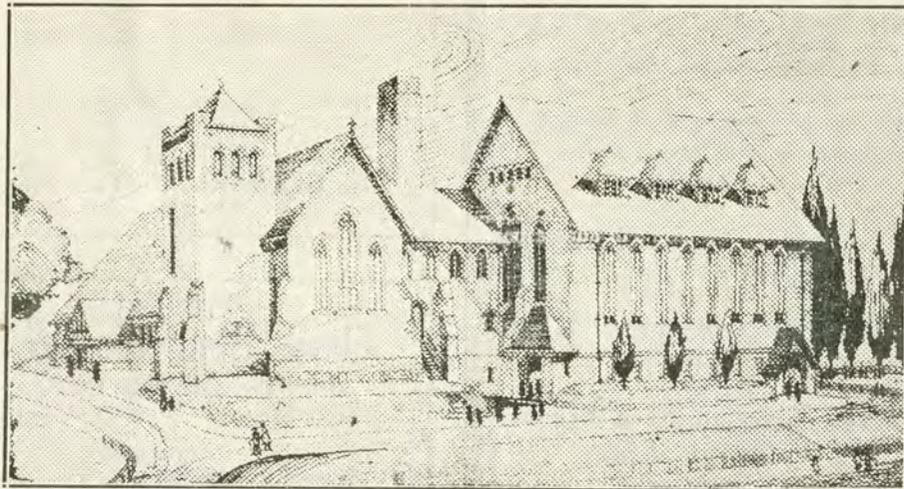


Subscription Price: \$1.00 per year, in advance.

Address all business communications to W. Roberts, 131 Kingston Road. Ho. 1518
Asst. Sec'y M. Dunham, 43 Norway Ave., Ho. 7806

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 inter-
cessions for the sick) at 10.30 a.m.

HOLY BAPTISM:—Every Sunday at 4 p.m.

CHURCHING:—After Baptism or by appoint-
ment.

MATINS AND EVENSONG:—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.

CANON W. L. BAYNES-REED, D.S.O., V.D., L.Th., Rector, 156 Kingston Road. Howard 1405.

ARCHDEACON J. B. FOTHERINGHAM, Assistant, 95 Walker Avenue. Kl. 7670.

REV. F. E. FARNCOMB, B.A., Cemetery Chaplain, 16 Beachview Cres. Gr. 6955.

MISS MARY SHOTTER, Deaconess, 500 Kingston Road, Grover 1236.

ADVISORY BOARD	Sec. A. M. Stretton, 7 Edgewood Avenue. Phone Howard 1654.
A. Y. P. A.	Sec., Miss Irene Cude, 18 Hartford Ave., Ho. 4723
CARILLONNEUR	Bruce Clark, 289 Waverley Road. Phone Howard 1035.
CEMETERY OFFICE	256 Kingston Road. Howard 2965.
CHANCEL GUILD	Supt., John Bulloch, 182 Kingston Road. Howard 6113.
CHOIR	Sec., Miss M. Long, 56 Columbine Ave. Howard 4265.
CHURCH AND PARISH HOUSE ...	Organist-Choir Master, W. H. Mould, L.I.G.C.M., 310 Willow Av. Gr. 0247
CHURCHWARDENS	Corner Kingston Road and Woodbine Ave. (Queen Car). Howard 4560.
	Rector's Warden, Mr. F. M. Mathias, 35 Lockwood Road, HO. 6652.
	People's Warden, T. W. Turff, 154 Cliff Cres. Drive, GR. 4354.
ECCLESIA GIRLS' BIBLE CLASS ..	Sec., Miss Irene Johnson, 53 Cassells Ave. Phone Grover 8900.
EVENING BRANCH W.A.	Sec., Mrs. H. D. Collins, 281 Woodbine Ave., HO. 5103.
FLOWERS FOR ALTAR	Flower Sec., Miss Robertson, 266 Waverley Road, Ho. 2709.
GIRL GUIDES	Betty Jameson, 186 Kingston Rd. Howard 1600.
JUNIOR BRANCH W.A.	Miss Gladys Collins, 281 Woodbine Ave., Ho. 5103.
LITTLE HELPERS' BRANCH W.A. ...	Mrs. Gascoigne, 114 Onkerest Ave. Gr. 7119.
MEN'S CLUB	Sec., R. S. Scott, 14 Corley Ave. HO. 1912.
MEN'S BOWLING CLUB	J. McAdam, 5 Heyworth Crescent.
MOTHERS' SOCIETY	Mrs. F. Whittington, 21 Coxwell Avenue. Ha. 9362.
MOTHERS' UNION	Sec., Mrs. F. Walker, 2058 Gerrard St. E., Ho. 2966.
NORWAY BEAVER CLASS	Leader, Dr. E. A. Cummings, 2453 Danforth Avenue. Gr. 0857.
PARISH ASSOCIATION	Sec., Mrs. T. H. Warrington, 159 Elmer Ave., Ho. 3664.
SEXTON	Mellor Dunham, 43 Norway Avenue. Phone Howard 7806.
SUNDAY SCHOOL	
TENNIS CLUB	Sec., Mr. C. H. Pezzack, 315 Kenilworth Ave., Ho. 7152.
35th TROOP BOY SCOUTS	Scout Master, F. Arthur Willett, 520 Kingston Rd. Phone HO. 4386.
WOMEN'S AUXILIARY	Mrs. Rex Puchard, 405 Kingston Road. Phone HO. 5343.
YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE CLASS ...	Leader, H. Bedford Beerman, 19 Keystone Ave. Grover 6357.

Imperial Bank of Canada

Open a Savings Account and deposit regularly. You will be surprised how it grows. Interest added twice a year.

A safe and easy way to remit money—
Small sums by Bank Money Orders
Larger sums by Bank Draft

Safeguard your valuables. Rent a Safety Deposit Box
from \$3.00 a year up.

Our Bond Department is at your service.
Consult us before buying or selling bonds.

Queen and Kingston Road Branch
H. S. HADGRAFT, Manager.

INGRAM

A. E. INGRAM

Director of Funeral Service

Most Modern Equipment

Charges Moderate

1055 GERRARD EAST Har. 7525

Established 1895

Elmes Henderson & Son

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
Specializing in Property Management

Elgin 4239
10 King St. East — Toronto

KERR'S \$ LIVERY

2944 Danforth Avenue

Howard 1132

We are as near to you as your telephone.

For your drug needs call

HENRY'S PHARMACY

1941 Gerrard St. East at Woodbine

Phone GR. 1314

We call for and deliver prescriptions.

Phone GR. 3351

We deliver

Kenderdine's Bakery

W. Kenderdine, Proprietor

Home-made Bread, Pies, Cakes and Pastry
Schools and Parties Supplied

336 KINGSTON ROAD, TORONTO

Your Nearest and Best Florist

J. HEYWOOD FLORIST

1975 Queen St. East—Howard 8598
1620 Gerrard St. East—Hargrave 4333

CUT FLOWERS AND PLANTS
Funeral Designs and Wedding Bouquets
Our Specialty

KAAKE

TEN BUSY SHOE STORES
TORONTO and HAMILTON

Main Store
2002 QUEEN ST. EAST
HO. 9596

Phone HOWARD 8721

J. A. WEAR FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Private Ambulance 873 KINGSTON ROAD

St. John's Parish Monthly

Editor—THE RECTOR

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

Volume 12

MARCH, 1934

No. 137

Rector's Letter

The Rectory,
March, 1934.

Dear Brethren:

Before another monthly letter is to be written we will have passed through the balance of Lent—followed the Master to Calvary and joined in the rejoicing at His resurrection on Easter morn.

We who live in a Christian land and have been brought up with the influence of Christian teaching can hardly realise what it means to be without the Christian hope. "If in this life only we have hope in Christ," says St. Paul, "we are of all men most miserable." That is the passage that comes before the glorious message which the Church reads in the sorrowful time which comes to us all when death invades our homes. Then follows the comforting message, "Now is Christ risen from the dead and become the first fruits of them that slept." It is the foundation truth of our Christian faith. The FACT of Christ that He "both died and rose again." That is the ground of our Christian belief in immortality and the resurrection of eternal life.

The fact that we keep Sunday instead of Saturday as our day of rest is one strong point in evidence of the truth of the Christian position. What Sunday is to each week, Easter is to each year. And I think one can safely say that our real appreciation of the meaning of Easter will depend on the use we have made of the Lenten season and particularly of Holy Week.

We need to be constantly reminded of what it cost the Son of God to redeem a fallen world. To feel our share in it and so bring home to ourselves the obligation which lie on us to live the Christian life and to bear our witness to the faith that is in us.

I listened the other morning to a Russian Countess addressing a Boys' Bible Class in the Parish House and telling of the work of the Communists in our midst. She told of the organization of the downtown blocks into groups under a leader and other parts into larger groups, all with the avowed intention of making our citizens to disavow belief in Christ and God and

everything good. Her moral was each boy, each Christian, was on trial and that it was because of our failure to lead the Christian life that these people were being taught to disbelieve it.

I wonder if our manner of life commends us to our comrades as being consistent with our Christian professions? I wonder if we are satisfied with ourselves? I wonder what God's judgment is on us?

Lent then offers us an opportunity of introspection, an opportunity to see if we are at all approximating to the standard—the ideal which we have set up and should maintain. Our centennial in Toronto should make us think. We are building on the foundation of others. They maintained the trust, carried the torch in the relay race of life in their day and generation and have handed it on to us. Are we maintaining that trust in our daily lives, by our attitude towards God and the things that are worth while? Surely we should use this Lent as a testing time for our own, our city's and our country's life.

Shall we not try to follow Christ of Calvary that we may gain a new inspiration for our life's duties, and a fuller realization of the meaning of the cross.

"For only they who bear the cross
May hope to wear the glorious crown."

Ever your friend and Rector,

W. L. BAYNES-REED.

MOTHERS' SOCIETY

We held three meetings in February with an average attendance of 42 members.

Miss Shotter addressed us on the 1st and 8th of February. We had the pleasure of hearing an interesting account of the Police Court work among young girls by Miss Taylor, a Church of England Deaconess. We all hope that she may be granted an office for her to carry on her work. On Thursday, March 29th Miss Shotter will show some beautiful lantern slides on the Passion of our Lord, at 2.30 p.m. New members will be heartily welcomed.

WATSON'S

WHEN MOVING - Phone Hargrave 5034

Careful Carrier of Household Goods. Pianos Moved and Hoisted by Experienced Men

281 RHODES AVENUE

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS



A.Y.P.A. NOTES

Spring is in the air . . . the robin once more is on the wing . . . the car once again starts without a push . . . the spring play is under-way!

The new play will be presented by the members of the A.Y.P.A. in the Parish Hall on April 4, 5, 6 7. It is a fast-moving comedy entitled "The Clean-up," written by Barry Conners, author of "Applesauce" and other dramatic hits. The plot is quite unusual, dealing with the humorous consequences of a young woman's decision to enter politics. The audience will be kept in a continual state of hilarity as "The Clean-up" reveals what happens when "the hand that rocks the cradle" takes a hand in "ruling the world."

A strong cast, headed by Miss Christine Conner, under the direction of "Wes" Lennox, will help to make "The Clean-up" one of the most entertaining productions ever presented at St. John's.

One of the highlights of recent A.Y.P.A. meetings was the splendid address—"What Is the A.Y.P.A.?"—delivered by Provincial President Ed. Belsham. The members received an inspiring and infinitely clearer picture of A.Y.P.A. work and its place in church activities. Following the talk, a short religious drama was read by several members. This was very well received and indicated the possibilities of this type play in connection with the A.Y.P.A. devotional program.

MEN'S CLUB

During the past month, the Men's Club held two very successful evenings, February 12th, Mr. Magee delivered a talk combined with pictures of the Klondike during the gold rush of '98

Mr. Rupert masterfully recited several poems by Robert W. Service, which was an outstanding feature of the evening. Our own Stanley McBeth, assisted by three young men, favored us with many of the old time musical numbers. We extend our thanks and appreciation to Mr. H. Burr for his unique arrangement of the programme.

Many were the praises extended to the speaker for his lucid explanation and comment on the pictures shown.

During the evening a picture was shown of a group of men, prominent in the welfare of those who risked all to seek their fortunes in the far North. Our own Bishop Bompas was seen in the group, and was given great praise by the speaker for the wonderful work he had done during the gold rush, which filled those present with a feeling of pride to know that the Church is so broad in its teaching and far-reaching in its activities.

February 26th, Controller Jas. Simpson spoke on the Geneva Conference, and some of the problems they have to deal with. Both the Rector and Archdeacon Fotheringham spoke feelingly on the subject.

Altogether we had a very enjoyable evening. After the usual vote of thanks to the speaker, we brought the meeting to a close with the thought that we feel it a great pleasure to be a member of the Men's Club, and partake of the good times

that are in store for us. We feel that those who have not become a member are missing a great deal and would earnestly advise and welcome their coming with us, not only to enjoy the programmes, but to meet the men of the Church and help to create that fellowship, which the Church so clearly teaches us.

