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COX RUTH

Shingwauk Home,  
Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.



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

### Services:

**HOLY COMMUNION**—Every Sunday at 8 a.m.  
1st and 3rd Sundays in each month at 11  
a.m. Every Thursday (with special inter-  
cessions for the sick) at 10.30 a.m.

**HOLY BAPTISM**—Every Sunday at 4 p.m.

**CHURCHING**—After Baptism or by appoint-  
ment.

**MATINS AND EVENSONG**—Matins 11 a.m.;  
Evensong 7 p.m. on Sundays.

**THE LITANY**—On the second Sunday of the  
month at Morning Prayer.

**SUNDAY SCHOOL**—Sunday at 3 p.m.

The Church is open daily for private prayer,  
rest and meditation.

CANON W. L. BAYNES-REED, D.S.O., V.D., L.Th., Rector, 156 Kingston Road, Howard 1405  
ARCHDEACON J. B. FOTHERINGHAM, Assistant, Trinity College, Midway 8411  
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# St. John's Parish Monthly

Editor—THE RECTOR

Volume 17

NOVEMBER, 1938

No. 193

## Rector's Letter

Rector's Office,  
November, 1938.

Dear Brethren:

All Saints' Day comes the first day of November and seems to shed its benign ray on all the dark and dreary days that follow.

On that day we gather up and remember before God all those who have tried to serve Him here below and have passed into the great unseen world—the saints of our household—the saints of our childhood and of our school and college days—all those known to God and unknown perhaps outside the confines of their own village. All those near and dear to us—we remember them all in our glad remembrance before God and plead for Grace to follow in their train.

We keep seventy-one days in the year as red letter days mostly in remembrance of Apostles and martyrs of the Christian faith. And the Prayer Book reminds us of some sixty-six black letter days in which we remember others who have been great defenders of the faith, martyrs or witnesses by their life and death. But there have been saints in every age—men and women who by their holy deeds have borne the true witness. In this age as well there are saints. They tell us that history cannot be written till one hundred years after the events have happened, so that an impartial view can be taken and the effects of their acts judged. I suppose that is why the Church of Rome says that no one can be declared a saint or recognized until one hundred years after their death. It was not so many years ago that Rome made Jeanne D'Arc a saint and she has now a great following. Time is the only thing that will tell whether our work is worth while; whether it will stand the test. So many live for the present only and discount the future. But we ought to live with the future in view. Our present is conditioned by our past, and our future by our present. Hence the importance of making our present life ring true.

Watchman! What of the night? We were present in police court one day last week. The Rector's car was stolen from in front of a store on Danforth Avenue on September 22nd, and despite all efforts of the police was not discovered for six weeks. Then the police arrested three youths in another stolen car with the Rector's markers inside. We were called on to give evidence. The dock was not big enough to hold all the youths between sixteen and nineteen years who were charged on that day with housebreaking, receiving stolen goods and stealing cars. We saw boy after boy sentenced. It was a sickening sight. But what are we doing about it? We send missionaries abroad to tell the gospel news, and rightly so, but what about the heathen at home? What are our churches doing? What about the family life? What can be done to check this appalling state of affairs?

Of course economic conditions are at the root of it. The old copy book adage: "The devil finds

some evil work for idle hands to do" is still true. Boys need work and spending money, and if they can't get it honestly, well, they get it. But what a reproach to all our moral training!

These conditions prevail not only in this city and parish, but exist everywhere. They strike at the very foundation of our national character. It means that we need a revival of the old-fashioned custom of family church going—of whole families going to church, father leading the way, bringing, not sending, his children to church. It means a closer touch between father and son—father taking a closer interest in his son's activities and checking up on his son's doings. It means making home the centre that it once was. It means sacrifice at home to keep the family at home. Letting the boys bring their friends home with them rather than going to meet them in questionable places.

What some parents are facing today may be yours tomorrow if care is not taken.

Presently the Church will call us with its Advent warning. Let us heed the call now.

Ever your friend and Rector,

W. L. BAYNES-REED.

## THE TEST OF A MAN

The test of a man is the fight he makes,  
The grit that he daily shows;  
The way he stands on his feet and takes  
Fate's numerous bumps and blows.  
A coward can smile when there's naught to fear,  
When nothing his progress bars;  
But it takes a man to stand and cheer  
When the other fellow stars.

