



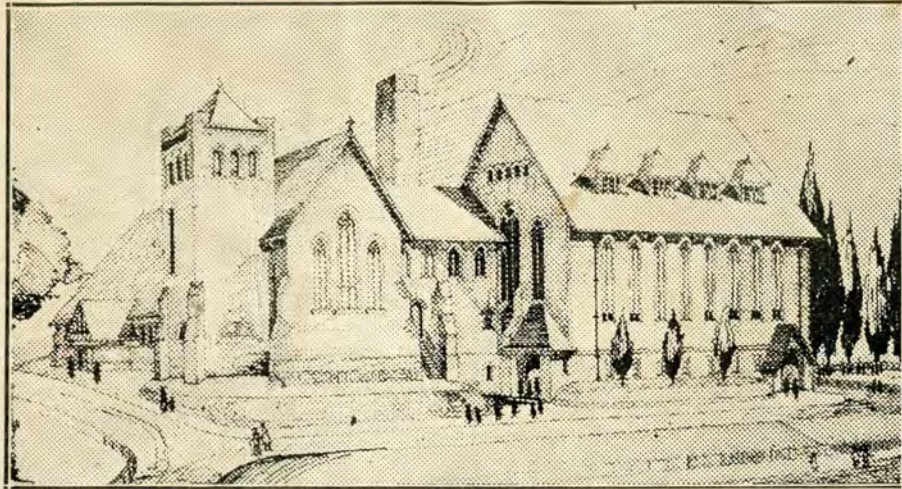
# St. John's Parish Monthly

JULY  
- 1936 -

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

Communications to T. W. Turff, 154 Cliff Crest Drive, Scarborough Bluffs, Ontario. Grover 4354.  
Treasurer, F. M. Mathias, 35 Lockwood Road, Howard 6652.

COX, Miss R.  
Anglican Residential School,  
Hudson Bay Co., Fort George  
Via Innessee, Ont.



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

## 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.  
Evening 7 p.m., on Sundays.  
**THE LITANY:**—On the second Sunday of the month at Morning Prayer.  
**SUNDAY SCHOOL:**—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, Trinity College, MI. 8411.  
**REV. F. E. FARNCOMB, B.A.,** Cemetery Chaplain, 16 Beachview Crescent, Grover 6955.  
**MISS MARY SHOTTER,** Deaconess, 500 Kingston Road, Grover 1236.

## ADVISORY BOARD

A. Y. P. A. ....	Sec., Miss Ormond Wilson, 2 Playter Crescent, GERRARD 4324.
CARILLONNEUR .....	Bruce Clark, 289 Waverley Road, Phone Howard 1035
CEMETERY OFFICE .....	256 Kingston Road, Howard 2965.
CHANCEL GUILD .....	Supt., Mellor Dunham, 182 Kingston Road, Howard 6113.
CHOIR .....	Sec., Miss M. Long, 56 Columbine Avenue, Howard 4265
	Organist-Choir Master, W. H. Mould, L.I.G.C.M., 310 Willow Av. Gr. 0247
	Sec., P. E. Coultart, HO. 7083.
CHURCH AND PARISH HOUSE .....	Corner Kingston Road and Woodbine Ave. (Queen Car), Howard 4560.
CHURCHWARDENS .....	Rector's Warden, Mr. F. M. Mathias, 35 Lockwood Road, HO. 6652.
	People's Warden, T. W. Turff, 154 Cliff Crest Drive, Grover 4354.
ECCLESIA GIRLS' BIBLE CLASS .....	Mrs. F. H. B. Saxon, 302 Lee Avenue, Grover 1779.
EVENING BRANCH W.A. ....	Sec., Mrs. H. D. Collins, 281 Woodbine Avenue, Howard 5103.
FLOWERS FOR ALTAR .....	Flower Sec., Miss Robertson, 266 Waverley Road, Howard 2709.
GIRL GUIDES .....	Betty Jameson, 186 Kingston Road, Howard 1600.
JUNIOR BRANCH W.A. ....	Marjorie Wilcock, 310 Woodbine Avenue, HOWARD 5459.
LADIES' LAWN BOWLING CLUB .....	Sec., Mrs. Caunter, 2 Hartford Avenue, Howard 9177.
LITTLE HELPERS' BRANCH W.A. ....	Mrs. H. Wadley, 87 Hammersmith Avenue, GR. 9756.
MEN'S BOWLING CLUB .....	J. McAdam, 5 Heyworth Crescent.
MOTHERS' SOCIETY .....	Mrs. Laraway, 75 Hannaford Avenue, GR. 5532.
MOTHERS' UNION .....	Sec., Mrs. F. Walker, 2088 Gerrard Street E. Howard 2966.
NORWAY BIBLE CLASS .....	Leader, A. W. Blakeley, 44 Beauford Road, GROVER 2854.
PARISH ASSOCIATION .....	Sec., Mrs. C. T. Coultas, 117 Hollywood Crescent, GROVER 1287.
SEXTON .....	Mellor Dunham, 182 Kingston Road, Howard 6113.
SIDESMEN'S ASSOCIATION .....	Sec. C. W. Walker, 68 Normandy Boulevard, GROVER 0992.
SUNDAY SCHOOL .....	Sec., Alf Nursey, 113 Burgess Avenue, Howard 6285.
TENNIS CLUB .....	Sec. Mr. Arthur Green, 151 Waverley Road, Howard 8981.
35th TROOP BOY SCOUTS .....	Scout Master, A. W. Nursey, 113 Burgess Avenue, Howard 6285.
WOMEN'S AUXILIARY .....	Mrs. A. H. Fisher, 15 Benlamond Avenue, GROVER 6741.
YOUNG MEN'S BIBLE CLASS .....	Leader, H. Bedford Beerman, 19 Keystone Avenue, Grover 6357.

# St. John's Parish Monthly

Editor—THE RECTOR

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

Volume 14

JULY, 1936

No. 165

## Rector's Letter

The Rectory,  
July, 1936.

Dear Brethren:

The month of June is always significant of two things—Weddings and the end of school term which means examinations. The marriage column in this number will testify to the fact of the many weddings, while countless numbers of school children have searched their brains in their effort to answer the questions on the examination paper.

Just in proportion as the scholars have applied themselves to their tasks so will they reap their reward. While examinations are not always an infallible test of the pupils application to study, yet on the whole they are a fair test. Of course all are not equally equipped mentally and highly gifted students will pass a brilliant examination while others not so gifted will stand much lower in the list. Yet there is always a chance of passing if one has only applied himself to the task. Many no doubt are lamenting that they did not make assiduously give themselves to their studies.

Now all life is comparable to examinations for life is a testing at any period. Our life is bound up with our past, and never can we make up for things done and things neglected at the proper time. We are what we are because of what we have been and what we have done. The proverbial new leaf which we are always going to turn over, the neglected duty which we are always going to do, somehow or other is never done, and we are the poorer for it, in fact and in character.

A very good motto which I saw the other day on a busy man's desk was "Do it now". Most people could adopt that motto with great benefit to themselves, both in things temporal as well as in things spiritual.

Solomon wrote wisely when he said "To everything there is a season and a time to every purpose under the Heaven"; "a time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance." It is the doing of the proper thing at the proper time, and the discreet proportioning of our time that makes the successful character and the successful life.

If June sees the examination it also sees the holiday season begun and countless thousands of children are always rejoicing in their freedom. The good City Fathers have provided us in Toronto with abundant parks and bathing beaches where the children can have the best of fun.

But for all of us there is a holiday at some time during the summer, and the rush for the country and the lake district has already begun.

The county clergy complain, that our city people set a bad example by their neglect of churchgoing in the Summer. Don't let us forget that God has just as much need of worship in the Summer as in the Winter, and also let us remember that the Devil is busy in the Summer too, and that we all need the spiritual stimulus of worship to keep us in the right way.

May you all have a holiday this Summer and come back refreshed and benefitted by the change and so be better enabled to discharge the duties of life.

Ever your friend and Rector,  
W. L. BAYNES-REED.

## WHAT WE NEED

Here is some good old-fashioned, quaint philosophy, taken from the "Crescent", of St. Paul's, under the heading, What This Country Needs:

What this country needs isn't more liberty, but fewer people who take liberties with our liberty.

What this country needs is not only a job for every man, but a real man for every job.

What this country needs isn't to get more taxes from the people, but for the people to get more from the taxes.

What this country needs is not more miles of territory, but more miles to the gallon.

What this country needs is not necessarily more tractors, but fewer detractors.

What this country needs isn't more young men making speed, but more young men planting spuds.

What this country needs is more paint on the old place and less paint on the young face.

What this country needs isn't a lower rate of interest on money, but a higher interest in work.

## 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.

Our Annual picnic was a huge success, members and their friends left the Parish Hall in cars driven by different members on Saturday, June the 27th. Some went swimming when they arrived and others played ball. Food was plentiful and a good time was had by all. Harold Mills and his Presidents team defeated Burns Ross and his Vice Presidents. Score was 1-0. After dark everyone went to Ye Olde Barne to dance to Bob Steel and his hay throwers. The new executive is well under way to insure you a big year in 1936-1937. Don't forget Camp Whitehouse where all the A.Y. members spend their leisure days. For information phone Harold Mills or Burns Ross.

Well Happy Holidays.

## MOTHERS' SOCIETY

At our meeting on June 4th we had 31 members present. Miss Shotter was with us and spoke to us from Hosea 14th chapter, 5th verse. "I will be as the dew unto Israel: He shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." We were pleased to hear that our Vice-President Mrs. Smallwood is slightly better and sorry that our old member Mrs. Hobson is very sick.

On June 11th we all attended the enrollment service, in church, for the Mothers' Union.

On June 18th at 1 p.m. we held our closing Luncheon for the season. Everyone present appeared to have a good time and declared this was the best one we had held so far. There was an abundance of everything, all donated by our members, and a nice sum was added to our funds.

Our meeting which started at 2.30 p.m. was the last one until September so we made arrangements for a get together picnic to Centre Island on July 16th. Miss Shotter was with us and spoke from the Epistle for the 1st Sunday after Trinity I St. John 4:7. "He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love." Opening hymn 620. Closing hymn 470. Members present, 38.

On June 25th we held our annual picnic to the home of Mrs. Gorrie, The Cottage Poultry Farm, Port Perry. The 'bus left the Parish House at 1 p.m. with a load of mothers all feeling happy and ready for a good time. This feeling lasted all day and the warm welcome we received from Mr. and Mrs. Gorrie showed the love they have for the Mothers' Society is still strong.

