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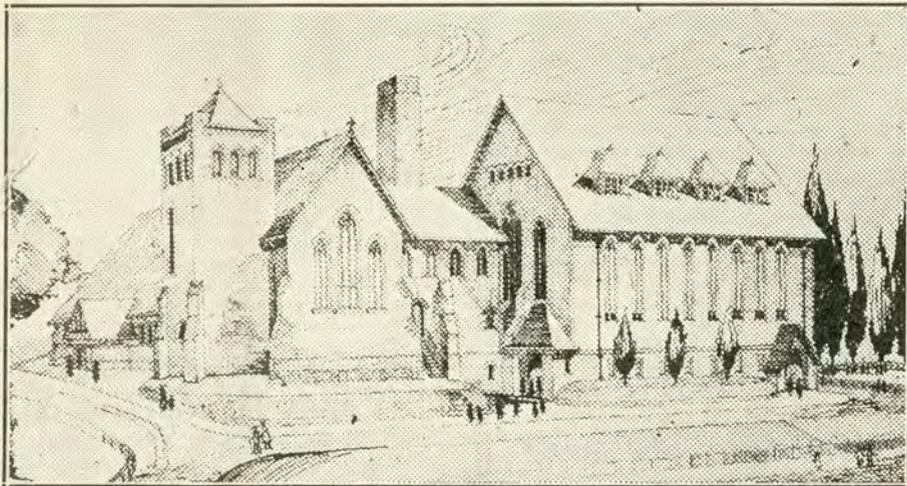
St. John's Parish Monthly

MAY
- 1937 -

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

Communications to T. W. Turff, 154 Cliff Crest Drive, Scarborough Bluffs, Ontario. Grover 4354.
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Editor—THE RECTOR

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

Volume 15

MAY, 1937

No. 175

Rector's Letter

R.M.S. "Andania"
May, 1937.

Dear Brethren:

This letter is dated, not from the Rectory, but from one of our floating palaces on the great sea. I left on Thursday night by bus for Montreal. This is a cheap way of travelling and quite comfortable for people who can sit quiet and don't have long legs. We stopped at Cobourg, Kingston and two other places and came the last sixty miles by taxi as the roads were too bad for the heavy buses. We reached the ship finally at 8.30 and had breakfast on board. The longshoremen's strike delayed us a couple of hours, but we finally got off by noon, and here we are all set for an ocean voyage. The weather is not nice—a rainy drizzle. The ship is by no means over-crowded. I have a nice stateroom to myself. My cabin trunk fits under the bed; my suit cases under the sofa; my hat box in the cupboard, and everything is very comfortable.

There are some 45 cabin passengers, 65 tourists and 250 in the third class. Everybody is happy, and prospects for a good voyage are excellent. The officers and crew number 250. A modern ship is a whole town in itself—everything from a hospital to a printing office. You can buy your films, take your photos and have them developed and printed at once. There is everything for one's amusement: shuffle board, deck tennis, ping pong, dancing, sing-songs and concerts. The tote on the day's run always causes lots of excitement each noon. Today it was 362, and the betting is always on the third number. Then there is the horse racing, which is pure chance and arouses the gambling spirit.

Saturday night we had a "get-together dinner" when they provided paper caps and toys and lots of fun. On Saturday morning I celebrated the Holy Communion in the lounge room to some 20 communicants, and at eleven, there was morning prayer. The Captain being a R.C., the Purser took the service and did it very nicely. A piano and orchestra and everything fully choral—just as it is at home.—good hymns and good congregation and everything very satisfactory.

On Wednesday there was a masquerade. Five charming young ladies invited me to be Dr. Dafeo while they were the Dionne Quintuplets. I bor-

rowed the doctor's operating gown and stethoscope and we won a prize. It created great fun and the costumes were very good. Tonight there is to be the usual concert for the Sailor's Orphanage and I am to preside. A poor woman travelling alone died today of pneumonia. They got in touch with her relatives and she is to be taken to Ireland for interment.

The voyage has been unusually smooth, and while there have been absentees at meals, I have not paid tribute to Neptune nor missed a meal. We have passed through fog but have not been stopped in consequence. I have often wondered where David got his knowledge of the sea which he displays in the Psalms: "They that go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters. These men see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep: For at His word the stormy wind ariseth and lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven and down again to the deep. Their soul melteth away because of the trouble. They reel to and fro and stagger like a drunken man and are at their wits end. So, when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, He delivereth them out of their distress, for He maketh the storm to cease so that the waves thereof are still. Then are they glad because they are at rest, and so He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."

Perhaps David had journeyed to the Mediterranean, or perhaps it was to him a traveller's tale. It looks like a personal experience.

Our haven or heaven is what we most desire and we generally get it for our good or for our ill. We are getting near our haven and soon we shall be sighting the coast of Ireland. This little company on board will never gather together again, for, as I said, one has been called to her long, last home.

I am looking forward to a happy visit to England and the continent, but my haven is to be happily established with you all again in dear old St. John's (Norway) where my thoughts constantly dwell.

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

The Canon has also written a letter of thanks to all who sent him farewell gifts. He says:

"The Rector gratefully acknowledges these many gifts as a token of appreciation of the good spirit existing between Rector and people."

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A.Y.P.A.

By the time this issue of the magazine is published, there will be but two more regular activities of the branch, namely: the Annual Banquet on May 18th, when we are to have as speaker, the Deputy Minister of Public Welfare for the Province of Ontario, Mr. M. A. Sorsoliel. Mr. Sorsoliel is a very fine speaker and is much interested in young people's work; consequently the members are looking forward to hearing him. The second and last activity on the calendar is the Annual Picnic, arrangements for which are in the hands of Headley Draper. The date and place are to be announced later.

To briefly review our activities of the past month, we find that on April 20th we held an evening called, "Cutting Camp Capers," when we endeavoured to pass on to the members some of the real feeling of fellowship, goodwill and fun that is found at the A.Y.P.A. Camp Whitehouse on Lake Couchiching every Summer. This year camp is open from July 17th to August 15th.

On April 27th a "Coronation Social" was held, this being the last social get-together of the year. There was a good turnout of members.

MOTHERS' SOCIETY

During April we held four meetings with an average attendance of forty members.

At the meeting on April 1st, Miss Shotter spoke to us of the last two words from the Cross: "It is finished," spoken in a loud voice; Christ's work of redemption and of revealing God to us; and then, "Father, into Thy hand I commend my spirit." At this meeting it was voted that our Lenten collection of \$10 be sent as usual to the Deaconess House to be used in whatever way they think best.

On April 8th a number of our members attended a Corporate Communion at 10.30 a.m. This was followed by a lunch, at which 37 members were present. A nice sum was realized for the funds. At 2.30 we started our meeting and Miss Shotter read Psalm 27, which tells of Trust and Deliverance, and also spoke of "Peace," the thing most prayed for by Christian people today who are trying so hard to follow Christ by heeding his words: "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you."

At the meeting on April 15th, Miss Shotter read the Epistle for the Second Sunday after Easter and spoke to us of Christ, our Peace.

On the evening of April 19th, 65 members sat down to a supper provided by Mrs. Frudd and

Mrs. Graham, and enjoyed it very much. A presentation of a cigarette lighter was made to the Rector and he was wished God-speed and a safe return from his journey to the Coronation. A small gift was also given to Mrs. Frudd and Mrs. Graham, with love from the members and a hope to have them at the meetings again when they return from England in the Fall.

Our last meeting of the month was on April 29th. The Hymn, "Eternal Father, Strong to Save," was our opening Hymn. Miss Shotter read the 3rd chapter of 1st Corinthians, wherein we are told that every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labours. "If any man defile the Temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

Our sick members are reported doing nicely. Our roll is getting longer every month.

SIDEMEN'S ASSOCIATION

We had the misfortune of having our copy for last month go astray, and we are therefore just going to tell you of our activities for that time, as short as possible.

One of the highlights of our Association affairs was our night with Mr. Alfred Scadding on April 5th. We were delighted to have the Parish Hall nicely filled to hear Mr. Scadding's most interesting talk on his experiences in the Moose River Mine disaster. His address was well worth hearing and we appreciate having had him with us. In addition to the address we had a first-class programme. Miss Eva Todd, contralto, and Mr. E. Roy Jones, baritone, were most generous with their numbers, and Mr. Harry King demonstrated some of his interesting experiments.

April 19th was "Aviation Night" and we listened to a very interesting address on modern flying and airports given by Mr. E. O. Houghton, an officer of the Toronto Flying Club who has been connected with flying for a long time.

May 3rd was Ladies' Night and the committee were more than pleased to have more than 80 members and their ladies out on a very warm night. The evening opened with community singing, with Mr. Harold Thomas at the piano. Following the game of court whist everybody was requested by the entertainment committee to adjourn to the Ladies' Parlour where a nice lunch had been set out. During the lunch, Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Milner favoured us with solos, and Mr. Mould came along to assist at the piano, and after the winners had received their prizes the meeting was closed with prayer by Rev. Archdeacon Fotheringham.

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This was our last regular meeting for this season but we understand the committee have arranged to bring the members together at intervals during the Summer and they promise some real programmes for the Fall. This committee, under the leadership of Mr. Eade, are to be congratulated on their good work.

The members of the Association are requested to carry on their Sidesmen's duties in the Church during the Summer months just as faithfully as they have during the Winter.

MOTHERS' UNION

A meeting of the Mothers' Union was held on April 22nd with fifty members and several prospective members present. The meeting opened with the singing of Hymn No. 371, followed by Prayer and the Litany. The lesson was read by Mrs. Bonner.

Mrs. Matheson (a cousin of the Rector) was guest speaker. It was very interesting to hear her talk on the Mothers' Union in Winnipeg—how it was first organized and a branch formed in Winnipeg. Mrs. Matheson was the Dominion President until last year when the Dominion Council was reorganized, placing their headquarters at Toronto instead of Winnipeg. We all appreciated Mrs. Matheson very much. Having come to the city on a visit, she found time to come and speak to us. The meeting came to a close with the singing of the Hymn, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," followed by special prayers. Mrs. Matheson pronounced the Benediction.

PARISH ASSOCIATION

The two regular meetings of the Parish Association were held this month with a good attendance. At the social meeting of April 20th, the Rector, Canon Baynes-Reed, came in to wish us good-bye before he sailed to England and the Coronation. We were very pleased to hear that he had been fortunate enough to be favoured with a seat in the Abbey. With a few, well chosen words the President, Mrs. Croft, presented the Rector with a brief case on behalf of the members. We wished him bon voyage and a safe return. Mrs. McIlroy, a member, is also travelling on the "Andania."

Our Court Whist was held on the afternoon of April 15th. Seventeen tables were played. Refreshments were served. Our thanks are due to Mrs. Huxtable and Mrs. W. Thompson for its success.

The Spring Rummage Sale was held on Friday, April 23rd. Mrs. Warrington, the convener, wishes to thank all those who helped to make it a success.

We are glad to report all sick members improving in health. We are especially glad to know that Mrs. Dunham has recovered from her recent operation.

Our Annual Luncheon was held on May 4th, an event of the year that is looked forward to by all. The tables looked very attractive in the Coronation colours, and as usual there were lots of good things to eat. Archdeacon Potheringham and Miss Shotter were our guests of honour. After everyone had done justice to a very good lunch, the Archdeacon proposed a toast to the King. Mrs. Warrington proposed the toast to the Church, responded to by the Archdeacon. We were then told to push our chairs back, as Mrs. Hastings, the entertainment convener, had prepared a very happy time for us. Our thanks are due to the ladies of St. Monica's for the very clever skit they put on. We were favoured by beautiful singing and dancing. Mrs. Turff and Mrs. Stratton convened the luncheon. We thank them for the very splendid way in which they did so.