It isn't the victory after all,  
But the fight a brother makes;  
The man who, driven against the wall,  
Still stands erect and takes  
The blows of fate with his head held high  
Bleeding and bruised and pale,  
Is the man who'll win and fate defy  
For he isn't afraid to fail.

It's the hurdles you mount and the breaks you get,  
And the shocks your courage stands;  
The hour of sorrow and vain regret,  
For the prize that escapes your hands,  
That test your mettle and prove your worth;  
It isn't the blows you deal,  
But the blows you take on this good old earth  
That show if your stuff is real.

—S.O.E. Record.

We are observing Sunday, November 13th, as our Remembrance Day. The names of those from the Church who made the supreme sacrifice in the Great War will be read out at the morning service. Officers of the Toronto Scottish will be present at the morning service and will place a wreath on the Seventy-fifth Battalion Memorial Window. The veterans of the Seventy-fifth Battalion will be present at the evening service.

Mrs. Hutchings, convener of the tea room, is serving delicious hot dinners at a very moderate cost. Come along and enjoy a nice hot dinner.

The Sidesmen will be in charge of the cloak room. Please take advantage of this.

#### MOTHERS' SOCIETY

A number of our members started the month's activities by attending the 10.30 a.m. service. They afterwards went to the kitchen and prepared a lunch which was served to forty-two people. The Rector and Mr. Langstone were present and both spoke a few words. The Rector showed some of the members around the new addition to the Church.

At 2.30 p.m. we held our regular Thursday afternoon meeting. Miss Shotter speaking to us from Isaiah, 6th chapter, and of Thanksgiving time. We should all show our thanks to God for things given for our use. Members present, 53.

October 13th we had the Curate, Mr. Langstone, to address us. He spoke from Psalm 121: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help," and was much enjoyed by the members present.

On October 20th we had as guest speaker Miss Emery, Head of the Deaconess House, who is continuing a practice started by Miss Connell, when the Mothers' Society was in its infancy, of visiting us once a year. Miss Emery spoke of two servants of Jesus Christ, Peter and John, who worked through faith in the name of Jesus of Nazareth. We know Miss Emery is a very busy woman and thank her very much for coming to visit us and giving us such a beautiful address. Members present, 55.

On the evening of October 24th a party was held in the new room under the Church and enjoyed very much by all who attended. Thirty of the members were in fancy costumes and the Rector and Miss Shotter had a hard time judging which was the best. He finally decided "Phillip Morris," "Red Riding Hood" and "Scottie" should be the prize winners, but said every costume was worthy of a prize. The size of the room added to the enjoyment of the party, and when Mr. Mould brought down his troupe and put on three "turns" for us we gave him and his helpers a special vote of "thanks" for helping towards the success of our evening. We played games, etc. Refreshments were served and we all left feeling ready for another pleasant evening in the near future; strong supporters of the new addition, and appreciating very much a room with enough space to hold a party in and not be crowded when seventy-five adults are all wanting to move around.

Phone Office: Howard 4768  
Evenings by Appointment

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

59 BALSAM AVENUE  
Corner Queen St. E.

### Louise Goldsmith's SCHOOL OF DANCING

BALLET — TOE TAP — ACROBATIC  
SPANISH

St. John's Parish Hall

Cor. Kingston Rd. and Woodbine Ave.

Monday and Thursday, 4 p.m. to 8 p.m.

For Appointment: Gladstone 2610, Mornings

Our membership is growing steadily but surely. We would like every mother in the Parish to join us Thursday afternoons at 2.30 p.m. A cordial welcome awaits you.

#### MOTHERS' UNION

The monthly meeting of the Mothers' Union was held in the Ladies' Parlour with the President and fifty members present. The meeting opened with the singing of Hymn No. 652, followed by prayers and the Litany. The lesson read by Mrs. Bonner was taken from the 4th chapter of Micah. Mrs. Punched read a letter from the Link, Copnor. Would members please bring their cards for the Links at the November meeting.

After reports were read, Miss Shotter told us of her stay at Bracebridge with the Sisters of St. Margaret's during the Summer. They are now starting a branch of the Mothers' Union, and we of St. John's have undertaken to mother them. It was unanimously carried that the branch send Mothers' Union calendars, one for each member, instead of Christmas cards.

Mention was made of the service to be held in the Church on Tuesday, November 1st, at 10.30 a.m., All Saints' Day.

Miss Shotter chose for the theme of her address "The Kingdom of God," the parable of the Sower and the Seed"; also remarking of the extensiveness of the growth of Christ's Kingdom. As we grow in body we should grow spiritually.