We all had a wonderful time and the little shower we had at supper time did not make any of us even feel damp as this is the finest weather the Mothers' Society have had in years on their picnic day. We arrived back at Parish House at 9 p.m. very happy indeed with the memory of another happy outing. A special word of thanks must be given to the driver of the bus. He certainly did everything possible to add to the enjoyment of our holiday.

Our next meeting is to be on Thursday, September 10th when we hope to have all our members present.

## THE TENNIS CLUB

Despite the loss of some of our good women players from last year's "A" team, St. John's again won their group in the Inter-Church, and have drawn a bye into the finals. These will be played at Upper Canada College next Thursday. St. John's opponents are St. Pauls, Bloor. A good deal of credit must be given to Mrs. E. Weall and Mrs. Gertie Green for the fortitude they displayed in coming up to the "A" group and winning most of their matches.

The "B" team had a much harder time and did not quite reach the top. They played more matches than the "A" and altogether made a very creditable showing. They certainly did have a good deal of fun and gathered considerable experience this year.

It was very pleasing to hear the words of praise of our new courts, uttered by the visiting teams. The courts are living up to all expectations and please everyone.

Provision has been made for a junior club this year. To date, not many have come along, but now that school is over we expect a considerable number of the younger folks to take advantage of this opportunity to play on real courts. The fee for juniors is \$2.50 per year. The age is up to 17 years. For conditions or privileges phone the Secretary, Harry Pezzack, or HO 7152.

There are still some vacancies in the Senior membership. Anyone wishing to join please get in touch with the Secretary, HO 7152 or any other member of the executive they may happen to know.

Most of the newer members in the Club are having a lot of fun, and much improvement is noted in their play. Next year, if the members continue to show ability we should have quite a strong team.

The Club Tournament will be starting in a couple of weeks and then the real fun of the year takes place.

Phone HArgrave 6231

**GARD & SON**

FLORIST

Wholesale and Retail

39 PAPE AVENUE

Prices on page 124, back Telephone Book

**A. E. Cook**

DIRECTOR OF FUNERAL SERVICE

Lombard 2245

721 Bloor Street West

**MOTHERS' UNION**

The Mothers' Union held their sixth enrollment Service in the Church on June 11th (St. Barnabas day). When sixteen new members were enrolled bringing our membership up to ninety-one members.

We are now the largest branch in the Diocese of Toronto. Fifty members were present.

The Rector took the Service using the special form of admission and spoke briefly on the aims and objects of the M.U. and how we individuals as St. Barnabas have special work to do.

Hymns No. 371 "Gracious Saviour who didst honour." Hymn No. 409 "Blest be the tie that binds," were sung.

We afterwards went to the Ladies' Parlor. The Rector gave a word of welcome to the new members.

Miss Shotter spoke briefly thanking the W.A. for their support, and mentioning this year as the M.U. Jubilee year would each member bring in one new member as her share in the work for our next Enrollment Service.

A social half hour was spent, refreshments were served.

**ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY) CHOIR**

Complete  
Happiness  
Objective  
In  
Resolving  
to  
Order  
U're  
Ticket for  
Ideal  
Next  
Gathering.

Having with much care and brain searching figured out the foregoing, I am reminded of the lady, who remarked to a very bored individual, when both had been listening to a crooner, that the art of crooning was very difficult, whereupon the bored individual in very decisive language said he "wished it were so difficult, as to be utterly impossible", but if I have made you, who scan this column, picnic minded, or outing minded, I will not blame you or even object if you consider me "out of minded". Tickets for the 23rd July are now on sale, and we have a good programme arranged for the day, and as previous years have given us the encouragement, of both fine weather and the goodly support of our friends, we look forward with perfect equanimity, to enjoy these two essentials at our venture in this year of grace 1936.

Phone Office: Howard 4768  
Evenings by Appointment

**DR. W. G. DAVIS**  
DENTIST

Corner Queen Street E. and Elmer Avenue  
Above Mitchell's Drug Store

**CHOIR OUTING  
PORT DALHOUSIE**

**THURSDAY, JULY 23rd.**

**TICKETS**

**ADULTS \$1.00, CHILDREN 50c.**

Available from all Choir Members  
or Phone HO 7083

The multifarious interests that go with this outing are so great that to all ages there is a special appeal to the appetite of enjoyment, all of us I suppose enjoy a trip across the lake, the bathers have the opportunity to disport the latest creation in bathing costume, the dancer to evolve a new style in pirouette, the study of the sky will interest some. (Mars, it is expected, will remain invisible) and music will make its appeal to others, and there are many other enjoyments to be had, too numerous to be detailed here. If my memory serves me aright, it was Queen Elizabeth, who said that at her death Calais would be found written on her heart, personally I hope to be at the outing and enjoy the time spent in the company of friends, therefore I will place my final two words on paper and say don't forget PORT DALHOUSIE.

**WOMAN'S AUXILIARY (Afternoon Branch)**

At the business meeting June 10th we had Mrs. Gossage of the Diocesan board who was very interesting. She told us that our thank offering goes to train missionaries and to pay for girls to learn nursing and dentistry which is needed so badly in the north country.

Mrs. Bonner read two most interesting letters one from our Prayer Partner Mrs. Attwater and one from Mrs. Beckett at Little Pine Reserve. A bale was also sent to W. A. House in aid of the Caledonia flood sufferers.

The closing luncheon on Wednesday, June 27th at the home of Mrs. A. H. Fisher was well attended. It was a most beautiful day although it thundered a few times. We were able to hand Mrs. Stewart our treasurer twenty dollars for W.A. funds. We wish to thank all those who in any way helped to make it such a success.

On July the 2nd a garden luncheon was held at the home of Mrs. W. Gascoigne, 114 Oakcrest Avenue. Being a lovely day we had a splendid turnout and so were able to raise a nice sum

**Remember your Church in your Will**

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

in aid of the W.A. booth at the forthcoming bazaar in the Fall.

As this is Vacation time we wish you all a joyous holiday and much deserved rest.

#### DEATHS IN THE PARISH

Mrs. Millie Ensom formerly of Silver Birch Avenue died in the Home for Incurables, aged 73 years. The interment was in Pine Hill Cemetery.

Gilbert J. B. Nelson, 7 Fairmount Crescent—a sales manager died of pneumonia, age 54.

Mrs. Margaret Macbeth wife of Robert J. Macbeth, 84 Beachview Crescent died after a very long illness bravely borne. The funeral service was held in the church with a large congregation gathered to express sympathy.

William Robert Gardner, Superintendent of the Consumers' Gas Company, residing at 435 Kingston Road, passed away after a long illness, age 69 years. The funeral was held in the Church and interment in St. John's Cemetery. He is survived by his widow and nine daughters.

Bruce Kenneth Robinson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Robinson, 11 Rainsford Road was accidentally burned and died in the Sick Childrens Hospital, age 16 months.

Reginald Townshend the infant child of Mr. and Mrs. James M. Townshend lived only 10 weeks and died in the Sick Childrens Hospital.

John Edward Riggall, 42 Hambly Avenue had reached the good age of 86 years and had been a worshipper at St. John's for over 40 years. He was for many years in charge of the Steele Briggs Seed Company's gardens on Queen St. East and was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him. Mrs. Riggall predeceased him several years ago.

Mrs. Mary Jones, wife of J. Richard Jones, 212 Kenilworth Avenue, died after a long illness, age 73.

Ethel May Segriff wife of Fred Segriff, 2367 Gerrard St. East had been ill for some time and was 47 years of age.

Mrs. Mary Jane Stephens, mother of Mrs. Tetley, 28 Dixon Avenue was 81 years of age at her death. The remains were taken to Halifax for burial.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Church of 141 Boston Avenue died at the residence of her son Thos Church, 41 Craven Avenue, age 70 years.

Mrs. Lillian Elizabeth Burrows wife of George Burrows, 507 Craven Road died of heart trouble, age 43 years.

Mrs. Alice Wright wife of James Wright, 1658 Gerrard St. East, died in her 54th year

Mrs. Elizabeth Sharrard wife of A. T. W. Sharrard, 1700 Queen St. East died after a brief illness. She had been a resident of the district for many years. The funeral was held from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Jones, 194 Snowdon Avenue to St. John's.

Herbert John Bushell a civic employee of 544 Kingston Road died in St. Michaels Hospital after a long illness. He was 63 years of age.

To all who mourn the loss of dear ones we extend our sincerest sympathy and pray that the consolation which our Christian faith affords may be theirs in their hour of sorrow.

#### A SONG OF CANADA

Sing me a song of the great Dominion!  
Soul-felt words for a patriot's ear!  
Ring out boldly the well-turned measure,  
Voicing your notes that the world may hear;  
Here is no starveling—Heaven forsaken—  
Shrinking aside where the nations throng;  
Proud as the proudest moves she among them—  
Worthy is she of a noble song.

Sing me the might of her giant mountains,  
Baring their bows in the the dazzling blue;  
Changeless alone, where all else changes,  
Emblems of all that is grand and true;  
Free as the eagles around them soaring;  
Fair as they rose from their Maker's hand;  
Shout, till the snow-caps catch the chorus—  
The white-topp'd peaks of our mountain land!

Sing me the pride of her stately rivers,  
Cleaving their way to the far-off sea;  
Glory of strength in their deep-mouth'd music—  
Glory of mirth in their tameless glee.  
Hark! 'tis the roar of the tumbling rapids;  
Deep unto deep through the dead night calls;  
Truly, I hear but the voice of Freedom  
Shouting her name from her fortress walls.

Sing me the joy of her fertile prairies,  
League upon league of the golden grain:  
Comfort, housed in the smiling homestead—  
Plenty, throned on the lumbering wain.  
Land of contentment! May no strife vex you,  
Never war's flag on your plains unfurl'd;  
Only the blessing of mankind reach you—  
Finding the food for a hungry world! . . .

—ROBERT REID.

Cambridge Lodge No. 54 S.O.E.B.S. paraded to church on Sunday afternoon, June 14th and held a decoration service later at their monument in the Cemetery. The Rector delivered the address. The scouts of the district attended Church in the evening of the same day.