AFTERNOON BRANCH W.A.

St. John's branch made some lovely things to send for the "empty stall" at the annual W.A. meetings. Any sympathetic branch sends these things to Mrs. Lucas to be packed for Northern missions. As there is only one mail a year, the bale must be sent in June so as to reach there before the Winter months.

Mrs. A. P. Allen entertained the W.A. at afternoon tea on Thursday, April 15th. Each lady brought a gift for the "sale of work." A most enjoyable afternoon was spent by those who ventured out on such a wet day.

We had the Sale of Work on one of the most disagreeable days this Spring, but notwithstanding this, Wednesday, April 21st, was a splendid success. Mrs. Lea and Mrs. Porterfield made very able conveners and we must also thank all those who turned out in such terrible weather to help to swell our funds. The Evening Branch Juniors and Teen-age Girls also must not be forgotten, as they did their part so cheerfully to make the afternoon a success.

Mrs. Lucas spoke about our Northern Catechists. She stated that she heard of one who is trying to teach young children under very great difficulty. He has slate pencils but no slates; plenty of paper but no lead pencils. It shows what a great boon our bales must be. The archdeacon spoke a few words in his inimitable manner of the W.A. work. He said that it is a most necessary part of Church work.

Mrs. Southgate, our esteemed President, presented the Rector with a book entitled, "Inside

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Europe," as a bon voyage gift from the members; after which Mrs. Turff and her committee served tea to some 100 ladies.

Some of our members went to St. Simon's to take a "trip" from Inverness to London with Rev. Stanley Russell. It was a most interesting evening.

EVENING BRANCH W.A.

We will soon be thinking of closing for the Summer, as the nice weather comes along, and our work is in the finishing-up stages.

Our outfit for the Indian Girl is nearly completed now. We have a nice layette and some warm clothing for the Northern Mission ready, and we look with real pleasure and pride at our Winter's work.

On April 21st, at the Spring Sale of the W.A., we were in charge of the home cooking and realized the sum of \$18.00. We thank all those that helped us in any way. It was a very lovely afternoon—that is, inside—outside it couldn't have been worse, and considering that, we think the afternoon was very successful.

On Wednesday, May 5th, at St. Anne's Parish Hall, the annual meeting of the Evening Branches was held.

ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY) CHOIR

Some years ago there appeared in Punch, a picture of a florid gentleman clad in clerical vestments, standing in the pulpit of a Church with his mouth very wide open, and the title under this picture was, "The Canon's Opening Roar." Why I recall this particularly is that our Canon surely went off with a bang when setting out for England to attend the Coronation; the different organizations expressing their goodwill in various ways and we had the pleasure of entertaining the Canon on the eve of his departure, and presenting him with a gift, which, when we saw them, enhanced our appreciation of his great understanding. The gift took the form of a pair of slippers in a case, the colour of these being quite in order with the dignity of his vocation and appropriately enough were made by the firm whose name is Church.

The work of preparing for the Coronation Service, which will be held in our Church to celebrate this event, has been going on well and the musical portion of the Service will proclaim throughout a joyous note and be appropriate to the particular occasion, and it is an interesting thought that simultaneous with our Service, other Services will be held throughout the whole of the Empire expressing in service and song our loyalty to the Crown and Empire of which we are members.

CHRIST AND TWENTIETH CENTURY ASTRONOMY

By Rev. Ebenezer Scott, M.A., B.D.

Sir James Jeans tells us that it would take us 700 years to count all the stars in the sky, as seen through the most gigantic telescope, at the rate of 25 in a second; and that our earth is only "a tiny appendage to one, and a rather inconspicuous one, of this vast multitude of stars." He then carries out into the depths of space. The solar system, or "the sun's family," is only one member of another system, which again is only one member of another system. The average star is about a million times as big as the earth.

But we must not be betrayed into the fallacy of mere bigness. Astronomy may be viewed as geography raised to its highest possible power. If the divine life was to break through the veil of material things in this universe at all, it had to be at some one point in space, and why should this little planet of ours not be the one chosen spot? We may put this question with the more weighty assurance that Sir James Jeans gives it as his considered opinion that the life which exists on this earth, small though it be, is the only life in the solar system.

But the one essential fact to us is that God in Christ visited this earth of ours. This is the revelation with which we are concerned. And when Christ came He did not come to give us information about the universe. There was indeed a wonderful story to tell of that; but it could wait. Man must first learn that his true dwelling was in the heart of God.

In the middle of the eighteenth century, Immanuel Kant, in the one sentence of his massive and voluminous writings which rises into eloquence and poetry, exclaimed: "Two things strike with awe unspeakable—the starry heavens above me, and the moral law within." To us in the twentieth century our awe of the starry heavens is unspeakable as Kant could never have imagined. But the moral law within, proclaiming our kinship with the eternal God, remains, beyond all awe and passing all understanding, the highest heritage of man; and it is to this infinite essence of the human soul that Christ makes His everlasting appeal. The universe—scientists tell us now—however immense, is yet finite. The Kingdom of God within us is infinite.

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“Down to the Sea in Ships”

An Account of the Work of a Naval Chaplain ✦ By the Rev. Douglas Wanstall, Chaplain R.N.

DEEP in the heart of every British man and woman there lies a very strong feeling of affection for the British sailor. We are a seafaring nation and it is natural that our hearts should go out to those who occupy their business in great waters. We like to read of their travels to the four corners of the world; it thrills us to hear of the Christian help they give to peoples in distress, as in their recent work in Spain; and we love to see the sailor in uniform on leave in our home towns.

But how many people really know how our sons at sea live? Our annual “Navy Week” has opened the eyes of thousands, yet few stop to inquire what is done for the spiritual welfare of these men and boys who mean so much to our country.

There is no doubt at all that continued contact with the sea and with nature results in a highly developed religious sense in both officers and men. A realization of God's presence and of the dependence of man upon His good providence is widespread. Provision is made for all denominations to practise their religion, though the Church of England is responsible for the largest numbers. There are at this moment over eighty Church of England Chaplains in the Royal Navy, and they are under the direction of an Archdeacon—the Chaplain of the Fleet. In addition there are, of course, Chaplains of other denominations.

The work of a Naval Chaplain is in many ways very like that of a priest ashore, except that only in shore billets does he have much to do with women or children. As a rule his parish is, of

course, a floating one, but both on board ship and in barracks he lives in much closer contact with his parishioners than do his brethren in normal parishes.

He lives with his brother officers in the Ward Room Mess, sharing all the activities of their daily lives, and in this way he probably knows them a good deal more intimately than is possible outside the Service. His contact with the rest of the ship's company, sailors and marines, is much the same. He moves among them with a freedom that no other person on board possesses and, if he is happy in his job,

he should be welcome in every part of the ship from the Admiral's cabin to the Boys' Mess Deck.

His position is simply and solely that of a priest and he holds no rank whatever, an inestimable advantage in getting to know the men, who are



SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE ON A WARSHIP
(Stephen Cribb)



A TYPICAL CHAPEL ON A SMALLER SHIP



able to look on him as a friend and a priest, and not as an officer. Were he to carry gold stripes on his arm, his job of mixing with the ship's company would be so much the more difficult.

Nowadays all battleships and most of the big cruisers carry chapels. These are of necessity small and cannot be used for Parade Services. But it is in these that the Holy Communion is celebrated (in some ships there is a daily celebration) and also Evensong and other services. To the sailor who wishes to say his prayers in quiet the chapel is a very great blessing, for there is little privacy elsewhere in the ship; it is a haven of refuge from the hubbub of the ship's life. The interest which both officers and men take in "our" chapel is a grand thing, and it is shown with pride to all ship's visitors.

The Parade Service on Sunday mornings is usually held on the Quarter Deck if the weather is fine or on the Mess Deck if it is wet. Either the ship's band or a volunteer organist supplies the music and the lessons are read, as a rule, by the Captain. Some ships run to choirs, and the heartiness of a sailor's singing is famous even to the most inland of landmen. Prayers, usually with a hymn, are said every morning at Divisions.

Apart from his actual work as a priest, the Chaplain's activities are many and various. They necessarily depend upon the gifts and capabilities of the individual. Lectures on all sorts of subjects go down well fore and aft, and especially lectures on the towns and countries that a ship may visit on her cruises. An interest in games, even if he is not a player himself, is a link between a Chaplain and his parishioners, and in many ships the padre has much to do with the running of the sports and games.

For a man with a business head on his shoulders the management of the ship's book-stall is a valuable, though strenuous, addition to his work. The list of goods sold on this stall is infinite in its variety and the turnover is considerable. But this is a heavy job and takes up a good deal of a Chaplain's spare time.

When a ship is cruising from port to port and island to island in foreign waters a Chaplain is often transformed into a species of temporary "Tourist Guide." He may organize and conduct tours in Jerusalem and the Holy Land; on the Riviera or in Iceland; in Trinidad and Hollywood. And in all of these he will be expected to know something of the manners and customs of the country and the difficulties to be overcome in sightseeing; he must act as guide, cashier, and sometimes even as nurse. These trips often extend to two or

three days and numbers may be anything up to one hundred and fifty, or even more. I have myself taken parties of that number to the Holy

Places in Palestine, and to Cairo and the Pyramids. This is but another means to help the Chaplain to keep in touch with his men, which is the main purpose of all these outside activities.

A Chaplain's work is not all "sea time." He is almost sure of spending some years in shore establishments, either in Naval or Marine Barracks, or perhaps in a dockyard billet at home or abroad. There are also the big Naval Hospitals with their patients and staffs to be ministered to.

Last, but certainly not least, there are the Training Establishments. The work of preparing our boys and young men, whether as ratings or as officers, is of paramount importance. The Navy is blessed with Training Establishments and ships fitted to carry out this all-important work in a manner which cannot be praised too highly. Our boys who enter the Senior Service, whether they are destined for the Lower Deck or for the Ward

Room, all have the fullest instruction in Christian faith and practice from the time of their entry. Whilst under training those members of the Church of England who are not already confirmed on entry are prepared for Confirmation, and the great numbers who receive the Sacrament of the Laying on of Hands each year is a remarkable evidence of the living faith of our land. Whatever may come the way of these boys in later life, the religious and moral grounding that they receive sows a seed the fruit of which is evident to every one who knows anything about our sailors. As in a shore-going parish, it is more than one dare hope that all of our thousands will turn out to be "good Churchmen," but multitudes do so. As I said at the beginning, those who go down to the sea in ships acquire a strong religious sense. These men do, on their many travels, see the wonders of the LORD, and, thanks be to GOD, these wonders are not without their lasting effect.



CHAPEL ON H.M.S. "HOOD"
(Stephen Cribb)



THE VEN.
A. D. GILBERTSON,
O.B.E.
Chaplain of the Fleet
(Stephen Cribb)

RELIGION consists not so much in any details of outward surroundings as in a principle of life.—BP. WILKINSON

The Heavenly Vision

By the Rev. E. Evans, B.D.

AS one walks westward by the old grass road along the mountain ridge that divides Wharfedale from Wensleydale, there opens out the grandest prospect to be seen in England. In front stands Ingleborough, with his flat summit and terraced slopes : on the right is the hog's back of Whernside stretching southwards : and on the left are the great mass of Penyghent and the slopes of Langstrothdale Chase. Of the works of man, there are a few cottages half-way down the hillside, and the walls that divide parish from parish ; for the rest one sees the works of GOD in all their grandeur, as the hills stand round about Jerusalem.