The meeting came to a close with the singing of Hymn No. 409, followed by special prayer and the Benediction.

Members are invited to attend a social evening at the Church of the Resurrection branch in November 14th at 8 p.m.

Our genial Church Warden, Mr. T. W. Turff, and his good wife are on a motor trip to California. They stopped at Reno, Nevada, en route, visited the court house but decided that they had no reason to avail themselves of the services of the court. We expect them back by the end of the month.

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## Called to be Saints

By the Rev. Duncan Armytage, Canon Missioner of Southwark

**I**T is not surprising that so many people resent being called saints, or that so often they will say to us: "I am no saint." The word has had rather a bad history, and "Lives of the Saints" seem to suggest pale-faced, anaemic Christians who endured almost incredible sufferings, who performed the most unlikely miracles, and whose only desire was to be released from the bondage of this world at the earliest possible moment. Of course, such a picture of what saintliness means is an utter travesty of truth, but it is very common, and many of our stained glass windows encourage the idea. Fortunately there is some splendid modern glass which sets forth the true strength and vigour of sanctity, but it is still too rare.

The saints never were the bloodless, pale-faced, milk and water Christians so often portrayed for us; they were, and always are, GOD'S warriors. Sometimes they have had to stand almost alone, against influence of the strongest kind, for the faith of the Gospel, as did St. Paul and St. Athanasius; sometimes they have had to strive publicly against oppression in high places, as did St. Ambrose and St. Thomas of Canterbury; sometimes their struggles have been more secret, against the wickedness of their own hearts, as it was with St. Augustine of Hippo and St. Antony the first hermit. But always they have been good soldiers, fighting the good fight of faith, and winning through at last to their triumph. So let us consider the true saintly character.

All of us are "called to be saints," and though I suppose no one of us would dare to think of himself as being a saint, yet I always think that one of the happiest of all the surprises which will meet

us on the other side of the dark valley will be to know how many people who seemed so quiet and unobtrusive in this life are now reckoned among the holy ones: "Some there be that have left no memorial." There is far more goodness in the world, and there are many more saints alive to-day, than ever the heedless world realizes; and this is a most encouraging thought for us all, just because of our calling. How can we best respond?

One of the greatest aids to holy living is to remember that Christian people form a fellowship, the Society of GOD. We are knit together in one com-

munion and fellowship in the mystical Body of our LORD JESUS CHRIST through our Baptism, in which we were made members of CHRIST, children of GOD, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven. People do not always take into account the importance of this fellowship when they think about holiness. They usually concentrate their attention on what is rather narrowly called "the spiritual life"; and by this they mean the life of prayer, of regular and carefully prepared Communions, of the avoidance of sin, and the steadfast resistance to those temptations to which they are especially prone, and which they find most difficult to overcome. Now all these exercises are of vital

### SERVICE

*"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it unto Me."*

**F**ATHER all-holy, dwelling in the light  
Of radiant spirits compassing Thy throne;  
FATHER all-loving, and of tenderest might,  
Succouring Thy children in a world o'erthrown;  
Giving Thy SON at such tremendous cost,  
That Thou might'st save the wretched and the lost.

The world sees glory in the courts of kings,  
In regal pomp and glittering panoply.  
We see Thy glory in Thy mercy's wings  
Widespread o'er all in love's humility.  
Leaving the glory, His by right on high,  
He did come down to earth, our LORD, to die.

Inspire us, LORD, with Thy great love divine,  
Free us from all the proud and selfish seek.  
May we go forth to do that work of Thine,  
Cheering the hopeless, championing the weak,  
For when to souls forlorn ourselves we bind  
It is Himself, the Saviour, that we find.

*C. N. Croyden Burton*

## As to Amusing Oneself By Mrs. E. M. Field

**M**R. James Barnett was very much annoyed. And rightly so, he told himself. When you have come to middle age, or even a bit beyond that, and the experience of life has given you a judgement worth trusting and opinions that are the right ones, you ought to be angry and to say so if the young set up their raw ideas in opposition and do not at once accept your proper correction. Of course he was willing to allow for changes in fashions and habits. Why, look how he had been kept in order as a boy and what a good time he gave his family now.

It was Dick who made the trouble. A good lad, shaping quite well in his uncle's office. But he needn't say the wrong thing at breakfast time—might upset one for the whole day. And, anyhow, the toast was burnt.