1111 DANFORTH AVE.

HA. 3111

## Trull Funeral Home

Private Ambulance

Private Slumber Rooms and Family Suites

PHONE HOWARD 5712

## GEO. H. CREBER

CEMETERY MEMORIALS

208 KINGSTON ROAD

(Near St. John's Cemetery, Toronto)



## Wili A Reminiscence of Polynesia

By the Rev. R. F. Geddes, Vicar of Abbots Langley ; formerly Vicar of the Pro-Cathedral, Suva

**T**HERE are some memories I think we can never lose. And one of mine is my first Evensong in Suva, the capital of the Fiji Islands.

In the cool of the day, when the LORD God loved to walk in the Garden of Eden, I walked down the steep hill that led past the Pro-Cathedral straight on almost to the edge of the lagoon. Across the tree-tops that fringed the shore my eyes were drawn to the straight line of the reef that cut across the deep blue of the sea a mile away : a soft narrow line one minute, drawn with a delicate brush ; the next a broad wavering line, of startling whiteness. It was the big Pacific rollers breaking on the reef ; and the noise of the waves came faintly in low undertones that were lost unless you listened for them.

Presently I realized that the church bells had ceased to ring riotously up and down the scale. It was yet early for church, and I had paused before the porch. Looking up I met the joyous eyes of six little black boys leaning out of the bell tower just above my head ; their little faces shining with delight at having caught me so suddenly back to earth.

But they didn't draw me back to earth as they thought. My senses were still entranced by the miracle of beauty all around me—beauty of earth and sky and sea, of colour and sound and perfume. But what makes the picture live for me is the roguish delight on those shining faces. There and then I lost my heart to our Melanesian children.

Won't the missionary's heaven be something like that ? A dream of beauty resting his tired spirit ; and as he pauses at the gates of heaven, suddenly looking up to find his delighted black children

beaming down on him, waiting for his upward glance.

They were some of the fifteen boys from the Melanesian Hostel ; grandchildren of the men stolen from the Solomon Islands in Bishop Patteson's days to work in Fijian plantations. Their presence in Fiji is a sad memorial to the martyred bishop. They live in a few scattered villages clumped here and there, mostly around Suva, and are the special care of the Vicar of Suva, whom

"I met the joyous eyes of six little black boys"



they love with a dog-like devotion. They have a wooden church of their own in Suva, used for a school on weekdays. Into the altar is let a pane of glass, below which rests what is left of a piece of the knotted palm frond that lay on the dead body of Bishop Patteson when it was given back to his friends.

Wili was in charge of the hostel. I can see him now as I first saw him when the Bishop took me round for inspection. He was sitting on the end of the form that ran beside the trestle table at which the boys worked and ate their *taro*. He got slowly to his feet as we entered, for he was lame, from a tubercular knee, and walking was a burden to him, leaning heavily on sticks. The expression of his eyes bound me to him for as long as I could serve him. Fright, devotion, a great longing to please, and an



"He got slowly to his feet"

absolute sincerity were in them. What an ordeal it must have been for him, this official taking over by a new superintendent.

But if he drew my heart from me he quickly gave it back, enriched a thousandfold by the gift of all the simple treasures of his love and trust. Afterwards, those weekly inspections were a joy to us both. We would linger long together, gradually learning to understand each other better through the medium of broken English and more broken Fijian. For the Melanesians in Fiji have not even been able to preserve the language of their lost islands.

Wili's Bible was his greatest treasure, given to him years before by a missionary; treasured not only because of the giver, or because it was almost his only possession, but because of its words of life. Daily Wili pored over it during the long hours when he was alone; and always after inspection was over he would turn to it with that bright eager look which one keeps for one's dearest friends, and always there was some question for me to answer.

Very few Melanesians have Bibles. They are far too poor to buy them. The mission has no money to supply them. Not a child in the school possessed even a New Testament, until we bought a Fijian New Testament for each of the boys in the hostel. What a joy the giving was, only saddened by the thought that we couldn't give them to every child who could read. And how proud the boys were of them, and how carefully they stored them away in the pockets of their shirts, if they possessed a pocket, or in some mysterious fold of the *sulus* that girded their loins. They carried them with them everywhere, and for days even their beloved football was forgotten.

But Wili was not to be much longer at the hostel. His knee grew worse and he had to go to the hospital. There he stayed for months, for he got influenza and nearly died of it; and somebody else had to take charge of the hostel. It was always a rest to go and sit by his bed and talk to him. I was his only visitor, for his Melanesian friends could not bear to go near the hospital unless they had to. How his eyes would light up when he saw me, and then they would turn to his Bible that was always by his side, as if to say we had a friend in common, as indeed we had.

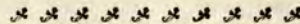
At last the doctor said I could take him home. His village was three miles off the main road, hidden away in a tangled valley. A rough and narrow footpath led to it, winding over hills barren of everything save a rank and almost impenetrable vegetation. The two Melanesian teachers and I took him in a taxi to the top of a hill where the

footpath dived into the undergrowth. Then we had to carry him on our backs the three miles to the village. It was a terribly hot day, with a steamy heat rising from the ground, and a sullen sun above. If it was distressing for us what must it have been for Wili? The greatest difficulty was to lower him gently from our backs on to the ground. The slightest jar caused him intense agony, and he could not stand until he had firm hold of his sticks. Have you ever tried lowering a heavy sack gently off your back? I gave in half-way up a hill, and had to lower Wili in a hurry. The two teachers who had done their turns had not yet come up, and one of them had Wili's sticks. But Wili's only murmur was for his own clumsiness.

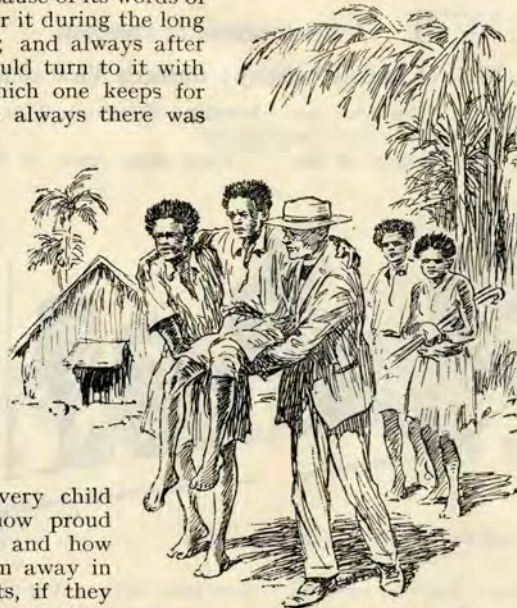
At last we approached the village, and men came running to help us. We carried him to his *buré* (native hut) and laid him on his mats. When he had rested a little—a very little, because he knew I had other work to do—he told me the dream of his life. It was to build a little native church in his own village. For years he had been saving up. At the hostel he had received eight shillings a month, and he had now twelve pounds in the Savings Bank. He begged me to draw out eleven pounds towards starting the little native church—enough, he thought, to buy the few necessary materials. The men would do the work themselves in native fashion for nothing but the love of God.

One pound he left in the bank for his old age.

A few days later I took him the money and said good-bye to him, for I was coming home. That was two years ago. I shall never see him again in this world; but if I ever get to heaven myself, I shall have been helped there by Wili's prayers, and his dear, happy black face will be one of the first I shall look for.



How much time can we give to God in definite "kneeling" prayer? This depends entirely on each individual, and varies with employment and the duties of this world. Most people can manage half an hour a day for mental prayer, usually before breakfast, even though the early rising that this entails may cut short social activities of the previous evening; some can find time for more. A regular time faithfully kept and used will bring light as to, and strengthen desire for, further time if such be possible; for God is to be supremely first in the plan of our lives, to be loved with all our strength. Yet the important point to remember is not that this hour or that half-hour, whatever we may give, of prayer, of intercourse with God, is a thing finished and accomplished when the clock strikes, but that its influence and effects are to spread over the whole day; our aim is to make all the day prayer, to "pray without ceasing."—SIBYL HARTON



"We carried him to his *buré*"

## St. Paul's Prayers and Ours

By the Right Rev. A. L. Karney, D.D., Bishop of Southampton

### II. OUR WEAKNESS AND GOD'S POWER

**I**N the last paper we saw the importance of finding time if we are to improve our prayers, and that prayer was the elevation of the mind to God.

Now I want to take you to a great schoolmaster in the Art of Prayer, St. Paul. In the next three papers we shall consider some of St. Paul's wonderful prayers. I hope you may be interested enough to learn those prayers by heart.

St. Paul was a busy man, but he prayed while he worked, and he went on praying when he could no longer work. The prayers of St. Paul we are to study were all written when he was a prisoner at Rome. They are taken from what are called the Epistles of the Captivity: Ephesians, Colossians, Philippians. It must have been a terrible trial to be bound there in Rome, when people were calling for his aid and advice from all the Churches, but St. Paul finds there is one thing he can do, and that is to pray for his converts. The prayers we are to study are all intercessory prayers, that is, prayers for other people. As we study them, we shall learn how to intercede for others, but we may, I think, turn the "you" into "we" or "us." We may legitimately use them for ourselves as well as for others, because our LORD taught us so to pray. "When ye pray, say, *Our FATHER*, give *us* our daily bread."

The first of these prayers is at the end of the first chapter of the Ephesians (verses 15-20).

"For this cause I . . . cease not to give thanks for you, making mention of you in my prayers; that the GOD of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, the FATHER of glory, may give unto you a spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Him; having the eyes of your heart enlightened, that ye may know what is the hope of His calling, what the riches of the glory of His inheritance in the saints, and what the exceeding greatness of His power to usward who believe . . . which He wrought in CHRIST, when He raised Him from the dead, and made Him to sit at His right hand in the heavenly places."

In one word, this is a prayer for *Illumination*. St. Paul prays that his converts may have the eyes of their heart enlightened, that GOD may open their eyes to see what a wonderful thing it is to be a Christian. It means, first of all, that GOD has called them. Therefore He wants them. There can be no despair or doubt if we really believe that GOD wants us, or better still, that GOD wants those for whom we, like St. Paul, are praying. That is what he means by the hope of His calling. GOD has called us and those for whom we pray, because He wants us, and that fills us with hope.

