend whom, according to custom, she would temporarily instal in her place. The two stood before me, Maria volubly describing Maggie's capabilities. She spoke in English, lapsing under stress of enthusiasm into her native tongue, Sesuto.

"'Tis true, Missis, Maggie is good, and she can wash and iron, not so well, of course, as Maria, but still well enough to please the Missis for the time."

I recognized Maggie, a buxom young widow whose black "dook," or handkerchief head-dress, was a contrast to Maria's gaudy magenta one. Maggie was one of those innumerable visitors whom Maria entertained in her room in the yard. Maria's hospitality was unbounded. She was frequently seen at dinner-time balancing upon her head a tier of dishes containing meat, vegetables, and pudding to regale one of her callers.

When I spoke to her on the subject she wept.

"If some one has told the Missis that I steal her food, this is a lie. Everybody knows I do not steal or tell lies and I go to church on Sunday. If the Missis would please look at my new photo with my Bible she would see I cannot do anything wrong! 'Tis true I gave some food to the husband of my sister's child, but only so that my friends should not say there is no food in the house of my mistress."

It was now my duty to reassure her. If every one in the world were as honest as Maria, life would be much more pleasant.

Dressed in a left-off blouse of mine and an ancient dark skirt, Maria prepared to depart to Basutoland.

"'Tis true, though the Missis is very nice and fat, Maria is still fatter. Yet, you see, she can wear this blouse. Yes, that is what I say to myself when the Missis puts on a new dress, she looks nice but so will Maria when her time comes!"

Maria returned in high spirits as a result of her holiday. Her relatives had been most kind. This, she told me, was what came of having good work and money in the bank.

"If I had gone without money or work, my brother's children would have asked who was this old woman who ate up their food and sat so close to the fire that they could not get warm."

"But you will go to them when you can no longer work?" I asked.

"No. The Missis must know that I have built me a little house on my brother's land. When I am old I shall go there, and grow mealies and keep fowls for my food."

"Why have you never married, Maria?"

"Oh, there are plenty of nice gentleman in Maseru, where my house is, but all say, 'Maria is too old for me and also she is growing rather ugly.' But if they knew about my savings they would sing another song. But I don't want a man. I want to keep my money to put in the plate at church and to give presents to my niece, Darling Quela. She is also my god-child and I sent her a beautiful white dress for the Confirmation. Now Darling is going to be married to a native teacher from Lovedale College, so I must pay for her wedding-dress because she will wear a white satin dress and orange blossom just like the white people."

I remarked that I wished Maria had a husband and children of her own.

She laughed merrily.

"No. I am happy as I am. When I feel sad God talks to my heart, and He says, 'Never mind, Maria, I will take care of you.' When I am too old to work I shall live in my little house near my church and the mission where the dear deaconess taught me when I was a girl. She died

long ago, as the Missis knows, and our people came from every part to weep by her grave at Maseru. Even our chiefs came. 'Little Mother' is the name our people gave her, and we still talk of her."

We spoke together for some time of our dear friend, Deaconess Maria Burton of blessed memory, whose wonderful knowledge and understanding of the native mind rendered her an unforgettable figure in South African life.

"By and by," Maria went on, "I shall die also, then I shall go to heaven and sing, sing all the day."

And away she went to her washing tub, a galvanized iron bath, resting upon two wooden stools. Soon I heard her voice, made purposely shrill. Just as the men affect bass voices as a sign of virility, so do the Kaffir women sing in a high key to enhance feminine charm. The hymn she sang in spite of its strange runs and trills could be recognized as—

This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Saviour all the day long.



"Upon her head a tier of dishes."

## Some Parishes at Work.

XVII. S. MARY MAGDALENE'S,  
MUNSTER SQUARE.

By B. M. Harcourt.

**W**ITHIN a few yards of Regent's Park, with its acres of open ground, and its lovely flowers, is the crowded slum parish of S. Mary Magdalene's, Munster Square. The history of the church has a certain romance of its own.

In 1837 Christ Church was built in Albany Street, N.W., and this soon became a centre of Catholic teaching. Among the worshippers here was Mr. Stuart, then an Oxford undergraduate. He was ordained in 1845, and soon afterwards joined the Christ Church staff.

The neighbourhood was terrible. Cumberland Market, for example, was then described as a "Thieves' Kitchen": the children were neglected, and often brought up as felons. Mr. Stuart was a man of considerable means, and sold his estate, Wykeham Park, to provide funds for the building of a church wherever Bishop Blomfield, then Bishop of London, might choose. York—now Munster—Square was notorious, and here was the chosen spot. Mr. Stuart, with characteristic energy and selflessness, went to live in the Square, so that he could not only learn more of the people whom he was to serve, but could superintend the building which was to be, as Mr. Frank Buckland writes, "as nearly perfection as the handicraft of men, the skill of architects, and the experience and ingenuity of ecclesiastical art could make it." In addition the church was to be "free and open," which was, in 1852, a system in use only at S. Barnabas's, Pimlico.

