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Assistant: THE REV. J. A. LANGSTONE, B.A., 105 Boulton Avenue, GERRARD 1854.
Deaconess: MISS MARY SHOTTER, 500 Kingston Road, GROVER 1236.

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MATTINS—On 2nd, 4th and 5th Sundays.

LITANY—After Mattins on 4th Sunday.

EVENSING—Every Sunday at 7 p.m.

INTERCESSIONS—Every Tuesday at 11 a.m.

HOLY BAPTISM—Every Sunday at 4 p.m., except during June, July and August (2nd and 4th Sundays).

CHURCHING—After Baptism or by appointment.

CHURCH SCHOOL—Sunday at 3 p.m.

The Church is open daily for meditation.

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The Rector's Letter

February, 1940.

My Dear Friends:

I am writing this letter just a week after the Vestry Meeting, and it is not too late to record the wonderfully encouraging response which was made by more than two hundred people being present. The evident interest shown in the affairs of the Parish augurs well for the future. The major conclusion we reached is that nothing satisfactory can be done until everyone who is reckoned a member of the Parish contributes through the weekly envelopes, obtainable from the Envelope Secretary, Mr. T. W. Turff. I implored the people to try this last November, and thirty people responded. Will you do some imploring on your own? We learnt at the Vestry Meeting that less than two hundred envelope subscribers are found among our fifteen hundred families. My brethren, this ought not so to be; and those who do take envelopes must be brave enough to enquire in their own circle of friends and try to convince them of the necessity.

Lent is here again with its challenge to discipline and devotion. "Lent" is an old Anglo-Saxon word and means "spring." It is the season of the Church's Year which comes in the spring, and stands for growth and progress. The forty days of Lent are the days from Ash Wednesday to Easter, not counting Sundays; and they are specially observed to commemorate the Forty Days during which our Blessed Lord wrestled with those forces which would have drawn Him away from His life's work. We wrestle with the same forces today in our innermost conscience, and, as He gained the victory, so must we in quietness and confidence.

Each Sunday we shall have clergy from the neighboring parishes to address us, and we shall show their welcome by our attendance and attention. Each Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock there will be a Holy Hour for the whole congregation in Church. Will you make this engagement part of your Lenten discipline and devotion?

The services of Holy Communion will be continued at 9.15 a.m. on the 2nd and 4th Sundays in the month, in addition to the usual services, so that all may have ample opportunity to meet our Lord in His divinely appointed way. The Junior Choir of girls and boys will help us in our devotions at these services.

The service of Confirmation will be held on Thursday, March 7th, when His Grace the Primate will administer the Holy Rite to more than fifty who are now in preparation. The prominence of a large number of adult men and women in this group is encouraging for us all. Will you specially remember the candidates in your prayers and reserve the evening of March 7th so that you may take a hand in their confirmation.

As the spring approaches we must gird up our loins to prepare for the inevitable offensive in the arena of war. We must play our part res-

olutely in the practical things of prayer and supplication, in knitting and giving, in planning and working, in encouragement and fortitude. By so doing we shall, in the long run, render ineffective the ruthless barbarity of those who would interpret life contrary to the ideals of the Prince of Peace.

Ever your friend and Rector,

A. BRIARLY BROWNE.

SIDEMEN'S ASSOCIATION

The annual election of officers of the Sidesmen's Association was held on Monday, January 8th, under the capable chairmanship of the Rector. A brief report of the year's activities was read by the various committee chairmen, the treasurer's report, showing a substantial balance, being particularly well received. The Rector thanked the Association for the splendid support accorded him since his induction in April, last year, and outlined a number of duties both in the Church and among the parishioners which the Sidesmen have pledged themselves to carry out. The retiring President also thanked his executive and the members for the fine support given him in the past year and briefly reviewed interesting undertakings of the Association for the new year.

The members showed their appreciation of the hard and faithful work of President A. W. Eade and his executive of 1939 by electing them by acclamation for the year 1940. The officers are: Hon. President, A. B. Browne; Chaplain, Rev. J. A. Langstone; President, A. W. Eade; Vice-President, W. Mumford; Secretary, H. Draper; Treasurer, T. Sharp; Executive, E. J. Evason, R. Guest, A. Loveys, R. McNair, F. Perks and W. T. Coates; Auditors, E. Hitchman and W. Buxey.

The Association is growing splendidly. Each meeting we welcome one or more new members. It is our ambition to have double our membership by January, 1941. There is room for every man in the Church, and a hearty welcome awaits them.

THE THIMBLE GROUP

The Thimble Group has had a very successful year. Although our numbers are small, we have completed four layettes and turned over to the Wardens \$50.00.

Our one call for assistance, apart from our members, is our Annual Bridge which helps our funds and is greatly appreciated. We meet every second Tuesday afternoon at the members' houses and would be very pleased to welcome new members to our group.

Since the start of the war we have organized a Red Cross Branch from our group for the alternate Tuesdays and have very willing workers, and to date we have made 54 pillow cases, 33 pairs socks, 3 sleeveless sweaters, 5 scarves, 1 pair wristlets.

For further information regarding membership phone GR. 0430.

THE JUNIOR CHURCH

At 11 o'clock each Sunday the girls and boys who come to Church with their parents now come into the crypt for their own church service and instruction. This is the grown-ups service in miniature setting, and we have child wardens, child lay-readers, child sidesmen, and a child minister to take the prayers. A service for children has been arranged with Mattins as the general outline so that the children will be thoroughly at home in church later on.

Reverence and worship are the key-notes of the service, and we had an excellent response last week when 45 children were present. The crypt is being furnished with a little altar, a little prayer desk and a little lectern so as to have perspective accommodation for the bairns.

Many of the parents have helped by sending donations for material and new hymn books, and I want to express my own gratitude as I express the undoubted gratitude of the children. Thank you all for so encouraging a start.

MARY SHOTTER, Deaconess.

THE MOTHERS' UNION

The Mothers' Union held their monthly service on Thursday, January 25th, at 2.30 p.m., with 65 members and several prospective members present. After singing of Hymn, "Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost," we all joined in the saying of the Mothers' Union Prayer, followed by prayers for all nations, the British Empire, for peace and all men on active service. The address was given by the Rector and was taken from the Conversion of St. Paul. The service came to a close with the singing of Hymn, "Lord God the Holy Ghost," and with the Benediction.

A business meeting was held in the Parish Hall. After the reading of all annual reports the Rector joined us for the election. The officers elected for the ensuing year are: Hon. President, Mrs. Briarly Browne; President, Miss Shotter; First Vice-President, Mrs. Squires; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Ivers; Secretary, Mrs. Walker; Treasurer, Mrs. Whitmore; Link Secretary, Mrs. Punchard; Tea Convener, Mrs. Drury.

The notices given out were as follows: A luncheon to be held on May 25th, celebrating our 10th anniversary as a branch of the Mothers' Union. May 10th, our annual get-together night when we invite all the East-end branches. An enrollment service to be held on May 23rd. Full details will be given later.

Miss Shotter extended a vote of thanks to officers for their kind co-operation during the past years; also a word of encouragement to the new officers.

CHOIR

The Annual Business Meeting and Election of Officers was held after Choir practice on Friday, February 2nd. Norman Mould and Mr. Rumley were returned as Secretary-Treasurer and Assistant Secretary-Treasurer respectively. Mr. Thomas was re-elected to fill the position of Librarian, and Mr. Saxton was chosen to act as Assistant Librarian. Last year, for the first time, a general committee was elected to manage the social activities of the Choir to a large extent, such as arranging socials and visiting sick members. Miss Law, Miss Whitaker, Mr. Burke and Mr. Lythe were elected to form the committee this year.

It seems that we have scarcely recovered from the Christmas season, and now Lent is upon us again. That means that Easter cannot be far away, which in turn means a little added effort on the part of the Choir in preparation for that important festival.

There are a few vacancies in the Choir at the present time, especially for men. Anyone interested is cordially invited to see the Organist either after any service in the Church, at Choir practice, or by appointment. Choir practice is held every Friday evening in the Church from 8.15 to 10 p.m.