Membership fees \$1.00 a year.

PARISH ASSOCIATION

The only event we held this month was the Birthday Party on February 9th. Owing to the temperature being 14 below zero, our attendance was seriously affected. It was a wonderful entertainment, and it was too bad there were not more people there to enjoy it; those of us who did brave the weather had a real good time. We haven't got all our returns in yet, but I am sure we will find there is still more to come in. Many thanks are due to Mrs. Croft for so ably convening it.

A pleasing event took place when Canon Reed called all the ladies who had helped with the Birthday Party on to the platform and, on behalf of Mr. and Mrs. Elgie, presented each one with a lovely corsage bouquet of roses. Mrs. Conner replied on behalf of the ladies in a suitable manner.

Mrs. Turff is to be our convener for the next bazaar, and we are now busy forming the various booths. We would like any lady of the congregation to come along and join us on the first and third Tuesdays of the month at 8 o'clock, and they will be assured of a hearty welcome; we need all the help we can get.

Mrs. Hutchings is convening the Christmas decoration booth, and on Saturday, March 24th, Mrs. Frampton is holding a home-cooking sale at her home, 153 Elmer Ave., so come along and take a pie or a cake home for your Sunday dinner.

Our Spring Rummage Sale is going to be held on Friday, April 13th, so please save any old clothes, furniture, or anything you have. Phone Ho. 3664, and we will have it called for.

WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

The last two Wednesdays have been spent in social service work at the W.A. meetings. A nice layette has been sent to a new baby in our parish, and for part of this layette we have our Young Women's Prayer Circle Group to thank, for they contributed four little garments when they were so much needed.

We are very grateful to Archdeacon Fotheringham for helping us with our Study Book, "Craftsmen All." At the business meetings each

Remember your Church in your Will

I give and bequeath to the Rector and Churchwardens of St. John's Church, No. . . . way, Toronto, the sum of \$..... free of legacy duty.



For Our Salvation

ALL of us have friends who are living, some contentedly, some unhappily, outside the Christian Faith. Many of them, not all perhaps, are living good, clean, decent lives. But they are not practising Christians. They are not conscious of living in communion with God. Yet there come to them, as there come to every man, certain experiences which cannot be fitted in with any idea of a happy life, as they understand happiness. I mean things like disappointment, disease, death, loss of money, poverty perhaps, and loneliness.

And even if to a certain extent these things do not hit them hard, yet they are there on a big scale in the world around. They cannot be overlooked. For example, there is the possibility of war; there is the constant appeal of hospitals for cancer research; there is unemployment; and there are whole nations whose life for the most part would seem intolerable, at least to many of us—nations like Russia, China, and India.

No thoughtful person can shut his eyes to these things. Look at it as you will, the world is full of dis-ease. And so the thoughtful person says (he cannot help it): "What does Christianity say to all this?" And we say that it was for us men and for our salvation that JESUS CHRIST came down from heaven; was born of the Virgin Mary His Mother; that He suffered under Pontius Pilate; was crucified, dead, and buried: and all this for our salvation.

It looks as if salvation were the key-word of the Christian religion, the word on which everything else turns. And that is true. But can we help others to see this? Those friends of ours to whom life, pleasant only in parts, is, when they take a wide view of the world, a pretty grim business. Can we try to put the truth about salvation in such a way that they can lay hold of it because they see how nothing but a religion of salvation can fit the facts, and make God to be seen as a God of love, our FATHER?

THE OTHER MAN'S DIFFICULTY

Now you cannot begin to talk with a man who disagrees with you about anything (I mean talk that will be of any use) unless you can see something at least

A Plea

By the Rev. Frank Biggart, C.R.

of what is in his mind, and how he looks at things. How does our friendly outsider look at our religion?

I think our friend will admit that Christianity does some good in the world. He would mention, if asked, things like voluntary work for the sick and poor; all sorts of organizations for "relief." He would say that Christianity lets loose a lot of sympathy and kindness; that the clergy, on the whole, are good people to have about; and he agrees that there are those women, many of them, whose work would be greatly missed if it were stopped; and in particular there are those women, very strangely clothed, called Sisters, who give their whole life for the service of others. All that he fully understands.

And I think that he would admit that Christmas is "a good thing." It is a good thing that once a year the old world should be brightened up a bit and that people should be matey and cheerful, and that the "kids" should have a bit of fun. But does that really amount to much when all is said and done?

And then I think my friend might go on to say: "Mind you, I have nothing to say against religion for those that like it. If it makes any one more comfortable inside

to say prayers and to go to church and, as you say, 'to receive the Sacraments' (whatever that means) then let him go on. And I am quite ready to believe that JESUS CHRIST really did live in Palestine about two thousand years ago, and that He was the best man that ever lived; and I believe that if we could follow His example, and act like Him, we and all the world would be better for it. I believe that all right. But I find that is just what I can't do. I can't live as He did. I can't think as He did. It is asking too much. And so I will not call myself a Christian. And I won't go to church, and certainly not to Communion. I will not be a hypocrite."

IS GOD REALLY A GOD OF LOVE?

And then I think that my friend would be very likely to say: "Well, then, take the life of JESUS Himself. We admit that He was a good man, in fact the best. If that is so, why did God His FATHER let Him suffer what He did—and I have no doubt what the Gospel says

A PASSION HYMN

YE that pass by, behold the Man!
The Man of Grievs, condemned for you!
The Lamb of God for sinners slain
Weeping to Calvary pursue.
Where is the King of Glory now?
The Everlasting SON of GOD?
The Immortal hangs His languid Brow,
The Almighty faints beneath His load.
O Thou dear suffering SON of GOD,
How doth Thy Heart to sinners move!
Help me to catch Thy precious Blood,
Help me to taste Thy dying Love.

Charles Wesley

about that suffering is all true. If it is true, how can God be a God of love? and why all that pain of body and mind, and that awful loneliness? "I believe these questions, these difficulties, are fairly common to most thoughtful people. I do not believe that we can answer them quickly and in a few words. But we can suggest ways in which some answer may be found.

I would say first of all that I agree with much of what my friend has said. If JESUS CHRIST came into the world simply to give us the example of a perfect life, and nothing more, then I agree that Christianity is a most discouraging religion. S. Paul put that quite simply when he said, "The good that I would I do not, and the evil that I would not that I do, wretched man that I am." I could say that myself. So could any honest person. But when he said, "Who shall deliver me . . . ?" he had an answer. "I thank my GOD through JESUS CHRIST." Notice that word "deliver"; it is pretty much the same as the word "save."

And then I would say that deliverance or salvation is a most reasonable thing to believe in, if you believe in GOD. How could it be reasonable that GOD should love us, all of us, and do nothing to help us? For it has been proved up to the hilt that we cannot deliver ourselves. We all know that. Every one of us is like Humpty-Dumpty, All the King's horses and all the King's men—all merely human things—cannot put us right. At best they can only help part of the way.

And we are all in the same condition, for we are all bound up one with another, each man with his family, his country, his race, and indeed with the whole world. That is plainer for us to-day than it has ever been before. Now it is into this world of men all bound up one with another that JESUS came. He was made man, one of us, only without sin. That is to say, God became man. And He did this in order to identify Himself with the whole human race, with mankind. It was not for

Himself that He suffered and was crucified, but for us. His death was in the highest degree, like the whole of His life, an act of self-sacrifice. Here is something at any rate that we can understand. A mother can, a lover can, for self-sacrifice is the finest and noblest thing we know. Moreover, it is the only way by which we have any absolute proof of love. And we can apply that proof to GOD. "GOD so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten SON." And GOD and CHRIST are one. There is only one GOD. If then JESUS is GOD, and so we believe, then GOD is like that. And GOD is Love, for love is always active and saving. That is why we say that the Christian religion is a religion of salvation. Surely that is reasonable.

UNION WITH GOD

But I should want to say one thing more. If Christianity is only a religion of a good example then, I agree, it is rather a hopeless business. But it is not. And the reason is, that JESUS offers to the world, to every man, a new start.

It is like this. As I have said already, we are all closely bound up one with another. We all come from a common stock, we all spring from one source. Now the Catholic religion says that through JESUS CHRIST each one of us can have a new start, in fact begin again. We can do through Him what we can never do by ourselves. For JESUS is a second Adam, a new beginning. I am joined to Him by Baptism. I am kept united to Him through the Sacraments. And when I fail, when I sin, I can repent, and confess, and always get a new start. GOD is never tired of our new starts.

That is a little of what is meant by salvation. Some part of it anyhow; but enough, don't you think, to make a plea—a plea to try it? And behind us is the experience of nearly two thousand years to prove that it works.

OVER THE TEACUPS

LONGER days and brighter sunshine gladden our hearts, but also show where we must clean or renew household things. It is not a bad plan to concentrate on one room when buying, as sometimes one freshly-covered chair or set of new curtains make the other things look more faded. Remember that, as a rule, it is the blue which fades first, leaving the reds and browns, and giving a spotty look to the pattern. That is why blue and white lasts, as it just becomes whiter, which is not unpleasant.

If summer clothes have not been washed or cleaned before being laid away, lose no time in seeing to this now. Repairs are best done first, as a piece of new material is less noticeable after cleaning.

Seasonable Recipes from our Readers

Fish Flan.—1 lb. filleted dried haddock, $\frac{1}{2}$ tin peas, 1 oz. butter or margarine, 1 oz. flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ gill milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ gill water from peas, salt and pepper. For the pastry: $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. flour, 2 oz. margarine, 2 oz. lard, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful salt. Cold water to mix.

Make the pastry, and line a sandwich tin. Bake in a hot oven for about ten minutes. Wrap the fish in well-greased paper and bake it for fifteen minutes; cut a little of it into strips and flake the rest. Melt the margarine, stir in the flour, add the milk and the water from the peas to make a thick sauce. Mix fish into the sauce, add seasoning and pour into the pastry case; decorate with the fish strips, or with a border of mashed potato. Place in hot oven for ten

minutes. This makes enough for four persons. (*Miss M. Austin, Lansalewys, nr. Polperro.*)

Steamed whiting and orange sauce.—2 whiting, juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ orange, pepper and salt. For the sauce: 1 oz. butter, 1 dessertspoonful cornflour, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk, juice of 1 orange.

Butter a large enamel plate and put the whiting (cleaned and skinned) on it. Season with salt and pepper, and

sprinkle with the juice of half an orange. Cover the plate with a saucepan lid and steam it over a saucepan of boiling water for fifteen minutes. When ready, serve it on a hot dish and coat with orange sauce. For the sauce, make a paste of the cornflour and milk, add the juice of an orange. Place the butter in a saucepan, melt, pour on mixture and bring to the boil. Cook gently for a few minutes, stirring well. (*Miss F. Bond, High Wycombe.*)

Many of the lesser-known kinds of fish are among the most economical foods we can provide, and they are very quickly cooked.

Try Monkfish and apples.—1 lb. monkfish, 2 cooking apples, 2 oz. bacon fat, $\frac{1}{2}$ gill vinegar, $\frac{1}{2}$ gill water, 2 peppercorns, 2 cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ saltspoon salt.

Cut the fish into convenient-sized pieces, after washing it well. Place it in a pie-dish with the water, vinegar, salt, peppercorns, and cloves. Cover with greased paper. Bake it, turning the fish over when half done. It takes about fifteen minutes and is done when the flesh is soft. Peel the apples and cut into quarters, taking



"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"
(Photograph by Estriith Mansfield)

out the cores. Cut each quarter into three slices lengthwise. Heat the dripping, and fry the apples slowly till soft but not broken, turning them when half done. To serve, place the fish on a hot dish with a border of apples and pour in the rest of the dripping. (*Miss Sara Evans, Monkland Vicarage, Leominster.*)

To colour Easter Eggs.—Eggs may be coloured by placing them in a pan of hot water saturated with cochineal or other dye, but the result is much more attractive if a little decoration is attempted. This is much easier than might be thought.

Cover the eggs with hot water for a few minutes. This warms the shells so that you can proceed with ease. Take

an ordinary tallow candle and, using the tip end, write a name, date, motto, or make a pattern. When this is done put the eggs in a pan of hot water dyed with any colour you wish. The part that the tallow has passed over will not take the dye but the rest of the shell will, consequently when you remove the eggs from the pan you have coloured eggs with a white inscription.

Another method which is more difficult but lends itself to really artistic work is to scrape out a design or inscription with a penknife after the eggs are dyed. This also makes a white design on a coloured ground, but more dainty and detailed work can be done. (*Miss Muriel Sherwin, Bramford, nr. Ipswich.*)

Marks and Scars Personal Sketches from Recent Church History

"My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought His battles Who now will be my rewarder."—*The Pilgrim's Progress*

II. THOMAS THELLUSSON CARTER

By the late T. W. Squires

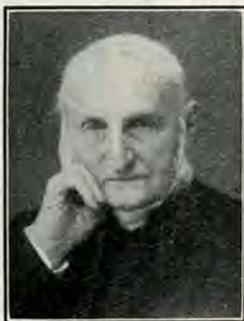
T. T. CARTER, Rector of Clewer from 1844 to 1880, was recognized as one of the most distinguished priests of his generation. He was distinguished, above all, for a personal holiness so notable that his countenance increasingly revealed the saintly character of his inner life. The friend of both Keble and Pusey, he was also one of the earliest Vice-Presidents of the English Church Union and the first Superior-General of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament.