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD, or who shall rise up in His holy place?" A few of the most favoured of GOD's servants have had a glimpse of it, and have told something of what they have seen. Jacob saw the steep ascent which leads to it ; Moses saw the outskirts of GOD's glory from the cleft of the rock ; Elijah heard but a voice. Two only that we know of, Isaiah the prophet and John the seer, have looked through the opened gate and seen into heaven itself ; and (here is a notable thing) both of them, each in his own way, thought it was like being in church.

"I saw the LORD sitting upon His throne." There is no temple in heaven, for all heaven is a temple, and GOD Himself is its Holy of Holies. There are worshipping Seraphim, and the smoke of incense, and the fire of the Sacrifice, and the voices that proclaim the Thrice Holy. But what of the prophet who is allowed to look upon these things ? His first thought is of his unfitness to be there, and his first words are a confession of sin : and then, only when he has been cleansed by the fire of the Sacrifice, are his ears opened to hear GOD's call, "Whom shall I send?" and his heart freed to reply, "Here am I, send me."

John, for the testimony of JESUS CHRIST, was condemned to penal servitude in the quarries. Chained to the rest of the gang, some of them perhaps confessors like himself, some of them criminals, he was working at the stone-face. His overseers knew no weekly day of rest and worship ; but in spite of his chains, his work, and his companions, it was to him the LORD's Day, and he was in the SPIRIT on such a day, inspired by the HOLY GHOST to receive messages for the Churches and to see visions of heaven. Behind the heavenly altar, where in church the bishop's seat would be,

he saw GOD's throne, and on either side of it lesser thrones round the apse, still as in church, with the presbyters sitting, as their age and dignity allowed ; while before the throne were four living creatures, standing, in the attitude and ministry of deacons. Filling the space of heaven was the great congregation, twelve times twelve thousand of the children of Israel, and an unnumbered multitude of all the nations of the earth. He heard also the songs which are sung in heaven, which the Church on earth has to learn to sing, and the intercessions of the martyrs beneath the altar on behalf of the Church in its warfare. "How long, O LORD, how long?"

"Who shall ascend into the hill of the LORD?" Three disciples were taken by their Master into the holy mount, and saw Him there transfigured. Eleven disciples were taken by Him into another holy mount, and as He talked with them He was lifted up from them into heaven, and a cloud received Him out of their sight. A certain persecutor was walking along the highroad and saw a great light, above the brightness of the sun at midday, and heard a voice of remonstrance and command. And that is another notable thing about the heavenly vision : it is accompanied by a vocation to service and a divine command. Isaiah was sent to his own people with a message it took courage to deliver ; to John were committed words of warning and of hope ; the Eleven

PRAISE to the LORD, the Almighty, the
King of creation ;
O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health
and salvation :
All ye who hear,
Brothers and sisters draw near,
Praise Him in glad adoration.

Praise to the LORD, Who doth prosper thy
work, and defend thee ;
Surely His goodness and mercy here daily
attend thee :
Ponder anew
What the Almighty can do,
If with His love He befriend thee.

Praise to the LORD ! O let all that is in
me adore Him !
All that hath life and breath come now
with praises before Him !
Let the amen
Sound from His people again :
Gladly for ay we adore Him. *J. Neander*

were told first to wait for power and then to go forth as witnesses ; Saul the persecutor was sent first to Damascus and afterwards far away to the Gentiles.

"Wherefore, O king, I was not disobedient unto the heavenly vision." If the heavenly vision is like being in church, then conversely divine worship is the preparation for such a vision as GOD may of His goodness grant us, and the means of our discovering His will for our service. When Moses had seen but the outskirts of GOD's glory, his face shone, as he came down from the mount, with the reflection of it ; and wherever we meet with the vision of GOD, there should be a transformation, according to the same image, from glory to glory, from grace to grace. Certainly those who have often met the LORD at His altar, and have not been disobedient to the heavenly vision there given, will be the most ready and the least unfit, when His time comes to reveal Himself, for that last vision of all, the Beatific Vision, in which they will be made like Him because they see Him as He is.



The Graysmere Club Experiments

By Fedden Tindall

III. THE SUNDAY QUESTION

JOE Harris, one of the keen Gyp members, was rapidly becoming Brian's right hand. He was a live wire on committee, a good cricketer, and popular with his fellow members.

"Useful chap," was Brian's summing up of Joe. "But I do think he'll be an awful idiot if he throws himself away on an empty-headed little minx like Joyce."

"Joyce isn't so silly as she seems. She will surprise you one day," was Anne's comment.

Debates were still very popular and there was a tendency to tackle burning subjects in outspoken fashion. "Should cinemas be open on Sundays?" was proposed by one member and led to a lively discussion. The best speech of the evening came from Joe, whose attitude was rather a surprise to some of the others.

"Personal preference simply doesn't count," he said. "We may like it or not, but the world has changed from the old, pre-War days. It isn't the least bit of good to defend the last ditch, so to speak, and know you are fighting a losing battle. We've got the wrong pig by the ear if we just say 'don't' to everything. Let people have their movies if they want them; but meanwhile make them want something else. As I see it, Sunday is meant for rest and recreation, so what's wrong with decent pictures? But I believe that it is meant for worship first and foremost, and I feel that once we realize that, we ought to try and help other chaps to realize it too."

Only a week later a cheap Day Excursion was being run to the seaside, and Joyce Lane, a girl with a good, healthy appetite for fun, announced her intention of going.

"Come along too, it ought to be rather sport," she said graciously to Joe. The lad's face was a study of suppressed eagerness, but after a minute his jaw set firmly.

"Sorry, can't manage that. It means such an early start, the train goes before eight o'clock."

"Well, you old lazy-bones, can't you be up in time?"

"Tisn't that; but—" He hesitated. "I say, Joyce, come with me to Midfield instead. We could take a picnic lunch and get up on the Downs."

"No, I'm set on a day at the sea; but don't put yourself out on my account. I know Tom will go with me."

Joyce was a "pocket edition," dainty as she was small, with a merry little face, curly dark hair, and mischievous brown eyes. She was a waitress at the Graysmere Café, a hard-working girl, and popular with her friends of both sexes. She was distinctly annoyed with Joe and had no hesitation in showing it. The lad, usually ready enough of tongue, had gone crimson.

"Look here, Joyce, you know I want to go with you; but I'm serving at the eight o'clock service. There isn't an earlier one next Sunday, so I can't miss that."

"Oh, if you set yourself up to be so mighty pious, I've no use for you. Church is all very well in its way, but not on a summer morning."

Joe stuck to his guns; but it meant a bigger fight

than any one else could have guessed. He was really in love with Joyce, and naturally horribly jealous of her friendship with Tom. The girl herself showed her pique by snubbing Joe right and left for the rest of the evening and going off to the pictures with Tom the night following. She also kept to her intention about the seaside excursion. She and Tom duly caught the early train on a doubtful looking morning. It rained most of the day and she came home tired and decidedly out of temper. Mrs. Lane was a kindly, fussy little woman, who was devoted to her only daughter.

"I am sorry you had such a disappointing day, dearie. I hope you haven't caught cold. Come and have some supper, I've kept it hot for you."

"It has turned chilly. I'm perished. What a miserable looking fire!"

"I'll give it a stir up. The pie's in the oven."

"I don't know that I want it."

"Oh, yes, you do. Sit you down. Have you heard about Joe Harris?"

"What about Joe? I didn't go with him, so how should I hear?"

"He had an accident cycling to church early this morning; a big car ran right into him. His machine is all smashed to smithereens, and he's in hospital."

"Poor old Joe! Lucky for me I wasn't with him!"

Her mother decided that evidently Joyce had no special fancy for Joe, for she seemed so little distressed about him. But she was wrong, as she would have discovered if she had peeped into her daughter's bedroom half an hour later. Joyce had very little sleep that night, and her eyes were red next morning. A few days later she went of her own accord to see Joe in hospital.

"There really isn't much damage done," he said cheerily. "I was lucky, for there are no bones broken. It's just a case of cuts and bruises." There was a big bruise on his forehead and Joyce shuddered as she looked at it. "It was jolly of you to turn in here, messing up your half day."

"I wanted to see for myself just how big a fright you looked," Joyce said airily.

"It hasn't exactly added to my beauty, has it?" Joe suggested with a grin.

"Well, it might have been lots worse." Then, with a sudden change of manner, "It does seem such a shame when you were being good instead of enjoying yourself."



"It was jolly of you to turn in here"



Joe laughed at her vehemence. "Don't talk such rot. I wasn't being good, as you call it, and if I were, what has that got to do with it?"

"Why, you thought me real wicked going off to have a good time on a Sunday, so I suppose you would say it served me right that it rained and spoilt all the fun, and it was too cold to bathe, and—and—I had a horrid day."

Joe would have been more than human if there had been no gleam of satisfaction in his eyes at this frank avowal.

"Bad job about that," he told her mischievously. "But you've got hold of the wrong end of the stick. Of course I didn't think you wicked, though I did wish I could have gone with you."

"If it wasn't wicked for me, why would it have been wrong for you? And anyway wasn't it mean of God to let you be smashed up when you were going to church?"

Joe suddenly looked very serious. "We can't expect God to work miracles every time we do our plain duty. That big car came bullocking along, driven by a reckless idiot, and the inevitable happened. Only a miracle could have avoided a smash."

"I don't know about miracles. I only know it was all beastly rough luck. And anyhow, what do you mean about doing your plain duty?"

Joyce's fright and anxiety had shaken her out of her happy-go-lucky attitude to life and produced an un-

usually serious mood of questioning. Poor Joe's head still felt a bit queer as a result of the accident; but he made a big effort to satisfy her persistence.

"Why, surely it is our plain duty to worship God. We don't go to church only for what we can get, but for what we want to give. Once we realize that, we simply can't neglect our Sundays, we couldn't be happy if we did, let alone anything else." It was the simple sincerity of the lad's manner, more than his actual words, that carried weight. Joyce looked very serious.

"I never thought of things that way before. People say they go to church to get good. Then they become deadily dull, I think. I thought you were talking through your hat when you spoke at the Gyp. I suppose you really meant it all."

Joe nodded.

"And that was why you wouldn't go with me." The piquant little face was solemn for a moment. Joyce was trying to take in a big idea that was quite new to her. Suddenly her expression changed.

"You are a funny chap," she said gaily.

That talk led to many more. By the time Joe came out of hospital, they began to understand each other.

"Evidently it's a case between them," Brian remarked one day when they were back at the Club, "and I do believe you're right, Anne. There's more stuff in that girl than I ever suspected."

"Perhaps it is, that she knows better now what to do with the stuff that's in her," thought Anne Carey.

Over the Teacups

Result of Competition set in February

THE Competition set in February, *Scraphooks* to be given to the Holy Family Homes, has proved a great success. Many of the entries were works of art and showed real skill; all of them showed enthusiasm and kindness of heart.

Three competitors were over eighty years of age, so to show our appreciation of their zeal we have given a Special Prize in their class. There were also many books from children, so another Special Prize has been awarded to them. What was a particularly charming idea was a Scrapbook made by a Kindergarten Sunday School, and it is a pleasure to send a third Special Prize to those little ones.