Dick had actually asked if he might take Verena to The Dogs. And when Mr. Barnett had said rather sharply that he hoped none of his family would ever want to go to that sort of entertainment, Dick had said, "Oh, sorry, Uncle Jim, but isn't that a little bit behind the times?" Then, too, he had said, "Never mind, V., we'll go to the pictures instead." And then Mr. Barnett had given everybody that piece of his mind which is so apt to be an unpleasant piece, about the craze for amusement that was going to be the ruin of England if somebody didn't do something. And Verena had declared with blue eyes flashing and a couple of angry tears that she was too young to be satisfied with an afternoon in a garden chair, doing what made mother quite happy—a real good mend. And Millie had really not backed him up as a good wife ought, when she said young people needed a little amusement to help their work. It was just bad luck that poor old Byngo got the under-table kick that his master meant for the footstool, so that instead of putting the whole thing right by a proper dignified reproof Mr. Barnett found himself obliged to comfort the dog and take him into the garden. There Byngo recovered his spirits and dashed off down the path "to amuse yourself, I suppose," said his master bitterly.

He sat down to have that quick look at the morning paper which he liked to get before the nine-five; it meant having his mind already made up, and a sound opinion to give on the big questions of to-day. His garden was full of that riot of colour which an English garden shows on a sunny morning in autumn. His hard work had earned him that garden—if he'd had any time to spare it would have amused him to make a fine thing of it. Bah! there was that word again, and there went Verena, racquet in hand, the sun making a glory of her copper-coloured curls. Games? Amusement—yes—shocking waste of time. Or did they help to make her the fine girl she was?

But he couldn't get rid of the wretched word. Here it was in his very paper, and in large type too.

**COST OF MODERN AMUSEMENTS.** It appeared that a new centre for every kind of pleasure-making was to be put up in London. He turned the paper over, and another heading stood out in letters not less large. **HOLIDAYS WITH PAY,** and evidently the writer had a great deal to say about National Health and Fitness, more playing-fields, organized excursions, hiking and cycling and camping—was the world mad?

"Well, Mrs. Dence, come to apologize, eh? The toast was a cinder, y' know."

Mrs. Dence was very sorry indeed. It came of talking to her nephew, Arthur, who hovered sheepishly behind. Yes, Arthur had lost his job at the greengrocer's, but if Mr. Barnett would give him a job—

he was a real sharp lad as he'd just shown—no, not by losing his job exactly, but—

Mrs. Dence was a woman of many words, you pressed a button, if you spoke to her, and they flowed. But you had, so to speak, to fish out from this torrent the bits of information she was trying to give you. Mr. Barnett's eyes opened wide behind his glasses as he learnt with horror that Arthur's sharpness, which his aunt was quite sure would lead him on to fame and fortune if once he got his foot on a good ladder, had to do with a race-meeting. He'd gone off without leave, just to amuse himself, with money borrowed from his aunt's hiding-place for savings. He'd picked a winner and—

"And far, far better for him if he'd lost every penny

if it," came in Mr. Barnett's grimmest voice. "And that's a boy you ask me to take into my office, to steal my money as he stole yours."

"That wouldn't never happen," Mrs. Dence argued, "for I'd lend him all he asked for."

Mr. Barnett found no words for a moment. Before his mind rose visions of the ruined lives, the broken homes, the disgraced and damaged lives, and lost good names that are the work of the demon of gambling. The horror in his face reflected itself on Mrs. Dence's usually smiling countenance. Her mouth drooped and two big tears sprang. Arthur, hiding behind her, was scarlet as the leaves of Virginia creeper. It was as if they had all looked down into a fiery pit.

Then a bright idea came to Mr. Barnett. "We'll see," he said, and he called loudly, "Verena!" and to himself he said, "Let the young talk to the young."

Miss Verena was only nineteen, but she told young Arthur some home truths in language that he could understand, and before long she had made Arthur see the question of backing horses in a light that was new to him.

Mr. Barnett just caught the nine-five, helped in by a neighbour and his wife whose heads were bent



"She told young Arthur some home truths"



INTERIOR OF ST. MARGARET'S CHAPEL

She insisted on dignity and ceremonial in the life of the court, and encouraged the lords and ladies to pay more attention to their dress. "All things which belonged to her authority were done with diligence, and good laws were passed by her counsel." To the poorer classes she showed a pity and charity which must have surprised them in those fierce times. Every day she ministered to many poor folk, feeding them with her own hands before taking any food herself. She also ransomed and set free many of the captives whom the Scottish marauders brought as slaves from England.