Secondly, St. Paul prays that they may see what a wonderful inheritance is theirs. They were poor in this world's goods, not many rich, not many mighty were called. But because GOD has called

them they are rich—rich because GOD is rich and generous. There is a great deal in the New Testament about the riches of GOD. He is said to be rich in mercy, rich in grace, rich in glory. And how generous He is, is proved by the greatest gift of all. "GOD so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten SON." "Thanks be unto GOD for His unspeakable gift." We are to share with our LORD all the riches of GOD, the fullness of GOD—gifts far better than gold or diamonds: peace which passeth understanding, joy as we know our LORD to be near us, courage to do the right, hope for this world and the next. The treasures that GOD gives are beyond price. St. Paul prays that his converts may see this, and may realize what things are worth having and what are not. That, after all, is what the saints do. It is the inheritance of the saints. Here is the whole art of living, the secret of happiness.

The third request of St. Paul is that they might realize GOD's power. It is all very well to be hopeful and to realize what a rich thing it is to be a Christian, to see *why* we should be Christians. But the difficulty is, *how* is one to be a Christian? St. Paul knew that these people in or near Ephesus, for whom he was praying, were living in the midst of such wickedness as we can scarcely understand. They had once shared in this wickedness themselves. That they were tempted to gross sin, impurity, lying, drunkenness, stealing, this Epistle to the Ephesians shows. So he prays now that they may have light to realize the power of GOD. The same power which entered the lifeless body of JESUS and raised Him from the dead to share GOD's throne in heaven, that same power is ours to change, to quicken, to raise us.

To sum up—St. Paul prays that his converts may have the divine illumination within, so that they may realize what it means to be called by GOD. What GOD means to give us is a place among the saints; and the power of GOD to change us, so that we may be fit for our place in the Church, the Body of CHRIST, "the fullness of Him that filleth all in all."

Here is a fine prayer to pray for our friends. It lifts the whole idea of intercession to the highest level. Here were people in danger of being thieves or drunkards, yet equally capable of being heirs of GOD's inheritance. Is it not certain that a great part of St. Paul's amazing success as a missionary was due to the fact that he believed in his converts? Theirs was a high destiny. GOD could do anything with them, if they would give Him the opportunity.

I would suggest that those who read these words turn to the first chapter of the Ephesians, and learn this great prayer by heart—at any rate to the end of verse 20, and then use the prayer, first for relations, sons, daughters, brothers, sisters; then for friends, for the parish priest, and others. And then, turning the "you" into "we" or "us," let us use it for ourselves.



This, and the prayer we shall consider later in Colossians (Col. i. 9), make good prayers to use after Holy Communion. Two prayers we shall consider next, Ephesians iii. 14, and Philippians i. 9, are great prayers to use in preparation for Communion.

When we have thanked God for His unspeakable gift, we go on to pray that we may be worthy of it,

that His light may shine into our hearts so that we may realize that it is GOD Who is calling us because He wants us, that it is GOD Who is offering us a share of His riches, that it is GOD so strong that He could raise CHRIST from the Cross to the throne Who can make new creatures of us, by the very Life we have just received at the Table of the LORD.

## Beasts and All Cattle

A Sunday Morning Sketch

By Ita May

**M**Y early morning walk to church is beset with animals, but as I am forewarned be sure I go forearmed, unless indeed I have weakly lain ten minutes longer in bed; then is my walk such a series of disappointments that I arrive at church broken in spirit.

But as a rule I have my ten minutes well in hand, and as I pass through the kitchen I fill my pockets, inner and outer, with sugar, bits of bread, a potato cut in half, perhaps on gala days an apple or a carrot, and take an empty basket from the peg; then I pour a little milk into each of the blue and white saucers that stand on either side the range. Only a dribble, for on a farm very little milk finds its way indoors, nearly all ours goes straight in shiny churns to London. I open the back door and Amanullah and Sooty bound in. Sooty goes straight through to his saucer but Amanullah, who is a grandmother in spite of her name, is a purracious creature, and stops to rub herself ecstatically against my legs and welcome the hand that rubs her ears. However, I must hurry on and so must Amanullah, or Sooty will undoubtedly proceed to finish off her milk as well as his own.

Jimmy joins me outside; for a long time I tried to persuade him that church was not for dogs, but Jimmy knew better. There was a thick doormat in the porch; what was it for if not for him to lie on? The only trouble arises if any worshipper arrives even later than myself. This is so unusual that Jimmy thinks it only right to investigate with much care and a good deal of noise the ankles of such a suspicious person, and I then have to arise from my knees and go to the rescue.

As we breast the rise of "Lower-Above-Town" (all our meadows have charming resounding names) Nimbo, my shaggy moor pony, sights us and comes trotting to intercept us. Two lumps of sugar and a certain amount of nose-rubbing are Nimbo's dues, but she is curious as to my other pockets and generally manages to extricate at least half a piece of bread. She noses all round my empty basket, and as it is a deep one gets it jammed on her nose and is so pleased to have it pulled off that she at last leaves me in peace.

Peg and her week-old calf Curly are in possession of "Four Acre." Curly is most inquisitive and friendly, but Peg with suspicious moos recalls her, and I am only allowed to rub Curly's back with my stick before she is firmly removed to the other side of the meadow.

Then we cross the road, a horrid traffick-some road, on which motors pass two or more in an hour sometimes, besides bicycles. Jimmy is nervous and keeps between my feet. However, we are soon over the stile and crossing the stubble field into the park. Here, if by any chance we have forgotten her, Polly's lamentable voice reminds us of the fact that there is nothing to eat behind the railings, that donkeys do not really enjoy thistles, and have we by any chance a piece of potato about us? We have, and after watching the white donkey with envy a brown pony comes up. He won't let me touch him but enjoys a piece of bread thrown from a safe distance.



"Nimbo comes trotting to intercept us"

The church bell is ringing down, and I hurry up the steep flight of steps through the little door in the wall, and there just outside the lych-gate am stopped by Mr. Rufus; his family lie in bed late on Sunday morning, and Rufus has been sitting hopefully on the slate steps for an hour or so. Can I do anything about it? I am afraid not, for I have not yet found anything pocketable that Rufus enjoys. Still he welcomes me just the same, and walks along the church path by my side, waving his beautiful Persian tail, while Jimmy, who is frightened of him, runs ahead pretending not to notice. The bell has stopped some minutes ago, I am late again, but perhaps it is as well, for then Jimmy will not have to hold the mat against all comers.

On the return journey I meet my friends in the reverse order, and they understand that there is only time for a pat or scratch as we pass. I fill up my basket with hedge parsley, sow thistles, dandelions, and other delicacies and deposit its contents on my return at the feet, or rather beneath the agitating nose of Guinevere, who lets me stroke her chinchilla coat the while.

Somehow I am often late for breakfast on Sunday mornings.



# A SAFE SECRET

by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds



## SYNOPSIS

OLD MISS CHARLOTTE TRUEMAN occupies a comfortless house named "Medina Villa"; her friendless condition is due to her miserly ways. She welcomes the arrival of her niece DELIA, as she hopes the girl will do a maid's work for no wages. Delia, however, demands a proper salary and liberty to attend a Training College. Here she gets to know ANNE LOCKYER, and through her MR. DALE, the Vicar of St. Clement's. She visits Anne's home, and learns from MR. LOCKYER that her aunt is not so poor as she pretends to be. As a result of this visit Delia meets CECIL ALDERSON, and a friendship quickly develops between them. DERMOT, the black sheep of the Lockyer family, also begins to take an interest in Delia.

The story continues—

## CHAPTER XII

### A STROKE

"NOW who's that?" cried Mrs. Fielding querulously. "Sure as ever I think I can snatch half an hour to see me friends, that dratted door bell rings."

"It's all right, Mrs. Fielding, I'll go up," said Miss Ellis soothingly as she rose from her chair and ascended the basement staircase, which was steep.

The two ladies below listened, hearing nothing through the closed door but the mere fact that some one had come in and was speaking with Miss Ellis.

It was too much for Mrs. Fielding's curiosity. She sprang from her chair, opened the door, and heard Miss Ellis say,

"Certainly, my dear, certainly, I am sure Mrs. Fielding will be only too glad—"

Then after an interval, during which steps crossed the entrance hall, Miss Ellis called down the stairs,

"Mrs. Fielding, here is Miss Delia Trueman with sad news. Her great-aunt has had a stroke, and she has come to beg leave to use your telephone to call up the doctor."

It is wonderful how the better side of every one comes out in a case of sudden trouble. Mrs. Fielding bustled upstairs and greeted the white and shaken Delia,

"My poor child, you're welcome of course. Come into the smoking-room—the 'phone's there—and Dr. Hesse's number is one O three O—such an easy number to remember."

"Oh, thank you." Delia grabbed the receiver eagerly and called at once. Dr. Hesse was not in, but expected back every minute; he should be informed the moment he returned.

"O Mrs. Fielding, now I come to think of it," put in Miss Ellis, trembling with eagerness, "surely Dr. Hesse is along this road at Bank House, he nearly always goes to see Mr. Jones just about this time; I wonder if we could waylay him?"

"Oh, do let us try!" begged the girl half distracted. "I am all alone in the house, not even the char, and I can't get my aunt upstairs alone—"

"Come along!" cried Miss Ellis, snatching up an old

cloak from a hall peg; and the two rushed out together into the dark road, along the near side of which, sure enough, there was visible the glimmer of a red tail-light.

"Run!" gasped Miss Ellis. "He may come out any minute," and in fact the figure of a man emerged from the gate before which the car stood, before the girl's flying feet reached it. "Doctor!" she cried despairingly; and to her relief her cry was heard.

It was the work of a very few moments to beg him to turn his car and go back to Medina Villa.

The two elder ladies were standing on the pavement just outside the forbidding door, conversing in agitated tones. As Delia came flying back they eagerly volunteered that a message should be sent to Mrs. Robson, the charwoman, begging her to come round prepared to stay the night.

"Oh, please; that would be the kindest thing you could do. If the doctor should send in a nurse, I must have help in getting things ready."

Even as she spoke the car drew up at the gate and the girl ran into the house, followed by the doctor and Miss Ellis. Mrs. Meek, who knew Mrs. Robson's address, departed on this errand of mercy, and Mrs. Fielding, who had never been inside the Villa before, crept hesitatingly into the hall and closed the door against the winter blast.

On the sitting-room hearth-rug, her head resting on a sofa pillow, lay the motionless form of Charlotte Trueman.

An offensive odour of singed leather and woollens filled the air. The poor woman must have fallen with one leg in the fender and, when Delia walked in, ashes had fallen upon it and her skirts and shoe were smouldering.

It was all the girl could do to drag the poor creature into safety, extinguish the fire, and push a pillow under the head.