The First Prize goes to Mrs. B. Salter, The Manor House, Dry Sandford, Abingdon. (N.B.—We particularly commend the washable cover of this book.) Second Prize (5s.), Miss E. Averill Evans, 15 The Parade, Carmarthen. Special Prizes (5s. each): (1) Mrs. Brett (aged 84), Waynflete, Lenham, Kent; (2) Lorna Hartley (aged 10), 61 Stourvale Road, Bournemouth; (3) Great Barford Kindergarten Sunday School, c/o Miss Pedly, The Gables, Great Barford, Beds. Very Highly Commended: Miss E. Castles, Miss R. Barker, Miss Nellie Faulkner. Highly Commended, Mrs. Cleary, Miss H. Russell, Miss E. M. Drew, Kathleen Stroud (aged 13), Margaret Garrett (aged 10). Commended: Miss E. Pritchett, Miss E. Chase, Mrs. Buckley and her fourteen year old daughter, Mrs. Atwell, Miss C. H. Dunnitt, Mrs. Coulstring.

Competition for Readers Overseas

This month we are setting a Competition for our readers abroad: *An Essay of not more than five hundred words on "How we celebrated the Coronation in our neighbourhood."* It will be interesting for us in the Old Country to hear what

you do on this occasion in different parts of the world, and we hope for a good number of entries. There will be the usual two Prizes: First, 10s.; Second, 5s. Perhaps some of you may send photographs as well. All essays should reach "Over the Teacups," c/o The Editor of THE SIGN,

28 Margaret Street, London, W.1, not later than August 12th. Prizes will be sent out as soon as possible, and the results published in the November SIGN.



THE END OF A PERFECT DAY
(Photograph by E. Stevens)

Apple Ginger.—3 lb. apples, 3 lb. preserving sugar, 6 oz. whole ginger.

Method: Put the ginger into a jug or lined saucepan with boiling water, and let it infuse by the side of the fire (or over the gas turned very low) for several hours, keeping it well covered. Peel the apples, cut them into neat pieces, removing the core, and throw them into cold water to preserve the colour.

Drain the liquid from the ginger and make up the quantity to one and a half pints. Put this into a preserving pan with the sugar, bring to the boil and boil from eight to ten minutes.

Drain the pieces of apple, put them gently into the syrup, and let them boil until transparent but not broken. Then lift them out carefully, put them into jars, and pour the syrup over. Leave undisturbed to set before covering.

Lemon Jumbles.— $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. flour, 3 oz. sugar, 3 oz. butter, 1 egg, 1 lemon, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, a little milk.

Method: Beat the butter, sugar, and grated lemon rind together until soft and creamy. Then add the beaten egg and the strained juice of the lemon. Mix the baking powder with the flour and stir them lightly into the other ingredients. Use a little milk if necessary to make a stiffish dough. Turn the dough on to a floured board, and divide into small equal-sized pieces. Roll each piece out quickly and lightly, and twist into the shape of the letter "S." Bake the jumbles on a greased tin in a moderate oven.

The Chapel of the Ascension



FREDERIC SHIELDS

(Elliott & Fry)

AS you walk westward from the Marble Arch along the Bayswater Road your attention will soon be caught by a modest little building which stands back on your right, separated from the traffic of the highway by a turfed forecourt. It is the Chapel of the Ascension, and the purpose of its existence is stated in these inscriptions on either side of the entrance :

“ PASSENGERS THROUGH THE
BUSY STREETS OF LONDON,
ENTER THIS SANCTUARY FOR REST, AND SILENCE,
AND PRAYER.
LET THE PICTURED WALLS WITHIN SPEAK OF THE
PAST
YET EVER CONTINUING WAYS OF GOD WITH MAN.”

“ IS IT NOTHING TO YOU, ALL YE THAT PASS BY?
COME AND REST AWHILE.
COMMUNE WITH YOUR OWN HEARTS, AND BE STILL.
JESUS CHRIST, THE SAME YESTERDAY, TO-DAY,
AND FOR EVER.”

These lines were written by Emilia Russell Gurney, widow of a former Recorder of London, to whose munificence and spiritual insight Londoners and visitors owe this beautiful and precious gift.

It was in the eighties of the last century that she first proposed to the well-known artist Frederic Shields the idea which ultimately took shape in the building and decoration of a place for rest, meditation, and prayer in some busy thoroughfare of London. Various localities were proposed before it was decided to acquire the site of the disused mortuary chapel of an old cemetery lying between the Bayswater and Edgware Roads.

“ The situation,” Mr. Shields wrote, “ was perfect—on a great highway, just removed from one of the busiest convergent parts of London’s traffic, and yet enough withdrawn from the noise and hurry to and fro to meet the central purpose never abandoned, of fitness for rest and meditation.”

Here the chapel was built from designs by Mr. H. P. Horne, who, to quote Mr. Shields again,

“ succeeded in producing a chaste and fitting shrine, [as] will be freely admitted by all who are sensitive to simple, dignified, and refined qualities in architecture.” But for most visitors the attraction of the building itself will be surpassed by Mr. Shields’ own work—the pictures that adorn its walls.

Born in 1833, Frederic Shields spent many years in the distasteful and ill-paid drudgery of commercial design before the opportunity came to devote himself to the work of religious painting which was his true vocation. A set of illustrations to the *Pilgrim’s Progress* first brought him into notice. Later on he was commissioned by the Duke of Westminster to design the decorations for Eaton Hall Chapel. It was while he was engaged on these that Mrs. Gurney entrusted him with what was to prove the last and greatest work of his life, the remarkable series of paintings on the walls of the Chapel of the Ascension.

We have no space for even a brief account of this triumph of sacred art. Partly in allegorical design, partly in scenes from the Bible, it sets forth the whole story of our Redemption, culminating in the great picture that covers nearly the whole of the east wall and represents the event from which the chapel takes its name, the glorious climax of the Gospel story—the Ascension. The pictures must be seen and studied, as it is to be hoped they will be seen and studied by many visitors to London during this month. Here it must suffice to say that Mrs. Gurney lived to see and rejoice in the completion of the chapel and many of the paintings before her death in 1896; and that Mr. Shields, with enduring courage, though in enfeebled health, finished the last painting in September, 1910. His great task ended, his health rapidly failed, and he died in the following February.

This brief account may suitably conclude with the words which Mrs. Gurney wrote to her artist-friend shortly before her death, words expressing

a hope which, though she did not live to see its fulfilment, has assuredly been amply fulfilled: “ I trust many in ever increasing numbers will thank GOD with me for the fullness of His gift ministered through your hands.”

[We have to thank the Rector of St. George’s, Hanover Square, for permission to draw on the Handbook to the Chapel for the facts contained in the above account.—ED. SIGN.]



THE CHAPEL OF THE ASCENSION

Westminster School

Some Notes on its History ✦ By the Rev. C. de M. Rudolf, C.R.

AT the Coronation there will be not a few personages privileged by high position or ancient lineage, or both, to play special parts in the solemn sacring of the King. But with them will be a group who will be there on neither of these counts, and yet will have a very special and notable part in the ceremony—the King's Scholars of Westminster School. To them by ancient tradition falls the honour of acclaiming the Sovereign both with formal Latin *vivats* and with rousing cheers.

Familiar as is the name of Westminster School, probably its buildings are comparatively little known, although they are in the heart of London, under the very shadow of the Abbey and close to the Houses of Parliament. Thousands pass every day the slender column that stands beyond the west front of the Abbey to commemorate "Old Westminsters" who died for their country, those



ENTRANCE TO LITTLE CLOISTER

in the Crimean War headed by the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Raglan, and those in the Indian Mutiny by General Sir William Barnard.

But few pass through Dean's Yard with its tree-encircled plot of grass and under the old stone-vaulted archway into Little Dean's Yard, which is the centre of Westminster School. Here on the right are boarding houses and in the far corner the great dormitory adapted by Lord Burlington, the famous dilettante, from the original design of one of the most notable of Old Westminsters, Sir Christopher Wren.

In this dormitory is acted the annual Latin Play, the only survivor of the plays that were commonly acted by schoolboys in Elizabethan times.

Next to the dormitory is the memorial of King George's Jubilee, with gates of wrought iron giving a delightful peep into "College Garden." Here one could easily fancy oneself in some quiet cathedral city far from the hubbub of London.

Immediately opposite the entrance is the gateway, deeply carved with names, that leads to the Great Schoolroom, known as "Up-School." This was formerly the dormitory of the monks and still

possesses a fine old timbered roof. Until the last century the whole school was taught in this one great room: how the different forms got on with their lessons it is hard to understand in these more highly organized days, yet many scholars of note were turned out in spite of what would now be considered an intolerable tumult of noise. It is over a bar in the roof of "Up-School" that the curious old custom of tossing the pancake takes place every Shrove Tuesday.

To the left is the low entrance to the cloisters which leads to the gymnasium with what must be the oldest changing-room in England, for it is part of the crypt of the original Abbey buildings of Edward the Confessor, of which but few remains are now visible.

Along the south side of the cloisters in a picturesque little cobbled courtyard is College Hall, once the Abbot's dining-hall, where now the King's Scholars and some of the day-boys have their meals. It must be quite one of the most attractive mediæval buildings of the kind to be seen anywhere. The further side of the courtyard

is occupied by the well-known "Jerusalem Chamber."

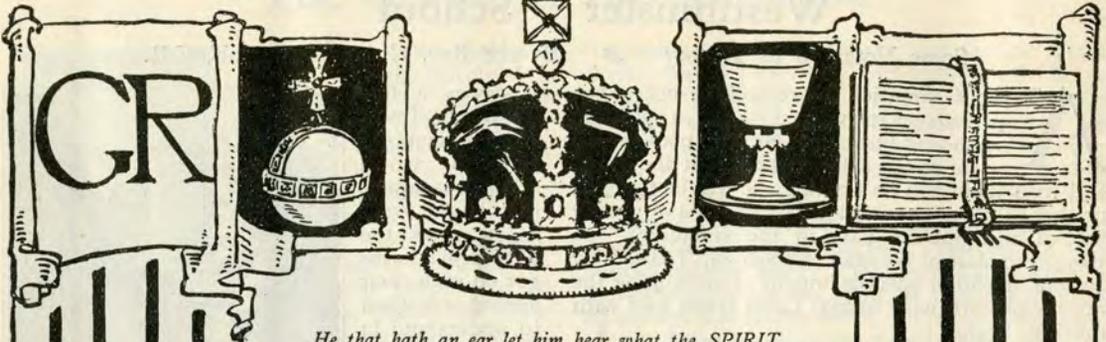
Returning to Little Dean's Yard, we see on the left-hand side Ashburnham House, a seventeenth-century building of mellowed red-brick, which contains a stately staircase of unusual beauty, often attributed to



DEAN'S YARD



OLD GATEWAY AND GEORGE V
MEMORIAL WALL



*He that hath an ear let him hear what the SPIRIT
saith to the Churches*



Let us remember in our prayers
especially on May 12, 1937
being the day appointed for their coronation

George VI
and
Elizabeth, his Consort

our Sovereigns

WHO

in receiving our homage and in dedicating
themselves to the service of the people
seek the blessing of God



HOLY MOST HIGH

Who dwellest in the holy place, make us holy and bring
us near to Thee, cleansing us from all defilement, that
we may perform the worship of our fathers in Thy fear ;
for Thou art **He Who blesses** and hallows all things.