When Mr. Carter first went to Clewer, Church life there was at a low ebb. Before the service began there was an audible buzz of conversation among the men congregated in the pews and among the women who, in winter, gathered together around a stove, while reverence was so far forgotten that the font was often filled with hats. Gradually Mr. Carter introduced a moderate degree of ceremonial, for his sympathies were with the early Tractarians, and he deprecated anything that they thought went beyond the strict letter of the Prayer Book. When altar lights were first used trouble ensued and many ceased to attend the church.

Mr. Carter was pre-eminently a leader in the revival and defence of the doctrine and practice of Sacramental Confession. In 1873, violent attacks were made on this practice, and Mr. Carter was prominently associated with Dr. Pusey and Dr. Liddon in drawing up a public declaration embodying and explaining the teaching of the Prayer Book about it. This was published in *The Times* over the signatures of twenty-nine well-known priests, including Father R. M. Benson and Dr. King, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln. By this time Mr. Carter's influence had spread far beyond his own parish. Bishop Samuel Wilberforce discerned in him gifts and ability which would help him in reviving Church life in the Diocese of Oxford. Among the services he rendered to the Bishop was the organizing of attractive courses of sermons by various preachers in Oxford and elsewhere. In later years a comparative stranger was invoked as prosecutor under the Church Discipline Act of 1840 in a case of complaints against ceremonial at Clewer Church. Dr. Mackarness, who had succeeded Dr. Wilberforce as Bishop of Oxford, vetoed the prosecution, not that he had much sympathy with the ceremonial complained of, but he had still less with the methods of the association that was the real

prosecutor. His right of veto was challenged, but was upheld on appeal.

Another service to the Church for which Canon Carter is specially remembered is his influence in the revival of the Religious Life for women, and particularly so for the Community of S. John the Baptist, Clewer. Yet, notwithstanding his ceaseless activities in preaching, teaching, and defending Church doctrine and practice, Canon Carter found time to achieve an unusual output of books on spiritual direction, and manuals of devotion and instruction for both clergy and laity. He was an attractive and influential preacher at many London churches, and in the middle of his life was regarded as the most important preacher of that generation of the Movement, Dr. Pusey and Dr. Liddon alone excepted. In the days of serious controversy and strife he was equally powerful. Once at a Church Congress Meeting, after a heated discussion, the whole assembly of three thousand people, who but a few minutes earlier were like an angry sea, were calmed to a silence that could be felt, as the glow of divine love illuminated the speaker's face. This agrees with the general impression that his beautiful and saintly countenance was the result of his intense belief in the transforming power of sacramental grace. At ninety years of age he could say: "I am feeble, I cannot do as I used, but I don't feel old. It is the sense of immortality within me."



(Samuel A. Walker)
CANON T. T. CARTER

♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦ ♦

EASTER OFFERINGS.—The custom of presenting the collections on Easter Day to the incumbent as a mark of respect and gratitude for his work now obtains in the large majority of parishes. Churchwardens and others who are responsible for organizing the Offering may be reminded that this year the papers giving the necessary particulars should be ready by March 17th at latest, in order that they may be distributed in church on Passion Sunday, March 18th. Arrangements should also be made that those who for any reason are absent from church on that day may be courteously reminded of their duty to contribute.

Few of us are entirely unaffected by the present economic depression, but in many cases it has pressed with special severity on the clergy. For this reason among others we should be prepared to contribute as liberally as we can to this tribute to those who give their time and energy so unsparingly for us—often for a very inadequate monetary reward.

A Link with Australia: The Church at West Tarring

By Fedden Tindall

AN ancient Sussex village, towards which the flourishing coast town of Worthing is stretching out its tentacles, and the great Australian City of Melbourne!



OLD HOUSES IN WEST TARRING

It is curious to discover a link which binds these two together, representatives of the old and of the new, and still more curiously interesting to realize that it symbolizes the strong though unseen bonds between the Mother Church of England and her Australian children.

West Tarring, or Tarring Peverel as it is sometimes called, has a record stretching back to Saxon days, when King Athelstan gave the Manor to the Church at Canterbury. The Domesday Survey stated that it had been "immemorially" subject to that see, and by ancient right the inhabitants of Tarring were excused from being called to serve on juries on account of the service they were bound to render to the archbishop. This village of picturesque old cottages has played its part in English national life, and the visitor who glances around with understanding eyes may yet detect relics of the past. As the children rush shouting out of school, they are leaving a building some parts of which are manifestly ancient. The walls incorporate part of the Archbishop's Palace, where Thomas Becket stayed and where he is said to have planted fig trees, ancestors of many venerable fig trees which flourish in a garden nearby to this day.

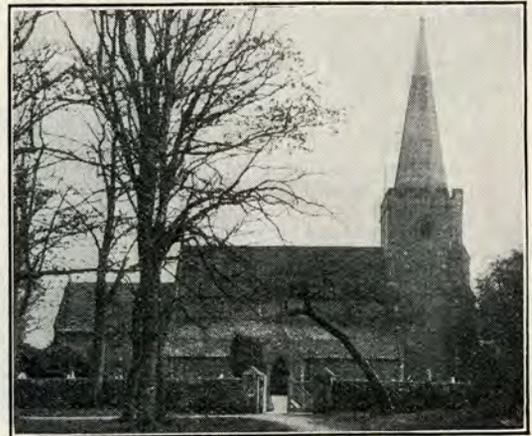
The large and beautiful Church of S. Andrew, with its Early English nave and aisles, and Perpendicular chancel and tower with shingled spire, contains noble work of many centuries. The tracery of the east window is fine. There is an ancient low chancel screen of oak, and grand old choir stalls and *Miserere* seats.



THE OLD PALACE

In this church John Selden, jurist, archaeologist, and patriot, was baptized. The parish register describes him as "John the sonne of John Selden the Minstrelle." The epithet minstrel seems to have been chosen because Selden, the father, "played well on the violin." He was a "yeomanly man," whose wife belonged to a "knightly family" of Kent. In the porch an extract from John Selden's will reminds later generations of his simple faith:

"In the Name of God, Amen. I, John Selden, Considering the uncertainty of this transitory life, Do make and ordain this my last Will and Testament in Manner and Form Following; First, with all humility and Conviction of Heart, and with true repentance of my manifold sins and offences, I commend my Soul and Self unto the Gracious protection and Preservation of my Creator, Redeemer, and Saviour, From and Through Whom Only, with fullness and assurance I expect and hope for



WEST TARRING CHURCH

Eternal Bliss and Happiness in the World to Come." Beneath are the words, "By it he being dead yet speaketh. Heb. xi."

John Selden's dying testimony, made to his friend Archbishop Ussher, is also recorded, that all who enter this ancient house of God may learn of his experience.

"I have my study full of books and papers on most subjects in the world, yet I cannot reflect any passage whereon to Rest my Soul, save out of the Holy Scriptures."

A window provides the outward sign of the sentiment which links this typically English parish, with its storied past and its quiet present, to the Island-Continent. The inscription on it reads:

"To the Glory of God and for a visible sign of the connection between this Parish and the Colony of Victoria in its earliest days this window is placed.

"In loving memory of the Hon. James Henty, born in this Parish, September 24, 1800, who sailed for Australia, June 6, 1829, was member of the Legislative Council of Victoria for twenty-eight years, died at Melbourne, January 12, 1882.

"By the erection of this window his children desire to provide a memorial to a faithful son of the Church of England and also a link with the land

of their forefathers to attach their descendants to the same faith."

The story of this connection with Australia which this inscription commemorates is as follows. When the Manor of Tarring, which was once held by the See of Canterbury passed to the Crown it was enjoyed by various tenants, and in 1796 the demesne lands of two hundred and eighty-one acres of very fertile land were purchased by Thomas Henty, who brought the breed of Merino sheep to great perfection, and then exported them

to New South Wales. So for more than a hundred and thirty years the family of Henty has been associated with Tarring. One of its sons came back to the home of his fathers some years ago. An ancient font had recently been discovered, forgotten and neglected in some private garden. It was identified as the old font of Tarring, and it was taken back to Australia as a relic of the beloved old church, which had trained a Tarring man in the faith he carried overseas, and was given by Mr. Henty to Melbourne Cathedral.

The Good Shepherd

A Bible Story for Children

By F. M. Jay

IN the country where the LORD JESUS lived there were many hills.

In the caves of these hills lived wicked robbers and fierce wild beasts.

The shepherds did not leave their sheep alone on the hills, but stayed to take care of them. The sheep loved their shepherds and kept close to them. In the evenings the shepherds called their sheep, and led them down to the folds, where they were shut up safely for the night.

There was once a Shepherd who had a hundred sheep in his fold. Every day he used to take them on the hill-side to crop the grass.

Among the flock was a little white lamb. One day as they were on the hill-side the little lamb saw some juicy green grass far away from the Shepherd, and he trotted off and ate it; then he saw another tuft of juicy grass and went on up the hill and ate that. So he kept on, getting farther and farther away from his loving Shepherd.

At last night came on, and the little white lamb was lost on the cold hill-top. He heard wild animals creeping out of their dens in search of food, and in running away from them he got caught in the long, cruel thorns by his white woolly coat. He heard the robbers go stealing past on their way to seek a stray sheep or lamb to kill.

How frightened the poor little lamb was, how much he wished he had obeyed the kind Shepherd and stayed close beside him; but he had disobeyed the gentle Shepherd and now he lay helpless, alone, and very weary in the still, dark night.

Meantime the other sheep kept near the Shepherd. When evening came he gently called them and they followed him down to the fold. The Shepherd stood at the door of the fold and counted them as they went in—one, two, three, four, five, six, . . . until he came to ninety-nine, but there was no little white lamb to make the hundred. He counted them again, and still they only came to ninety-nine; then he knew that one of his flock had strayed away from him.

The Shepherd called his servants and said: "I cannot stop to rest or eat now, for I have lost a little white lamb on the hills and must go and find it."

The servants loved their Master, they were afraid when they thought of the danger he would be in from robbers and wild animals if he went alone, in the darkness, on the hills. They said, "Master, you have ninety-nine sheep here, are they not enough for you? Do not trouble about one tiny lamb!"

The Shepherd replied: "I must go and seek my little lost lamb."

So he set off up the steep hill-side calling his little lost lamb by name; but the night was dark, and the Shepherd was weary; many times he stumbled, and bruised his feet on the hard, jagged rocks. Often he slipped in the darkness, and in stretching out his hands to save himself from falling he tore them on the long sharp thorns. But still the Shepherd went on, thinking not of himself, but only of the lamb, friendless and frightened, on the hill-side.

At last the Shepherd heard the lamb answering his call with a feeble "Baa-baa."

He hurried on, and soon reached the place where the little lamb was caught.

Very gently the kind Shepherd set it free; then he tenderly took it in his arms and carried it down to the fold.

When the servants heard him coming they ran to meet him. The Shepherd said: "Rejoice with me for I have found the lamb which was lost!"

The servants were thinking only of their Master. One cried out: "Master! look at your poor bruised feet; every step you take you leave a splash of crimson blood."

Another said: "Master! your hands! How did they get so cut and torn?"

The Shepherd smiled and said: "I tore my hands and bruised my feet as I went up the hill-side to seek my lamb, but I don't mind my hands being torn, and I don't mind my feet being bruised, because I have found the little white lamb which was lost."



"Master, you have ninety-nine sheep here, are they not enough for you?"

The Piano ✱ By Mary G. Daintry

CLARICE Dickson glanced round her pretty room and thought it looked bare and empty for want of a piano. How smart Hilda's place was with that fine new piano in it, and what a jolly evening they all had singing choruses while Ruby Potter thumped out the tunes and they all shouted with laughter trying to pick up the words!

"Tom, how *miserable* this room looks!"

"What? Why, old girl, I thought you were awfully bucked with our room since we bought that carpet last summer." Tom had forgone a week at Westcliff with Clarry and her father and mother to pay for that carpet, but his holiday hadn't been wasted, because he had painted the kitchen for Clarice to come back to, and she had been delighted.

But now things seemed different. "What's a carpet?" she cried contemptuously. "You can't ask your friends in to spend a jolly evening like we've just had at Hilda's, just to enjoy a carpet, can you? Bob's in the works same as you are, Tom, and they have three kids too, but Hilda manages to get plenty of fun out of her life. She never thinks twice before she spends a pound or two on things she wants. Why can't we live a bit more in style like Bob and Hilda?"