MOTHERS' SOCIETY

Our opening meeting of the year was held on January 11th. The address was given by the Rector. We were asked to picture our Church as seen from the corner of Kingston Road and Woodbine Ave., and to note its most prominent feature, the tower. The Rector spoke of the strength and solidity of the tower. So must we be a strong power in the Parish. It is also a witness to our Lord and Saviour and inside it there is the warmth of the Church and its fellowship which is so much needed in the cold world of today. We were asked to continue strong, like the tower, witnessing to Almighty God in true fellowship, one with another. Members present, 57.

On January 18th a number of our members attended the Communion Service. At 1 p.m. we sat down to a well attended lunch, and at 2.30 p.m. we held our regular meeting. Our speaker was Miss Shotter who spoke of Charles Wesley and some of the beautiful Hymns written by him. We were reminded that the cross is the centre of our religion. An article from the Churchman was read and also the 37th chapter of Isaiah. Members present, 67.

During Lent we hope to have a different speaker each week and hope the members will make a special effort to be there to hear them.

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Why We Keep Lent

By the Very Rev. H. A. Jones, Provost of Leicester

[This article was written before the outbreak of war and deals with the general subject of the use we should make of Lent, its duties and its opportunities. On another page the reader will find some notes about the particular observance of Lent in time of war.—ED. SIGN.]

IN one of the most significant books of recent years

Mrs. M. H. Cox
St. John's Parish Monthly

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Church's Year. As we pass from Advent Sunday to the last Sunday after Trinity we are shown as in a drama the outstanding and significant events of the life of our LORD in their bearing upon our belief in the character and purpose of GOD. In this way the simplest among us can be taught much, and the most profound has always something to learn, whether it be from festival or from fast.

This observance of special days and seasons during the year is not ordered in the New Testament. Beginning with the weekly observance of Sunday and the annual observance of Easter Day, both as memorials of the Resurrection, it grew up under the guidance of the HOLY SPIRIT in answer to human need. In his most famous book Baron von Hugel showed that the spiritual life develops fully and rightly only if three main elements are maintained in it—the mystical, the intellectual, and the institutional. The ordered variation of the Church's Year is part of the "institutional" life of the Church, and as such has been both neglected and attacked since the Reformation. But if GOD reveals Himself through our life in the Church we neglect to take our proper part in that life only at our spiritual peril. Just as there is an intellectual

obligation to seek for and to accept the truth, just as there is a moral obligation to educate and to obey the law, so there is what may be called an obligation to be loyal to the ordered life of the Church. Obviously there is a danger of mere formalism in such loyalty, but it may be avoided by remembering the spiritual life of ourselves and for the Church of our day. It is not by an indifference to the common good of the Church which springs either from carelessness or from an individualism which is the cause of its weakness in the Church to-day.

THE MEANING OF LENT

In the light of this general truth can we understand the importance of keeping Lent. Some people regard the observance as not a matter simply of personal choice. It is a duty laid upon us by our membership in the Church; it is part of our response to the presence of the HOLY SPIRIT in the growth and development of the Church's life. At the present time we are suffering a great deal because of the slackening of the sense of duty in the minds of Christian people. Our prayers, our Communion, our public worship and other elements in our religious lives are looked upon as being the expression of our desires and feelings at the moment rather than as being parts of a disciplined Christian devotion. A rule of life is often regarded as something which is opposed to the freedom which our LORD gives. So far have we been led from a true understanding of Christian freedom by the modern passion for "self-expression" without any consideration of the kind of "self" which is being expressed.

What, then, should be the general nature of our Lenten observance? In the first place, the season of Lent serves as a warning. It can be said of us as of the motorists of to-day, "You have been warned." The rush of modern life is so great that we are apt to take ourselves for granted and to concentrate our thoughts only on the problem of getting through the crowded days. Lent comes

demands the deepest knowledge of the quarry's habits. Human scent is stronger than we can believe, as is the sensitiveness of the deer's nose. Highland foresters say, deer can scent a man at a distance of a mile, and can scent a man with a pony at a mile and a half away.

The first principle of the art of stalking is to stalk up wind or on a side wind, so that your scent is borne away from the deer. But it may be, that the wind which blows in your face blows in another direction where the deer are feeding or resting in a glen, for the air currents will be borne up and down the glen. Therefore the stalker spies out the land through powerful glasses, to see how the wind is blowing where he hopes to find his deer, judging its direction by its effect on the grasses.

A stalker who knows every move in the game understands that it is always best to stalk any wild animals from above, for when resting or feeding they tend to look down hill. Deer of Highland mountains do so, though they will look up if they hear the sudden cry of a grouse, the croak of a raven, or the racing of a fox. And well they know if bird or animal is moving in a natural way undisturbed, or has been frightened, as by a man.

Like many animals, deer usually move up wind as they feed. Their movements and their wariness vary greatly with the weather, the time of day, and the type of place where they may be. Always they seem more alert and nervous in the mornings than in the afternoons when, at feeding-time, they take life easily. When they are looking down from the sheltered side of a hill it is almost impossible to approach them from below without sending them flying. And the wind would carry your scent to them from above. On still, sunny days they are less restless than on wild days. Wind often seems to go to their heads, for they will race for a mile with no apparent reason.

The beautiful red deer is the largest British wild animal. We may see it in parks, otherwise we must seek it in the Highlands, in the Lake District, or on the moors of the West Country. In parks the red deer live peacefully with fallow deer. These are very old inhabitants of our land, introduced by the Romans, some think. Now they are mostly found in parks, though a few wild herds remain, as in the New Forest and in Epping Forest. Then there are the beautiful roe deer, but these must have an article to themselves.

Dan's National Work By Mary Moore

"IT seems to me, Mary, that us old people aren't needed nowadays, nobody seems to want us," sighed old Dan Pearce as he sat despondently in the sunny porch of his picturesque little cottage.

"Rubbish, Dan," remarked his wife briskly. "I'm sure, old as we are, we're as active as most folk in the village and able to do most things."

"I've been trying everywhere," Dan replied bitterly, "to get some sort of National Work, but every one says, 'You're too old, Dan, you've done your bit and you've earned your rest.' But I did hope," he added disconsolately, "that Farmer Green would have given me a bit of ploughing to do, as his man's called up and I could always drive as straight a furrow as most folk."

"And wouldn't he?"

"Not he," groaned Dan. "He said the horse-plough was old-fashioned now, and that the Government had not only lent him a tractor but had also sent a college-trained lass to drive it, and she was doing fine."

Mary laughed at the look of disgust on her husband's face. "But Farmer Green is right," she insisted, "those lassies are tackling their jobs splendidly."

"That may be, Mary, but to me the whole world is topsy-turvy."

"Perhaps you're right, Dan, but we'll have to be content to give what help we can in our little way. And,"

Mary added, "if you really want to be useful, you can just go along to Sally Briggs and fetch a basket of washing I've promised to do for her. Poor lass, she's got more to do than she can manage, what with two growing lads with huge appetites evacuated on her, and her own family to look after, not counting the garden she's got to plant now Tom's called up. She's about worn out. So off you go and I'll have your dinner waiting for you when you get back, and you might bring the two lads with you, it'll help Sally."



"Hullo," Dan exclaimed genially, "what's going on here?"

chair, and Sally was severely lecturing two rather crestfallen-looking boys.

"Hullo, hullo," Dan exclaimed genially, "what's going on here?"

"Look, Dan," Sally indignantly exclaimed, "they've been climbing trees and worn holes through their knickers, and now they have only got their Sunday ones to wear and I'll never find time to mend them," she groaned.

"There, there, Sally, don't take on so; boys will be boys," Dan felt quite sorry for the two unhappy-looking lads; Sally ought not to speak to them like that.

Dan inspected the torn knickers. "I'll mend them for you," he announced. "Maybe I'll patch them with a bit of soft leather and make them into riding breeches," he added with a kindly smile, "so run upstairs, laddies, and change into your others and you shall come back with me and explore my workshop whilst I'm doing the necessary repairs."