Then, as the victim was evidently completely unconscious and insensitive to pain, she decided that it would be best to summon the doctor before doing anything else.

"What a mercy I put it into her head to let me have that Yale key," she said gaspingly. "If I hadn't been able to get in this evening, she would have been burned to death."

Meanwhile, the doctor was bending over his patient, making a swift preliminary examination.

Presently he said, "The first thing to be done is to get her to bed and undressed. You say you found her like this?"

"Yes. Lying partly in the fender, and all stiff. I felt sure she was dead, till I found her heart was beating, I am afraid she is severely burned."

"That will add a good deal to the shock to her system. The first thing to be settled is whether you send her to the hospital or have her nursed here."

Delia hesitated. She hardly knew what to reply. She had heard the old lady express the greatest abhorrence of all hospitals, and also a fixed dislike for what

the pluck to send him a note to tell him of what had happened and to explain that she would not be able to go to her class the following afternoon.

She wished he knew. She felt sure of his sympathy. Suddenly she pulled herself up. The intensity of her longing was showing her how much stronger than she had realized was her feeling for this half stranger.

Sternly she told herself that perhaps what was now happening to her was a good thing. It showed her where she stood. Was she falling in love with a chance acquaintance, like a girl in a penny novelette, when she ought to have all her powers concentrated upon her future career?

Looking back it seemed that she could remember every word Alderson had ever said, every look he had given her since they first met.

Groping their way home together through the fog!

That fog had cleared; so might this; and Delia knew she had to face things bravely and not to yield to feelings.

Slipping out of bed she said an extra prayer, a prayer for courage to carry on with her duty. Then she lay down again, put the thought of Cecil aside, and was soon fast asleep.

(To be continued)

## Tintagel

By the Rev. E. Hermitage Day, D.D., F.S.A.

**I**N all the wild and wonderful coast of Cornwall there is no place more beautiful than Tintagel. Here a bold headland, all but an island, juts into the sea, sheltering the tiny haven of a few fishing-boats, joined to the mainland by a



THE CASTLE [Hayman & Son

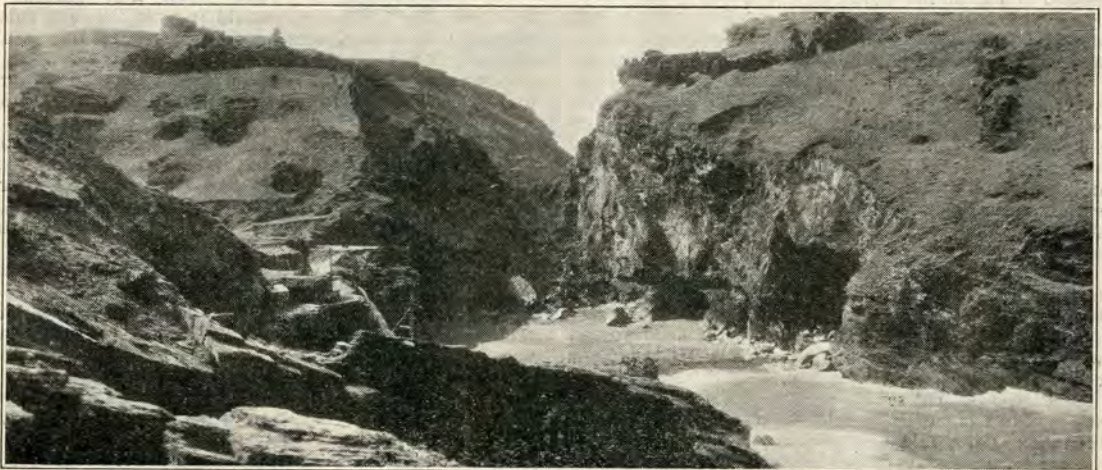
narrow ridge of rock pierced at the level of the sea by a tunnel through which the waves roar and thunder at high tide. The military art of the Middle Ages defended by massive walls on the mainland and headland the one narrow path by which the natural stronghold could be approached; only treachery could have brought about the surrender of such a fortress to an attacking force.

The old church of St. Madrun overlooks the castle from the edge of the mainland cliff. It has need of all the strength of its rugged Norman

building, for it is swept by wintry gales from the Atlantic, gales at times so fierce that even the headstones in its graveyard have to be buttressed against their force. The church is remote from the village, but summer visitors from every part of England return to it year by year with delight in the beauty and devotion of the worship offered there.

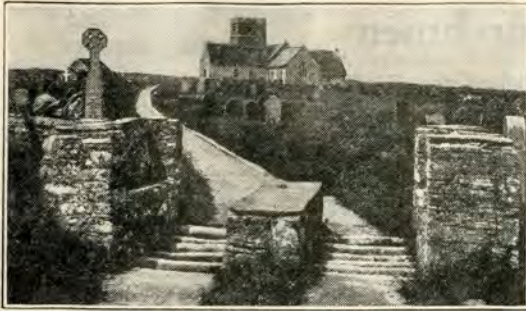
Tintagel is a place very notable in that strange legend of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table which spread so widely over Britain and Brittany, leaving its memory in place-names from Cornwall to the Clyde. Scholars will debate to the end of time how much of truth the legend contains. We can only be sure that through the golden mist of romance with which poets and early historians have surrounded King Arthur we can dimly see the figure of a warrior-king whose noble character drew to his side men of like qualities with himself, knights vowed to "live pure, speak truth, right wrong, follow the King," and who strove to leave the world better than he found it. Tennyson gave new life to the legend in his *Idylls of the King*, gleaning from many mediaeval sources, setting the great figures in a rich and varied landscape, adding a great deal of his own, which was perhaps no less true than what he found and used.

At Tintagel, the legend runs, King Arthur was



"The tiny haven of a few fishing boats"

[Will F. Taylor



THE CHURCH AND STILE [F. Frith &amp; Co.]

born, the son by Gorlois of Igerne, whose husband Uther, Lord of Tintagel, Gorlois had slain. Tennyson tells the more fanciful story of the bright dragon-ship that came into Tintagel cove in a dismal night, at whose departing there rose a flaming wave :

" And down the wave, and in the flame was borne  
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,  
Who stooped and caught the babe, and cried ' The King ! ' "

But after that Tintagel was little concerned with a king riding to his adventures.

It is a lovely legend, one of the great legends of the world. But the truth is, as we have lately learned, that monks and not kings and knights were dwelling on Tintagel headland at the time when King Arthur is supposed to have lived.

There is scarcely an islet round our coasts that does not keep some memory of lonely saints whose work, and still more whose prayers, helped to bring about the conversion of Britain. Hawker of Morwenstow, the poet-priest of Cornwall, sang of them :

" They reared their lodges in the wilderness,  
Or built them cells beside the shadowy sea,  
And there they dwelt with angels, like a dream ! "

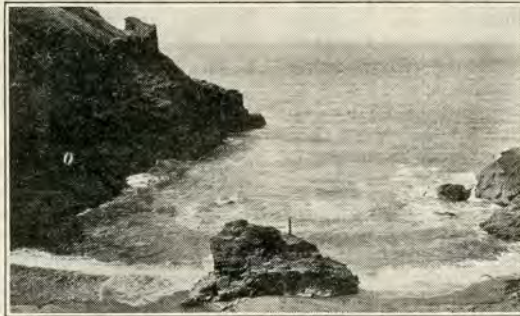
We think at once of Iona, St. Columba's strong base for the conversion of the North ; of Lindisfarne and its neighbouring islets, where St. Aidan founded a house after the model of Iona and carried the Cross of CHRIST through Northumbria ; of Bardsey, the Holy Island of Wales ; of Inismurray and the Skelligs off the Irish coast. There the Celtic monks lived at first in cells of the simplest building, scarcely to be distinguished from the rocks to which they clung, scarcely sheltering their inmates from the frequent storms. Such places were a refuge when the mainlands were ravaged by war. The severity of the life is the answer to any charge of selfish retirement from the world. And in the heart of the Celtic monk two very different desires always contended ; he longed for solitude and a life of ordered prayer and manual work, but also he longed passionately to bring souls

to God. So his times of withdrawal from the world to these island sanctuaries were balanced by other times of active missionary work.

And this is the true romance of Tintagel. King Arthur may have been born there, but the castle has no association with him. The ruined walls that we see were built centuries after his time. But only a few months ago the spade revealed the true history of the headland ;

it was an early home of those knights of CHRIST the King, the Celtic monks. It is now clear that so early as the sixth century, at its very beginning, a hermit lived there who was followed by others, until all the sheltered parts of the headland were occupied by groups of cells. In the Norman chapel of the later castle the service of God was continued almost on the spot where these monks had prayed, but the simple monastery of the Celtic monks had died out before the Normans came. The rude walls of their cells have been found, and some of their graves. A spring in the middle of the headland and a plot of garden ground gave them food and drink. Their wants were few.

Dream, then, at Tintagel if you will of Arthur and his Knights. The legend is of good men who set themselves to war against evil and cruelty, and to make their world better. But remember also those other Knights of the Cross of whom we now have some real knowledge, who fourteen centuries ago vowed their whole lives to God's service and to the preaching of His holy Gospel.

DOORWAY IN THE CASTLE  
(Will F. Taylor)

TINTAGEL BAY [Will F. Taylor]



THE OLD POST OFFICE [F. Frith &amp; Co.]

# Some Great English Churchmen

Of the Sixteenth and  
Seventeenth Centuries

By the Rev. R. V. H. Burne, Principal of the Knutsford Test School

## III. RICHARD BANCROFT (1544-1610)



RICHARD BANCROFT  
(W. F. Mansell)

THE "spacious days of Queen Elizabeth" ended very abruptly and the men who surrounded James I were cast in a smaller mould. Just as in politics a Burleigh is succeeded by a Buckingham and in literature a Shakespeare is succeeded by a Ben Jonson, so in matters ecclesiastical it is not surprising to find that the gentle Parker and pious Whitgift should be succeeded by the bustling, businesslike Bancroft.

Yet Bancroft came to the front just at the time when those businesslike qualities were badly needed. There was a great deal of clearing up to be done, even if Elizabeth's Reformation settlement was going to stand. But it was by no means certain that it was. Her death threw the whole matter into the melting-pot once more, and the Papists on the one hand and the Puritans on the other each thought that they saw their chance of restoring their religion as the national religion. The country might return to the Papal fold, or it might cut itself altogether from the Catholic tradition by abolishing Episcopacy and establishing Presbyterianism. The fact that James was the son of the Catholic Mary Queen of Scots was an argument in favour of the former policy; the fact that he was king of Presbyterian Scotland was in favour of the latter. That neither of these things took place and that the Elizabethan settlement was made permanent was largely due to Bancroft.