"It strikes me, with business at the works as slack as it is, if Bob doesn't pull old Hilda up soon they'll find themselves on the rocks, if he finds himself put off, or on half-time. All that furniture of hers is on the hire-purchase system. I've nothing against the hire-purchase system in itself—when a chap has got a dead certain job and knows he can meet the payments as they fall due without difficulty. It's none of my business what Bob lets Hilda do, of course. But," he added seriously, "when I might be put off at a week's notice, we aren't going to start that game, Clarry."

Clarice came out of the parlour and shut the door with a slam. To do her justice she realized the folly of reckless indulgence in purchasing on hire as clearly as Tom did. Half the young women she knew had so many weekly payments to keep up that half-way through the week they did not know where to turn for ready money to pay the butcher and baker. Still, she had never been extravagant, and a piano was something that wouldn't deteriorate in value like the fur coats that some of the girls bought. Tom might give way for once, and realize how she longed for a bit of gaiety in the evening after sticking at home alone all day, cooking and cleaning.

When Tom was at his work on Monday she went about her household tasks with brooding discontentment in her heart. She couldn't get the thought of that piano out of her head. Tom was a dear, of course, but he had no ambition. He was so cautious. Besides, he had all the company he wanted at the works. When he came

home at six all he wanted was his supper and a pipe and early bed, while she spent sickeningly dull days by herself with never a bit of liveness to look forward to. Why should she just keep on stupidly saving Tom's money, why shouldn't she earn something for herself? Then she would be able to buy the pretty things she wanted, furnish her house properly, have a piano, and give parties as Maud Yeoman and Hilda did.

Tom received the news that she had got a daily job as parlour-maid-waitress at the flat of a wealthy lady in the neighbourhood without comment.

"I want that piano, Tom. If you won't buy me one I'm going to earn the money to pay for it myself."

That "won't" hurt Tom so much that he offered no objection. Clarice must know that there was nothing he wouldn't give her that would ensure her happiness. But to load their future with a crippling debt was not the way to ensure it.

"All right, old girl. So long as this Mrs. Bonham is a good sort of woman—"

"She is. And as she's lame she does all her entertaining at the flat. It'll be exciting seeing the grand parties she gives, and working with other girls again. Ever so smart they are."

But if Mrs. Bonham was "nice" in one sense, she was exacting. Her staff had little time for relaxation and strained tempers sometimes ran high. But Clarice was efficient, and after her quiet life the constant succession of dinner and luncheon parties in the flat were indeed exciting though they entailed many hours of weary work. She was able to set her little

home in some sort of order, and leave her husband's meal ready before she went out in the morning, but in the evening she was generally kept late, and sometimes while she handed round delicious-looking dishes with strange French names her thoughts would flash back to Tom eating his supper alone in their kitchen. He never really minded being by himself, of course, if he had his pipe and a book. He seemed to get through a lot of reading these days besides the jobs, like cleaning the grate and peeling potatoes, that he did to spare her. But was so much warmed-up food good for him? It seemed funny that she should be serving these ladies and gentlemen with rich dishes while her own man went without—well, not without exactly, but—Cook had given her some recipes that she would try at her own parties when she had her piano. Sunday was her busiest day at Mrs. Bonham's, and the Wednesday she had free instead had to be given to cleaning and laundry work at home, so she had no time to see her friends, even Hilda.

Tom always greeted her with his cheery smile however late she came in, and had a dainty tea-tray ready. Sometimes she felt so tired though that she did not want even to chatter to him about the day's small events, and just drank her tea, glad to have him to wait on her.



"Tom, how miserable this room looks!"

After four months of it she came home unexpectedly early one evening and crept noiselessly into the kitchen to give him a surprise. But her heart dropped a beat. Was that her cheery Tom, that young man with a heavy droop about his broad shoulders, that tired, dispirited look in his blue eyes? His cheerful smile broke out instantly when he saw her.

"Hullo, old girl! You're early. I thought you had a dinner party on?"

"It was cancelled. Tom, do you mind my being out so much?"

"My dear old girl, of course I don't. So long as you enjoy your job."

She said no more. But a week later he walked in to find her preparing an inviting supper for two, in a kitchen that seemed transfigured by her dainty presence. She laughed at his bewilderment.

"It's all right, Tom, I'm not a ghost. I've come home for good."

"But what price the piano, Clarry?" He looked serious. "I've got a bit put by myself, but—"

"I find you can sacrifice too much, even for a piano."

"What? Has Hilda told you what happened about hers yesterday?"

"No. I haven't had time to see any one for *months!*"

she cried impatiently. "O Tom, stop grinning and tell me."

"Bob marched straight into the Emporium on our way home last night and told them to send and collect the piano at once as he didn't intend to pay another cent on it. He told me he had picked up the milk-book and found it hadn't been paid for three weeks, and he'd got to put a stop to his wife's goings on or the children wouldn't have a roof over their heads soon. He expected Hilda would make an awful row about it, but instead she flung herself on his neck with sobs of joy, and said she'd been worried out of her life with the mess of debts she'd got them both into, and she hoped now Bob had put his foot down he would jolly well keep it there, and stop her ruining their home. And old Bob said: 'Right you are, my girl, I shall. What we buy in future we pay for on the nail or go without.' So everything in the garden is lovely. But look here, Clarry, my dear, it's different with us, I've got a bit saved up; in three months' time I could honestly afford to buy you one."

She looked up at him with a very tender smile, and shook her head. "All that talk about pianos was just idle nonsense, Tom. There's something better . . . in six months' time we shall have to buy a cradle."

"Be Careful for Nothing" Some Causes and Cures for Anxiety

By the Rev. H. L. Hubbard, Vicar of All Saints', Margate

IS it a sin to worry? No one can deny that it is a very widespread experience in these days. Its results are disastrous to body, mind, and spirit alike. It cripples action. It destroys usefulness and service. However inevitable it may seem to be, its fruits prove it to be an evil. It must be rooted out from the lives of all who would truly serve God and man.

An examination of some of the causes of anxiety will help to the discovery of its cure. Let us undertake this task in order that we may light upon the necessary remedies.

1. **We put ourselves in the centre of the universe.** We are too ready to judge men and affairs by their effect upon ourselves. It is almost as if we suppose that the world exists to minister to our needs. If things go contrary to our wishes, or seem to press heavily upon us, we are grieved and offended. We begin to worry. The first lesson we have to learn (and it is extraordinarily difficult) is that God and not ourselves is the centre of the universe. We are here to serve and not to be served. As disciples we are "not above our Master," who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life." Our first task, then, is to dethrone self and enthrone God in our hearts. It is His will that must be served by us, not our wills by Him. "Not My will but Thine be done."

2. **We do not sufficiently regard our life as a response to the call of Divine Love.** God wills to use the experiences of our life as His instruments for shaping our characters. It is that which gives its chief purpose to anything we do or suffer. The work we do is important not so much for the results it achieves as for its effect upon our characters. The former is transitory, the latter permanent. Hence failure, when it crowns honest work, is often more fruitful than success. Success is sometimes dangerous, while honest failure is always fruitful. In any case the success or failure of our work is God's concern, not ours.

3. **We do not trust God enough.** In our difficulties we rely more upon our own strength than on His. Then, because our strength is weakness, we seek for

ways round the difficulty and so lose the blessings which it holds for us. "Trust in the LORD and do good." Trust Him and do the good which lies at hand. "So shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed." God will take care of us, and give us all we need.

4. **We take such short views of life.** Ten years ago perhaps, we were beset with anxieties. Where are they now? They have faded away like the morning mist. Will not our present worries likewise vanish? There is much encouragement for us in the memories of God's past goodnesses to us. Let us "keep all these things and ponder them in our hearts."

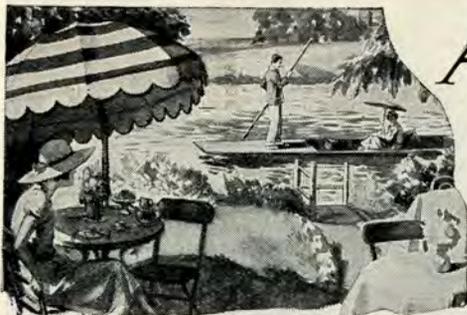
5. **There is so little of thanksgiving in our lives.** We should do well to consider these words of William Law in his *Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life*:

"Would you know who is the greatest saint in the world? It is not he who prays most, or fasts most; it is not he who gives most alms, or is most eminent for temperance, chastity, and justice; but it is he who is always thankful to God, who wills everything that God willeth, who receives everything as an instance of God's goodness, and has a heart always ready to praise God for it.

"All prayer and devotion, fastings and repentance, meditation and retirement, all sacraments and ordinances, are but so many means to render the soul thus divine, and conformable to the will of God, and to fill it with thankfulness and praise for everything that comes from God. . . .

"I exhort you to this method in your devotion, that every day may be made a day of thanksgiving, and that the spirit of murmur and discontent may be unable to enter into the heart which is so often employed in singing the praises of God."

The root cause of all our worries lies in the fact that we are content to live our lives on so low a level. We take a natural level for a life that is intended to be lived by supernatural standards. *Sursum corda*. Let us climb to the mountain tops of life. There we shall find reality and truth and the invigorating wind of divine grace. We shall find God.



A Giant's Strength

By J. Aiton Cowdroy

"Oh, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant."—MEASURE FOR MEASURE

SYNOPSIS

WHEN the story opens DICK TREMAYNE, a young engineer, has just returned to Eyot St. Mary, after spending some time in South America on business for his firm. He finds his juniors much more "grown up" than he had expected. HARRY, his step-brother, is now quite a man; and is very much in love with MOLLY WAINWRIGHT, a charming girl of eighteen. Unfortunately, Molly's father objects to Harry as a suitor; and, after a violent quarrel, forbids him the house. Harry's holiday is due, and he leaves the town. The next day Police-Inspector BROWN requests an interview with Dick.

The story continues—

CHAPTER V

ELOPEMENT

THE police officer's honest face was unquestionably perturbed. He was a native of Eyot St. Mary, and had known Dick from boyhood, as he knew every one else in the place.

Dick looked at him surprised.

"Anything wrong, Brown?"

"The fact is, sir, I've been waiting to catch you. I didn't want to call in on you if I could help it, knowing the way folk talk in a town like this." He set a chair for his visitor in his private room, but Dick preferred to stand.

"Well? What's the point? Be quick, man, I've got an engagement."

"Do you happen to know where Mr. Harry is to-day, sir?"

"My young brother? He went off this morning to spend a week's holiday on the Broads. London first, of course."

"Alone?"

Dick nodded. He felt a premonition of coming disaster, but his expression betrayed nothing of his feelings.

"A school friend was to have joined him, I understood, but though that fell through, he stuck to the original arrangements."

"I didn't mean that." He hesitated. "Look here, sir, I'd better tell you all the facts. Mr. Harry was seen going off this morning, but he wasn't alone. Stop a bit. Let me explain how I come into this. You know young Mr. Norman went off for his holidays on Saturday. Well, it seems he couldn't take that motor-bike of his with him, so he left it locked up in the tool-shed, safe enough as his mother thought. He didn't give her his key, but she's got a second, so that didn't worry her. She seemed thankful enough he didn't take the bike abroad for he'd probably have broken his neck on foreign roads. I've been up against him more than once for riding it as he does, like a young demon. But that's by the way. Well, this morning, a young cousin arrives and asks to borrow

this machine to take his girl for a run, as his own bike was laid up. Mrs. Norman saw no harm in that, but lo and behold, when they went to the shed, the door was open and the bike gone. Of course they jumped to the conclusion that it had been stolen, and the cousin popped round here. That was about twelve noon. Since then I've been putting through a lot of inquiries, and half an hour ago one of my men handed in a report. At 7.15 a.m. he saw Mr. Harry riding the bike a mile out on the London road. He recognized the machine at once, but thought nothing of it because he knew the young men were chums. They're out on it together as often as not."

"I imagined my brother was going by train, but—Did you inform Mrs. Norman of this?"

"I shall have to. But—well, sir, I thought I'd best speak to you first because, you see, he'd got a girl behind him—Miss Mary Wainwright. Not that my constable saw anything fishy in that either," he added hastily, as Dick involuntarily stiffened. "It's common knowledge Miss Wainwright and Mr. Harry are sweet on each other. But in the circumstances it looked a bit queer to me. He sort of first pinched this bike without leave, and then this taking off the girl with him when he was going away for his holidays. What's bothering me is, ought I to mention this to the Mayor to-night when he comes back from Hay's Cross? It isn't, strictly speaking, my job, though, of course, tracing the bicycle is. After thinking it over it seemed best to tell you, in case it was all right."

"I'm afraid I know no more than you do, Brown. But are you sure that Miss Wainwright hasn't come back?"

"Quite, sir. Hoping it might have been nothing but a chance meeting, I made it my business just now, while I was waiting for you, to have a bit of a chat with Lily, one of the Cedar Lodge maids, who happened to pass. Her tale was that the Mayor breakfasted alone at six-thirty and drove off at once to this business at Hay's Cross. And as soon as he'd gone, down slips Miss Mary with an attaché case, and says she's going out, and doesn't know when she'll be back. The servants just took it that she was going for a day's ramble, to get all peaceful again after a thundering scene the Mayor had made with her the night before when she went to bed in tears."