Delightedly the two boys raced upstairs, whilst Sally looked rather apologetically at Dan. "I'm sorry, Dan, I know I didn't ought to have been so harsh with them, but somehow since Tom's gone things have got on top of me, what with baby cutting a tooth and keeping me awake at night, and then all the extra cooking and knowing I've got the garden to plant, it's been too much for me."

"There, there," soothed Dan, "don't you worry about things. The garden is going to be my job whilst Tom's away and I think I'll take Baby along as well as the boys. Mary's got a magic touch with aches and pains, so pop her in the pram with the washing, and I'll be getting along, then you can get a bit of rest."

Tears of gratitude ran down Sally's cheeks. "I don't know what I should do without you both," she said, "you do help me with my troubles, and the boys aren't really naughty," she admitted, "only the trouble is that they've got too much time on their hands and nowhere to play proper games."

"But don't they go to school?" Dan asked.

"Only every other day," Sally explained. "There's too many children for our little schoolroom, so they've got to take it in turn, and children of that age ought to have plenty to occupy them."

Dan soon made friends with the two boys as they chatted to him on the way back. They told him that they were brothers and their names were Peter and Tim, and that their Dad was in the Navy and that their Mother wanted to come and see them only it cost too much money.

Dan and Mary made it a happy day for them. After doing full justice to Mary's cooking they went with Dan to his workshop at the bottom of the garden.

All the village loved Dan's roomy workshop. It was a most exciting place to explore thought Peter and Tim as they watched Dan hunting for the leather to patch their knickers. Dan had done a fair amount of cobbling in his time and was a clever carpenter, and there was wood of every description stacked in the corners.

But it was the field at the back of the cottage that delighted the boys, and when the time came to go home they begged to come again.

Dan was very silent that evening. At last he remarked, "I'm thinking, Mary, that those evacuated children aren't getting a fair deal; they're getting into mischief because they've got nowhere to play. And I'm thinking," Dan continued, "that we've got a bigger field than we need, now there's only old Bidy to graze it, and I'm wondering if we couldn't let the kiddies have the top half for a playground."

"Why, Dan," Mary exclaimed, "I think it's a splendid idea."

"And there's plenty of room for a cricket pitch," Dan added eagerly, "and it would give the lads something to do to cut and roll it now if I showed them how and looked after them."

"And for the girls and the little ones," Mary suggested, "you might fence round the sunny corner under the lilac tree. If you could put them up a couple of swings and a see-saw and with a skipping rope or two they will be quite happy, and I'll be able to keep an eye on them from the kitchen window."

"I'll just slip round," Dan suggested, "and see what the Vicar thinks about it."

The Vicar always had a smile of welcome for Dan, his oldest parishioner, and busy as he was that evening he pulled up a chair near the fire.

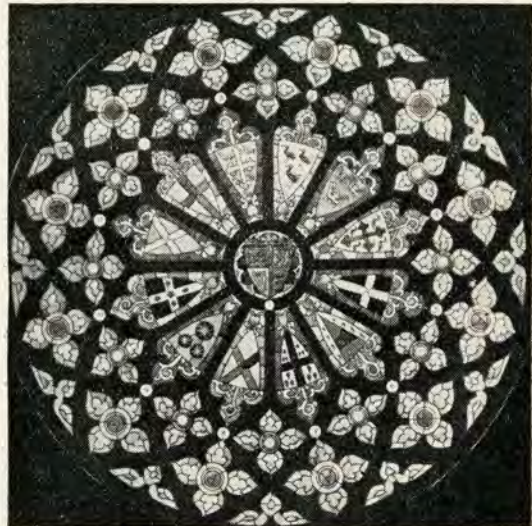
Dan had got something on his mind it was plain to see, and as the Vicar listened intently to his scheme for the playing field, he gave a sigh of relief.

"Why, Dan," he exclaimed, "you've solved one of my biggest problems for me. Ever since this large number of evacuated children arrived, I have realized the need of a playground for their leisure time, and now you've come to the rescue with your wonderful offer. Why, Dan, it's one of the finest bits of National Service possible."

Dan's face glowed with incredulous delight, "National did you call it, Sir?"

"Why, yes indeed, Dan," the Vicar smilingly replied. "How could you serve your country better than by encouraging a spirit of sportsmanship in the hearts of its future citizens?"

Rose Window at Pagham, Sussex



OF the many features that record the stay of His late Majesty King George the Fifth at Bognor, few are more interesting than a window in Pagham Church, Sussex. Pagham is a coast village near the Selsey peninsula, and its church would be the one nearest to Craigweil House, where His Majesty stayed during his convalescence in 1929.

The tracery of the window is copied from a design at Palermo in Sicily. As will be seen, it is of the "rose" type, the pattern consisting of a centre-piece with twelve radiating arms and a border of quatrefoils. The Royal Arms fill the centre panel, whilst each of the surrounding compartments contains the arms of a saint.

Much English history is embodied in these shields. Thomas of Canterbury, to whom the church is dedicated, heads the list, and the reader will have no difficulty in picking out the three Cornish choughs (or "beckets") proper to him. Two other occupants of the same see bear him company in the persons of St. Anselm and St. Edmund. Both king and martyr are remembered in another St. Edmund, and the first teaching of Christianity is suggested by the inclusion of St. Augustine. Local conversion is emphasized by St. Wilfrid. Richard of Chichester lived but five miles away, whilst the patron saints of England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland also find places. The familiar "martlets" of Edward the Confessor complete a series as varied as it is beautiful.

H. T. KIRBY

Music in Parish Churches

By Harvey Grace, Mus.Doc. (Cantuar), F.R.C.O. (Commissioner for the School of English Church Music)

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—These articles were written before war broke out. No alteration has been made in the text, however, because the principles set forth are not invalidated by the changed conditions, although they may be more difficult to put into practice.

I. PRINCIPLES

PARISH churches vary so widely in musical respects that a brief discussion of the subject must be concerned with the average type, ruling out the two extremes: (a) those so well-equipped that their standard is rather that of a cathedral, and (b) the larger number whose resources may be limited to a small out-of-repair organ or harmonium with no person able to make the best of it or to train the few available singers.

Between these extremes can be found examples of every degree of competence.

All these diverse churches, however, have one need in common: a musical policy based on principles, and arrived at after consideration of local resources and requirements. Resources are put first, because in Church music, as in other matters, coats must be cut according to cloth.

The number of the articles in this little series (three) suggests three heads as a convenient arrangement: (1) The Principles that are of general application; (2) the Persons responsible for carrying them out (choirmaster-organist, choir, and congregation, with the incumbent as the official who is the ultimate authority for the conduct of the service in this as in other respects); and (3) the Practice which ensures the best possible result of their co-operation.

THE PLACE OF MUSIC IN CHURCH

The first principle is one that is rarely given sufficient thought: the place of music in the Church service. As all the Offices can be performed without it, music is an accessory, and as such must justify itself by its ability to fulfil the aims of Church music. Those aims are so obvious that they need not be set down. Nevertheless, many clergy and organists act as if the chief function of Church music is to interest the choir and attract the congregation. The most fitting Church music may do both, either by gradual development of choirs' and people's sense of appropriateness, or by happy chance. Its failure to do so should lead, not to a change of policy, but to perseverance, and, if possible, to the adoption of some means of converting the objectors. (A parish meeting, addressed by a Church musician of standing, and with ample time for discussion, will usually be a valuable aid.) Fortunately there will be little or no difficulty in the majority of cases, because instinctive good taste and a sense of fitness are more common endowments than is generally supposed. In fact, a poor choice of music is often due to our underrating the taste and intelligence of the average congregation. We do not always take into account the improvement in this respect brought about by broadcasting, and by the widespread development of musical activity, even in small centres. Village choral societies and Women's Institute choirs usually sing music that is first-rate in quality, and many of their members

belong to Church congregations and choirs. Why do so many parsons and organists continue to act as if these singers leave their musical taste and ability in the church porch?