In the works of the Church also she took a very active part. It is due to her that the stately Church of Dunfermline was built, and the Abbey of Iona refounded. She insisted, for the first time, that Sunday and the season of Lent should be observed in Scotland as they were in England, while she herself spent night after night in prayer, kneeling on the stone floor of the little chapel in Edinburgh which still bears her name. Personal devotion was, indeed, the mainspring of her whole life. "In all her words and all her actions," says her biographer, "she showed that she was medi-

tating heavenly things. . . . Wherefore in her presence no one dared to do anything wrong or even to utter an unseemly word." Her once savage husband "hastened in all things to anticipate her wishes and to take her advice. What she loved he loved for love of her. The books which she used for study or prayer he would often handle and kiss."

Among these books was a beautifully bound and illuminated copy of the Gospels. Once, when the court was on a journey, this volume was lost and was afterwards recovered from the bed of a river into which it had fallen. It is wonderful to think that this very book is still in existence, and may be seen in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

In 1093, Malcolm, against her advice, once more led an army into England, and to add to the Queen's anxiety he took their two elder sons with him. "Perhaps on this day such heavy calamity may befall the realm of Scotland, as has not for many ages past," Margaret is reported to have said. Her forebodings were fulfilled. Malcolm and their eldest son were killed at Alnwick. When her second son, Edgar, returned she asked for news of his father and brother. He said, "They are well." She answered, "I know, my son, I know." He then admitted the truth. She received Holy Communion, and said her last prayer, ending with the words, "By Thy death, free me." As she uttered the words "free me" her soul returned to GOD.

A PAGE FROM ST. MARGARET'S COPY OF THE GOSPELS  
(Bodleian Library)

## Over the Teacups

### Christmas Competition

In our last issue we mentioned a Competition for the best dressed dolls sent to us for Christmas presents for the children of the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society. The full particulars are as follows: We want lots of dolls of all sizes, all kinds, all colours, and for children of all ages. The entries should be sent to "Over the Teacups," c/o The Editor of THE SIGN, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1, and should arrive not later than the first post on Tuesday, December 13th. The First Prize is 10s. and the Second, 5s. These prizes will be sent out before the end of the year, and the results will be announced in THE SIGN for March, 1939.

**Note.**—Please remember to pack the dolls carefully so that they may not be damaged in the post.

It has been suggested that recipes for **Vegetarian dishes** should be included among those given in "Over the Tea-

cups." Here, then, are two—the former particularly nourishing and appetizing, and the latter an old friend in new guise.

**Winter Savoury.**— $\frac{1}{2}$  packet marrowfat peas, 1 medium sized raw parsnip (grated), 4 sticks celery chopped up, some dried mint, 2 oz. nut fat, 3 oz. brown breadcrumbs.

Soak peas overnight. Next day, put in pan, barely cover with boiling water, add celery, and cook until peas are soft enough to mash up. Then add grated parsnip and mint, work in the fat, add crumbs and mix well. Put in a greased dish and bake until brown, about thirty to forty minutes, or else steam for one hour.

**Cheese Custard.**—1 cup grated cheese,  $\frac{1}{2}$  pt. milk, 1 egg, 1 cupful breadcrumbs, pinch herbs, salt to taste.

Beat the egg and add milk, and pour over cheese and breadcrumbs. Add seasoning and cook for about half an hour in a greased fireproof dish in moderate oven. This custard should be eaten while very hot, and is a most nourishing dish.



"WAITING FOR OUR DOLLS"

The woman lying on the bed looked up with vague interest at the young girl.

"Who——" she muttered thickly.

Ruth dropped to her knees by the side of the bed.

"Dear Mrs. Judd," she said. "You won't know me, but I heard you had had an accident and I came. You see, I—we knew your husband when he was organist at our church in Little Wattlebury, and we heard them broadcast for him. My sisters are out looking for him, and I came in case——"

"In case they don't find him? Not very likely, is it? I've never managed to find him when I wanted him."

Ruth's eyes filled with tears. "Please forgive him now," she entreated. "God will find him and send him to you even if my sisters fail."

Mrs. Judd regarded her with a rather pathetic amazement. "I'm sure it's very nice of you to come," she said, "but I don't quite see——"

"I was very fond of your husband," Ruth explained.

"What! Do you mean Judd made up to you?"

Ruth drew a deep breath and shook her head.