The foundation-stone was laid in 1849, when the sermon at the Eucharist was preached by Mr. Keble. The chancel, nave, and south aisle were completed by April, 1852, when Bishop Blomfield consecrated the church. In the evening the sermon was preached by Frederick Denison Maurice. Here, then, was offered the treasure of Edward Stuart's heart to our LORD, as had been offered the precious ointment of S. Mary Magdalene, in whose honour the church was dedicated, and here he poured out his chivalrous generosity.

At S. Mary Magdalene's the whole Faith has always been taught, and reverent ceremonial has been a part of the services. It was the first church

to adopt vestments, after the riots at S. George's-in-the-East in 1859-60, and incense was used in 1854. The censers now in use were presented in 1856, and are lovely works of art. The Blessed Sacrament has been reserved since 1908. Fortunately there has been freedom from Protestant agitators. It is recorded that only once—on Good Friday, 1900—was there any trouble from this source, and then some "stalwarts" ejected the invaders, and peace was restored with little effort.

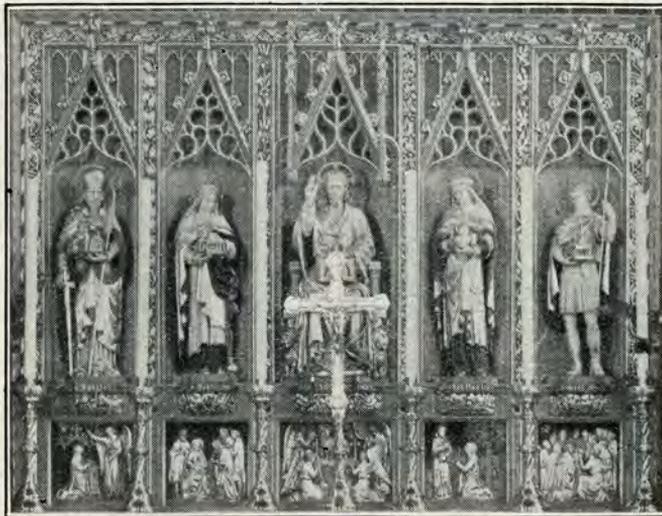
While the church was building, Mr. Stuart had given his attention to the most neglected children of the neighbourhood, and himself taught them and gave them a daily dinner. Thus began the educational work for which the district is justly famed. In 1871 the site on which the present school stands was bought, and the building reconstructed. By 1877 the school was called "one of the finest and largest in London." The first head master held his post for nearly forty years, and what his work and unselfishness has meant, and still means, it is impossible to estimate. The schools were taken over by the London County Council in 1917, and the gain has been substantial. The children are encouraged in sports, and take their place—and an honourable place at that—in inter-school competitions, both physical and educational. Every day prayers are said in church, and the children's weekly Eucharist is a wonderful inspiration. The clergy teach daily, and a remark made in 1877 by the then Vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street, still holds good: "Few schools in London have had as much personal attention from a vicar as the schools of this parish." The scholars are keen and loyal, and are trained to be the stuff of which good citizens are made. There is—not a Scholarship but—a "Brave Deeds" Board, on which are recorded the self-sacrifice and pluck of not a few of the boys. The Roll of Honour contains no fewer than three hundred names of those who served in the Great War.

The girls are well catered for in the matter of "school journeys." Every summer a party of twenty-five or thirty, accompanied by two teachers, spends a fortnight of term at the sea-side or in the country, and studies history, geography, and nature. What a revelation it must be to the children who are living in one of the slums which are—fortunately, indeed—causing so much interest and investigation at the present time.

In 1898 a house was opened under the auspices of the Community of the Sisters of the Incarnation as a "Lodging House for Boys," but this soon proved to be too small, and a move was made to Albany Street. There are now three houses, but



THE REV. EDWARD STUART  
(Founder and first Vicar).



THE NEW REREDOS.

in 1926 Sister Amy and Sister Margaret, who had been in charge for twenty years, decided that they must give up, and the house is now affiliated to the Holy Family Homes. The boys are a healthy company, and enjoy their privileges both at church and at home. They are regular and devout at their worship, and are keen sportsmen.

The church also serves S. Saviour's Hospital, which is in the parish, and is administered by the Sisters of the Community of the Epiphany, Truro. This is indeed a place of peace, and the patients love their stay there.