"I see. Well, thanks very much, Inspector. About that bike. You'd better go and report to Mrs. Norman at once, and please tell her that I'll be round as soon as possible to apologize for my brother's behaviour in borrowing it so casually without asking her permission. But I should be obliged if you would keep Miss Wainwright's name out of it altogether. There may be some perfectly good explanation. But if not, I'd better see the Mayor myself."

"Very good, sir. And the gossip I've repeated is strictly between ourselves of course. But if the young

lady's eloped after all the rows there've been at the Lodge, I'd sooner you told his Worship than me," he said candidly. "And it doesn't come into my province either, so you can rely on me to keep my mouth shut."

"Thanks. They may have been taking a joy-ride together as a sheer lark."

He hoped against hope that this was the fact, and that Brown had leapt to an entirely unjustified conclusion on his constable's report. Yet his feet were heavy, his brow clouded, as he walked home, and as he opened the hall door with his latch-key he saw that his worst fears were realized.

Mrs. Tremayne was standing as if stricken into utter immobility, just inside her pretty drawing-room, her face drained of every vestige of colour, in her hand an open telegram. As he stepped swiftly to her side she turned, and held it out with shaking fingers.

"Dick! Look!"

"Mary and I being married in London, by special licence. Harry."

CHAPTER VI

THE STORM RISES

WHEN Dick Tremayne went to call on Mrs. Norman that evening, as he had promised, that good-natured woman received him with a beaming smile. Though she was large and stout, and Will a small, spare youth, she and her son were much alike in temperament—kindly, happy-go-lucky, affectionate, and lively.

"My dear Dick, don't look so distressed," she exclaimed, almost before he was inside the room. "I got a dreadful fright when I thought the bike was stolen, for Will pores over the horrid thing exactly like a mother with her first baby, and how I could ever have faced him with the news that it was lost when he'd left it in my care, and gone off to Germany, fondly trusting me to keep it safe, I can't imagine. But since it was only Harry who borrowed it, it must be all right. And now I've had a wire from the dear lad to say it is garaged at Walker's garage in Willminster."

"Oh, good. But it was unpardonably casual of him not to ask you."

"Probably the boys arranged it between themselves, and forgot to tell me," she said easily. "Boys haven't room in their heads for more than one idea at a time, I find. When I've seen how haggard poor Harry has been getting lately over this love affair of his, I declare, I've felt thankful Will has chosen to concentrate his affections on a machine, though he's practically certain to kill himself on it one day! Why, Dick, how mysterious you look! Surely Harry hasn't . . ."

"Run away with Mary Wainwright? That is exactly what he has done, Mrs. Norman. The pair of them, apparently, rode to Willminster, where they were less likely to be recognized than at the Station here, and caught the 8.20 express to London."

He told her about Harry's telegram, but when she had heard the full story, to Dick's surprise, she was much more indignant with Mr. Wainwright's part in it than with that of the young people.

"Any one with an ounce of sense would have foreseen that his stupidity would drive them into doing something reckless like this!" she exclaimed. "I've no patience with the man. Forbidding Harry the house, indeed! As if that wasn't exactly the way to goad a high-spirited boy like Harry into snatching the law into his own hands. Some young men might have gone on meeting the girl secretly, and tried to lead her into all sorts of deceitful tricks, but Harry is as straight as a die. He would never condescend to trickery. So naturally, with his temper up, he makes a grand gesture of defiance."

"His own headstrong temper was what started the whole difficulty," Dick impatiently exclaimed. "If he hadn't quarrelled with Mr. Wainwright in the

beginning Mr. Wainwright would probably never have objected to the engagement. He liked the boy at first, and thought a lot of his abilities. But in my opinion he was perfectly justified in refusing to entrust his daughter's happiness to a young man who allows his violent temper to dominate and ruin every fine quality that he possesses. He is a sound lad in the main, a really dear and lovable lad. I've always trusted that he'd wake up some day to the vital necessity of getting a grip on himself. But if he has rushed into this marriage in a fit of rage at being thwarted, with no higher motive than that, there is a pretty wretched future before



"She held it out with shaking fingers"

him and that unfortunate little girl."

"Dick, he adores the girl!" Mrs. Norman cried, in warm-hearted defence of her son's chum. "Love is his only real motive, though I admit," she added candidly, "temper may have urged him into doing it in this reckless fashion."

Then the practical side of the affair struck her. Her face fell in an expression of sincere dismay.

"But—oh dear! What are those rash children going to live on?"

"Exactly," Dick got up. "I suppose they intend to return here. Harry has still got his job at Simpson's."

"But, my dear Dick, four pounds a week, for an inexperienced child like Mary to manage! Brought up as she has been, too. And how long is even that going to last? Will says Harry is generally in a state of feud with Black, that dour manager of old Simpson's. And Simpson himself is the Mayor's closest friend."

"Well, there's no use in meeting trouble half-way. Mr. Wainwright is far too fair-minded to influence Harry's boss against him. That would be vindictive, and altogether unworthy of him."

"Does the Mayor know about it yet?"

"Yes," Dick sighed. "I've just come from Cedar

Lodge. He had a long telegram from Mary. He was almost demented at first. Couldn't believe it could be true. Wanted to tear up to London and fetch the child back, till it dawned on him that neither of us have the remotest notion where they are putting up in town. Naturally, he is most deeply hurt and offended. Good-night, Mrs. Norman. Thanks very much. It is good to know that the 'rash children,' as you call them, will have one true friend to stand by them when they come back. I'm afraid they are in for a much bigger tempest than they imagine. It is not every day that a provincial town is treated to such an item for malicious tongues as the elopement of the Mayor's daughter."

Within the next few days he was proved to be a true prophet. It was indeed the prominent position of the bride's father that lent an uniquely thrilling interest to the whole affair, and at every tea-table the topic was hotly discussed, a very few, like warm-hearted Mrs. Norman, taking the side of the young pair, but the majority roundly condemning them for their head-strong disobedience and folly.

Harry had gone to a solicitor acquaintance of his in London for advice about obtaining the licence, during the former week-end. He had plenty of money in his pocket, and after three days crowded with excitement in London, Mary and he went down to the little Norfolk inn where he had already engaged rooms, to spend the last few days of his holiday in blissful happiness.

Lying in a boat on the Broads, in world of illimitable skies, air and water wherein no one seemed to exist but themselves, they almost forgot the home they had left, and certainly had no conception of the controversy that raged there over their affairs.

If Mary's wistful thoughts dwelt often on her parents, when they spoke of the future at all it was to plan a sort of perpetual picnic-housekeeping in Wisteria Cottage, for Harry, with his usual impetuosity, had actually secured the place at a very low rental, the firm of lawyers who acted for the owner only stipulating that the house and garden should be kept in good repair.

Harry wrote in a highly confident strain about their future to his mother. "Don't imagine that I intend to live on you or Dick, Mother. I'm quite capable of running my own show, and we are neither of us one little bit afraid of being poor at first. I don't want you to feel hurt with me, Mother. I didn't tell you about our marriage beforehand because I didn't want to involve you in the shindy with Molly's people. We shall go straight into the Cottage when we come back on Friday, and start our housekeeping in the simplest way at first. . . ."

Mrs. Tremayne gave a sigh as she laid down that letter, for in every line, every sentence, her son made it plain that he was determined, as he put it himself, to run his own show without interference, advice, or help from any one.

Among the younger folk opinions varied, but many of Mary's girl friends, loth to join in their elders' condemnation of Molly Wainwright, who had always been popular among them, were furiously indignant with Harry.

"He must absolutely have bullied poor darling Mary into running away with him," one girl declared. "You know, Enid, she's far too gentle a soul to do anything so desperate of her own accord."

"I wonder," Enid replied thoughtfully. "I mean, I expect he persuaded her—bought her, if you like.

I never could stand Harry Tremayne myself, with that lordly way of his of always making every one dance to his piping, and looking like a thundercloud if he couldn't get everything his own way. But for all Mary is so gentle and sweet, she's got simply heaps of pluck once she is roused. If she thinks a thing is right and worth standing up for, I mean. If Harry thinks he's married a patient Griselda type of wife, I shouldn't be surprised if he got the surprise of his life one day."

Poor Dick had a bad time of it these days, and especially as he realized that public opinion was setting in a strong tide against the young pair, and in favour of Mr. Wainwright's attitude.

The Mayor, in spite of a certain arbitrariness of temperament,

was greatly respected in the town, in which he held a high reputation for generosity and straight dealing. His colleagues on the Town Council, who were fathers themselves, sympathized deeply with him over his daughter's defiance of his wishes, for they knew that, under his rough manners, he was really devoted to his children. But he could not be brought to blame his little girl.

"Mary's disobeyed me, and it's useless to pretend it isn't a bad blow to her mother and me that she should have treated us so. But she has been persuaded into it by young Harry Tremayne, chosen him instead of us. And now she's married she must stand by her bargain." So he would say when friends hinted their sympathy.

Mrs. Wainwright was still too weak to travel, and her husband went up to Leeds to see her, and was still there when Harry and Mary came home to Eyot St. Mary.

(To be continued)



"Housekeeping in the simplest way"



Church Life To-day Some points of Current Interest



REV. J. W. C. WAND, M.A.
(Lafayette)

19, and Vicar of S. Mark's, Salisbury. In 1925 he returned to Oxford as Fellow, Tutor, and Dean of Oriel.

THE office of **High Almoner** to the King has been held by seven Archbishops of York, including Cardinal Wolsey, but by only two Archbishops of Canterbury, Matthew Hutton in the eighteenth century and the present Archbishop, who was appointed to it last year in succession to the late Dean of Wells, Dr. Armitage Robinson.

The chief public duty of the High Almoner is to distribute the **Royal Maundy**, the gifts which the King makes to a number of elderly men and women every year on Maundy Thursday. In 1932 the King himself distributed a part of the Maundy money, being the first sovereign to do so since James II.

THE Bishop of Lincoln has appointed **Canon H. T. Parry**, Rector of Bigby, to be first Archdeacon of the newly-formed Archdeaconry of Lindsey. Canon Parry has been Rector of Bigby since 1897, and is a Proctor in Convocation for the Diocese of Lincoln.

IN a recent number of THE SIGN it was stated that Canon Paul Petit had retired from his work on the *Ordination Candidates Exhibition Fund*. This is not correct. Canon Petit, who celebrated his seventy-seventh birthday last Christmas Day, has recently resigned the *Secretaryship of the Additional Curates Society* which he had held for forty years. During



CANON PAUL PETIT
(Vandyk)

the same period he has been Hon. Sec. of the Ordination Candidates Exhibition Fund, which post he still holds. We much regret the mistake and any annoyance that may have been caused by it; and desire to tender our apologies to Canon Petit and our thanks to the reader who called our attention to the slip.

A SALISBURY bookbinder is now engaged in restoring or rebinding the volumes of the famous **chained library of Wimborne Minster**. When his work is finished the library will still look as it did three hundred years ago, when it was presented to the Minster, and this restoration should enable it to last another two to three centuries without needing attention. The only other similar collection of chained books in England is at Hereford Cathedral, but that at Wimborne is generally considered the more interesting.

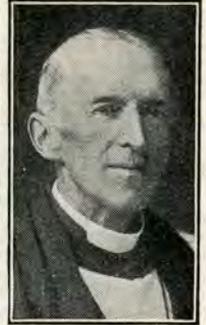


WIMBORNE MINSTER: CHAINED LIBRARY
(F. Frith & Co.)

A REMARKABLE United Act of Worship and Witness took place recently at Cairo as a result of thirteen years' work on the part of the **Fellowship of Unity** which seeks to bring together the Eastern and Western Churches.

The service was held in the Armenian Cathedral. At the appointed time the clergy, robed, assembled for prayer in a room of the Armenian Patriarchate and were censed by the thurifer. The procession was then formed, led by the cross, acolytes, and choirmen of the Armenian Cathedral. There followed two pastors of the Egyptian Presbyterian Church, the pastor of the German Lutheran Church, the clergy (Egyptian and English) of the Anglican Church, preceding their bishop, a priest of the Coptic Orthodox Church, two Archimandrites and two Archbishops of the Greek Orthodox Church, and finally the Armenian bishop with his attendant priests. A congregation of about one thousand persons filled the cathedral, and in the service that then followed at least seven different languages were used.

THE **Bishop of Ely** (Dr. L. J. White-Thomson) has not long survived his son, who was one of the Eton masters killed in the Alps last August. The episcopal bench is recruited from many different spheres of clerical life, but the best diocesan bishop is probably the man who, like Dr. White-Thomson, has himself been a successful parish priest. After his ordination in 1890 the late bishop was for a few years domestic chaplain to Archbishop Benson, and then for a quarter of a century held livings in the Diocese of Canterbury, notably at Croydon, where he was Vicar of the Parish Church from 1909 to 1919. The same pastoral spirit he carried with him to Ely, to which see he was appointed in 1924.