*Remember them that have been before thee
and them that come after :
This is the sentence of the Lord of all flesh.*

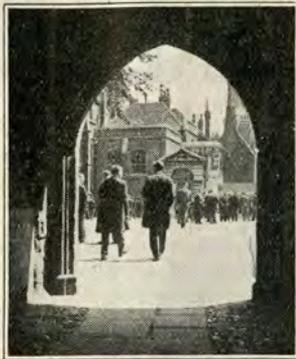


Ruth Cobb





Inigo Jones, but now considered to be of later date. Above it towers the nave of the Abbey, and it is



THE GATEWAY.

this close connection with the Abbey that gives Westminster School something which distinguishes it from any other school in the kingdom. What other school can there be with such a church for its school chapel?

It is little wonder that with such associations the School has an impressive roll of old boys, among them, as might be expected, many statesmen, including a large proportion of the Prime Ministers, and many famous divines. Then there are administrators, such as Warren Hastings; John Locke the philosopher; and Gibbon the historian. Most outstanding, perhaps, is the list of poets beginning with Ben Jonson, who received at Westminster the classical education that led him to refer a trifle unkindly to Shakespeare's "small Latin and less Greek." Among them are the writers of some of the best loved of all our hymns, such as William Cowper, several of whose hymns appear in every hymnal; George Herbert; and Augustus Toplady, author of "Rock of Ages." One of its greatest poets, Dryden, has only one hymn against his name in the index of the *English Hymnal*, but to compensate for this is the glorious name of Charles Wesley who in most collections easily heads the list. He is said to have written the almost incredible number of six thousand hymns.

No one can say when Westminster School came into being; its history goes far back into the Middle Ages; there is mention of a well-established

school in the fourteenth century, and the fact that the schoolmasters were laymen and were married shows that the school was not part of the monastery, or definitely intended for future monks. It was Henry VIII and his daughter Elizabeth who gave the school its present constitution and linked it with the royal foundations of Christ Church at Oxford and Trinity College at Cambridge.

In spite of its position in the heart of London it continues to flourish, and the top hats of its boys, or more noticeable still their cricket or football costumes, mark them out among the busy throngs of Victoria Street. From time to time removal to the country has been mooted, but the School would lose its individuality away from Westminster. Moreover, more fortunate than other London schools that have felt compelled to move out, it has its famous playing-fields at hand in Vincent Square, though these have been in late years supplemented by others further afield. Rowing is no longer possible at Westminster, but the flash of the pink oars of the School is still to be seen higher up on the Thames, though the river.



ASHBURNHAM HOUSE

The Blessing

GLORY to GOD in the Highest" is sounded; then, when the rushings of praises cease,

Falls the music of GOD'S benediction, wording the gift of blessing and peace:

Peace for the King and Peace for the Queen, to enfold their lives in the love of His Way;

Peace for the continents, Peace for the islands, Peace for the oceans that own their sway;

Peace in the odorous vales of Australia, Peace on the crowns of the white Himalay;

Peace on the rich broad prairies of Canada, Peace on the lion of Table Bay;

Peace and blessing for all the peoples laid in the bosom of GOD to-day.



The HIDDEN GARDEN

By J. Aiton Cowdroy

SYNOPSIS

JEAN BOURNE, a young girl of artistic temperament, is out of work, and the family finances are at a low ebb. HAROLD CONROY, Jean's oldest and best friend, is able to help by securing TOM CARTWRIGHT as a lodger. Tom can pay well for his rooms, for he is the London representative of a well-known Staffordshire pottery firm; but, unfortunately, Jean's mother has no idea of cooking or housekeeping. Jean decides to abandon her ambition to become a sculptor, and takes over the management of the household. GREGORY, Jean's married brother, has domestic troubles of his own; and these tend to complicate the situation. Tom discovers a sample of Jean's china work, and takes a professional interest in it.

The story continues—

CHAPTER VIII

CATASTROPHE

JEAN flew into the house with sinking heart.

Mr. Cartwright's description of the scene that met her eyes in the front hall was only too moderate.

The narrow passage was blocked with suitcases that a surly cabman was carrying in and dumping down, and Violet was sobbing wildly in Mrs. Bourne's arms, while the two little boys, terrified by their mother's hysterical weeping, were wailing dismally as they clung round her skirts.

"Violet! Mother! What is the matter?" Jean exclaimed, utterly bewildered. "Is Gregory here?"

At that name Violet's crying grew louder, and Mrs. Bourne, her face grey with dreadful fear for her son, gathered the girl closer in her motherly arms and tried to soothe her to the point of coherent speech.

"Hush, hush, my dear. Try to tell me what has happened. Has there been an accident? Is Gregory hurt—or—dead?"

Her dry lips scarcely whispered that last word, but roused by it to knowledge of the consternation she had inspired Violet lifted her swollen face from Mrs. Bourne's shoulder.

"Oh no, not that," she gasped out. "But—oh—it seems nearly as dreadful. Gregory has been arrested by the police!"

"Gregory arrested!" Mrs. Bourne's tone was sharp with horror and amazement. "My dear, you are beside yourself. You don't know what you are saying."

"But it's true," Violet insisted miserably. She dabbed her eyes with a sodden handkerchief, then caught sight of the cabman.

"Jean, do pay that man and send him away. Here's my bag. I think there is enough money in it." She clutched Mrs. Bourne's arm and dragged her into the open door of the dining-room. "It's all like a nightmare! let me tell you!"

To Jean's immense relief, just as she had dismissed the man, the small neat figure of Mr. Conroy appeared from his own gate and came trotting up the steps.

"Jean, my dear, Cartwright told me over the garden wall that Violet has come and you are all in some trouble. Can I be of any use?"

"Oh, do come in, Mr. Conroy," Jean exclaimed with eager thankfulness. "Violet has brought dreadful news of Gregory. But I don't understand one little bit about it yet."

It was some time before Violet was capable of explaining her mysterious statement, for the children were howling in her lap, and in the relief of having reached her haven the strain she had laid on her self-control seemed completely broken.

However, a bag of chocolates from Mr. Conroy's pocket miraculously stopped the boys' tears, and when she had quieted a little, Violet related in jerky sentences the little she knew herself of the catastrophe that had fallen on her.

Gregory had been extra busy at the office all the week, working late most evenings, so that she had scarcely seen him. On Friday he came home long after she was in bed and then, and in the morning, seemed queerly excited and worried. He said that things were suddenly serious at the office. He might be kept in town all day, and if he did not come back by four she was to pack clothes for herself and the boys and go home to his mother. He would not explain what he feared, and when poor Violet questioned him simply said she would not understand the business, but he was afraid that Hirst, the Managing Director, and Sly, and the other members of the Board, had landed the Company in a mess, and it would be touch and go whether they pulled through or not. Meantime, she would be best out of it, at his mother's.

"But if I go away," Violet asked, bewildered, as they rose from a scarcely tasted breakfast, "what is to become of you and the flat?"

"Don't worry about me. There's a room at the office that Hirst often uses when he stops on after me." He winced as he said that, as if it touched a painful nerve. "The servants must be dismissed. Look here, Vi, my pet, don't make things more difficult by arguing," he added with more real affection than he had shown of late. "I'm desperately sorry all this should come on you so suddenly, but honestly it's not my fault, except perhaps that I've been a fool to trust Sly and the rest so blindly. I thought I knew every last thing about the business they were doing, but now I'm not sure that there weren't a whole lot of transactions carried out behind my back that they never breathed a word of to me."

"And then," Violet broke down again and sobbed as she continued her story, "just when he had kissed me and was going out, a strange man came and they had a private talk for a few minutes in the drawing-room, and then they went off together. And about noon the same man came back, and told me that he was a detective officer, and—and that Gregory was under arrest, and Mr. Hirst and Mr. Leon and Mr. Bamfelt, on a charge of fraud, and the office was in the hands

of the police. So then I packed up, as Gregory told me to, the man looking on the whole time. Oh, it was dreadful!" She struggled with her tears. "He was sorry for me, I think, and kind in his way, but firm that I mustn't take anything out of the flat but just our clothes and personal things. Then he strapped the cases and called a cab, and we came here."

"I think you did quite the most sensible thing, my dear," said Mr. Conroy, and his practical tone seemed to steady the girl. But Mrs. Bourne broke out into anguished protest.

"But my poor boy, Mr. Conroy! What will become of my darling boy? I'm sure he has never done a thing to deserve being arrested like a common criminal by the police!"

"My poor friend! It may turn out that he has been deceived by these men he trusted. His arrest," Mr. Conroy said diplomatically, "may be just a precautionary measure on the part of the authorities till they have had time to examine the documents at the office to discover where the real blame lies."

"But it all seems so improbable," Violet burst out. "Fraud means dishonesty in business, doesn't it? But why should Mr. Hirst be dishonest? He is enormously rich. He often came to the flat. He lives in Knightsbridge and drives in an electric brougham, and gives dinner and supper parties at the most expensive places, and the others are just the same. Why should wealthy men like that bother about trying to make more money by dishonest means, running such dreadful risks, when they have so much already?"

"Mr. Hirst may not," said Mr. Conroy drily, "be as wealthy as he led people to believe. But as you must know for yourself, my dear, honesty is not dependent on circumstances, but on character."

She nodded and gazed at him with tragic eyes.

"But, Mr. Conroy, what will they do with Gregory?"

"Immediately, you mean? Well, he and the others will be charged first, before a magistrate," he explained with some reluctance, "on Monday morning. And probably the police will ask for a remand, while the case is being investigated. That is merely the formal procedure. But I cannot foretell the course the inquiry will take till I know more of the facts. You must just try to be patient, Violet, and hope for the best. And you, too, Mrs. Bourne. My dear, old friend," he got up and took his neighbour's hand, "you must not take this too hardly. I will go at once and try to see Gregory, and now I can tell him that Violet and his children are safe in his mother's care. That will cheer him better than anything."

"You will see him?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Mr. Conroy, give him his old mother's love and tell him I know my dear boy hasn't done anything wrong."

"I will," he said cheerfully. "Now Jean, what about a cup of tea all round? And I will run away

because your mother must want to go and see about Violet's room."

"Dear, dear, of course I must. Violet, you would like Gregory's room? And there's the cot for Davy."

CHAPTER IX

REMANDED IN CUSTODY

SATISFIED that he had changed their thoughts to practical questions, as Mrs. Bourne, with revived energy, bustled upstairs to arrange the bedroom for Violet, Mr. Conroy slipped quietly back to his own house. He had known the Bourne children all their lives, and regarded the three girls almost as his daughters. It was he who, last year, in the grief and misfortunes resulting from Mr. Bourne's death, had stood by them staunchly, patiently straightened out the tangle of Mr. Bourne's involved business affairs, and, when he discovered how little money was immediately available for the widow's use, had settled Jean and Louie in good posts.

In Jean's case he had felt misgivings, for he believed that only in some career where her artistic leanings had free scope would she make good, and since she lost the office job, for which he had feared she was unfitted, he had watched very kindly the courage with which she had tackled her new tasks at home.

But with Louie his help had been more successful. Steady, practical, and sweet-tempered, Louie was liked and trusted at Baynes & Farrers by authorities and colleagues alike. Sometimes he wished that his

own attractive daughter, Lesley, had been more like Louie in character. Her mother and he had cheerfully acquiesced in her desire to go on the stage, for they believed in the right of every girl to test life by personal experience. He could not wish the child other than she was, high-spirited, frankly captivating with her gay ways and lovely face, ambitious to test her strong young wings. Yet when he watched Louie with his wife he thought with a sigh what a tremendous difference the presence of such a gentle, affectionate girl in her home would make in his dear invalid's life.