The Sisters of Charity, from Knowle, Bristol, live in the parish, and carry on the work of visiting, and the superintendence of girls' clubs and guilds. Their house is a wonderful place, for from it there radiates an atmosphere of peace and sympathy for all the sick and sorry, and also for those who are careless and ignorant. There are various guilds for women and children, all with their headquarters in this household of gentle women.

The parish has, from the beginning, been served by "faithful and true pastors." Many devout souls owe much to *The Christian's Manual*, written by the Rev.

W. H. H. Jervois, who was vicar from 1896 to 1905. He was succeeded by his friend the Rev. R. E. Giraud, whose unsparing help is gratefully remembered by numberless people.

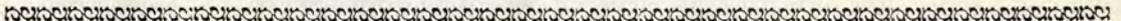
Then came the Rev. J. B. Simpson, who was consecrated Bishop of Kobé in 1925, after a short, but very full, ministry of three years. He was followed by the Rev. D. L. Rhys, who died in 1929, and who bequeathed a sum of money for the beautifying of the sanctuary. The task of superintending the expenditure of this sum has fallen to the present vicar, the Rev. H. C. T. Hose. An exceedingly beautiful reredos, designed by Sir Charles Nicholson, has now been set up. It is of oak and lime, coloured and gilded, the old wall paintings on each side being retained. The figure in the centre niche represents our LORD, and the others the patron saints of the church, the diocese, and the two mother churches of the



THE SANCTUARY.

parish—Our Lady and S. Pancras. Below these figures are five small groups, the Annunciation, the Nativity, the Resurrection, and Pentecost, and the central panel illustrates the Adoration of the Lamb.

Thus, then, continues the work begun by Edward Stuart, who lavished his all, that this house of God should prove to be in very truth the gate of heaven.



## OVER THE TEACUPS.

### Report on Competitions set in July "Sign."

#### A. Directions for making and planting a rose bed.

Some very good papers were sent in. Naturally there were the two types of growers, those who suggested putting only one or two kinds in the bed, and those who planned to have a selection of a dozen or so of the best sorts. We think that if one's space is limited, it is pleasant to have a good variety. The two prize papers are clear and detailed, and contrive to get a great deal of matter in with no unnecessary words; the roses in their lists are also all suitable for bedding, and are reliable bloomers all the season through. First Prize, Mr. C. A. Adcock, Woodwinton, Hincley Close, Esher. Second, Mrs. M. Neate, Eddington, Hungerford. Commended, Miss Aldous, Miss Wilson, Mr. Watkins.

#### B. Photograph entitled "Reflections."

There were many entries for this, some being snapshots and others finished studies. The First Prize goes to Miss M. Wight, Mordiford, Hereford, for the photograph here reproduced. The Second to A. J. Ham, Telton Gate, Kingston, Taunton, for a clever snapshot of a boy, giving reflection in both senses of the word. Commended are Miss M. Armour, A. J. Bingham, Mr. W. Denwood, Mr. F. Garnett, Lady Power, Miss V. Pugh, Mr. A. G. West.

October is here again. Summer, with its outdoor life and its holidays, is over, and we settle down to the winter's work. In the longer evenings some of us take in hand a more or less important bit of handicraft. Now, knowing the spirit of SIGN readers, we feel sure that many of them will be able and willing to undertake a pleasant task which will bring much joy to the children in the Holy Family Homes. This is, to make soft toys, which will be sent there for Christmas. Though this is one of our Competitions for November, and the rules will be published in our next number, we tell you about it now so as to give plenty of time. The date for sending in will be November 21st, and, as usual, two prizes will be given. Any kind of soft toy, dolls, animals,

teddy bears, entirely made by the competitor, are included. You know what the small people love.

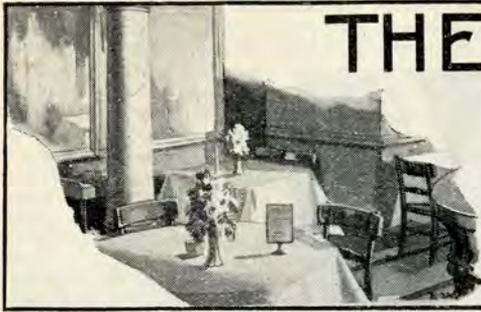
#### Round-the-corner Recipe.

A vegetable which is rather neglected is red cabbage. There are other ways of cooking it besides pickling, and we give one, which is very good with stewed meat.