MUSIC MUST BE SUITABLE

The reader will have noticed that fitness was mentioned before quality. The explanation is that all music fit for Church music is, *ipso facto*, good, whereas a great deal of good—even fine—music written for the Church has to be ruled out on the score of unfitness. Thus, the Masses of Mozart and Haydn are, as music, worthy of their composers; but they are not generally suitable for Church use, first, because their idiom is in the main secular, and second, because they are too long, difficult, and elaborate.

Fitness falls under three heads: the music must be suitable to (1) the occasion (Divine service); (2) the local conditions (what suits one type of building and congregation may not suit another); and (3) the musical resources available. Only (1) is concerned with quality; and, as was said above, music that passes this test cannot be other than good. As to the difference between good and bad, there is general agreement among those qualified by training to give an opinion. Expert advice is easily obtainable; some of the many recent books on Church music deal with the question; there are diocesan, deanery, and other district and local Church music committees from whom advice can be obtained; the Church Music Society has branches spread over the country and is ready to help; and clergy and choirmasters whose choirs are affiliated to the School of English Church Music may consult the head office on this, as on any other problems. But anybody with a fair knowledge of music, combined with experience of what is convincing in performance, may develop a critical faculty sufficient to help in distinguishing good and bad chants and hymn-tunes.

Here are a few simple examples of the way in which the quality of hymn-tunes may be assessed (we will take some of the best-known tunes of Dykes): "Nicaea" is an excellent tune, strong both in melody and harmony; "Beatitudo" is melodically strong in the first line, less so in the second, good in the third, and weak, both in melody and harmony, in the last, the net result being that the good points just outweigh the bad. "St. Oswald" has a vigorous tune, poorly harmonized in the first line (both alto and bass have a series of repeated D's to sing); yet it "comes off" for congregational use because the melody has vitality. "Melita" is impressive in effect, although it weakens slightly in line 5, where the tune rises by semitones and the interest becomes harmonic rather than melodic. "St. Agnes" is a poor tune; tune and rhythm have no vitality, the first line is melodically weak where the tune

drops a diminished fifth (one of the most sentimental of intervals), and there is no climax. The reader who will compare any dozen tunes that have proved their worth with a dozen that are doubtful (being specially critical of melody and rhythm) will learn a good deal in the process. It is only fair to add that some tunes that, judged thus critically, are poor are nevertheless successful when sung by a large body, partly because (1) they gain from the popularity of the words (for example, "Pentecost," when sung to "Fight the good fight") and (2) the mere body of tone supplies some of the vital energy which the music itself lacks.

TWO IMPORTANT PRINCIPLES

Two other principles are of importance. (1) The music of the average parish church should be mainly congregational—mainly, not entirely, because we ought not to rule out occasional singing by the choir alone. (This point will be developed later.)

(2) Adult members of the choir should be communicants. The application of this principle

may mean the loss of a useful singer, but in the long run the gain in non-musical respects will be ample compensation.

This chapter may fitly end on an encouraging note. When all is said (and a good deal is said) about the deficiencies of parish Church music the fact remains that it is steadily improving; and experience shows that the size of the parish and the number of available singers are far less important factors than they appear to be. Nor does locality count. Wherever there is an enthusiastic trainer there will be at least a reasonably good choir. Depressed and depressing clergy who say there are no voices in their parish need to be reminded that if people can talk they can sing, the only exceptions being the almost negligible minority who are tone deaf (or, as we say, "have no ear"). Less than ever before is there a reasonable excuse for poverty and lifelessness in parochial Church music, seeing that, more than ever before, practical help and advice can be had for the asking.

(To be continued)

David the Fugitive A Story for Children

By the Rev. Spencer A. Woolward

I SEE a lonely farm among the hills of Judaea. The farmer and his men are at some distance away, ploughing, shepherding, and tending cattle; Mother is singing at her work in the big kitchen, the little ones playing about, and the maids busy in the dairy.

As she passes the open door she glances out and sees a sight which freezes the song upon her lips and makes her heart stand still, a troop of eight or ten rough, ragged men armed with swords and spears, coming up the path from the gate!

What *could* she do? What could a poor weak woman do against swords and spears? Nothing! What could she say? Only what you must say when the big limousine comes rushing out of a hidden drive right on top of your little Ford: or Daddy, when he feels the ladder slipping on the stack, or in the orchard: "LORD, help me!"

So she puts the little ones behind her, and in all the majesty of devoted helpless motherhood she faces the armed men: "Don't you touch my babies!"

The leader smiles and says, "No, we won't hurt you or your babies. My men and I had no supper last night, and slept in the forest in the rain. We had no breakfast this morning, and we have come to ask for a few loaves of bread, and leave to dry our clothes by the kitchen fire."

She looks at him, and when she sees the kind blue eyes, and the smiling face under the grime and sweat, and the fair hair showing under the helmet, she feels with a woman's instinct that she can trust him, and she says, "Yes, come in, and we will do what we can for you." Gratefully the whole band comes into the warm kitchen, and the men lay down their swords and spears

and take their seats on the farm-labourers' benches at the long table in the window. Mother catches a boy in the yard, and sends him to her husband, "Come quick, and bring all the men with you." Then she and her maids, who hardly dare to peep at these strange visitors, bring out barley loaves and bowls of milk and fresh cheeses, and the tired and hungry men begin thankfully a hearty meal.

Imagine Father's astonishment when he hastens in and sees the startling invasion of their quiet home; but a glance from his wife reassures him, and he helps to wait on them and make them welcome.

Mother feels a little hand pulling at her apron, and when she stoops down, little John whispers, "May I touch the big sword?" And it was a big sword. When she tells him he laughs, and takes the little lad on his knee, and lets him put his hand on the sword hilt. Then Mother says to David, pointing to an ugly stain on his sleeve, "Have you hurt yourself?" He answers, "As we were coming up here we fell in with a band of those vile Philistines, who

were coming to rob and murder you and burn the farm, and we had a fight. Three or four of them will never go home again, and the rest ran away, but we got some rather bad cuts."

So Mother and her maids, who are as brave as can be now there is doctoring to be done, bring out some old linen and wash and bandage the wounded legs and arms. Two of the young men go to the well and draw enough water to fill every empty vessel the maids can bring, and two more go to the wood-stack and chop enough sticks to light fires to last for a week.

At last, at their leader's command, after heartily



"She looks at him and feels that she can trust him"

thanking their host and hostess, whose lives and home they had saved from the cruel Philistines, the whole party, rested and refreshed, take up their swords and spears and shields, and troop out. Little John says to David, "May I be your soldier when I am a big man?" And David says, "Yes, laddie, some day you shall be one of

my soldiers." And so he was, and saved King David's life one day when he was very nearly killed in battle.

And now poor Mother, strung up beyond all endurance, falls in a dead faint into her husband's strong arms, while little John is standing on the door-step waving farewell to his great new friend.

The House of Charity

By J. Quigley

"THE House of Charity," in Soho Square, is perhaps not widely known to the general public, though since it was founded, nearly a century ago, over forty-five thousand needy cases have found

a home without charge for two or three weeks.

Some of the guests have been in hospital and are awaiting admission to a convalescent home. Some have been emigrants needing a shelter until their ship was ready to sail. There is a friendly atmosphere in the House, and only a few simple "rules." The guests are free to come and go as they will during the day, but they must be punctual for meals. They are provided with good food—so essential for this building-up process—comfortable sitting-rooms, and separate cubicles. The beautiful little chapel is open at all times, and the inmates are expected to attend Evensong. Otherwise they are under no obligation to attend the daily services.

The House of Charity is under the direction of a Warden and Council. The men are under the care of a Resident Chaplain and the women in the charge of Sisters from the Convent of St. John Baptist, Clewer. There is accommodation for twenty-two women in the original building, while the male guests, twelve in number, live in the newer building adjoining. Behind the House is the garden.