"No," she said resolutely. "He never thought twice about me, but you know what idiots girls are. I had a schoolgirlish love for him."

She closed her eyes and prayed for forgiveness. Though her heart felt at breaking-point as she tried to ridicule her love, she was determined that Mrs. Judd should not learn the truth at such a moment.

"Then why have you come?"

Ruth took the sick woman's hand. "I could not bear to think of you here alone." She raised her head and gazed at Mrs. Judd with eyes which shone with a clear light of love. "I do so want you to get better quickly," she said.

"You do?"

"Truly I do. I want to see you well and happy and making a new start with your husband. If I could only bring that about I should know that it wasn't in vain that I had—had met him. You will take him back, won't you? He needs you to look after him. I know he does."

"Lord knows I wouldn't mind having Judd back," said Mrs. Judd in a voice that was little more than a whisper. "But, there—I'm not his class."

"There's no such thing as class when one loves," said Ruth confidently. "Understanding is all that matters."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Judd doubtfully. "About love, I mean. We got on pretty well at first, but afterwards—there were faults on both sides, you know." She paused as if considering those difficult days. "I've let myself go a bit since," she confessed rather shamefacedly. "You won't understand, but I've got a good deal fonder of the drink than I might be. I don't know what Judd would think of me now."

"You must both let bygones be bygones," said Ruth. "Everybody has faults, Mrs. Judd, and when you are happy again you won't want to drink any more. Besides, you have a little girl, haven't you?"

Mrs. Judd nodded. "She is all right," she said, "She is in the country with her aunt. That's a mercy, isn't it?"

"It is, but for her sake you and your husband must come together again. It must make a difference when you both have some one else to live for."

Mrs. Judd smiled faintly. "You may be right, my dear," she said, "and you certainly mean well. What beats me is why Judd didn't fall in love with you. You're as pretty as they make 'em, and worth ten of me or Judd. I suppose I'm really going to pass out so it doesn't much matter what happens, but thank you for coming. It's made a lot of difference to know there is somebody who bothers about me."

There was a movement behind the screen and the nurse reappeared. "You must leave her now," she said to Ruth. "She must be quiet."

Ruth nodded. "I will come back soon," she said gently. "Keep a good heart." Then bending over the bed she gently kissed the sick woman on the forehead.

Outside the ward she turned to the nurse.

"Nurse, she must get better. Do say she will."

The nurse smiled. "I hope so," she said, then with sudden alarm, "Why, what is it?"

Ruth did not reply. With her hand clutched to her side she hung half-fainting over the banisters. "It's—it's the pain," she gasped. "I—I—"

The nurse tried to support her, but a fresh spasm of agony made Ruth wrench herself away, and stumbling she slipped on the stone floor and fell.

"My name is Ruth Lovell," she said through white, twisted lips, as the nurse bent over her. "If my sisters come, please tell them that—that—" Her head drooped, and unconscious she fell back against the nurse's arm.

## CHAPTER XXV

### THE SEARCH FOR JUDD

IT quickly became evident that it was no easy task that Deborah and Elsie had undertaken. At each of the Soho restaurants mentioned by Ruth they drew a blank, and Deborah was frankly sceptical of the possibility of their finding Judd elsewhere. She was, moreover, dismayed and disheartened by Soho.

Elsie tried to reassure her. "It's peculiar," she said, "but it's all right, Deborah. I've been to several Soho restaurants with Arthur. It is really a most romantic quarter."

"Then I prefer unromantic quarters," said Deborah. "I know it's all very Bohemian and artistic, but, frankly, it seems to me rather squalid."



"Please forgive him now," she entreated

## Church Life To-day

### Some Points of Current Interest



CANON J. C. H. HOW  
(Elliott & Fry)

**Canon J. C. H. How**, who has accepted the Bishopric of Glasgow and Galloway, is the third successive Vicar of Brighton to be made a bishop. His immediate predecessor, Canon A. C. W. Rose, became Bishop of Dover, and he was preceded as Vicar of Brighton by Dr. F. C. N. Hicks, who became Bishop of Gibraltar, and is now Bishop of Lincoln.

Canon How, who is fifty-seven years old, was ordained in 1905, and was formerly Superior of the Oratory of the Good Shepherd, Cambridge. He was Rector of Liverpool from 1926 to 1935, in which year he became Vicar of Brighton.