THE LATE
DR. L. J. WHITE-THOMSON
(Russell)

AN interesting relic has just been given back to **Chester Cathedral**. It is a wrought-iron stand or bracket which held the Civic Sword or Mace of Chester in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

THE sudden death of **Prebendary E. J. Bicknell** at the early age of fifty-one is a serious loss not only to King's College, London, and the University of London but to theological scholarship in the English Church. Dr. Bicknell was educated at Winchester and Keble College, Oxford, and received his training for ordination at Wells Theological College where Dr. Goudge, the present Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford, was then Principal. He began his ministry in 1907 as a curate to the father of the present Bishop of Chichester, and his experience as a parish priest proved invaluable in his later work as a tutor of theological students. He was Chaplain of Bishop's Hostel, Lincoln, 1912-16, and after a short return to parochial life became Vice-Principal of Cuddesdon. In 1928 he was appointed Professor of New Testament Exegesis at King's College, London.



THE LATE
PREB. E. J. BICKNELL
(Soame)

Our Query Corner

Hints for some of our Correspondents

**** RULES.**—(1) All anonymous correspondence is destroyed unanswered. (2) True names and addresses must be given. (3) No names are published. (4) Correspondents must give the name of the local Parish Magazine to which they subscribe. (5) As several months at least must elapse before a question can be answered in the magazine, correspondents desiring an answer by post should enclose a stamped addressed envelope. (6) Attempts will be made to answer all reasonable questions in such cases, and to deal as far as possible with others of the same class if sent for answer in these columns; but it must be recollected that THE SIGN goes to press very much earlier than the local magazine, and that it is impossible to answer all questions here. (7) Those who are answered—and others—are asked to recollect that many of the questions are such as can only be adequately answered in a large treatise: our notes are simply "rough charts" to serve till a larger map can be examined. (8) The pages marked THE SIGN are a general Church Magazine, and the local pages only are edited by or under the direction of the Incumbent of each Parish.*.*

2535. Why are palms distributed on Palm Sunday in some churches?

The distribution of palms, which is usually followed by a procession, is a very old ceremony which had its origin in the Church of Jerusalem, where at an early period it became the custom to re-enact, as it were, on the first day of Holy Week the triumphant entry of our LORD into Jerusalem. This commemorative ceremony spread later into the West, and is now very common in English churches.

The palms now used do not come from the Holy Land but usually from the South of France. In the Middle Ages it was customary in England to use sprigs of box, willow, or hazel, and this is still done in some country churches.

2536. Did our Lord keep the Passover before He was crucified?

The original Greek of S. Luke xxii. 14, seems to show that our LORD saw that He would not eat that Passover. S. Mark speaks of "the Passover," but may be using the word for the season just as people to-day use "Easter." All the accounts tell of ordinary business going on during the day of the Crucifixion. Many scholars are now of the opinion that on Maundy Thursday the Preparation for the Great Sabbath was made: one cup was sent round, not the single cups of the Passover; and leavened bread used, such as the Eastern Church still uses. On Good Friday our LORD was found to have died in time for His friends to pay for possessing His Body, for the Sadducees to set the Temple guard, while most people were going home or had gone home at 6 p.m. to eat the Passover meal. Our LORD's friends we may be sure kept no Passover Feast that year, nor Great Sabbath. But very early on the First Day of the Week our LORD was declared the Son of God by the Resurrection.

2537. If funds for a Sunday school outing are raised in a way which does not seem suitable, should the matter be discussed at the Parochial Church Council?

We do not think that the Parochial Church Council has any definite jurisdiction in the matter to which you refer unless it is responsible for the Sunday school funds, in which case it would have a right to say how these funds should be raised. Apart from this, we think that if any unsatisfactory methods have been employed for raising

money the matter is one which should be settled by the vicar and the workers concerned.

2538. How can I obtain Police Court Mission Work?

If you wrote to The Secretary, Central Council for Women's Church Work, Church House, Westminster, S.W.1, you would be put in touch with some local advisers who would assist you in the matter. Or you could apply for information to The Superior, Order of Divine Compassion, 3 The Sweep, Clapham Common, S.W.4. A really suitable candidate for Police Court work might be welcomed and at least would be assisted with practical advice.

2539. Why cannot I dress my girl as I please for her Confirmation?

We cannot of course know the local circumstances, but nowadays it is generally agreed that for many reasons it is desirable that Confirmation candidates should wear a uniform veil.

1. The parochial veil, if made on a good pattern, ensures a suitable appearance for the girls, rules out the danger of individual eccentricities of taste, and avoids any unnecessary expense on the part of the poorer candidates.

2. It is most undesirable to add to the girl's self-consciousness on such an occasion, and one of the younger generation would probably thank no parent or guardian for not letting her wear the same uniform as her fellows.

Those who have to do with a candidate should take pains to see that there is nothing remarkable nor uncomfortable about dress or shoes and then leave the question of clothes alone.

This last principle applies also to older women, who do well to wear an ordinary dress and the veil provided or made to the pattern supplied.

2540. How can I obtain information about the Assyrian Christians?

You should address your inquiries, The Secretary, Archbishop's Assyrian Mission, c/o The Church House, Westminster, London, S.W.1, enclosing a stamp for a reply.

The close official friendship between the Assyrian Christians and the authorities of the Anglican Communion was the work of the end of last century, and has been recognized by the present Archbishop of Canterbury as a reason for putting pressure on our Government to do all that can now be done diplomatically to induce another power to do its duty towards some of its subjects maltreated officially and unofficially by others.

THE CHURCH'S PATHWAY

MARCH, 1934

I am the Way, the Truth, the Life

"That new thing in the world, the humiliation of Him Who is our Maker and our Lord, broke up the fallow and wild ground of the human heart. It opened in it unknown springs of joy and sorrow, of love, of enterprise, of hope. It taught the new discipline of penitence, and imparted the new and unknown peace of forgiveness."

Dean Church

O Lord, I am ashamed and confounded before Thy face

Date THE GREATER FEASTS

- 4. S. Third in Lent.
- 11. S. Fourth in Lent.
- 18. S. Fifth in Lent.
- [Passion Sunday.]
- 25. S. Sixth in Lent.
- [Palm Sunday.]

The Festival of the Annunciation (March 25th) transferred to April 10th; but see local notices.



DAYS OF FASTING OR ABSTINENCE

As to ordinary weekdays in Lent, see THE SIGN for February.

Holy Week, 26-31 including



GOOD FRIDAY

(March 30)



COMMEMORATIONS

- 1, David, Bp. of Menevia, 6th century, Patron Saint of Wales; 2, Chad, Bp. of Lichfield, 672; 7, Perpetua and her Companions, Carthaginian Martyrs, 203; 12, Gregory the Great, Bp. of Rome, D. 604; 17, Patrick, of Ireland, Bp., 461; 20, Cuthbert, Bp. of Lindisfarne, 687; 21, Benedict, Ab. of Monte Cassino, c. 540.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications as to the literary and artistic contents of this Magazine should be addressed to the Editor of THE SIGN, A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., 28 Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.1.

Every care will be taken of MSS., sketches, or photos submitted, but the Editor cannot be responsible for accidental loss. All MSS. should bear the author's name and address. If their return is desired in the event of non-acceptance STAMPS to cover the postage must be enclosed. Letters on business matters should be addressed to A. R. Mowbray & Co. Ltd., at their London House as above.

GRAVY

FOR JOINTS,
FOR CHOPS,
FOR STEWS,

USE

BOSPUR

THE IDEAL
GRAVY POWDER

2^D

CONTAINS MEAT
PROTEIN AND VITAMIN B

Per carton.

Also in 6d. packets
and 1/- tins.

MADE BY BOVRIL LIMITED

A SUPER-SAFE INVESTMENT

3%
TAX
PAID
ON DEPOSITS

Open a Deposit Account with the Church of England Building Society. Your capital will be absolutely safe—secured by mortgages on good British House Property. A

sound record for 49 years. Interest at 3 % Tax Paid (equal to 4 % less full tax) begins accruing from date of deposit. Withdrawal is easy, quick, and subject to no deductions.

LEARN HOW £5 BECOMES £6 IN 6 YEARS.

★ Call, phone (Mansion House 5927), or write to Secretary, W. C. M. Wightman, for Booklet 114.

CHURCH of ENGLAND

TEMPERANCE & GENERAL PERMANENT
BUILDING SOCIETY

26 KING WILLIAM ST., LONDON, E.C. 4

It's Benger time when it's time to wean your baby.



Regd. Trade Mark

Mothers are invited to apply for the interesting and informative Booklet of Benger's Food, full of helpful hints. Post free from Benger's Food, Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester.

303

DEAF?

This is the age of sound with Radio, Talkies, Telephones, Gramophones, etc., don't be handicapped and isolated

NEW DISCOVERY BRINGS AMAZING RESULTS

Middle Ear (Catarrrh), Nerve (Head Noises), Slightly (hard-of-hearing) or Vary (so-called "Stone") deaf in young or old, and even cases hitherto regarded as hopeless now benefiting. No matter what you have tried, with whatever result, you will greet this marvellous super sound, **tone-sense-renewing** method as the find of your life and its joy. A boon for church, home, shopping, and street safety. Ask for Medical Reports.

(SUITE 9) CALL OR WRITE FOR FREE TEST

309 Oxford St., London, W. 1 (opp. D. & H. Evans' Clock),
phones Mayfair 1380/1718, or to his Service Bureaux in

BIRMINGHAM
BRISTOL
CARDIFF
EXETER
EDINBURGH



GLASGOW
HULL LEEDS
LIVERPOOL AND
NEWCASTLE

THE WORLD'S GREATEST HEARING SERVICE

"Quality always tells"



'Ovaltine' is Supreme for Quality and Value

THE world-wide success of "Ovaltine" is a triumph of quality and value. It offers the highest possible health-giving quality at the lowest possible price.

"Ovaltine" is scientifically prepared from the finest qualities of malt, milk and new-laid eggs. Remember that "Ovaltine" does not contain Household Sugar to give it bulk and cheapen the cost. Furthermore, it does not contain Starch, nor does it contain a large percentage of Cocoa. Reject substitutes.

'OVALTINE'

Gives Energy and Glorious Health

Prices in Gt. Britain and N. Ireland,

1/1, 1/10 and 3/3

P. 998

FOR GOOD

DIGESTION



For over 50 years
DOCTORS AND ANALYSTS ALIKE
have recommended

MAZAWATTEE
In sealed packets & tins at popular prices **TEA**

"All the Flowers of Love and Memory"

The Garden of Memories

Charming Old English

"Scroll" Bird Bath Memorial in Solid Stone. Ht. 2ft. 6in., £15. Or with Stone Curbs & Posts hollowed out for flowers, £23. 10s.

Pent-Roof Calvary Cross in hard Teak Wood, or Oak, especially appropriate for country churchyards. 3ft. 6in. high, £7. 10s. Or with Bronze Crucifix, £9. 10s. Carriage paid.



These BOOKLETS (in Colours) Post Free

- (1) "Beautiful Churchyard Memorials."
- (2) "Memorial Brasses and Bronzes."
- (2a) "Stained Glass Church Windows."
- (3) "Church Furniture in Carved Oak."
- (4) "Simple Teak Wood Calvary Crosses."
- (5) "Garden of Memories" (illustrating Bird Bath and Sundial Memorials).

Messrs. Maile's prices for Stone Memorials **INCLUDE Carriage & Erection in any Parish of England and Wales**

St. Minver Cross in Silvery Grey Cornish Granite. 4ft high, £17. 3ft. 6 in., £16.

Maile & Son, Ltd.

Church Art Craftsmen.—Sculptors.—Stained Glass Artists.

367 EUSTON RD., LONDON, N.W.1



"Many taken with palsies and lame were healed."

On behalf

of the 6,000 poor sufferers whom we treat every year we appeal to the Clergy and all earnest Church people for their kind interest and support of our work.

TO those who have suffered, or whose loved ones have suffered, with any of the dread diseases of the Nervous system

(a "Stroke"—Epilepsy—Brain Tumour—Infantile Paralysis—Encephalitis—Lethargica (Sleepy Sickness)—Creeping Palsy—Neuritis—Neurasthenia)

sympathy for these thousands of poor patients will be felt.

£25,000 is required.

WILL YOU send your "mite," whether a Postal Order, Cheque, or Gifts in Kind, or a request for a Collecting-box, or Legacy Form?

Gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by

The Secretary,
HOSPITAL FOR EPILEPSY AND PARALYSIS

AND OTHER DISEASES OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM, MAIDA VALE, LONDON, W.9

Church of St. John the Baptist

Kingston Road and Woodbine Ave.

Canon W. L. Baynes-Reed, D.S.O., Rector

Services in Lent

1934

Sunday Mornings—"The Creed To-day";

Sunday Evenings—"A Portrait of Jesus"

Archdeacon Fotheringham.