At the corner of Greek Street, facing on one side Soho Square, the House enjoys an open situation, away from the more crowded thoroughfares of Soho. Not far off is another historic building, the Church of St. Anne.

As to the old house itself, it dates from a period when this part of London was a fashionable residentiary quarter, and once belonged to Alderman Beckford, twice Lord Mayor of London. Like his eccentric son, the author of *Vathek*, Alderman Beckford had a taste for interior decoration, and employed French and Italian workmen to decorate ceilings and adorn doors and fireplaces with carvings, which are still notable features of the House.

temporary shelter within its walls. Like so much else, it was an outcome of the Anglo-Catholic Revival, its founders being a small group of devout Churchmen, among them being two leading statesmen of the end of the last century, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Salisbury; together with the first Lord Halifax, Dr. Henry Monro, M.D., and the eminent lawyer, Sir Robert Phillimore.

To show for what this Charity stands one cannot do better than quote the words which head the Annual Report:

"There is an ideal of practical Christianity behind the House of Charity. It sprang from the hearts of a few men whose religion found a new inspiration in the Oxford Movement in 1846. They wished to accomplish some definite work that embodied the true spirit of Christianity. The realization of that desire was the House of Charity."

In that spirit the work has been carried on to the present time, increasingly dependent upon public support as those who had privately supported it passed from this life. It gives help and consideration to individual cases, more specially to people who are outside the ordinary category of those helped by public institutions. Many poor gentlepeople have been helped here, though there is no distinction of class, and any man or woman of good repute may apply for temporary shelter. When possible they are helped to find employment, or passed on to other places where more permanent residence is provided. Meanwhile they are given



THE GARDEN



THE CHAPEL

An engraving of Beckford hangs on the staircase, with a framed copy of the address in which, as Lord Mayor of London, he assured King George III of the loyalty of the citizens. The House also possesses portraits of the founders, those admirable and notable men who so generously contributed to the funds of this charity. A notably benevolent face is that of Dr. Henry Monro, one of a family of physicians who specialized in mental diseases.

It was Dr. Monro's conviction that many cases of insanity might have been prevented if



THE HOUSE OF CHARITY

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## Lent in War-Time

**W**HAT may be called "ready-made" Lents are possible for few under the conditions of modern life. That is to say, people who wish to observe the season must consider, each one for himself, "What am I to do about it?" And this is more true than ever in time of war.

Improvement in anything requires, first of all, knowledge of what is wanted, and then determination, concentration, and perseverance to carry it out. So it is with our religion. A popular gardening expert, whose broadcasts are often "parables from nature," lately told us how to arrange revolving shelters to let the sun come in; but he added, "You can't make the sunshine." Nor can we make "goodness." Only we can, by quite ordinary efforts to improve, turn towards that Light and Blessing which is not ours to make (not throwing away the grace of Lent, "the springtime of the year"). In a war-time Lent these efforts may be in some respects different, but they are not less important nor, certainly, less difficult than in time of peace.

Three duties may be suggested for thought and action.

**THE BODY.** Very likely there will be some public notice about the observance of the Lenten fast, since, so far as depends on themselves, none—especially hard-workers among the clergy and others—must add to their loads and then have to drop them on to others by reason of illness or strain which might have been prevented. For many, food and lawful recreation need not be reduced, though some continuous practice of self-denial is a means of mastering self not to be despised. *But* in a time of unavoidable excitement and emotion there are some who will need the remedy of a stricter rule of abstinence if they are to be able to say, "I can do what I like with anything, but I will let nothing do what I like with me." There are quite new dangers in war-time temptations through the body, open especially to those younger people who now have more freedom than had their predecessors of former generations. Some self-imposed restrictions, slight or serious, according to their circumstances, will pull the unexperienced up in time, and perhaps save them from serious danger.

**THE SOUL.** "Most people are kinder than they used to be" with us. Few animals, children, or persons with

the sufferers had had a place where they could find friendly help and advice. Realizing the need for such a place he gave his whole-hearted support in founding the House.

Enough has been said to show that this charity remains unique, both in its history and its environment. It is a place of shelter for the weary and heavy-laden, but its aim is definitely constructive. The whole endeavour of those intimately concerned is to build up in mind, body, and spirit all who find here a temporary home.

infirmities need fear the public in England. How good many are to most is only to be known as we go about. *But* "almsgiving" is to be thought out. Idly or emotionally, much generosity is wasted. Or personal service is often held back. And are ordinary Christians doing all they might in inspiring others? Are children getting training in body and soul at home? Giving takes many forms, and some are much better than others.

**THE SPIRIT.** In certain circumstances—without help from Church, Sacraments, or his fellow men—the Christian may still be "with GOD." New power then comes in the loneliness as it did for the saints and for our LORD. *But*, usually, simple, well-tried means—perhaps some needing new methods—are to hand to help us. Bible-reading and Sacraments may be supplemented by study circles. We are "dead" if we cannot enter into the first personal plural of the Common Prayers as well as the first person singular. *But* that first person singular is the Self, who can be trained by Lent. We turn to the sunshine if we first take a good look at ourselves, then try to find out more about what St. John calls eternal—that is divine—life and St. Paul being "in CHRIST." The very oldest Christian hymn we have says: "CHRIST shall give thee Light."

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COMPETITION

WE have heard a good deal during the past few months about the value of the black-out in enabling us to give more time to reading now that there is less opportunity in spending our evenings in other ways. Probably some of our readers have employed part of their time in improving their acquaintance with religious books. We are therefore offering prizes for *An Essay of not more than two hundred words on a religious book which I have read or re-read recently.* "A religious book" need not be a volume of sermons or a theological treatise; the term will include a book of religious verse, the life of some great Churchman or other religious leader, or even a novel dealing with religious subjects.

The prizes will be 10s. and 5s. Essays should reach The Editor of THE SIGN, 28 Margaret Street, London, W.1, not later than February 23rd. Prizes will be sent out early in March and the result announced in the June number of THE SIGN.



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The story continues—

CHAPTER III

THE DIVIDED ROADS

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"Good-bye?" she echoed in a whisper.

"Yes. I have been offered a place as medico in Professor Nayland's Everest Expedition, and we start for India in a few days. It is a great honour, of course, but far more than that, it is the chance to take part in Nayland's tremendous task, and under such a leader, that makes it so utterly unique." Now that he had broken the ice he was speaking more easily, his dark, strong face earnest with deep feeling. "You know Arnold Porter, who was at school and Cambridge with me?"

"Why, yes, I have met him several times. You and he have worked together always, been close friends. But I thought that it was Dr. Porter who was going to India."

"So it was. But two days ago his father, Lord Caston—the big ship-owner, you know—was struck down with a heart attack at a board meeting, in the middle of carrying through some very delicate business negotiations, and he is still in a critical condition. Arnold is the only son, and in the circumstances, as he is needed to act as the dear old man's representative, he feels that he can't possibly leave England. When he realized the position, without saying a word to me about it, he went to the Professor and suggested me in his place. I saw Professor Nayland this morning. He knows all about me, naturally, because he has often allowed Arnold to take me to his house, and he belongs to the old Hospital, and he gave me twenty-four hours to make up my mind. What do you say?"

"O GOD," prayed Hilary within herself, "help me to be brave!" Then she said, "But Roger, there couldn't be any question of refusing such a splendid chance, surely. How terribly disappointed poor Arnold must be, though of course he could not go leaving his father so ill. I believe it will almost make up to have you go with the Professor instead. You have no ties to keep you back, no parents or duties."

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"So that I might be the first to congratulate you on being selected? O Roger, that was dear of you. I do appreciate it!" She stood up and frankly held out her hand while she gave him a bright, friendly smile. He should not, if she could help it, carry away an image of a lovelorn, disappointed maiden to accompany him on his wanderings. Her tone was as friendly as her smile.

He took the hand and bent over it. For one second she thought he intended to kiss it. But instead he held the slender white fingers within the clasp of his brown, capable hand, and then abruptly released them.