*Red Cabbage à la Flamande.*— Divide a red cabbage into quarters and cut out all the hard stalks. Blanch for ten minutes in boiling water, rinse in cold water, drain, and shred it finely. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and a little vinegar, and put it in a casserole with plenty of butter. Cook very slowly. When three parts cooked add two apples cut up and a dessert-spoonful of brown sugar. Mix well and cook till the cabbage is quite tender.



THE OLD TITHE BARN, BREDON.  
(Photograph by Miss M. Wight.)



# THE STORY of SPALDINGS

by  
FEDDEN TINDALL

## SYNOPSIS.

On the death of his father, TOM SPALDING finds that the affairs of "Spalding's Restaurants" are not so prosperous as they were supposed to be. The rival firm of "Marriot's" has captured much of their business, and Tom resolves to restore his own firm to prosperity. His sister APRIL and his friend GERRY FIELDING are ready to help him. He manages a branch shop under the name of "Mr. Wilson." Here an unfortunate incident arises when a pretty waitress, called ELIZABETH FOSTER, is accused of stealing a brooch. Elizabeth determines to investigate the mystery for herself. She discovers that CARRIE MASTERS, another waitress, is the culprit, and further that "Mr. Wilson's" real name is Tom Spalding. Then Gerry proposes marriage to Elizabeth, but she refuses him—there is "some one else." Within a few days Elizabeth leaves "Spalding's," and we learn that her uncle is the proprietor of the rival "Marriot" firm.

The story continues—

## CHAPTER XIX.

### AN UNFAIR QUESTION.

AUNT Deborah had plenty of opportunity of showing her natural grit from the first moment of reply to the policeman who came to inform her of Gerry's accident.

"In hospital, you say? What hospital? You must take me there at once."

The constable supplied details and offered to call a taxi. Not until they were inside and whirling along towards their destination did she inquire—

"What's the exact damage? Don't wrap it up. Tell me plainly."

"A broken leg, cuts about the head and body, Madam, slight concussion."

"H'm, and shock will be the thing to reckon with? I wonder what happened. He is usually a very careful driver."

"It is difficult to find out precisely, Madam, but I fancy the other party might be described as reckless. Your young gentleman is not in a state to be questioned as yet."

"Of course not, and very likely you will never get at the exact truth. I suppose he cannot be moved?"

"I should hardly think so, Madam."

The hospital authorities found her calm and collected. Gerry was on the danger-list, so she was allowed to stay all night.

When he opened his eyes at last and they rested on the kind, rugged old face, he whispered her name, "Aunt Deb," then came a confused question, "Elizabeth? Is she all right? I can't remember what happened."

"Elizabeth is quite safe," Miss Deborah assured him instantly.

She was constantly at his bedside during the next few days; but she asked no questions, and he made no further reference to the mysterious Elizabeth. Quiet

was the one essential, the doctors explained. The cuts and bruises were not dangerous, and the leg was mending satisfactorily. The slight concussion had passed off, but shock to the system was still the real danger. However, youth and health triumphed, and a day came when he was fit to be moved home by ambulance. A nurse was installed and Aunt Deborah herself took a full share in tending him.

It was when he had been home three days and Nurse was off duty that Gerry suddenly turned to his aunt, and questioned abruptly,

"Did I talk nonsense after the smash?"

"Not more than usual," he was told grimly.

"Yes, but you know what I mean. What did I say?"

"You asked if Elizabeth was all right, and I told you that she was, and you seemed to be satisfied."

"Yes, I know now. Everything seemed confused. She is the S. Simon's friend I spoke to you about, the one I was to bring home to supper, and I couldn't remember whether or not she had been in the smash with me. I couldn't sort out what had happened."

"Don't worry your head, my boy. That is not at all unusual in cases of concussion. The doctors told me and the police that probably your mind would remain blank about the exact cause of the accident."

"I seem to remember a narrow lane and a car dashing down on top of me."

"Don't try to remember. It's stupid." Then, for once, Miss Deborah was inconsistent. She asked her first question. "What in the world were you doing out at that hour of night in the middle of Surrey?"

"I can't quite explain that either. I think I wanted a run and some fresh air; but I know now I had taken Elizabeth back before that."

"And forgotten that I was waiting for you to come home for supper," Miss Deborah commented drily. "Where is Elizabeth and why hasn't she come to inquire after you?"

Gerry put up a hand to his poor head.

"I really don't know where she is now. She may not know of the accident."

"Would you like me to write and tell her?"

"No, no." The negative answer came quickly. "Better not. She—she turned me down that night, Aunt Deb."

"I see. Don't talk any more now, and do as little thinking as possible."