It was a pleasant, homelike scene that met his glance in the drawing-room as he entered. Mrs. Conroy lay on her couch by the fire as usual, and Louie knelt on the hearthrug to make toast, which Harold was lavishly buttering on a plate balanced on his knees.

"Hullo, Dad!" Harold greeted him. "We couldn't imagine where you'd vanished to. We've finished tea, but Louie is making toast for you."

"Thank you, dear child. You spoil me. I went in to your mother's for a few minutes." Something in his tone made Louie, as she handed the last piece of toast to Harold, turn and glance up at the elder man with a hint of apprehension in her clear grey eyes.



"Oh, do come in, Mr. Conroy. . . . Violet has brought dreadful news of Gregory"



"Why, Mr. Conroy? Is anything happening there?"

"Didn't you see the cab drive up? Violet has brought the boys for a visit."

"We must have been making tea in the kitchen," said Louie, and added with a catch in her breath, "Is Violet—Gregory—in trouble over money?"

"I'm afraid they are. But how came you to guess?"

"I know they have a long account at the shop. I've been worrying rather," she admitted. "Mr. Marchmont mentioned it to me nearly a month ago."

"Why? What did he say?" Mr. Conroy felt surprise.

"That they'd been obliged to refuse Violet any further credit. She hasn't been in since, but I'm certain if Gregory had paid the account Mr. Marchmont would have told me. He is always so kind to me because he is a friend of yours. But he spoke in confidence, and I could not repeat it to any one. It was almost as if he wanted to warn me. I thought, because he added something jokingly about not lending money to relatives because they were often bad debtors. But what has happened, Mr. Conroy? I must run home at once, but I'd better know first."

He told her in a few words, minimizing the news as far as possible. But no kindness could soften the terrifying word "arrest."

It was a quiet but very white-faced girl whom Harold, almost as white as she, led to her own door.

Mr. Conroy had added, as he patted her shoulder, "Go now, my dear, if you must, but come back as soon as you can to stay with my wife. Harold and I must go at once to find out the true facts, if we can."

But it was Jean who came, not Louie.

"Violet is lying down, and Mother and Louie are cosseting the poor mites. Not that they feel poor mites," Jean explained. "David has just announced that henceforth he intends to live with Gwan-gwan, and have Aunt Louie for his nurse instead of Berfa."

"The grandsons will be your mother's best comfort just now, Jean," Mrs. Conroy said when the men were gone, and the girl was seated in a low chair by her couch. "It was good of you to come and sit with a tiresome old lady, dear child, when you must be extra busy."

But Jean shook her head with a smile.

"Supper is all prepared, and it didn't take long to arrange poor Violet's belongings in her room, and Mummie is fully occupied with the babies. I was happy to come. This room," she looked at the sweet, worn face of the woman beside her, "always seems to me a haven of peace. I only feel selfish because it is I who have escaped into it for a while, and not Louie."

"My dear, a brave spirit like yours creates its own atmosphere of peace however difficult outward circumstances may be."

"Dad! This is an appalling affair!" Harold exclaimed when they were well away from the house. "What is your own opinion of Gregory's behaviour? I've never cared for the fellow, but I can't believe he would lend himself to any business he actually knew to be fraudulent."

"I hope not, I sincerely hope not." Mr. Conroy's tone was dubious. "My own feeling is that he may have been led further than he intended by these directors of his, and by his inexperience and that irritating cocksureness of his."

"I know he was always cocksure, sir. But why do you call him inexperienced?" Harold said, surprised. "He has been in this business for seven years. Surely he must understand his job by this time."

"I did not," Mr. Conroy replied slowly, "form a high opinion of his capacity for business in the interviews I had with him at the time of his father's death. No, no, don't mistake me. He didn't strike me as in any real sense of the word dishonest, but his views about the handling of money, and the risks that might legiti-

mately be taken in business transactions, were sanguine and rash in the extreme. He wanted, you know, to invest his father's insurance money in this Welford Land Co. of his, boasting that he would pay his mother ten per cent on her capital instead of the three and a half she would get from Government securities. He was extremely angry when I opposed the project, and sulky to his mother when he found her determined to be guided by my advice in money matters as Bourne, poor fellow, urged her to be on his death-bed."



"Louie knelt on the hearthrug to make toast"

"Thank heaven she was!" Harold exclaimed. "Or that money would have gone up in smoke like the rest, and she would be absolutely destitute now, just when poor old Gregory's family is landed on her to keep. But what do you suppose will happen to him now? Will he be released on bail while the defence is being prepared?"

Mr. Conroy shook his head.

"One can't say till one knows the gravity of the charge, and what the defence is likely to be. It depends on the evidence already obtained, and how far Gregory is involved in the guilt of his principals. But bail is rarely allowed in cases of serious fraud. The most I can hope for at present is a chat with the young man himself that may give us an idea how the case really stands."

But even that boon was denied them that night, and though Mr. Conroy was present on Monday during the brief and formal proceedings in the police court, and was permitted a short interview with Gregory at their termination, the result was what his experience had foreseen.

Gregory, with the three other men, was remanded in custody.

(To be continued)

Church Life To-day

Some Points of Current Interest



THE LATE RIGHT REV.
G. H. FRODSHAM, D.D.
(Elliott & Fry)

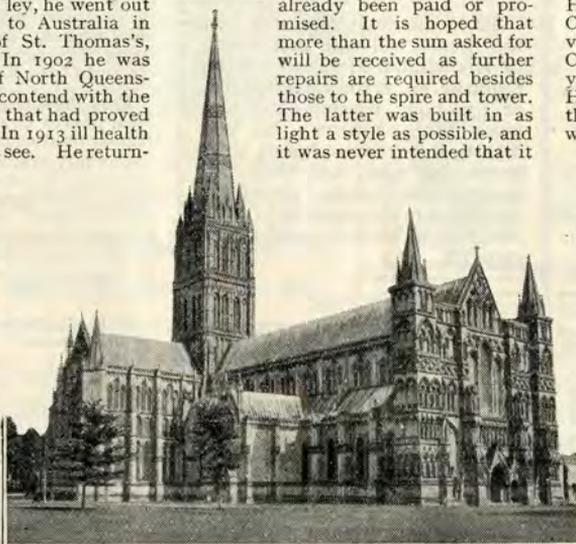
1896 to be Rector of St. Thomas's, Toowong, Brisbane. In 1902 he was consecrated Bishop of North Queensland, where he had to contend with the difficulties of a climate that had proved fatal to many priests. In 1913 ill health forced him to resign his see. He returned to England, and in 1914 was appointed to a residential canonry in Gloucester Cathedral, becoming treasurer three years later. He was appointed vicar of the important parish of Halifax in 1920.

THE Rev. Eric Southam, who has been appointed Provost of Guildford Cathedral in succession to the late Very Rev. E. C. Kirwan, is an able and energetic priest who has done a remarkable work in Bournemouth since his appointment as Vicar of Pokesdown in 1927. Mr. Southam went to Bournemouth from St. Mark's, North End, Portsmouth, with the definite purpose of undertaking a big scheme of church extension in Eastern Bournemouth, involving the division of the parish into four and the building of new churches to meet the needs of the newly developed areas. That task he has now accomplished. The Boscombe district of St. Andrew was made into a separate parish; the old parish church of St. James was rebuilt and enlarged; and two new district churches have been built and consecrated. Mr. Southam is a member of the Central Religious Advisory Committee of the B.B.C.

At the invitation of the Bishop of Sheffield, the Society of the Sacred Mission, Kelham, is to staff the parish of **Parson Cross** which will include the huge housing estate now being planned by the Sheffield City Council. At

present the parish consists only of fields, with a few houses built round the edges of the area on the existing roads. Ultimately it will provide homes for forty thousand people—one-fifteenth of the whole population of Sheffield—and constitute a township in itself. The Church will be in time to welcome the people as they arrive; the Society will start at once with a staff of three, and will add others as the houses are occupied and the work grows. A generous layman is giving a church at a cost of £8,000.

THE appeal of the Dean (the Very Rev. E. L. Henderson) for the sum of £10,000 to restore the **spire of Salisbury Cathedral** has received a remarkable response, and over £8,000 has already been paid or promised. It is hoped that more than the sum asked for will be received as further repairs are required besides those to the spire and tower. The latter was built in as light a style as possible, and it was never intended that it

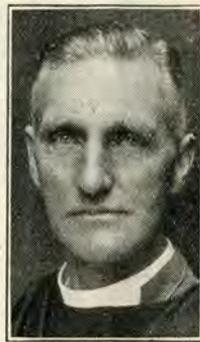


SALISBURY CATHEDRAL [F. Frith & Co.]

should bear the weight of a spire weighing some four thousand tons. It is the strengthening of this tower which is the real problem. When this is done, the Dean hopes to transfer his attention to the roofs and masonry of the Cathedral as a whole.

THE Rev. S. J. Marriott, Rector of North Berwick, has been appointed to the Canonry of Westminster Abbey vacant by the appointment of Archdeacon Storr to the Rectory of St. Margaret's, Westminster. Mr. Marriott, who was ordained in 1911 to a curacy at Carleton-in-Craven, served for some years under the well-known broadcasting preacher, the Rev. W. H. Elliott, at Holy Trinity, Folkestone. He became Rector of North Berwick in 1920. He has been closely associated with the work of the Industrial Christian Fellowship, and has preached at the street-corners and in the factories of Glasgow and elsewhere with great success.

THE Bishop-Suffragan of Croydon, the **Right Rev. E. S. Woods**, who is to succeed Dr. Kempthorne as Bishop of Lichfield, is a younger brother of the late Dr. F. T. Woods who was Bishop of Winchester from 1924 until his comparatively early death in 1932. Bishop E. S. Woods was ordained in 1901 to a curacy at Holy Trinity, Cambridge, where his brother was then vicar. He was Vicar of Holy Trinity, Cambridge, 1918-27, and in the latter year was appointed Vicar of Croydon. He became Archdeacon of Croydon three years later, and in the same year was consecrated bishop-suffragan.



RIGHT REV. E. S. WOODS
(Russell)

By the appointment of **Mr. A. J. Quarterman** as Rector's Warden of Abberley, Worcestershire, a record has been established not only for the diocese but probably for the whole country. For one hundred and twenty-seven consecutive years a member of the Quarterman family has been Rector's Warden. The father of the present warden, Mr. G. Quarterman, brought the family record to the unbroken century by holding office for thirty-three years; Mr. A. J. Quarterman has now completed twenty-seven years in office.

THE **Bishop of Bath and Wells**, Dr. St. J. B. Wynne Willson, has announced his intention of resigning his see on grounds of ill health. Dr. Willson, who is sixty-seven years of age, was appointed to the see in 1921. He is one of the schoolmaster bishops who are no longer so numerous as they were a few generations ago, and was in turn head of Haileybury and of Marlborough. He was Dean of Bristol, 1916-21. It is traditionally the right of the Bishops of Bath and Wells and of Durham to support the King during the Coronation service, and Dr. Willson will enjoy this privilege before his retirement.



THE RIGHT REV. ST. J. B.
WYNNE WILSON, D.D.
(Russell)

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.* * *

2801. Why is our King called "Defender of the Faith"?

This title was originally conferred on Henry VIII by Pope Leo X in 1521. Some years before that time Henry had asked the Pope to give him a title of the kind to balance, as it were, the titles of *Most Christian King* and *Most Catholic King* borne by the Kings of France and Spain. In 1521 Henry published his book, *The Assertion of the Seven Sacraments*, in reply to the doctrines of Luther, and in recognition of this the Pope gave him the title for which he had asked, and it has been retained by all his successors.