The strains of dance music floated down to them as they walked silently—the tall, stern-looking man, and the girl whose face was strangely white, though she held her fair head up proudly and moved with graceful step in her filmy golden frock—through the half-empty dining-room where waiters were resetting the tables for fresh supper-seekers.

In the hall they encountered Lady Lester, dressed for departure and just going out to her car. She had been lost to view since dinner, among older compeers in the card room, and she stopped for a cordial greeting to Dr. Meredith who struck her as rather unresponsive.

"I am just off, Hilary," she said. "You know I never care for too late nights. But I don't want to hurry you away yet if you are enjoying yourself."

"It has been a perfectly glittering evening, but I am quite ready to come if you don't mind waiting a second while I get my cloak," Hilary exclaimed. "Dr. Meredith has just told me the most thrilling piece of news too. Tell Aunt Helen Roger, while I fly for my things."

CHAPTER IV

LOVE IN THE COTTAGE

STREETS, factories, and interminable backs of dingy houses in whose yards hung lines of washing fled by the windows, and the smoky environs of London gave place first to streets of new red-brick villas, then to desolate ground where half-finished houses stood up here and there bleakly, in a wilderness

of spoiled fields and felled strees, and finally, the last of the building left behind, came green open spaces, farms and pastures, lanes and trees in all the glory of late autumn foliage.

Hilary leaned back in her corner of the railway carriage thankful for this breathing space in which to collect her troubled thoughts after the turmoil of the last few days.

She could scarcely bear yet to think of the painful scene on the morning after the dance, when, quietly but firmly, she had made her aunt comprehend her decision to go back to her own family.

Lady Lester had not stormed, she was too dignified to raise her voice, but her reproaches had been bitterly angry, and she had ended by saying with cutting emphasis: "Very well, Hilary, if you choose to behave with such rank ingratitude to me I cannot prevent it, but you will please pack up and take with you all your personal possessions, because I don't intend my house to be treated as an hotel to which you can run back for shelter as soon as you grow tired of your whim for a clod-hopping life."

That taunt had stung Hilary's pride, and inwardly she vowed that whatever might betide in the future she would never appeal to her aunt for help. Yet, while she packed clothes and books and painting materials in her familiar bedroom, glad of occupation that employed mind as well as hands, she hated to feel that the years of her aunt's kindness should end in such bitterness and misunderstanding, and this morning when, before they parted, Lady Lester had relented a little and kissed her with something of her old affection, Hilary had hugged her like a warm-hearted child, thankful that she had not permitted herself a single angry retort.

But underneath these outward difficulties was a heart too numbed with pain to feel anger. There had been sleepless nights between the busy days when her pillow was wet with tears for a lost love. But Hilary was determined to put that hopeless, unhappy thought away.

"This journey is carrying me right away from my old life into a new one," she thought as she gazed out at the green landscape. "I'm only going to carry the good things out of the past in my luggage, no repinings, and certainly no whimperings after luxuries that the poor dears at Inglethorp never had while I wallowed in them myself. And even in my gayest times with Aunt Helen I've always longed for Daddy and the rest. Now I'm going to them and I hope to goodness that I shan't prove terribly slow in my new job. But if I, a strong young woman of nineteen, can't make myself at least as useful as poor old Tibbetts with her rheumaticky legs, I shall deserve to be shot."

Heighlea Halt Station, a mile from Inglethorp, seemed busier than she remembered it on her last flying visit some years before, but she had eyes only for a tall young man in shabby clothes who had come to meet her.

"George! Here I am!" she cried, and his face lighted up in a welcoming grin as she sprang from the carriage.

"Hullo, old Hilary! What traps have you brought? The train doesn't wait here above a minute."

"There they are. The guard is throwing them out now. Oh, my dear, they look an enormous pile." She had caught George's rueful glance at the trunks and suitcases piled together round a case of books.

"The carrier can bring them along to-morrow, but I had to bring all my worldly possessions, you know, because Chantrey House is being shut up. I only want this one small suitcase to-night."

The train slid away from the platform leaving a large emptiness behind it, and Hilary seized her brother's hand in a warm clasp.

"O George, it is lovely to be with you again."

"And for us to have you, old girl." His tone said more than his words. "But I say, Hilary, I hope you properly realize what you are coming home to—here, give me that suitcase."

He spoke to the stationmaster about the luggage, then led the way out on to the well-remembered country road. "Everything has been at sixes and sevens since Tibby left last week. Not that she was much good herself latterly. She'd grown as round as a barrel and could only hobble about. But at least she saw

to the meals such as they were. This week—" he shrugged his shoulders. "Poor old Molly means well, but she's no earthly hand at it. She made a cake specially for you but unluckily it got burned to cinders. Eileen has more natural gumption."

"Oh, poor Molly! But I can't cook anything useful myself, George, only fudge and toffee and things like that," Hilary murmured anxiously. "You'll have to be terribly patient with me while I'm learning."

"It will be great to feel you're there to look after the young ones," George said consolingly. "Lance is having an awfully thin time." (Lance was the youngest of the Leigh boys, a lad of twelve, but a helpless invalid.) "Dad and I see to him as well as we can, but we're both at work all day on the estate. You know they've cut up Inglethorp Park and laid out a new housing estate there?"

"Yes, you told me in one of your letters. I'm sorry to think of that beautiful old place being built over."

"Well, it had been derelict for years, and the estate has been planned on fine lines. You must come round and see it to-morrow. I'm only an ordinary labourer, but Dad has been book-keeper in the office for nearly two years. That'll come to an end when the building is finished and the works close down, but meantime it has been a boon."

"What about the shop?"

"The shop? My dear girl, you are behind the times! That went long ago. Dad never had it in him to be a successful tradesman. Besides, it needed capital, and he never had a penny that wasn't swallowed up in the daily expenses, and he couldn't endure the thought of debt. Cramp—you remember old Cramp the draper?—enlarged his own place and bought up Dad's business and now, since people have begun to flock to the Park



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The strains of dance music floated down to them as they walked silently—the tall, stern-looking man, and the girl whose face was strangely white, though she held her fair head up proudly and moved with graceful step in her filmy golden frock—through the half-empty dining-room where waiters were resetting the tables for fresh supper-seekers.

In the hall they encountered Lady Lester, dressed for departure and just going out to her car. She had been lost to view since dinner, among older compeers in the card room, and she stopped for a cordial greeting to Dr. Meredith who struck her as rather unresponsive.

"I am just off, Hilary," she said. "You know I never care for too late nights. But I don't want to hurry you away yet if you are enjoying yourself."

"It has been a perfectly glittering evening, but I am quite ready to come if you don't mind waiting a second while I get my cloak," Hilary exclaimed. "Dr. Meredith has just told me the most thrilling piece of news too. Tell Aunt Helen Roger, while I fly for my things."

CHAPTER IV

LOVE IN THE COTTAGE

STREETS, factories, and interminable backs of dingy houses in whose yards hung lines of washing fled by the windows, and the smoky environs of London gave place first to streets of new red-brick villas, then to desolate ground where half-finished houses stood up here and there bleakly, in a wilderness



A New Estate

A Serial Story

By J. AITON COWDROY

SYNOPSIS

ON the death of her mother, HILARY LEIGH was adopted by her wealthy aunt, LADY LESTER. Eight years later she finds that it is her duty to return to her father, who is in comparatively poor circumstances, and keep house for him. Can she face the sacrifice, and also separation from young DR. ROGER MEREDITH, whom she finds very attractive?

The story continues—

CHAPTER III

THE DIVIDED ROADS

HILARY felt for one terrible second that she was going to faint.

"Good-bye?" she echoed in a whisper.

"Yes. I have been offered a place as medico in Professor Nayland's Everest Expedition, and we start for India in a few days. It is a great honour, of course, but far more than that, it is the chance to take part in Nayland's tremendous task, and under such a leader, that makes it so utterly unique." Now that he had broken the ice he was speaking more easily, his dark, strong face earnest with deep feeling. "You know Arnold Porter, who was at school and Cambridge with me?"