THE Church of **St. Andrew's, Redruth**, the first portion of which was built more than fifty years ago, has now been completed, and consecrated by the Bishop. The people of Redruth have raised the money for this church without recourse to either bazaar or garden party, in a time of unparalleled distress in the town.

THE Vicar of **St. Kea, Cornwall**, the Rev. A. H. Hatfield, adopted a very effective method for the observance of the parish patronal festival last month. The services on that day included a pilgrimage by motor-car to the ruins of the old church of the parish, which is situated on the edge of a creek of the lovely River Fal. This old church, which is four miles from the present building, stands on the site of the first church where St. Kea landed in the fifth century on his evangelistic labours.

**Dr. Churchill Julius**, who died recently at the age of ninety, was Archbishop and Primate of New Zealand from 1922 until his retirement in 1925. He was educated at Worcester College, Oxford, and was ordained in 1871. From 1878 to 1883 he was Vicar of Holy Trinity, Islington. Then he went to New Zealand, where, in 1890, he was consecrated Bishop of Christchurch. His younger son



THE LATE  
DR. CHURCHILL JULIUS  
(Elliott & Fry)

is the Very Rev. J. A. Julius, who has been Dean of Christchurch, New Zealand, since 1927.

THE late **Bishop of Jarrow** (the Right Rev. J. G. Gordon), whose death at the early age of fifty-six is so great a loss to the Diocese of Durham, will long be remembered not only on Tyneside but also in Edinburgh and Nottingham, for in both cities his ministry was distinguished. Bishop Gordon was ordained in 1909 and held curacies at Newington and St. Margaret's, Westminster. During the War he was a chaplain in France and Italy and Deputy Assistant Chaplain-General. In 1919 he became Rector of St. John the Evangelist, Edinburgh, and seven years later accepted the living of St. Mary's, Nottingham. While here he founded the Nottingham Housing Improvement Association, which has as its object the reconditioning of slum houses in the city. In 1932 he succeeded the late Dr. S. K. Knight as Bishop Suffragan of Jarrow.

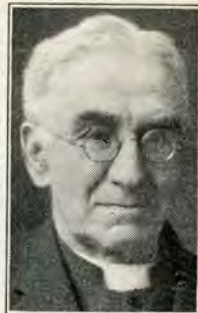
THE Dean of York, the Very Rev. H. N. Bate, has laid the foundation-stone of the new **deanery at York**, which is being built upon the site of the old deanery. The old deanery was expensive to maintain and has been demolished for this reason.

THE **Rev. E. H. Alington**, who has died at the age of eighty-one, was an uncle of Dr. C. A. Alington, Dean of Durham. He was educated at Westminster, where he was captain of the school, and at Hertford College, Oxford, obtaining a "Blue" for Association Football. He was ordained in 1884 to a curacy at St. Mark's, Leicester, but afterwards devoted himself to teaching, eventually becoming head master of Summer Fields Preparatory School, Oxford.

IN St. Andrew's Cathedral, Aberdeen, Mr. Joseph Kennedy, the American Ambassador, laid the foundation-stone of a **Memorial to Bishop Samuel Seabury**, America's first Bishop of the Anglican communion. It was in Aberdeen that Dr. Seabury was consecrated by Bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church, as Bishop of Connecticut and Rhode Island in 1784, after the English Bishops had refused to consecrate him because he could not take the oath of allegiance to King George III.

The money for the memorial was raised in America, and the scheme includes the extension and beautifying of the nave, the raising of the chancel roof, constructing clerestory windows, the building of a new sanctuary with vaulted ceilings containing richly emblazoned coats of arms, and a high altar with a ciborium, or canopy, of burnished gold. In the north aisle are the coats of arms of the forty-eight American States.

THE late **Canon A. D. Barker** had been called a grand old man of the Diocese of Bradford which he had served conspicuously for many years. He entered it as curate of All Saints', Bradford, in 1897, eleven years after his ordination. From 1902 to 1925 he was Vicar of St. Columba's, Bradford, and for the last thirteen years until his death recently was Vicar of Rathmell-in-Craven.



THE LATE  
CANON A. D. BARKER

**Mrs. Kipling**, widow of Rudyard Kipling, has presented to the parish church of **Burwash** an altar frontal made by the Warham Guild from some of the hangings with which Westminster Abbey was draped for the Coronation last year.

THE Bishop in Jerusalem (Dr. Graham Brown) has accepted the offer to the bishopric of a small property at **Ain Karim**, some five miles from Jerusalem on a hill called Ras ar Rab. The property is to be leased to the Sisters of the Love of God and the Society of St. John the Evangelist. Ain Karim is the reputed birth-place of St. John the Baptist and the scene of the Visitation.