Special Preachers on Wednesday Evenings at 8

Feb. 14, Ash Wednesday—Rev. Canon Fidler, M.A., Rector, St. Clement's Church, Eglinton.

Feb. 21—Rev. S. B. G. Wright, M.A., Church of the Comforter.

Feb. 28—Rev. W. H. White, M.A., Rector, St. Mark's Church, Parkdale.

March 7—Rev. A. Briarly Browne, B.D., St. James Cathedral.

March 14—Rev. H. A. Ben-Oliel, B.A., Rector, St. Dunstan's Church.

March 21—Rev. J. A. Robinson, M.A., Rector of St. Philip's Church.

Holy Week

March 26, Monday—Rev. H. P. Charters, Rector, St. Cyprian's Church.

March 27, Tuesday—Rev. N. Clarke Wallace, St. Nicholas, Birchcliff.

March 28, Wednesday—Rev. Canon Hartley, M.A., Rector, St. Mathias Church.

March 29, Thursday—Rev. John Bushell, M.A., Director Chaplain Service.

March 30, Good Friday—10.30 a.m., Archdeacon Fotheringham; 8 p.m., Rev. F. J. Nicholson, Nathanael Institute.

Service on Ash Wednesday, 10.30 a.m.

Holy Communion each Thursday at 10.30 a.m., with special intercessions.

Children's Services each Monday at 4 p.m., and on Good Friday at 2.30.

Litany and Reading each Friday at 4.15.

A Confirmation Class will be held on Thursday evenings at 8 p.m., in the Church, commencing February 15th. Confirmation will take place Friday, June 1st.

Easter Day

Holy Communion 6, 7, 8 and 9 a.m.

Matins and Holy Communion 11 a.m.

Preacher: Ven. Archdeacon Fotheringham

3 p.m.—Children's Service

4 p.m.—Baptisms

7 p.m.—Evensong

Preacher: Ven. Archdeacon Fotheringham

NOTES

"And note that every parishioner shall communicate, at the least, three times in the year, of which Easter to be one. And every parishioner shall contribute regularly of his substance to the maintenance of the worship of God, according as God shall prosper him.—Prayer Book Rubric.

Please see that the children's Lenten Mission

Boxes are returned at the Children's Service on Easter Day.

Flowers for Easter decoration are asked for and may be sent on Saturday morning.

THE MOTHERS' UNION

The Mothers' Union held their monthly meeting in the Ladies' Parlor on February 22nd, with 39 members and several prospective members present. Miss Marsh, of the Down Town Workers' Association, addressed the meeting. She told us a story of the Angel Michael and a poor Russian peasant family, which was enjoyed by all. It left in our hearts some beautiful thoughts of the "Love of God" for His people.

At our next meeting (March 22nd) we are expecting to have our Diocesan President, Mrs. R. A. Robinson, with us, and it is hoped as many members as possible will be out to greet her.

EVENING BRANCH W.A.

During Lent the members of the Evening Branch W.A. are holding their meetings after the Lenten Services. We are busy working on our spring bale. Some of the ladies are knitting and crocheting afghans.

We would be pleased to have some new members and anyone wishing to join would be made most welcome.

ST. JOHN'S, NORWAY, A.Y.P.A.

Announce their spring presentation

A Comedy in 3 acts

"THE CLEAN-UP"

To be presented

In the Parish Hall

Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday

April 4, 5, 6, 7

Curtain, 8.15 p.m.

Children, 15c.

Adults, 25c.

PIES! PIES!

The Evening Branch of the W.A. will hold their annual Pie Sale on Wednesday, April 4th, from 2.30 to 5 p.m., at the home of Mrs. Osborne, 10 Herbert Avenue. We would be pleased to receive orders for pies, which may be given to any member of the Evening Branch.

The visiting clergy for February were: Rev. Sidney Childs, of Trinity College; Rev. Canon Fidler, Rev. S. B. G. Wright and Rev. Walter H. White.

A Live Up-to-date Drug Store Near You

F. J. SANDERS

Drugs, Patent Medicines and Drug Sundries
Dispensing of Prescriptions Our Specialty

98 KINGSTON ROAD - TORONTO

(Cor Edgewood Avenue)

Phone HOWard 3771

HOW A PROSPEROUS, UNSCRUPULOUS MAN BECAME A GREAT MAN

Sermon by Bishop Lawrence

The old adage, "As the twig is bent the tree will grow," is very comforting to us older people, for now we are "trees." You can do a great deal for the children, we say, but you can not do much for us. We are pretty well set and there is very little use in trying to change radically the direction of a man or woman over twenty-five. Indeed we are not quite sure whether the Lord Himself could straighten us. It is a comforting and very dangerous thought, this middle and old-age fixity of character. Now the young people need not listen to me if they do not want to, for I am going to talk particularly to people who are over twenty-five.

Does this thought sound familiar? "Here we are," we say to ourselves. "We are up to the average; a bit better; we may not be living quite the life we ought to live, but on the whole we are doing pretty well." And it is going to take a good deal of a jar to make us do better.

I would like to take up the story of the life of one man—a prosperous man. I will give you his name bye and bye. He was probably about fifty years of age. He had begun his life as a boy by getting ahead of others, and as he got older he was what the boys would call "pretty slick." He had a traditional religion and a certain faith, but he was very "smart." He had deceived his father and his older brother. Because his father was blind, he was able to get his brother's inheritance, and having got it he made up his mind that he had better go abroad. And he went abroad, and there he prospered by that same astuteness and slickness, and his property multiplied. After some years, he married and had children, so he felt it was about time to go home. He had position, wealth, whereby he could probably soften the enmity of his brother at home. And so he started, his family with him. And he came to a river, and then he got scared. How was he going to be received when he got across?

That prosperous man's name was Jacob. His last name is not given in the record. When he reached the stream that divided him and his family from his older brother and his family, he thought it wise (smart as he was) to send along his wife and children, handsome presents too (he did not call them bribes) in order to make a good impression upon his brother, who had come out to meet him. Then, as the sun fell below the hill, Jacob found himself alone, and he determined to spend the night alone on the side where he had made his fortune. Had he lived in these days

he would have been afraid that the government would investigate him and publish him. Even the headlines in the paper frighten some men in these days. Who of us does not now and then have qualms? Suppose so and so should find out what I do or what I think or what my habits are. And then, when the time comes that there is to be an exposure, we, like Jacob, are scared, and what do we do? Well, as a matter of fact we try to keep quiet. And so Jacob began to do, but his better nature or conscience or his idealistic nature or his faith in God (call it an angel if you will) came and caught hold of him. Jacob would have liked to have thrown him off and said, "Let me go," but the better nature, rising up, made him say to himself, "I am going to have this out. I have got my grip on that angel or my conscience, and I am going to fight it through. Behind all these things that I have been, is God, and He is a God of justice. And what am I? He is a God of Love. And what am I? He is a God Unselfishness. And what am I?" He faced the situation and with that angel, or with his conscience, he wrestled all that night. The finer nature won out. And Jacob in the morning realized that his victory had been gained and he called the place "Peniel"—for, he said, "I have seen God face to face and my life has been preserved."

It is a great thing to look God right in the face. Here is a man of thirty or forty or fifty in his office or his club, and he says to himself, "I am not quite sure that I am going on the right track. I am doing things that I did not do when I was young. I thought them wrong. I used to go to Church. Now I don't. I used to say my prayers and now I don't. I am not quite so high in my business relations or my home relations as I was. I don't think that I am the example to the boys that I ought to be." He is getting scared. He is wondering what his boys will think of him when they get older. He is almost ready to wrestle with the angel, when his companions say, "Deal the cards—come and play golf, go ahead, what is the use of thinking?" And so he goes out and plays golf or deals the cards. There are thousands and thousands of us that dare not be left alone to face God. That is one reason that this is such a restless, jumping population. People can not sit still and they don't want to sit still when their thoughts are going to get the better of them. So when they are a bit scared of being alone they jump, like a child, into the crowd to forget themselves. They put the thing off. The difficulty is not in our beliefs, our religious faith, but it is with the commonplace, rather low standards of our lives. And yet we know that there is stuff in us which, with God's help, will make

Flowers for all occasions

FRED SARGENT
FLORIST

463 WOODBINE AVENUE
(Opp. St. John's Cemetery)

Plants and Cut Flowers Graves Planted
Phone HO. 4447

Night GR. 1919

Phone Grover 1165

YORK DAIRY
ICE CREAM

For Your Next Party or Picnic

DIXIE CUPS - BRICKS - ICE CREAM PIES

Bulk in 1/2 Gal. to 5 Gal. Containers

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

us a great deal better, finer men and women than we are.

Now a little zephyr can bend a twig, but if there is anything going to happen to a tree it takes a pretty good gale to twist it back. And if there is anything radical going to happen to any one of us who have lived a life unworthy of our best, then it is going to take a heavy blow to budge it. God is all-just, all-true, all-loving, and God calls me to be just, true, pure and loving. He calls me now. Shall I delay? Shall we not tackle our consciences honestly and squarely and walk righteously in the presence of God? "I have not been what I ought to be," we say. "I was confirmed once. I pledged myself to Christ. I have not, as the world sees it, fallen into great sins or immortality, but I am way down below where I ought to be." Can I fight the thing through tomorrow, when I go down town, and the next day, when I meet my old friends? I want to have God right with me. All of us need to be bathed in the atmosphere of God, saturated with the spirit of love and hope and truth, that we may be willing to consecrate ourselves to be finer, purer, more unselfish, more chivalrous, more thoughtful of our example to others, more Christ-like. If we would only tackle our consciences in that way, we could repeat with Jacob, "I have seen God face to face." And if we put it through and work it out we can say, "I have seen God face to face and my life has been preserved. I have won out. In all humility I believe that with God's help I can strike a higher kind of life. I will go home and be to my boys what I want my boys to be—finer and better. I will give the example to my wife of courtesy and chivalry and unselfishness. In my business I will be above reproach and I will stand straight and will not be scared of what others think or say of me if only I know I am right."

Is it not true that we are asking this of our public men and is it not just as true that we ought to ask it of ourselves and to be ready in behalf of the right to be, if must be, in the minority? There is no virtue in itself in being a minority of one, and many cranks are in that minority, but some of the finest men in history have also been in that minority. So we stand face to face with God and by so standing we gain courage, serenity, the consciousness of God's presence, with, at the same time, all the grace and charm and sense of humor that any man or woman may have. We may be in the world but not of it. We stand true and our life is preserved. And then what? The morning began to break and the sun rose and flooded river and valley all about him. The sun rose upon Jacob. Don't you believe that the religious life is one of gloom or hyper-conscientiousness! The religious life is one of translucent promise, of love and hope and faith, and Jacob discovered that he was no longer the smart, slick man of old: he was another man: and as Israel he became the leader of a great people.—Cathedral Quarterly.

CONFIRMATION

Bishop Owen is to be with us for Confirmation on Friday evening, June 1st.

The class is starting up well and is just below the hundred mark. We would be glad to welcome more members in the class which meets each Thursday (except Holy week) in the Church at 8 p.m.

THE GROWING SOUL

At some moment in life, through a word that is dropped, through an experience of joy, it is as though God sweeps into the life as one can imagine the ocean sweeping into some muddy backwater, overcoming the resistance of all obstacles, changing the whole nature of life, until the happy soul can sing with Masfield's plowman:

"O glory of the lighted mind,
How dead I'd been, how dumb, how blind.
The station brook, to my new eyes,
Was babbling out of Paradise;
The waters rushing from the rain
Were singing Christ has risen again!
I thought all earthly creatures knelt
From rapture of the joy I felt.
The narrow station-wall's brick ledge,
The wild hop withering in the hedge,
The lights in huntsman's upper storey
Were parts of an eternal glory,
Were God's eternal garden flowers.
I stood in bliss at this for hours."

But surely one of the things that ought to be said about conversion is that it is not less real because it is gradual. If a little child grows up in a Christian home, where the true values of Christ are not only taught, but lived, I do not think we ought to demand a sudden cataclysm before we can call that child a real follower of Jesus. Surely his little life ought to open naturally and beautifully to the sunshine of God's presence and love as a bud becomes a rose in the gardens of earth. And just as no gardener can say, "On such and such a date in June that bud became a rose," so I do not think we need to try to find a date when a growing soul becomes a converted man or woman. . . .

In your inward soul you know that what the soul needs—and dreads; what it truly longs for—and postpones, is a personal closure with God. Don't try to live the Christian life hoping the experience will come. Claim the experience, and then you will find power to live the life. The results may be sudden or slow. Only God knows. But you will live a life of power and peace and deep content such as you do not dream exists. From "Jesus and Ourselves," by Leslie D. Weatherhead.