"Why, yes, I have met him several times. You and he have worked together always, been close friends. But I thought that it was Dr. Porter who was going to India."

"So it was. But two days ago his father, Lord Caston—the big ship-owner, you know—was struck down with a heart attack at a board meeting, in the middle of carrying through some very delicate business negotiations, and he is still in a critical condition. Arnold is the only son, and in the circumstances, as he is needed to act as the dear old man's representative, he feels that he can't possibly leave England. When he realized the position, without saying a word to me about it, he went to the Professor and suggested me in his place. I saw Professor Nayland this morning. He knows all about me, naturally, because he has often allowed Arnold to take me to his house, and he belongs to the old Hospital, and he gave me twenty-four hours to make up my mind. What do you say?"

"O God," prayed Hilary within herself, "help me to be brave!" Then she said, "But Roger, there couldn't be any question of refusing such a splendid chance, surely. How terribly disappointed poor Arnold must be, though of course he could not go leaving his father so ill. I believe it will almost make up to have you go with the Professor instead. You have no ties to keep you back, no parents or duties."

She had nearly said "wife," but changed the word in time.

"No." He studied his clenched fist for a moment as if he had never seen it before, and Hilary, whose second of weakness had passed, sat still. She knew from his former eager talk of his friend's part in this Everest

Expedition that the leader refused to accept any colleague in his enterprise who was married or engaged to be married, not merely because of the perils that must be encountered, but because he believed that every man must bring to the work an undivided enthusiasm if the full objects of the tremendous project were to be attained, a project to which the conquest of the world's loftiest untrodden mountain solitude would give the crowning glory.

"No," Roger said again, and added abruptly, "But there may have to be several attempts. We shall be away for two, possibly three years. I wanted to tell you before I gave my final answer."

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of spoiled fields and felled strees, and finally, the last of the building left behind, came green open spaces, farms and pastures, lanes and trees in all the glory of late autumn foliage.

Hilary leaned back in her corner of the railway carriage thankful for this breathing space in which to collect her troubled thoughts after the turmoil of the last few days.

She could scarcely bear yet to think of the painful scene on the morning after the dance, when, quietly but firmly, she had made her aunt comprehend her decision to go back to her own family.

Lady Lester had not stormed, she was too dignified to raise her voice, but her reproaches had been bitterly angry, and she had ended by saying with cutting emphasis: "Very well, Hilary, if you choose to behave with such rank ingratitude to me I cannot prevent it, but you will please pack up and take with you all your personal possessions, because I don't intend my house to be treated as an hotel to which you can run back for shelter as soon as you grow tired of your whim for a clod-hopping life."

That taunt had stung Hilary's pride, and inwardly she vowed that whatever might betide in the future she would never appeal to her aunt for help. Yet, while she packed clothes and books and painting materials in her familiar bedroom, glad of occupation that employed mind as well as hands, she hated to feel that the years of her aunt's kindness should end in such bitterness and misunderstanding, and this morning when, before they parted, Lady Lester had relented a little and kissed her with something of her old affection, Hilary had hugged her like a warm-hearted child, thankful that she had not permitted herself a single angry retort.

But underneath these outward difficulties was a heart too numbed with pain to feel anger. There had been sleepless nights between the busy days when her pillow was wet with tears for a lost love. But Hilary was determined to put that hopeless, unhappy thought away.

"This journey is carrying me right away from my old life into a new one," she thought as she gazed out at the green landscape. "I'm only going to carry the good things out of the past in my luggage, no repinings, and certainly no whimperings after luxuries that the poor dears at Inglethorp never had while I wallowed in them myself. And even in my gayest times with Aunt Helen I've always longed for Daddy and the rest. Now I'm going to them and I hope to goodness that I shan't prove terribly slow in my new job. But if I, a strong young woman of nineteen, can't make myself at least as useful as poor old Tibbetts with her rheumatically legs, I shall deserve to be shot."

Heighlea Halt Station, a mile from Inglethorp, seemed busier than she remembered it on her last flying visit some years before, but she had eyes only for a tall young man in shabby clothes who had come to meet her.

"George! Here I am!" she cried, and his face lighted up in a welcoming grin as she sprang from the carriage.

"Hullo, old Hilary! What traps have you brought? The train doesn't wait here above a minute."

"There they are. The guard is throwing them out now. Oh, my dear, they look an enormous pile." She had caught George's rueful glance at the trunks and suitcases piled together round a case of books.

"The carrier can bring them along to-morrow, but I had to bring all my worldly possessions, you know, because Chantrey House is being shut up. I only want this one small suitcase to-night."

The train slid away from the platform leaving a large emptiness behind it, and Hilary seized her brother's hand in a warm clasp.

"O George, it is lovely to be with you again."

"And for us to have you, old girl." His tone said more than his words. "But I say, Hilary, I hope you properly realize what you are coming home to—here, give me that suitcase."

He spoke to the stationmaster about the luggage, then led the way out on to the well-remembered country road. "Everything has been at sixes and sevens since Tibby left last week. Not that she was much good herself latterly. She'd grown as round as a barrel and could only hobble about. But at least she saw

to the meals such as they were. This week—" he shrugged his shoulders. "Poor old Molly means well, but she's no earthly hand at it. She made a cake specially for you but unluckily it got burned to cinders. Eileen has more natural gumption."

"Oh, poor Molly! But I can't cook anything useful myself, George, only fudge and toffee and things like that," Hilary murmured anxiously. "You'll have to be terribly patient with me while I'm learning."

"It will be great to feel you're there to look after the young ones," George said consolingly. "Lance is having an awfully thin time." (Lance was the youngest of the Leigh boys, a lad of twelve, but a helpless invalid.) "Dad and I see to him as well as we can, but we're both at work all day on the estate. You know they've cut up Inglethorp Park and laid out a new housing estate there?"

"Yes, you told me in one of your letters. I'm sorry to think of that beautiful old place being built over."

"Well, it had been derelict for years, and the estate has been planned on fine lines. You must come round and see it to-morrow. I'm only an ordinary labourer, but Dad has been book-keeper in the office for nearly two years. That'll come to an end when the building is finished and the works close down, but meantime it has been a boon."

"What about the shop?"

"The shop? My dear girl, you are behind the times! That went long ago. Dad never had it in him to be a successful tradesman. Besides, it needed capital, and he never had a penny that wasn't swallowed up in the daily expenses, and he couldn't endure the thought of debt. Cramp—you remember old Cramp the draper?—enlarged his own place and bought up Dad's business and now, since people have begun to flock to the Park



"Hilary seized her brother's hand in a warm clasp. 'O George, it is lovely to be with you again.'"

Estate, he has blossomed out into plate-glass windows down one side of the village street and calls himself The Emporium. Norman Cramp, the son, runs the grocery side and is one of the leading lights of the village. Here we are."

They turned the corner, round the hedge of the rambling garden she remembered so well, through a gate and down a brick path to the door of the grey stone cottage where she had been born. A second later she was in the untidy, homely sitting-room, hugging and being hugged by her warm-hearted family.

"O Daddy! how lovely it is to see you! Molly, my old duck! Tom, how enormously you have grown! This simply can't be Eileen, this huge girl! And you, Lance, my precious boy!"

The room rang with merry laughter, and young voices all talking at once. It was George, looking quite as exultant as his brothers and sisters, but practical, who got the tea and made the family sit down to the table he drew up by Lance's sofa. It was a lively meal if the fare was plain, hot strong tea and thick slices of bread and butter which George hacked from the loaf at table.

It was not till late in the evening that Hilary found herself alone with her father. George had carried young Lance upstairs to bed, and Eileen, a pretty, high-spirited, wilful child of nine, had gone rather sulkily with Molly. Tom, the silent, bookish member of the family, had disappeared on some private pursuit.

Mr. Leigh looked at his grown-up daughter with anxious affection in the short-sighted, tired eyes that were as blue as Hilary's own. "I wonder if I did right to let you come home, my dear," he said. "Yet I scarcely know what else I could do. Your letter announcing your coming lifted a crushing weight off my mind, but it seems as if I were sacrificing you."