Richard Bancroft was a Lancashire man by birth with that thirst for knowledge which was typical of the Elizabethan age, and with—it must be confessed—a thirst also for preferment. It is said that he became chaplain to Sir Christopher Hatton, not one of the most reputable of Elizabeth's courtiers, solely because of the influence of his patron. Yet we can acquit him of a purely selfish ambition. He might have said with truth, 'I know that I can save the Church of England, and that no one else can.' And so he pushed his way to the top. As the moving spirit in the Court of High Commission during the reign of Elizabeth he had been able to obtain a first-hand knowledge of the various parties in the Church. As Bishop of London (1597) he continued what might almost be called his police work, arresting recusants, censoring the press, supervising the Universities. It was at

this time that he took the risk of actually encouraging the secular Roman Catholics in England because they were at daggers drawn with the Jesuits. He allowed them to publish some books, and he facilitated an appeal which they made to Rome, knowing very well that the more they quarrelled among themselves the weaker they would become as a political force. The wisdom of the serpent indeed!

Whatever hopes the Roman Catholics had of obtaining even the right to practise their own religion were destroyed by the foolish Gunpowder Plot, but the Puritans were a much more serious danger. Their hopes were destroyed by the Hampton Court Conference in which Bancroft played a leading part.

The Puritans presented their case with great tact, and as long as they complained only of the ignorance or non-residence of the clergy they were on strong ground. Bancroft, who was the king's chief adviser, played into their hands when he lost his temper with Dr. Reynolds, their spokesman, and brought down on himself a rebuke from the king. He called them "schismatics, and the maintainers of all the schismatics in the land," adding that they greatly abused his Majesty's patience in coming before him in their Turkey gowns, more likely to conform themselves to Turks than to the orders of our Church. Whereupon his Majesty said to the Bishop, "My Lord, you are too hot." But when the Puritans at last made it clear that what they really wanted was Presbyterianism in place of Episcopacy James would listen no more. "When I mean to live under a presbytery, I will go into Scotland again," he said. And so the Elizabethan settlement survived and the way was now clear for those very necessary reforms which Bancroft wished to bring about.

The great problem was the ignorance, the poverty, and the disobedience of the clergy and the lack of any effective control over them. The ignorance was due to the fact that in Elizabeth's reign no questions were asked about a candidate's learning; if he would take the Oath of Supremacy and promise to use the Prayer Book he was ordained. The poverty is accounted for chiefly by the fall in the purchasing power of money, which was now only half what it was in 1530, or to put it in another way, prices had doubled since that date. But there was also to be considered the rapacity of the lay patrons who often required an incumbent to promise them part of the value of the living before they would appoint him. Also the clergy were now for the most part married men trying to live on a stipend which had been fixed for celibate priests. The result was that a seventh of the clergy were pluralists. It was the only way they could live.

The disobedience of the clergy was due mainly to the Puritan leanings of so many of them. Control was lacking because the Reformation had weakened the authority of the bishops. Episcopal

visitations were formalities, and nothing ever resulted from them.

Such were the problems which Bancroft set himself to tackle when he became Archbishop of Canterbury in 1604, but Parliament, being Puritan in temper, refused him any help, and he was thrown back on his own resources. First of all he made episcopal visitations a reality and reformed the Church courts. In order that the clergy might no longer have any excuse for disobedience he codified the Canon Law, forming canons out of mediaeval Canon Law supplemented by the various Advertisements and Injunctions of Elizabeth's reign. These canons are still in force, though many of them are now out of date, and a reform of them seems to be overdue.

The problem of the poverty of the clergy Bancroft tried to meet by getting the payment of tithe in kind restored. In many parishes composition had been made, and the money paid to the parson

was by no means in proportion to the current value of the produce tithed. Also wherever possible he joined two livings together.

He had but a short time in which to do all this, for he died in 1610. He was not as attractive a character as his two great predecessors, for he had a quick temper and his gifts were those of the administrator rather than of the scholar or the mystic. But as soon as he was made Archbishop he surprised everybody by the gentle and conciliatory spirit which he displayed, and it was due to him that neither Puritans nor Roman Catholics gave much trouble after the Hampton Court Conference. His great contribution to the Church of England was the restoration of law and order after the chaos created in the early stages of the Reformation, and his insistence that, "Protestant" though the Church of England might be called, she would never give up her Catholic heritage.

## Over the Teacups

### Competitions

THE summer holidays are here, and for many people the warmer days bring rest and refreshment in the country or by the sea. Now, too, it is possible for book-lovers to indulge themselves and read without interruption and with a guiltless conscience, for there is nothing else which ought to be done, there is no harassing duty calling. So, for this month's Competition, will you send a **list of three or four books which you would like to take on a holiday, and, quite shortly, give reasons for your choice?** This should prove a very interesting subject, as tastes vary so very much, and there must be many opinions on the choice. The First Prize is 10s., the Second, 5s.; and 2s. 6d. will be paid for any entry (not a prize winner) printed in THE SIGN. Entries must be written on one side of the paper only, must be addressed "Over the Teacups," c/o The Editor of THE SIGN, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1, and must reach us not later than Friday, July 17th. The result will be announced in the September SIGN. The Editor's decision is final on all points.

Appetites are always apt to flag in hot weather, but a dish daintily set out is refreshing both to the eye and to the palate, and need not be at all troublesome for the house-keeper. For making attractive dishes, aspic jelly is a useful foundation, and, fortunately, it is now possible to buy this in packets. For a cold supper, first put in a mould a layer of this jelly, then slices and dice of vegetables, meat, hard-boiled eggs, fish, etc., then another layer of jelly, and so on till the mould is full. Served with a good salad, is all that could be desired.

For a sweet here is a recipe which won the Second Prize in our February "Left-overs" Competition. It was sent by Mrs. Cleary, Keyhanen Post Office, Lymington, and is called "Porcupine Jelly." Rub through a wire sieve some stewed prunes, and make the juice and pulp up to nearly a pint with water. Dissolve a pint lemon jelly with hot water and mix with the pulp and fluid, and put into a plain mould to set. When set, turn out, and slice some blanched almonds in long strips. Stick them over the jelly to resemble a porcupine, and serve with custard or whipped cream.

It has been said, with a great deal of truth, that English people do not take trouble with herbs, and that they only dry Sage and Thyme. But, as a matter of fact, our choice is almost unlimited: Chervil, Elder Flowers, Fennel, Parsley, Mint, Marjoram, Burnet, and Basil are only a few in the list, and are all available during this month. They are in the best condition for drying just before they begin to flower, and should not be gathered in the heat of the sun. It is really a good plan to dry them before a fire, as the more quickly they are dried the more effectually is their flavour preserved. When quite dry, the leaves should be picked off the stalks, rubbed to powder, and passed through a wire sieve; then the powder should be put into small, dry bottles, and tightly corked.

Jam-time is on us. Housekeepers are apt to be heated and anxious over their various recipes. Really there is nothing so delicious and wholesome as **home-made jam**, when it tastes of the freshly-gathered fruit, and is firmly—but not too firmly—set. Over-boiling is the greatest



DITTISHAM ON THE DART

[Staniland Pugh]

calamity, as it destroys altogether the flavour, goodness, and even the colour. To avoid this, there are several preparations to supply the "pectin," which, as "every woman knows," is the element which makes jam "set." Of these, "Zett" is well-known and handy. The use of this pectin

not only preserves the flavour and colour, but saves time, and, consequently, fuel, as the whole operation is speeded up; and the result is always satisfactory.

"Zett" is made by Messrs. Bovril Ltd., 148 Old Street, E.C.1, who will send a booklet about it on receipt of a postcard.

## The Design By Marjorie Parker

Mavis sighed as she threaded her needle with white linen thread, and settled down to work over the faint blue triangles and ladders which patterned her corner of a large cloth.

She could not help looking enviously across at the next table, where a cheerful group of girls were filling in brilliant patches of gold and orange upon a rich blue background.

"But why have you hidden the rest of the design with tissue paper, Miss Dessin?" asked a voice.

"It would be much more exciting to see the whole pattern as we worked," said another girl. "I can't tell whether this is going to be a dragon's foot or the tail of St. Anthony's pig."

Miss Dessin's eyes twinkled through her glasses.

"My dears, it would only perplex you if you saw the whole pattern spread out. You'll get far more out of it if you only look at a little piece at a time. Now pin your needles firmly on your work, and go for a run down to the river. I will see that your work doesn't blow away."

The out-door needlework class scampered happily away, but Mavis lingered to finish the tiny rung of a ladder, which she was stitching. Besides, she wanted to voice her grumble.

Miss Dessin was bending over the colourful embroidery at the next table, with a little frown.

"Theirs is such easy work, with such quick results," Mavis complained.

"But they don't make much progress," retorted Miss Dessin: she gave the material a little pull as she spoke, and the golden threads which had been carelessly fastened off came undone in her hand. Mavis saw that the girls with whom she had wished to exchange had accomplished nothing.

"I can't understand Betty's wanting to do the white work," said Mavis hastily. "See how nicely she has stitched this silver bird."

"Betty is a sensible girl," replied Miss Dessin. "She saw that the threads in her silver bird were already tarnishing, and she wanted to put her skill into work which would last. Why, Mavis, it is because I think so highly of you and Betty that I have given you the fine white sewing, which seems so difficult now, but which will outlive you, and perhaps be a joy to your children."

Mavis was still thinking of this when she reached home, and found her Mother sitting with bent head in

the tiny garden, while Granny, from her arm-chair under the apple tree, tried to comfort her.

"It's no use," Mother was saying, "if I could only see a little bit ahead, and knew what was coming, it would make things easier. Why should I lose the children's Daddy, and have to struggle on under a tumble-down thatch, while Mabel

Johnson lives in a semi-detached villa and drives her own car?"

"But, Mummy, that's all she can do," chuckled Mavis. "You know you would much rather make a home for us than just sit by the fire and say, 'More hot water, Mary,' and 'Didn't you hear me ring for coal?'"

"It's just like my embroidery," she went on. I expect God thinks if He lifted the tissue paper and showed you all the design, you would be too worried to do any more. But the design will be worth seeing if we stick at it, won't it, Granny?"