2802. Can the Annual Church Meeting decide that a certain payment should be made from the General Fund?

The list of business for the Annual Parochial Church Meeting, as given in Chancellor Macmorran's *Handbook for Churchwardens*, shows that the Annual Meeting may pass a resolution giving "any particular recommendation to the Council in relation to its duties." We think this would be the right method to follow in the case you mention. The Council could then decide the matter and would no doubt pay attention to the recommendation of the Annual Meeting, though it would not necessarily be bound by it.

2803. Are the books of the Old Testament those which were saved when the Temple was burnt in A.D. 70?

The legend you mention as to the twenty-four books saved from the Temple is not at all credible as it stands. After the destruction of Jerusalem it took about fifty years to form the final Hebrew "Canon," that is, to decide which books were to be officially included in the Scriptures. A simple book by Paterson Smyth, *How we got our Bible* (2s. 6d.), might help you, or a little book by G. M. I. Blackburne, *The Old Testament* (4d.), would give you a list of the various collections of Biblical Books as printed to-day, English, Hebrew, Greek, Latin. A more difficult but most interesting account of present-day knowledge about the transmission of Holy Scripture is Kenyon, *Story of the Bible* (3s. 6d.), with which teachers and others should acquaint themselves.

2804. What is the origin of the custom of throwing rice at weddings?

We are glad to say that the custom of throwing rice at weddings is dying out, and we hope that its substitute, confetti, also will soon cease. The

ON THE MAP

Points for Church People

THE PLACE OF THE HEAVENLY VISION

The heavenly places in Christ Jesus

From the boundless store . . . the SPIRIT will take that which in His wisdom He knows to be requisite, either for the individual or the body corporate, at any given time or place. He will display this treasure before their wondering gaze, and they will apprehend and make it their own, according to the measure of their intellectual, aesthetic, and moral capacity.

MAY, 1937

- Date THE GREATER FEASTS
1, S. SS. Philip & James, AA.MM.
2, S. Fifth after Easter.
(Rogation Sunday.)
6, Th. Ascension Day.
9, S. After Ascension Day.
16, S. Whitsunday.
17, 18. Mon., Tu. in Whitsun Week.
23, S. Trinity Sunday.
30, S. First after Trinity.

DAYS OF FASTING OR ABSTINENCE

- Fridays, 14, 21, 28.
15th, Vigil of Pentecost.
Ember Days, 19, 21, 22.

SPECIAL DAYS

Rogation Days, 3, 4, 5 (see Local Notices).

COMMEMORATIONS

- [2, Athanasius, Bp. of Alexandria & D., 373;] 4, Monnica, Matron, 387; [6, St. John Evan., ante Portam Latinam;] 19, Dunstan, Archbp. of Canterbury, 988; 25, Aldhelm, Bp. of Sherborne, 709; 26, Augustine, first Archbp. of Canterbury, 605; 27, Ven. Bede of Jarrow, P. & D., 735.

custom of throwing rice at the bridal couple had a pagan origin, rice being a symbol of fertility.

2805. If a member of the Parochial Church Council resigns how is his place filled?

We think the point you put is covered by Rule 24 of the Rules for the Representation of the Laity: "Elections to fill up casual vacancies among lay representatives shall be conducted in the same manner as ordinary elections, a special meeting of the electing body being held, if necessary, for the purpose."

The same Rule states that "the resignation of a member of the Parochial Church Council (by reason of its being a corporate body) requires the consent of the Council."

2806. Should a member of the Parochial Church Council who has not been regular in attendances be re-elected?

The fact that a member is unable or unwilling to attend should be taken into consideration by the voters at the next election. Sometimes there may be special reasons for keeping a member on the Council although he is not able to attend regularly, and this should be explained to the voters.

2807. Is there any rule as to the age of bridesmaids?

There are no fixed rules. The modern habit of having very young children is to be deprecated; on the other hand, relatives distinctly older than the bride should not feel hurt if she prefers younger companions, as sometimes happens. It is natural for her to choose those of her own age.

2808. Would it be un-Christian to consult a phrenologist?

We do not think it could be definitely said that phrenology is "un-Christian." It is simply a foolish craze which no sensible person takes seriously. Some of those who believe in it are harmless cranks; others use it as a means of getting money from foolish and credulous people. We should certainly advise you to have nothing to do with it.

2809. Why has our new vicar introduced an "Office Hymn" into the evening service?

The hymns known as "Office Hymns" are, properly speaking, translations of the Latin hymns formerly sung at stated hours and seasons in the Offices, that is to say the services on which our Morning and Evening Prayer are based. These particular hymns, however, are not always used, and any appropriate hymn may be sung at this point in the service.

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.

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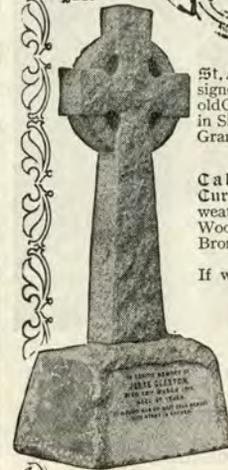
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ECCLESIA GIRLS' BIBLE CLASS

At the end of April the girls packed five large cartons of used books and magazines, three of which were sent to Miss Joan Young, St. James Mission, Endeavour, Sask., and the others to Rev. Eric S. W. Cole, Arborfield, Sask.

The doll booth at the Fall Bazaar will be undertaken this year by our class girls, convened by Mrs. Saxon, and we hope to have the help and cooperation of the ladies of the Church. To start on this work we are having a lecture at 711 Yonge Street, on "Home Science," conducted by Miss Ruth Crawford, on Tuesday, May 11th, at 2.00 p.m. sharp, and shall hope to see many there.

The Class will close up for the Summer months at the beginning of June, and re-open early in September. During the Summer, however, we do not intend to be idle, and many warm garments will be made, and a large number of toys and scrap books ready for our social service work and the Church cupboard. We would be glad of old Christmas cards and pictures, as they are invaluable to us in our handwork.

FAITH AND THE FAITH

By Archdeacon J. B. Fotheringham

A Chinese from the interior of China landed this year in New York. His knowledge of this continent had been derived from two sources—a Standard Oil agent and a Christian missionary. From the former he had heard much of the commercial and from the latter much of the Christian character of the people. What did he find? Christ Himself seemed to imagine such a situation. In his own day He saw two men going up to the temple—one a Pharisee, a member of the faith of the day, the other a Publican, one outside of that faith. As He watched them He indicated the difference between the two men—one was of the faith, the other had faith. Then, turning to His hearers, he asked the question: "When the Son of man cometh, shall He find faith (or, as the R.V. and the Greek have it, "the" faith) on the earth?" The very form of His question suggested the answer that He would find the faith, but not faith.

If any son of man came to this continent as the Chinese came, what would he find? He would be tempted to declare as Christ suggested, that the faith was as much in evidence as the absence of faith was obvious. In New York he bought a morning paper: it was dated A.D. 1937 (not as it would have been in his own community or in Genoa today). He exchanged his money at the bank: some silver coins had "In God we trust" engraved on them. He was amazed at the great buildings erected in the name of commerce and still more at the great buildings erected in the name of faith—churches, hospitals, colleges. He left New York and visited Canada. He was present at the legislative assembly of Ontario and heard the session opened with prayer. He consulted some "Acts of Parliament" in the library and found that the first words of one of the Acts was "In the Name of God. Amen." The day called Sunday was regulated by "The Lord's Day Act," but at twelve midnight on Saturday he found strangely-acting men and women coming

from what were called "Beverage Rooms," and at twelve midnight on Sunday great queues of people standing in line waiting for the opening of the doors of "Mid-Nite Shows." He became somewhat confused: the faith was everywhere in evidence, but, whatever the faith was, it was not faith which seemed to control newspaper, legislature, or the will of the people generally. In Church Services he observed worship, watched ceremonies, listened to music—a magnificent expression of the faith, but in the city, evidences of practices abhorrent even to his conception of life. He found streets (bearing, some of them, Christian names) which to his mind were unfit for habitation. He thought he had understood what the Missionary meant by "faith," but after a short stay he was not so sure—the lives of the people were not controlled by faith to such an extent as to make any noticeable difference from his native China.

His confusion can be pardoned; he was a foreigner. The confusion of the native-born citizen of the country is greater still, especially as he listens to some groups of his own people, where the only indication of faith is strange oaths that bear a Christian significance. It is easy to grow cynical and say as T. S. Eliot does:

"The Wind shall say

'Here were decent godless people,
Their only monument the asphalt road
And a thousand lost golf balls,'"

or A. E. Housman:

"In the miry meads in Winter
The football sprung and fell;
Man stuck the land with wickets
As far as the eye could tell,
The world went well."

But neither cynicism nor negation can answer the question as to the presence of the faith and the absence of faith. What any son of man asks for in 1937 is the presence of faith which is faith. The historical thing which we call "the faith" embodied in creeds and ceremonies in western civilization must be embodied in faith—a working rule of life.

This faith, to be adequate, must express the faith of the centuries and a faith for today. The little children must be taught how to live by faith or the faith: the teaching cannot be postponed until adult life any more than the teaching of how to walk or to eat or to speak. The child, of course, will earn its own living bye and bye, but the skill must be taught. The boy or girl must learn of those who lived by faith and begin at once the same art. The faith which is taught, however, must be one which can grow with the enlarging mind, ready to face new experiences and new knowledge and fit to stand the shock of circum-

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stances. It must be a living hand in the midst of life—not a mere slavish adherence to a form, but truth by which to live. It may be necessary, as Aldous Huxley suggests in "Eyeless in Gaza," to send some words used to the dry-cleaners or even to discard terms intelligible and livable in other countries for terms understood and relevant to this.

Further, the faith must demonstrate itself by faith, in action: it is not a mere ideal vaguely held in the course of this life, nor is it something realized in a life beyond this. The Son of Man must find when He comes, as He is ever coming, that the life of the people at home, in the marketplace, in the council-chamber, in industry and commerce, above all in the various churches called after His name, has kept the faith.

MESSAGE FROM THE ARCHDEACON

Dear Brethren:

The Rector left for England on April 22nd. By this time he will have seen the King and Queen crowned at Westminster Abbey. The days before he went were crowded with farewells. Individuals and organizations alike showered him with good wishes. Among others, the Mothers' Society, the A.Y.P.A., the Cemetery Staff, the Choir, the Woman's Auxiliary, the Bowling Club, the Parish Association, the Sunday School all met him and offered prayers for a safe return and presented him with tokens of their esteem.

The Canon had a seat provided for him in the Abbey for the ceremony and was also able to secure a place in the stands for the procession. A card from him since he went told us he had a comfortable cabin and anticipated with interest and delight all that awaited him. It is a great thing for St. John's to have a personal representative present at the Coronation, and it will be interesting to have a first-hand account of all the happenings.

Meantime, the Parish has a step-father and he is looking to the family of St. John's to see that all goes well until the Canon returns. On the first Sunday of the Rector's absence the wind blew and the rain fell, and the result was our numbers at Church were down. It was not an inspiring beginning for the interim, but better days are coming and I am depending on all the congregation—individuals and organizations—to do more for the Church during the six weeks than they have done before. Above all, come out to Church; report anything that has to be attended to and be frank enough about everything so that the work of the Parish will prosper. I shall be at the office every morning and many of the evenings, and it will be an easy matter for you to communicate with me.