ST. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL, ABERDEEN  
(Aberdeen Journals Ltd.)



## AFTERNOON BRANCH W.A.

The Communion Service and Board Meeting were held in our Church October 13th. There were 381 took Communion and 400 attended the meeting in the Parish Hall in the afternoon.

The Little Helpers' Party was held Tuesday, October 25th. It was a most successful party. The Rector welcomed the babies and their mothers. He also presented Mrs. Gregory, the Little Helpers' Secretary, with a bouquet of flowers in appreciation of her faithful work. There were games for the children and the mothers assisted in entertaining the little ones. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Lea and her Committee, which brought to a close a most enjoyable afternoon. There were about 200 mothers and children present, the youngest being eight months old.

The ladies have been very busy making rugs and quilts. A lovely rug was sold and one has been ordered. This is a great help to our funds from time to time.

We extend our best wishes for a speedy recovery to all our members who have been kept away through illness.

## DEATHS IN THE PARISH

An echo of the great hurricane on Long Island reached the Parish when the remains of Miss Elsie Searles, a nurse, aged 54 years, who went to her death by drowning at Newport, R.I., were brought home for burial. She was a sister of Mrs. Reuben Kingsmill.

Mrs. Amelia B. MacMillan died after a long illness, aged 76 years. She had been a longtime resident of the East-end, residing on Munro Park Avenue. She was buried from the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Adams, 319 Rose Park Drive. The late Martin MacMillan was a son.

Nelson McGlennon, 39 Hambly Avenue, died of heart trouble after a long illness, aged 61 years. He was a Lake Captain for many years.

Mrs. Jennie Dallimore, widow of Edward Dallimore, died at her son's residence, 21 Ashland Avenue, after a long illness, aged 69 years.

Arthur T. Long, husband of Dorothy E. (Johnson) of Agincourt, died after a long illness, aged 49 years. He was a car cleaner on the C.P.R.

John Ryan, retired from active work and living at 3 Baird Avenue, died after a long illness, aged 76 years.

Mrs. Diana Murray died of old age at Montreal. Formerly residing at Gledhill Avenue, she was the mother of two sons who made great names for themselves in championship golf.

Albert E. Giles died of pneumonia following an operation. He held the office of Relief Officer in

East York, and commanded the respect of everyone. He served in the Great War.

Ella Magdalena Clay, wife of James H. Clay, 22 Coxwell Avenue, died of heart trouble after a long illness, aged 53 years. The remains were taken to New York State for burial.

Frederick John Hogarth, 45 Rainsford Road, was vice-president of the Fiddes & Hogarth Plumbing Company and a lifelong member of St. John's. He died of internal haemorrhage after a short illness, aged 57 years.

Mrs. Amelia Pratt, a widow, died of cerebral haemorrhage, aged 77 years. She was the mother of Mrs. Curry of 38 Leuty Avenue.

Mrs. Elizabeth Goodwin died of cerebral haemorrhage, aged 69 years. She was the mother of Mrs. Martha Ireland, 375 Kingswood Road.

To all who mourn the loss of dear ones we extend our most sincere sympathy.

## SOME COMMON RELIGIOUS WORDS

## VI.—PROVIDENCE

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

People who are fond of the pious pastime of asking questions on the Bible may try themselves and their friends with this one: Where is Providence mentioned in the Bible? The answer, when they find it, will be disappointing. The word is only once found in our English Bible; and that is in the answer of the pompous, professional orator Tertullus, when he is spreading his flattery as thick as he can on Felix, the Roman governor—"Very worthy deeds are done unto this nation by thy providence."

Yet the word has now acquired almost exclusively a religious meaning. The adjective "provident" means a purely secular word. But "Providence" has become practically another name for God Himself.

Providence, in its full Christian content, may be defined in terms of the Sermon on the Mount. The Creator of the universe is the loving Father who cares for every individual soul. Christ has assured us that the Almighty Will which orders all things resides within the heart of an Almighty Love.

The further curious question arises: Why is the word Providence so often substituted for the Holy Name? There may be two opposite reasons for this: it may be due either to a cheap religiousness or an excessive reverence. Emerson speaks of "the polite bows of God," common both to English and Americans. People who do not wish to commit themselves too far in the religious direction are sometimes willing enough to recognize Providence. On the other hand, there is a

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