Granny paused for a moment to look back at the tapestry of her own life.

She saw so clearly, now, that the gay threads in the design stood out more bravely because of the dark shadows which surrounded them.

"Yes, Mavis," she said, "it's a fair picture, if we trust Him enough to work in what He is pleased to show us the whole."



"She wanted to voice her grumble"

at His pattern until He

whole."



### OUR WEAVING

OUR days are swifter than the weaver's shuttle;  
Life rushes on.

So soon as each day comes it passes,  
And it is gone.

Swiftly across the loom the shuttle flashes,  
Plying its way:

Across Time's loom we weave life's coloured fabric  
From day to day.

Is it a lovely pattern we are weaving?  
A fair design?

And will the golden threads of charity  
Through the cloth shine?

When the last thread is woven, the spool empty,  
At set of sun,

Will our life's work deserve the Master's tribute,  
"Weaver: well done"?

MILDRED CARNEGIE

## Church Life To-day

### Some Points of Current Interest



THE LATE  
BISHOP OF WHALLEY  
(Russell)

THE late Bishop of Whalley (the Right Rev. A. G. Rawstorne, D.D.), who died recently in his eighty-first year, was popularly known as the "children's bishop," and he will long be remembered, not only in Lancashire, for his love for children and his active interest in Church education.

Dr. Rawstorne was a member of an old Lancashire landowning family: his grandfather was Rector of Warrington for twenty-four years, and his father was Archdeacon of Blackburn. He was ordained in 1879 to the curacy of All Saints', Bradford, under Dr. G. W. Kennion, later Bishop of Bath and Wells. In 1882 Dr. Kennion went to Australia as Bishop of Adelaide, and Mr. Rawstorne accompanied him as his chaplain and remained in Australia for several years. On his return to



THE ALTAR FOR THE "QUEEN MARY" (Photopress)

England he was appointed Priest-in-charge of Oulton, near Leeds, and in 1894 appointed himself to the rectory of Croston, near Preston, which he held until 1932 when he was succeeded by his son, the Rev. R. A. Rawstorne. In 1909 Dr. Rawstorne was consecrated first Bishop-Suffragan of Whalley, then in the Diocese of Manchester. When the diocese was divided in 1926 his work lay in the newly constituted Diocese of Blackburn.

THE Rev. F. G. Croom, Vicar of St. Cuthbert's, Philbeach Gardens, who died recently in his sixty-seventh year, was a London priest known to many Church people by his connection with important devotional societies—the

Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament, the Guild of All Souls, and the Guild of the Servants of the Sanctuary, of which he was Warden from 1922 until his death. Mr. Croom was ordained in 1897 to a curacy at St. Saviour's, Southwark (now Southwark Cathedral), and he afterwards worked as assistant missionary and later as missionary at the Charterhouse Mission in the Borough, remaining here until 1911. In the latter year he became Vicar of St. Michael's, Shoreditch, and in 1925 became Vicar of the well-known Kensington church of St. Cuthbert's, Philbeach Gardens.

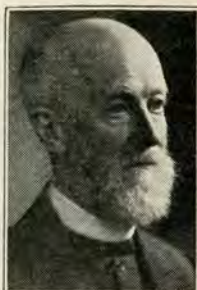
CANON J. L. C. Horstead, Principal of Fourah Bay College, Freetown, Sierra Leone, has been appointed Bishop of Sierra Leone in succession to Dr. Wright who, as reported in THE SIGN last month, has become first bishop of the new Diocese of North Africa. Canon Horstead was ordained priest at Durham only twelve years ago. He was curate of St. Margaret's, Durham, 1923-26, and has been Principal of Fourah Bay College since 1926, and Canon Missioner of Sierra Leone since 1928.

THE Bishop of London recently dedicated the altar given by the Dean and

Chapter of Winchester and the Church Union to the new liner, the *Queen Mary*. The Bishop also blessed the chalice and paten, the ciborium, and vestments which have been presented. The picture of the Crucifixion which forms the altar-piece is by Mr. Macdonald Gill. In an informal address the Bishop said that if he could manage to go out in the *Queen Mary* this summer he would do so, and perhaps minister at that altar.

THE Archdeacon of Newark recently dedicated a stained-glass window in Ordsall Church in memory of the late Sergeant-Major George Johnson and his wife. After working as a chimney sweep in his childhood, George Johnson joined the Army, and in time became a valuable trainer of recruits and an instructor of officers. He was a devout Churchman as well as a splendid soldier, and a striking proof of his loyalty to the Church is the fact that out of the savings of his prudent and unselfish life he decided to erect a memorial window in Ordsall Church and to leave over £700 for the upkeep of the church and churchyard.

AN incumbency of one hundred years by father and son has been ended by the retirement of Canon Robert Vere Hodge, Vicar of Middleton, near Tamworth. Canon Hodge was appointed to the benefice in 1885, succeeding his father who was appointed just one hundred years ago.



CANON R. VERE HODGE  
(Whitlock & Sons Ltd.)

At one time the railway troops of the Royal Engineers at Longmore had to use a dance hall for Church services. Five years ago, however, a disused forage barn was adapted for use as the Longmore Garrison Church, and dedicated in the name of St. Martin; since then the men have been busy making it more worthy of its purpose.

Mr. Long, of Oxford, has been commissioned by the Dean and Chapter of Ely to clean and fix the mediaeval wall-paintings which since Sir Gilbert Scott's restoration of 1847 have been more or less visible on the wall of St. Edmund's chapel in the Cathedral and also on the vault of the nave aisle near the south door. The latter consist of brightly coloured scroll work and medallions of the late twelfth century; the walls of St. Edmund's chapel are covered with very unusual twelfth-century patterns, with a fourteenth-century painting at the top of each wall. That on the south is the martyrdom of St. Thomas of Canterbury, and is badly damaged; on the north wall is a very vigorous picture of the martyrdom of St. Edmund.



ELY CATHEDRAL  
(F. Frith & Co.)



## 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.\*.\*

**2723. I have been asked who started Sunday schools, what answer should I give?**

You might begin your answer by drawing attention to the rubrics printed at the end of the Catechism, and explain that the arrangement there ordered fell out of use in many places. The foundation of Sunday schools as a separate institution (1782) is ascribed to Robert Raikes of Gloucester. The Society organized by him took the name of the Sunday School Union in 1803.

If you are interested and desire further information perhaps you might obtain a pamphlet on the subject from the Publications Department, Church of England Sunday School Institute, 13 Serjeants' Inn, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

**2724. Should not the Parochial Church Council be consulted when an addition is made to the furnishing of the church?**

Strictly speaking the Parochial Church Council has no authority in the matter, but as a rule we should advise that it be informed of any changes of importance in the work of the church and parish, even in matters which do not actually come under its jurisdiction. As we do not know the local circumstances we cannot tell whether it would be advisable to consult the Council in the present case; the vicar is the judge of that. At any rate, as you say, any kind of trouble can be avoided by the exercise of goodwill all round. It is always unfortunate when matters of the kind cause friction among the Church people.

**2725. Can a regular attendant at a church be married there?**

People can be married in the church of a parish in which neither of them lives if one of them is on the Electoral Roll of that parish, but not otherwise. Regular attendance at the church does not qualify them to be married there if they are not on the Roll.

If the name is on the Roll the bans must be published in the church in which the marriage is to take place and also in the parish churches of both the parties. It is unwise to put off making inquiries as to what should be done, especially if the marriage is to take place when the clergy are especially busy as at Easter or other festivals.

**2726. What do we know of the childhood of St. Paul?**

All we know of the childhood of St. Paul is that his father was a Jew and a citizen of Tarsus; that his sister

### THE WAY Points for Church People

The fear of the Lord is . . . gladness

For all from whom I have received any good or help; for all who have any way benefited me by their writings, sermons, discourses, prayers, examples, reproofs, injuries; for all these things, and for all others, which I know, which I know not, manifest or secret, remembered or forgotten by me; for all things . . . I praise Thee, I bless Thee, I give Thee thanks, and I will praise Thee and bless and give Thee thanks all the days of my life. *Bishop Andrewes, † 1626*

#### JULY, 1936

##### Date THE GREATER FEASTS

- 5, S. Fourth after Trinity.
- 12, S. Fifth after Trinity.
- 19, S. Sixth after Trinity.
- 22, W. St. Mary Magdalene.
- 25, S. St. James, A.M.
- 26, S. Seventh after Trinity.

##### DAYS OF FASTING OR ABSTINENCE

Fridays, 3, 10, 17, 24, 31.

##### COMMEMORATIONS

- 2, Visitation of the B.V. Mary; 15, Scithun, Bp. of Winchester, c. 862, translated 971; 20, Margaret, V.M. at Antioch in Persidia; 26, Anne, Mother to the B.V. Mary.]

married some one in Jerusalem; and that he himself went up to Jerusalem to study under the Rabbi Gamaliel. (See also Gal. i. 13-14.)

**2727. Why am I, as a Methodist, not allowed to be on the Electoral Roll of my parish?**

We think the prohibition is reasonable. No one can be on the Roll who belongs "to any religious body which is not in communion with the Church of England." The Methodists left the Church of England in the eighteenth century, and, though no doubt this separation was due to faults on both sides, as long as it continues it must be treated as a fact.

**2728. May a member of a Parochial Church Council tender for work to be done by the Council?**

The case appears to be covered by an Opinion of the Legal Board of the Church Assembly. This states that contracts may be made between the Parochial Church Council and one of its members provided that the member in question fully explains the nature of the contract and his interest in it and abstains from attending the meeting at which the voting upon the contract takes place.

**2729. Who appoints the vergers? What are his duties?**

As the vergers is usually paid from the funds of the Parochial Church Council he should be appointed by the Council, or by the vicar on its behalf. This is the opinion of Chancellor Macmorran in his *Handbook for Churchwardens*. He also says, "It is desirable that there should be a written contract containing the terms of the employment and the conditions on which it may be terminated by either side." If this has not been done we presume the vergers would carry out the ordinary duties of his office, which are generally well understood, subject to any special instructions he may receive from the vicar or from the churchwardens.

**2730. Is it possible to be on Electoral Rolls in different dioceses?**

As far as we know in all places where the law prohibits a person having his name on the Electoral Roll of more than one parish the prohibition is qualified by the words "in the same diocese," and it has been laid down by the Legal Board of the Church Assembly that "a person resident in more than one diocese may, if otherwise qualified, be placed on the Electoral Roll of one parish in each such diocese."