Aunt Deborah had learned all she wanted to know. She had felt convinced that some girl was at the bottom of all this trouble. She had heard from Jemima of "a pretty red-haired young lady," who had come in with Master Gerry one night and asked to see her. Immediately her quick brain had connected her with "the little monkey" she had seen dancing and laughing with him at S. Simon's. Gerry had been evasive when she questioned him, and she had drawn her own conclusions. Then, on the morning of his accident, he

had suddenly announced that he wanted to bring his S. Simon's friend home to supper.

Now she took a hasty resolve. As soon as Nurse came on duty, she rang up the Spaldings' house and asked for April.

"Gerry is getting on. He will be able to see you soon. Come along and cheer me up to-day."

April, who had been desperate with suspense and anxiety, and ringing up for news several times each day, assented readily. Aunt Deb greeted her warmly.

"The doctor will be here soon, and I shall ask if I can take you in to see the patient. I fancy you might be a good soothing syrup. You are quiet and sensible."

"I should love to see him, and can Tom come one day soon?"

"I should think so; but I prescribe you first. Women are better than men in sick rooms. Had you seen much of Gerry before the accident?"

"Not a great deal. You see I so seldom get down to S. Simon's. Why?"

"I am wondering whether you know more than I do. My dear, are you a practical, level-headed young woman?"

"I—I hope so," April stammered. "Why do you ask me?"

"Because I take you for one, and if I am right you may be useful. Gerry is all I've got, and he is very fond of me, but I am only an old woman. He wants something younger and brighter to cheer him and rouse him. He told me once that you were like a dear little sister to him."

"Oh, yes," April said quickly.

"I don't believe in little sisters myself, not nine cases out of ten; but still they have their uses." She paused, and April waited, silent and puzzled. "Do you remember a red-haired girl one night at S. Simon's? I said she was a born monkey."

"Yes," April said, wishing that the fire would not catch her face.

"Well, I noticed that Gerry was attracted by her that night, and I fancy he has seen a good deal more of her. He brought her here one evening to see me, and unluckily I was out. I was round with you, if I remember rightly. She was to have come again. But he told me something just now."

"Oh, but would he want you to repeat it to me?" April faltered.

"No, probably not, and perhaps I am being tactless and telling tales out of school and ought to be kicked and all that. But I am going my own way, and I have my good reasons." April waited.

"That girl was in the car with Gerry on the night of the accident. I am nearly sure it was Miss Red Hair. Gerry has informed me that she turned him down. What do you make of it all?"

"Nothing, but what you tell me. I wonder if she meant what she said."

"Being a woman, probably she didn't, but that's her own fault. I know the little niece whom I want, and I mean to give her a fair chance while Gerry is weak and susceptible."

April stared at the despotic old lady, but she said nothing.

"If that girl has any sense, she will make the most of the opportunity, but of course she won't rush matters. One thing more, and then I will shut up and stop being an indiscreet old fool. Are you in love with Gerry? I know that's a perfectly unfair question, and now I have all the answer I want, my dear. So don't worry, things will come right again."

## CHAPTER XX.

## SUSPENSE.

NEVER again was Aunt Deborah so alarmingly outspoken. Gerry gave April a friendly, if not exactly an enthusiastic, welcome to his sick room on her first short visit. By Miss Deborah's invitation, she spent every minute that she could spare from her mother in cheering Gerry's convalescence. He grew accustomed to her gentle ways, and in time he even came to watch for her and to look forward to these breaks in the monotony of enforced idleness.

Lads from S. Simon's came every day with bunches of flowers, and their eager devotion brought Gerry near to tears in the first days of his extreme weakness. They were kept away from him at first, but gradually a chosen few, one by one, were allowed a brief audience. Joe was among the first comers. He was eager to tell of his coming marriage with Amy, once he had stammered out a few shy sentences of inquiries and regret.

"Amy won't be sorry to leave Spalding's," he went on. "She isn't happy there ever since that row, though I expect, sir, you know your lady friend has left. Mr. Wilson, the manager, has gone too, promoted to some other branch, they say."

"Yes, I knew that. Did Amy hear any more of Miss Foster?" He forced himself to ask the question. He hated the idea of discussing Elizabeth with anybody, yet he was hungry for news of her.

"Not a word, but she didn't reckon that she was likely to."

"No, I expect not. Well, I am glad to think that you two are getting married so soon. I must try and get fit to go to the wedding."

"Indeed," Joe protested, "I don't think we could get married without you, Mr. Fielding."

Tom came in that same evening, and it was he who mentioned Elizabeth's name with a great show of casualness.

"By the way, there was a waitress of mine, one who came to the New Hall for a lark or something. I think she said she knew you."



"Elizabeth? Is she all right? I can't remember what happened."



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