HY. 4938

HY. 5315

Arthur W. Miles

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

30 ST. CLAIR AVE. W.

TORONTO

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

WARDEN'S REPORT, FEBRUARY 28, 1934

Receipts

8 a.m. Communion	\$ 13.07
Envelopes	273.05
Open	191.06
Missions	89.40
Social Service	1.00
	<hr/>
	\$567.58

Toronto General Trust Corp'n	
Investment — Principal	\$5,063.04
Interest	1,381.40
	<hr/>
	6,444.44

Bowling—Fees	\$7,012.02
Organ—Offertory	54.82
	4.50
	<hr/>
	\$7,071.34

Disbursements

Stipends and Salaries	\$484.99
Gas, Electric and 'Phone	37.77
Coal	104.87
Supplies and Printing	14.00
	<hr/>
	\$641.63

Toronto General Trust Corp'n	
Guaranteed Investment at 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ %	
for five years, from 16th	
February, 1934	5,500.00
	<hr/>
	\$6,141.63

Organ — Casavant Freres, Ltd., Balance	
in full	563.85
	<hr/>
	\$6,705.48

PARISH HOUSE BUILDING FUND

To Balance at January 31st	\$ 85.93
" Rentals	88.50
	<hr/>
Balance	\$174.43

Baptisms

- Feb. 4th—Aveline Marian Allen, Ian Lachlan Kelso, Patricia Jean Gillies, Russel Sidney Nicholson, Norah Jean Levis.
- Feb. 18th—Eileen Mary White, Mary Louise Douglas, Shirley May Drew.
- Feb. 25th—Robert Gary Cook, Mary Jane Rowell, Elliott Lloyd Black, Sieglinde Stephanie Elizabeth Jones.
- Feb. 26th—James Edwin McCallum, Merle Enid McCallum, Velma Eileen McCallum, Robert Earl McCallum.

Marriages

- Feb. 26th—Gerald Martin and Alberta Davis.

Burials

Feb. 2—Sarah Jane Grimshaw	75 years
Feb. 3—Henry Charles Smith.....	39 years
Feb. 5—Charles Penney	79 years
Feb. 6—Ethel Margagret Mead	46 years
Feb. 6—Percival Herman Burns	64 years
Feb. 6—Thomas Johnstone	46 years
Feb. 7—Florence Mary Slein	71 years
Feb. 10—Laura McCallum	61 years
Feb. 14—Gladys Hetherington	46 years
Feb. 15—Caroline Elizabeth Cummings....	59 years
Feb. 16—Thomas Hall Doughty	53 years
Feb. 19—John S. Stuart	67 years
Feb. 20—Rowland Hill	43 years
Feb. 23—John Henry Keyes	4 years
Feb. 24—George Edward Moulton	21 years
Feb. 26—Enoch Bickerstaffe	52 years
Feb. 27—Emanuel Parkin	75 years
Total interments in Cemetery for February....	87

"SERMON ON MOUNT" 'SEEN AS WORLD
NEED

Senator Hughes Declares un-Christianity to Blame
For Conditions

(Special to The Star)

Ottawa, Feb. 28.—The Sermon on the Mount was offered to the Senate yesterday as the only real hope of rescuing the world from its present collapse, when Hon. J. J. Hughes, a devout Catholic from Prince Edward Island, broke away from all partisan, political and economic tenets and laid the world's troubles at the doors of the world's un-Christianity.

Quoting the Prime Minister's dictum that "only the grace of God can save the world" and Mr. Mackenzie King's precept that "the principles of the Sermon on the Mount would save the world," Senator Hughes declared it meant much for Canada that the political leaders of both historic parties should give expression to such fundamental beliefs.

In the Sermon on the Mount the principle was laid down, "all things, therefore, whatsoever you would that men should do to you, do you also to them." There had been all kinds of conferences to discuss national and international affairs, but the name of God had not been brought in nor any serious effort made to ascertain God's will.

The world's greatest problems were debt and armaments. These colossal debts would never be paid. The world was bankrupt morally and financially. If the private armament manufacturers, "the efficient agents of Satan," were not eliminated, then the Caucasian race was doomed to perish.

The Prime Minister had declared that education must be the principal means to ensure the hope and stability of democracy. Nine young men and women out of every ten, graduating from United States universities were atheists.

"Either Christianity of the law of the jungle must prevail," concluded Senator Hughes. "Events are crowding fast upon one another, and the axe is laid to the root of the tree. The world must decide."—Toronto Star.

McDOUGALL & BROWN

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

1491 Danforth Avenue
554 St. Clair Ave. West
3045 Dundas St. West

TORONTO

PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

JOHN PEZZACK

BARRISTER SOLICITOR, Etc.

Suite 507-508 Dominion Building

465 Bay Street EL. 1528

Branch Office: 1880 Queen St., East
(Corner Woodbine)

Telephone HO. 5071

627 Woodbine Avenue Phone GR. 9060

HARRY BROOK

PAINTER and DECORATOR

Sign Writing and Graining

Estimates Furnish Samples sent to any address.
The very best at moderate charges.

Beaumont & Barker

BARRISTERS and SOLICITORS

Equity Chambers, 24 Adelaide Street East

Telephone Elgin 4838 TORONTO

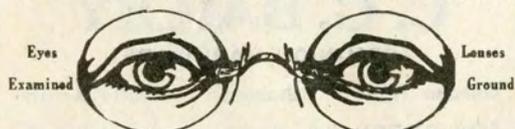
W. J. STRATTON

PLUMBING and HEATING

314 Lee Ave. Phone Howard 3766

Prompt Attention Given to Repairs

J. W. DEE OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN



2006 Queen Street East

HO. 9397

SPACE TO LET

Howard 3071

C. ROY LAPIER

HARDWARE

Tinsmithing, Furnaces,
Paints, Oils, Glass, Gasolene.

300 Kingston Rd. Cor. Woodbine

COAL

COKE

GEO. H. BARBER COAL CO.

446-448 Gainsborough Road

Top Kingsmount Park Road

Phone HO. 5391

TORONTO

SPACE TO LET

NOT ONLY CHILDREN but
men and women, too, should drink
Milk with every meal. Milk aids
digestion, sleep, complexion, general
health.

City Dairy

KINGSDALE 6151

SPACE TO LET

GARD & SON

Wholesale and Retail Florists

39 PAPE AVENUE

ALL KINDS OF FLOWERS IN SEASON

Phone Howard 3112 1938 Queen St. East

J. COOPER

BUTCHER

Home Made Sausage a Speciality
All Cooked Meats our Own Make
Phone Orders Promptly Delivered

SPACE TO LET

SPACE TO LET



Exclusively Agents for Masonite Products
PRESSED WOOD QUARTERBOARD
AND INSULATION

Edmund Hind Lumber Co. Ltd.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

Cor. Danforth Avenue and Main Street
Phones Grover 1133-45

Phone HOWard 3606

C. G. BAILEY

(DOMINION HARDWARE)

Garden Tools Glazing Paints & Oils
1950 QUEEN ST. EAST, near Kenilworth

Phone GROver 2859

E. W. DEER

CONCRETE CONTRACTOR

23 DEVON ROAD

TORONTO

Printing IS OUR BUSINESS

MAKE PRINTING
help YOU in not
only YOUR BUSINESS
but also in "boosting"
social or other activities.

Phone HARGRAVE 1606

McCallum Press Limited

1378 QUEEN STREET EAST

Houghton's Drug Stores

Dependable Quality and Service

1881 Gerrard St. Grover 9161

349 Jones Ave. Hargrave 2331

454 Kingston Rd. Grover 4534

We Specialize in Compounding Prescriptions

Head Office, Yard and Siding: WOODBINE AVE. and G.T.R. TRACKS. Phone GROver 2176
Branch Office: 1381 DANFORTH AVE. Phone GL. 0888

WOODBINE COAL CO.

W. R. GRINNELL, Prop.

COKE

ANTHRACITE AND BITUMINOUS

WOOD

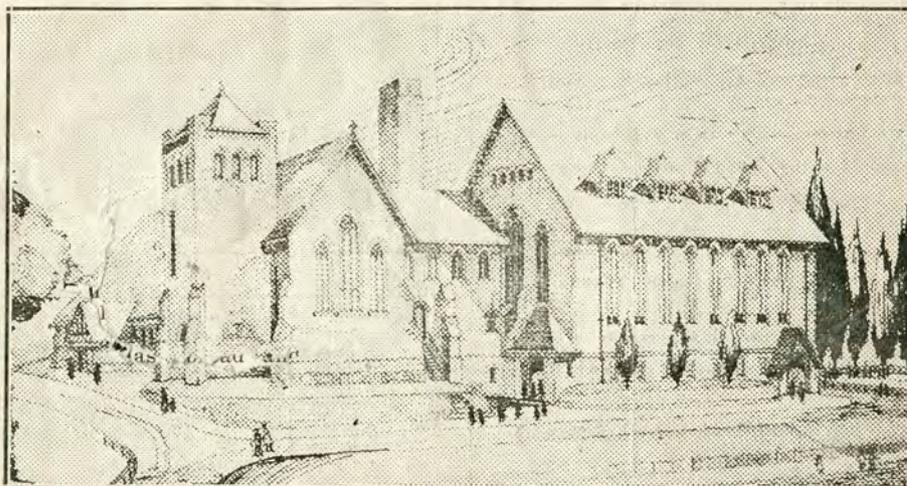
PLEASE PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

Cox, Miss E.
Anglican Residential School
Hudson Bay Co., Fort George
Via Moosonee, Ont.

Subscription Price: \$1.00 per year, in advance.

Address all business communications to W. Roberts, 131 Kingston Road. Ho. 1518
Asst. Sec'y M. Dunham, 43 Norway Ave., Ho. 7806

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 EVENSONG:—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.

CANON W. L. BAYNES-REED, D.S.O., V.D., L.Th., Rector, 156 Kingston Road. Howard 1405.
ARCHDEACON J. B. FOTHERINGHAM, Assistant, 95 Walker Avenue. Kl. 7670.
REV. F. E. FARNCOMB, B.A., Cemetery Chaplain, 16 Beachview Cres. Gr. 6955.
MISS MARY SHOTTER, Deaconess, 500 Kingston Road, Grover 1236.

ADVISORY BOARD	Sec. A. M. Stretton, 7 Edgewood Avenue. Phone Howard 1654.
A. Y. P. A.	Sec. Miss Irene Cude, 18 Hartford Ave., Ho. 4723
CARILLONNEUR	Bruce Clark, 289 Waverley Road. Phone Howard 1035.
CEMETERY OFFICE	256 Kingston Road. Howard 2965.
CHANCEL GUILD	Supt., John Bulloch, 182 Kingston Road. Howard 6113.
CHOIR	Sec. Miss M. Long, 56 Columbine Ave. Howard 4265.
CHURCH AND PARISH HOUSE	Organist-Choir Master, W. H. Mould, L.I.G.C.M., 310 Willow Av. Gr. 0247
CHURCHWARDENS	Corner Kingston Road and Woodbine Ave. (Queen Car). Howard 4560.
	Rector's Warden, Mr. F. M. Mathias, 35 Lockwood Road, HO. 6652.
	People's Warden, T. W. Turff, 154 Cliff Cres. Drive, GR. 4354.
ECCLESIA GIRLS' BIBLE CLASS	Sec. Miss Irene Johnson, 53 Cassells Ave. Phone Grover 8900.
EVENING BRANCH W.A.	Sec. Mrs. H. D. Collins, 281 Woodbine Ave., HO. 5103.
FLOWERS FOR ALTAR	Flower Sec. Miss Robertson, 266 Waverley Road, HO. 2709.
GIRL GUIDES	Betty Jameson, 186 Kingston Rd. Howard 1600.
JUNIOR BRANCH W.A.	Miss Gladys Collins, 281 Woodbine Ave., Ho. 5103.
LITTLE HELPERS' BRANCH W.A.	Mrs. Gascoigne, 114 Oakcrest Av. Gr. 7119.
MEN'S CLUB	Sec. R. S. Scott, 14 Corley Ave. HO. 1912.
MEN'S BOWLING CLUB	J. McAdam, 5 Heyworth Crescent.
MOTHERS' SOCIETY	Mrs. F. Whittington, 21 Coxwell Avenue. Ha. 9362.
MOTHERS' UNION	Sec. Mrs. F. Walker, 2058 Gerrard St. E., Ho. 2966.
NORWAY BEAVER CLUB	Leader, Dr. E. A. Cummings, 2453 Danforth Avenue. Gr. 0857.
PARISH ASSOCIATION	Sec. Mrs. T. H. Warrington, 159 Elmer Ave., Ho. 3664.
SEXTON	Mellor Dunham, 43 Norway Avenue. Phone Howard 7806.
SUNDAY SCHOOL	
TENNIS CLUB	Sec. Mr. C. H. Pezzack, 315 Kenilworth Ave., Ho. 7152.
35th TROOP BOY SCOUTS	Scout Master, F. Arthur Willett, 520 Kingston Rd. Phone HO. 4386.
WOMEN'S AUXILIARY	Mrs. Rex PUNCHARD, 405 Kingston Road. Phone HO. 5343.
YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE CLASS	Leader, H. Bedford Beerman, 19 Keystone Ave. Grover 6357.