**2731. I have been baptized but not confirmed. Am I eligible as a member of the Council?**

Only those who have been confirmed and are actual communicants are eligible for membership of the Parochial Church Council.

When these matters were under discussion the inclusion in the Electoral Roll of the names of those who had been baptized but not confirmed was accepted; but it was with the hope that they would realize the duty of acquiring full membership in the Church by Confirmation. Perhaps you will see your way to consider this for the benefit of yourself and your fellow Church people.

**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. Limited, 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. Limited, at their London House as above.

# BY ROYAL COMMAND

His Majesty The King has been graciously pleased to command that The Cancer Hospital (free), Fulham Road, London, S.W.3, shall henceforth be known as The Royal Cancer Hospital (free).

# The Royal Cancer Hospital

( FREE )

Fulham Road London, S.W.3

## DEAF! Back to HEARING— the Modern Way!

"MADE-TO-MEASURE" instead of "READY MADE" NOW the AURAMETER (GRAPH), measuring your Hearing by this latest scientific method—showing what your ears are capable of—lacking and needing, deciding whether "BONADENTE" "Bone Conduction," "PHANTOMETTE" "Air Conduction," "VIBRADENTE" "Massage Treatment," or other type is necessary, the "made-to-measure" method against the old "ready-made" ideas.

After all, how could you ever hope to get satisfactory results from mass production methods—when even your two ears differ. What useful purpose can there be in sending "on approval" coupons and hoping one day something will fit—meantime losing your deposit on those which don't? Benefit by our wide experience of thousands of cases in all classes.

**CALL FOR FREE TEST,** or if unable to call, write or 'phone and "Medical Reports." **FREE HOME TESTS ARRANGED.**

Ask for "Ardente" Fitted Seat at your Church

**R. H. DENT, M.Inst. P.I., 309 OXFORD ST.**

Coloured Building with Square Clock. **LONDON, W.1** Mayfair 1380/1718  
Aberdeen, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Exeter, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leicester, Leeds, Liverpool, London, Manchester, Newcastle, Southampton.

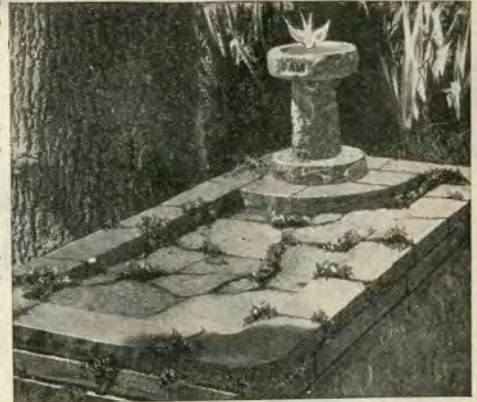
## THERE'S NO CAKE SO GOOD as a homemade cake

Good for the children, more digestible, cheaper. Remember in home baking there is no surer way to success than this: Use plain flour, add the "raising" at the time of mixing and make sure the "raising" is Borwick's Baking Powder. Saves eggs and butter. Remember, good cooks use Borwick's.

# BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

"The Time of the Singing of Birds is come."  
**A Garden of Happy Memories**



THE Appeal of this very Charming Garden Memorial, is its simplicity, naturalness, and complete absence of all formality. The Bird Bath and Pedestal is made in the Rocky Silvery Grey Cornish Granite, 1 ft. 6 in. high, with a Random Walling Stone Enclosure and Old English Random Paving in the centre. Small Rock Plants, such as Rosemary, Saxifrage, etc., can be grown in the crevices and pockets. The cost of the Memorial complete, erected in any Churchyard, £23. A Sundial can be fitted to pedestal if preferred in place of Bird Bath at same cost.



**Went-roof Galvany Cross** in hard Teak Wood or Oak, especially appropriate for country churchyards. 3 ft. 6 in., £7. 10s. With Bronze Crucifix, £9. 10s. Carriage Paid.

**Celtic Cross** with beautifully carved interlaced Ornamentation in Silvery Grey Cornish or Rugged Red Devon Granite. Ht. 4 ft. £23.

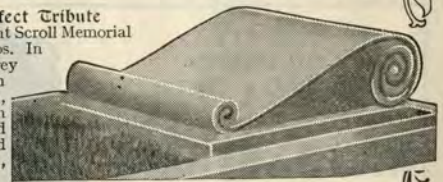


These Illustrated **BOOKLETS** Post Free

- (1) "Beautiful Churchyard Memorials."
- (2) "Memorial Brasses and Bronzes."
- (3) "Stained Glass Church Windows."
- (4) "Church Furniture in Carved Oak."
- (5) "Simple Teak Wood Calvary Crosses."
- (6) "A Garden of Happy Memories" and "The Language of Flowers."
- (9) "That's for Remembrance." (Helpful Suggestions for Inscriptions.)

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

The Perfect Tribute  
Recurrent Scroll Memorial  
with Kerbs. In  
Silvery Grey  
Cornish  
Granite,  
£26. In  
Solid  
Portland  
Stone,  
£22.



**G. Maile & Son, Ltd.**

FOUNDED IN THE YEAR 1785

Sculptors and Church Art Craftsmen.

Extensive selection on view at Showrooms. Inspection invited.

367 EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1

"Memory is a Garden  
that has many Fragrant Flowers."



*Remember-  
OVALTINE<sup>®</sup>  
COLD or Hot  
is now served  
at Cafés,  
Restaurants,  
Bathing Pools  
& Milk Bars*

WHEN the weather is warm—and your fancy turns to something cool and refreshing—it's good to know that 'Ovaltine,' served cold, is one of the most delicious drinks imaginable.

In addition to its delightful creaminess and alluring flavour, 'Ovaltine' is supremely nourishing and sustaining.

Prepared from the highest qualities of malt, milk and eggs, 'Ovaltine' is a perfect tonic food. It provides all the nutritive elements necessary to create energy and to ensure perfect fitness of body, brain and nerves.

P.140a

**'OVALTINE'  
Served COLD**

A HAPPY  
CHILDHOOD  
FOR EVERY CHILD

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND  
**WAIFS & STRAYS**  
SOCIETY

Donations gratefully received by the Secretary, Waifs & Strays Society, Old Town Hall, Kennington, S.E.11



WILL YOU HEAR THE CRY OF NEEDY CRIPPLED & NEGLECTED LITTLE CHILDREN?

**"It's the new quick way  
to make jam—  
JUST LEAVE IT TO  
ZETT"**



By always using Zett, you can be sure of a perfect "set" in every batch of jam you make. For, as you know, it is the natural pectin in the fruit which makes jam and jelly set, and Zett itself is pure fruit pectin compound. This means that Zett saves long boiling, preserves all the colour and flavour of the fresh fruit, and ensures a bigger "yield" of jam.

Get the Free 24-page Zett Recipe Booklet from your grocer or chemist, or write for it direct.

SOLD IN THREE SIZES

- 6d. pkt. (sufficient for 5lbs. jam)
  - 10½d. pkt. ( " " 10 " " )
  - 1/6 pkt. ( " " 20 " " )
- In 5lb. units.



**Just leave it to**

**ZETT**

Pure Fruit Pectin Compound—Contains no Gelatine.

Manufactured by **BOVRIL LIMITED**  
149/157 Old Street. LONDON, E.C.1

Made and Printed in Great Britain by A. R. Mowbray & Co. Limited, Publishers, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1; and at Oxford Registered at the G.P.O. for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post

Advertisements for "THE SIGN" should be sent to G. H. & W. Freeman & Co. Ltd., Advertisement Managers, 33 Paternoster Row, E.C.4

## JOHN PEZZACK

BARRISTER SOLICITOR, Etc.

Suite 1004 DOMINION BUILDING

465 Bay Street EL. 2246

Branch Office: 1880 Queen St., East

(Corner Woodbine)

Telephone HO. 5071

## Beaumont & Barker

BARRISTERS and SOLICITORS

Equity Chambers, 24 Adelaide Street East

Telephone Elgin 4838

TORONTO

## J. W. DEE OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN



2006 Queen Street East

HO. 9397

## ROBINETTE'S

RED INDIAN SERVICE STATION

Kingston Road at Woodbine Ave.

HOward 0398

Specialized Chek-Chart Lubrication

Our Business is Ingreasing

## MARCHANTS

For Choice Groceries

1947 QUEEN STREET EAST

HOward 3385

WE DELIVER

RALPH C. DAY  
Owner

Ambulance  
Service

## The Ralph Day Co.

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

172 DANFORTH AVE.

GErrard 3870

# DIRECTORY

FRED SARGENT - - - - FLORIST

463 Woodbine Avenue

Telephone HO. 4447

AUSTIN J. MACK

Funeral Director - - Ambulance Service

1986 Queen St. E. — HOward 4400

CHAS. H. DOWLING - ELECTRICIAN

59 Duverniet Avenue

A. JACKSON - - - - - GROCER

203 Kingston Road

Telephone HO. 2226

T. FRAMPTON - METAL WORKER

Eavestroughing and Furnace

Phones: Shop, HO. 3222 House, HO. 3753

**Exclusive Agents for Masonite Products**  
**FRESHDWOOD QUARTRBOARD**  
**AND INSULATION**

**Edmund Hind Lumber Co. Ltd.**

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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

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

**E. F. BROWN**  
DRUGGIST

We specialize in dispensing doctors prescriptions  
Kingston Road — At Woodbine

**GRover 3500**

TEN MINUTE DELIVERY SERVICE  
From 8 a.m. to 11 p.m. Every Day

**Elizabeth J. Black**

A. T. C. M.

Teacher of Piano and Theory

Pupils prepared for Toronto Conservatory  
examinations

Studio—500 Kingston Rd., Apt. 18

Terms moderate GRover 7003

Phone GRover 2859

**E. W. DEER**

CONCRETE CONTRACTOR

23 DEVON ROAD

TORONTO

Phone HOWard 3606

**C. G. BAILEY**

(DOMINION HARDWARE)

Garden Tools Glazing Paints & Oils

1950 QUEEN ST. EAST, near Kenilworth

**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

**Hunter's Grocery**

PHONE HO. 5971

WE DELIVER

TOBACCOS — CIGARETTES

302 KINGSTON ROAD

A Few Doors From Woodbine



**PRINTING**

**McCallum Press**  
**Limited**

1378 Queen St. East - Toronto

Phone HARGRAVE 1606

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