The event of May is, without question, the Coronation. To the nations it will be a demonstration of the unity, variety and might of the Empire. To us who are members of the Commonwealth of nations it will be a more intimate thing. Kings and crowns have fared ill in these latter days. The old landmarks have disappeared and a new ideal is emerging in the governments of the world. The British Empire can give, during this crisis, a vision full of meaning for the diverse

racings of the world. It is possible to have a common symbol—a crown; it is possible to have more a common emotion among peoples as diverse as the natives of India and the dwellers on Lombard Street—a common state of mind. Within that state of mind, differing ideas, diverse forms, contrasting colours—all may contribute to the oneness of life which is the need of mankind today. Monarchy in Britain is different from Monarchy elsewhere: the King is the people's King, and the strength of the King is the will of the people as embodied in him and expressed through him. To church-people the King is still more than to others who are outside the pale of the Church. He is anointed in the name of God and consecrated to his difficult task as "servus servorum"—a servant of God for the servants of God. The Coronation is a ceremony colourful and majestic. It is more: it is the dedication of a King and people to the welfare of mankind. It is in this spirit that our prayers are offered and our Church Services held. With all our fellow-subjects throughout the world we therefore join the Laureate's Prayer for the King's reign:

O God, the Ruler over earth and sea,
Grant us Thy guidance in the reign to be;
Grant that our King may make this ancient land
A realm of brothers, working mind and hand
To make the life of man a fairer thing;
God grant this living glory to the King.

Grant, to our Queen, the strength that lifts and shares

The daily burden that a monarch bears;
Grant to them both, Thy holy help to give
The hopeless, hope; the workless, means to live;
The light to see, and skill to make us see,
Where ways are bad, what better ways may be;
And grace, to give to working minds and zest
To reach excelling things beyond their best.

Grant to them peace, and Thy diviner peace,
The joy of making human ways to cease;
Make wise the councils of the men who sway
The Britain here, the Britains far away;
And grant us all, that every rightness willed
In this beginning reign may be fulfilled.

God Save The King

Yours faithfully,

J. B. FOTHERINGHAM.

Members of the congregation will be glad to hear that Mrs. Dunham is convalescing very satisfactorily after her serious illness. Mr. and Mrs. Dunham wish to give their grateful thanks to all who were so kind during the illness. The prayers, the flowers, the kindly enquiries were all most appreciated.

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THE CONSISTENCY OF THE BIBLE

A subscriber wrote to the Editor as follows: I am not looking for discrepancies or incompatibilities in the Scripture, but here are two passages which I find it hard to reconcile: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh; but the earth abideth for ever" (Ecclesiastes 1:4).

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away" (Matthew 24.35).

The writer of the Book of Ecclesiastes in his earlier mood is a world-weary cynic, who sits like a sick eagle on the branch of a tree and regards the world with a lack-lustre eye. To such a one the picture of the passing generations of men seems pathetic. They come and go, but the old earth on which they live goes on, gradually absorbing the ruins of other ages. But that reflection is only true from one point of view. We know perfectly well that the solar system and all the material universe changes. Stars burn out and new stars appear, and the whole universe is only important in the mind which can conceive it. The Moral Law, which reached its highest expression in the words of Christ, would still exist if our little world should pass away. The perplexity of our friend is chiefly important, not for the problem which it states, but because of a certain conception of the Scriptures which seems implied.

What is the Bible?

It may be stated at once that the words of the Bible are not like arithmetical figures, which always mean the same. Let us look for a moment at the character and scope of the greatest Book in the world:

First of all, it is not a book, but a library. It is made up of fifty-eight books which were written over a period of fifteen hundred years by authors of every kind. Some were scholars and some were uneducated men. The variety in the contents of the Bible is still more remarkable. We find here history, poetry, philosophy, epigrams, mystical visions, and some of the greatest stories in the world. There are portraits of saints, heroes, warriors, and scoundrels of the deepest dye. All this is obvious and yet the most supreme quality of the Bible is a certain unity which is to be found in its pages from the beginning to the end. Let us mention only a few of the things which express the divine unity of the Book of Books.

First, it takes for granted that there is a spiritual background to the universe, and in this the Bible is more modern than many people suppose. "In the beginning God." Thirty years ago Arthur Balfour wrote: "We now know too much about matter to be materialistic," and the other day Professor Jeans said: "The universe seems to be nearer to a great thought than a great machine."

The second sign of unity in the Bible is that it assumes that there is a difference between right and wrong. In other words, it believes in the existence of sin. One of the most distinguished men of the Supreme Court of Canada was speaking in Toronto the other day about the spiritual landmarks in his own life, and he described a scene thirty years ago when Lord Morley received his honorary degree from the University of Toronto. As the famous biographer of William Gladstone rose, many of the young men expected a

torrent of oratory, but the philosopher said to his young hearers: "There isn't very much really worth while to speak about. There are two things in life that are important: first, the difference between right and wrong, and, second, that every effect has its cause." The story of the Bible in many pictures describes right and wrong and shows how they affect the life of man.

The third characteristic to be found everywhere in the Bible is the doctrine of redemption. It is like a scarlet thread from Genesis to Revelation. If you cut a page anywhere, it will bleed. Redemption by personality leading up to the climax of human history when the Son of Man appeared among men.

Fourth, there is a sense of progress throughout the Book. No one expects that the saints and heroes before the days of Abraham should have the same spiritual conception of God as Isaiah and Amos. There is a very necessary doctrine to be found in the Bible, and that is that evolution is a two-lane road. It runs both ways. There is no assurance for the inevitable and automatic progress, either of nations or individual men; and yet, through it all, there is a confident faith in the purpose of the Creator.

The story of our race, as told in Genesis, begins in the Garden of Eden and it ends by the banks of the River of Life, in the New Jerusalem. The imagery of the last book in the Bible is taken from the first. The gold and precious stones and the river and the tree of life of the first Eden all appear in the second. The unity of the Bible transcends all textual criticism. It is the unity of life and the unity of God.—Globe and Mail.

WARDEN'S REPORT—APRIL 30, 1937

Receipts

| | |
|--------------------------------------|----------|
| 8 a.m. Communion | \$ 14.70 |
| Envelopes | 182.69 |
| Open | 223.83 |
| Mission | 67.55 |
| Indian Child (Boys' Catechism) | 15.00 |
| Easter Offertory | 67.00 |
| Building | 134.21 |
| Bowling | 30.55 |

\$735.53

Disbursements

| | |
|-------------------------------|----------|
| Stipends and Salaries | \$444.99 |
| Gas, Phone and Electric | 35.77 |
| Coal, etc. | 132.83 |
| Repairs and Supplies | 23.50 |
| Flowers—Altar | 8.00 |
| Poor Fund | 8.70 |
| Synod—Allotments | 345.23 |
| Luncheons | 15.00 |

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Baptisms

- April 4—Shelagh Gifford, Ronald Prescott Lindsay, Margaret Eleanor Osborne, Muriel Billinger, Gladys Billinger, Jean Marilyn Madill, Frances Marjorie Mae Madill.
 April 7—Elva Joan Scadding, William Andrew Kirk, Margaret Isobel Kirk, Herbert Lang Kirk, Charles Frederick Kirk.
 April 11—William Frederick Farnell, Jane Carol Boxall, Nancy Joan Spink, Winnifred Farnell, Carole Andrea Brown.
 April 18—John William Chilvers, Jack Wallace May, John Albert Dowell, Mary Cathryn Barker, Douglas Bruce Ford, Kenneth Yates, Brian Richard Graham.
 April 25—Jacqueline Mary Ross, Edmund George Brazier, Shirley Ada Bardell.

Confirmed

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Audrey Lorraine Andrews | Doris Lawson |
| Edward Cyril Robert Bailey | George Gunn Leishman |
| Audrey Mildred Ball | Nancy Elizabeth Leith |
| Herbert Bell | Kathleen Audrey Lindsay |
| June Isabel Best | Doreen Leggett |
| Grace Alice Brass | Nancibelle Shirley Magee |
| James Percival Burrows | Bessie Miller |
| Audrey Berrington Carter | Patricia Minnithorpe |
| Mhara Millicent Jean Giekie-Cobb | Betty Isobel Minns |
| Alice Annie Cody | Ethel Mobsby |
| E. John Cody | Peggie Oliver |
| Frances Marion Corby | Allan Ames Porter |
| Edward Joseph Dash | John Porter |
| Donald George Doughty | Ellen Sarah Reid |
| Marion Adele Douglas | Leslie Walter Reid |
| Ethel June Duncan | Doris Muriel Ursula Ritchie |
| Phyllis Mae Fletcher | Elizabeth Kathleen Robertson |
| Rita Heather Fletcher | Bernice Matilda Rolls |
| Grace Martha Ford | Joan Mary Russell |
| Gladys Isabelle Fulcher | Gordon Nelson Sharland |
| Arthur Charles Gore | Kathleen Ethel Smith |
| Bertha Graham | Edward Charles Talbot |
| Patricia Florence Greenaway | David Raymond Townley |
| Irene Rose Harwood | Mildred Clara Townley |
| James Samuel Jameson | Kathleen Audrey Trowell |
| Frances Catherine Jones | Margaret Underwood |
| Katherine Irene Jones | Russell Clarence Whitmore |
| Arthur Gerald Knowles | |
| Frances Mary Lane | |

Marriages

- April 2—Clarence Beverley Schmidt and Edith Ruth Greer.
 April 3—David Goodall and Cecilia Evelyn Dawson.
 April 7—John Thomas Richardson and Evelyn Isabel Louvain Cate.
 April 7—Russell Albert Gostlin and Audrey Beryl Cochrane.
 April 10—Ernest Harrill Partridge and Ruth Ernestine Doxsee.
 April 10—Stanley Armstrong and Isabel Edith Pickard.
 April 20—Walter Henry Stevens and Mary Thompson.
 April 24—James Brown Cameron and Olive Elie Hartnagel.
 April 28—Arthur Cook and Hannah Every.
 April 28—Ernest Cecil Gallagher and Elva Pearl Hall.
 April 30—Francis Thornton Smith and Violette Pearl Dodds.

Burials

- April 1—Harold Ernest Black19 years
 April 5—Celia Jane Chapman63 years
 April 7—Arthur Harold Wells58 years
 April 7—Martha Harvey73 years
 April 12—Major Lionel M. Graham48 years
 April 13—William Dalby70 years
 April 13—Herbert Edward Bates66 years
 April 14—William Samuel Manison71 years
 April 14—General Garnet B. Hughes57 years
 April 19—Frederick Hugh Watt57 years
 April 19—Sidney Joseph Gibson50 years
 Total interments in Cemetery for April.....92

CORONATION SERVICES

On Sunday evening, May 9th, and on Wednesday, May 12th, special services for the Coronation were held. The Church was crowded. Representatives from the War Veterans, the Mothers' Union, the Cemetery, the Scouts and other bodies were represented. The Choir sang Handel's Coronation Anthem with great spirit and beauty, and the whole service was a fitting and solemn dedication of King and people. The Order of Service was that authorized by the Archbishop of Canterbury, York, and our own Archbishop. Having the printed forms in their hands, the whole congregation took part heartily. The Church desires to thank Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Thompson for the gift to the Church of the four hundred forms which were used.

The Sunday School Picnic will be held on June 18th.

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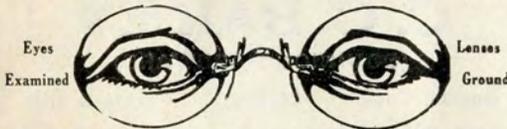
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