"Daddy darling, that is just sheer nonsense," she exclaimed, noting his depressed, careworn look. "If Aunt Helen hadn't carried me off willy-nilly when Mummie died I should just naturally have grown up here, and perhaps have been a much more useful creature than I am now. It was a splendid chance to make the change when she was trotting away to her beloved Riviera. Now do tell me about things here. Do you like working with these building people?"

"I was thankful to get the job, and—yes, they treat

me very fairly. Cramp bought the premises and goodwill of the shop for a small sun. It scarcely paid its expenses latterly. The cottage and ground is all we have left. Cramp covets both. He is constantly urging me to sell, and it may come to that next year when the Estate closes down. I don't know, I daren't look ahead. But meantime we have a roof over our heads, and where could I take the children if it had to go? George could fend for himself. But Tom is still at Heighlea Grammar School. The Head Master begged me to let him remain to try for a scholarship that would give him four years at London University, and the boy is set on gaining it. But there are still the others, poor little Molly, and Eileen, and Lance." His face contracted with pain as he spoke of his invalid boy, the bright, merry-hearted lad with his thin white face and incorrigibly gay blue eyes, who was crippled by some obscure form of spinal trouble.

"What does the doctor say about Lance?" she asked gently.

"Nothing definite. Dr. Clarke, our local man, is a vague sort of fellow. He said once that the lad may grow out of his weakness in time perhaps. Unfortunately he once terrified the child into an illness by suggesting he should be sent to a Home for Crippled Children, and after that he said any experiments with so sensitive a nature might do more harm than good. But Lance is only twelve years old—I wish we had up-to-date advice."

Privately Hilary thought that the elderly country doctor sounded stupid himself, or possibly he was sheerly uninterested in such an unremunerative case. She felt as indignant as poor little Lance had been at the suggestion so tactlessly made. However, she only stood up and drew down her father's grey head for a kiss.

He patted her shoulder fondly.

"My dear, it is too bad to unload my anxieties on you all at once."

"I hope you will truly let me share them. That is what I have come home for. But," she added with a smile, "the way out will come, Daddy, just as this job has turned up for you when the shop failed."

"Yes, my dear, that's quite true, and I ought to be ashamed of myself for saying good-morning to the devil before I meet him!" he chuckled.

(To be continued)

In His Will is Our Peace

FATHER, Whose will is just and right,
Who, from Thy throne in cloudless
light,

Orderest all things with loving might,
Thy will be done.

Teach us to know Thy blessed will,
Seek it with prayer, and labour still
Its every bidding to fulfil:
Thy will be done.

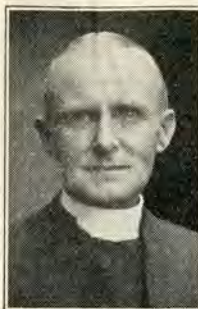
Wean us from earthly loves and ways,
Transform our minds, our senses
raise,

Attune our hearts to sing Thy praise,
Thy will be done.

From bonds of evil give release,
Let discords end and hatreds cease;
Thy will for all mankind is peace,
Thy will be done. c. m. s.

Church Life To-day

Some Points of
Current Interest



DR. F. S. BAINES
(Elliott & Fry)

THE Right Rev. F. S. Baines, who died recently at Hove at the age of eighty-one, was formerly Bishop of Natal for twenty-seven years. Dr. Baines was ordained in 1882 to a curacy at Holy Trinity, Leeds, and went out to South Africa in 1893 as Canon of Maritzburg and Archdeacon of Durban.

He succeeded Dr. Hamilton Baynes as Bishop of Natal in 1901, and resigned, at the age of seventy, in 1928. His episcopate was one among the longest in the history of the Church overseas. After his resignation Dr. Baines went to live at Hove, where he gave much valuable episcopal assistance to the late Bishop Burrows, and for two years greatly helped the Vicar of St. Leonard's, Aldrington, who was working single-handed in a rapidly growing parish.

SEVERAL interesting discoveries have been made by workmen engaged on the restoration of the church of **St. John, Carlton-in-Lindrick**, in the Diocese of Southwell. A portion of the original stone altar was unearched, dating from the eleventh or twelfth century. When complete the stone must have been over eight feet long. Another discovery is part of a Saxon doorway on the north side of the chancel, from which runs a passage leading beneath the present chancel. An old balustered altar-rail, which was among previous discoveries, has been re-erected in its original position, from which it was removed in 1875.

A rural deanery covering ten thousand square miles must be one of the largest in the world. That is the area of the rural deanery in the Diocese of Brandon, Central Canada, to which the Rev. R. B. Horsefield has been appointed. He has already worked for some years among the Red Indians of Central Canada, making long journeys by dog-sleigh to the outlying settlements.

A SMALL country parish has "adopted" a regiment of field artillery now stationed somewhere in France. When the suggestion was made to the Colonel it was at once welcomed, and the parish is endeavouring to send the gunners regular parcels of books, games, cigarettes, socks, scarves, and other useful things. It is thought that this simple plan might with advantage be imitated in other places.

THE Rev. Edgar Faulk, who is totally blind, having lost his sight

through study, has been appointed assistant priest at Liskeard, where he will be in charge of St. Keyne's. Mr. Faulk, who is a Cornishman by birth, is an able preacher, and in spite of his infirmity is able to conduct services without assistance.

THE late Mr. James Nichols, a diocesan reader for forty-two years, was one of the oldest lay Church workers in Leicester. For fifty-five years he had been associated with the parish of St. Mark, Leicester, and for the past ten years he spent every Sunday officiating and preaching in village churches in the diocese. It was on his return from his last visit to the parish of St. Mary, Elmsthorpe, that he caught the chill from which he died.

THE late Mrs. Baillie Reynolds was well known to readers of *THE SIGN* as the author of several of our serial stories. As G. M. Robins, her name before her marriage, she was one of the band of young writers who were disciples of Miss Charlotte Yonge, and then and always she was a devoted adherent of the



MRS. BAILLIE REYNOLDS
(Elliott & Fry)

THE Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul, at Dogura, in the Diocese of New Guinea, which was built by the labour and contributions of Papuan Christians, has been consecrated by Dr. J. W. C. Wand, Archbishop of Brisbane, as Metropolitan of the Province of Queensland, in the presence of visiting clergy from Australia, missionaries from throughout the diocese, and two thousand five hundred Papuans. Dr. Wand preached a sermon. Speaking first in the Papuan dialect, he explained the significance of the consecration; then, speaking in English, he recalled that many Papuans had given nearly fifty years of their lives to the service of the Church.

The fabric of the cathedral includes stones from a number of English cathedrals. The cost has been defrayed almost entirely by the Papuans themselves. The site of the cathedral was formerly a battleground for the mountain and coastal tribes.

THE Rev. E. K. C. Hamilton, Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, who has been appointed to the Suffragan Bishopric of Shrewsbury, is well known in the Diocese of London where he has worked ever since his ordination in 1913. He was a curate at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, 1913-25, for the last seven years being in charge of St. John's, Wilton Road, close to Victoria Station. In 1925 he became Vicar of Chiswick, and four years later Vicar of St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, the next parish to St. Peter's, Eaton Square. He has been a Proctor in Convocation since 1931.



THE REV.
E. K. C. HAMILTON
(Elliott & Fry)

SOME readers may remember that not long ago *THE SIGN* published an account of the five churches in England dedicated in honour of **King Charles the Martyr**. To these a sixth is now to be added at Cranborne, Potter's Bar. The site was given by Lord Cranborne, the building is to be in the Jacobean style, and when completed will seat four hundred persons. It is expected to cost £10,000, of which the Royal Martyr Church Union has provided £3,500.

It is fifty years since Bishop Charles Corfe, formerly a Naval chaplain, took up his work as **first Bishop of Corea**. When he resigned in 1904 there were two hundred baptized Coreans in the English Church Mission. When he died, in 1921, there were five thousand, and the ministry included both Coreans and Japanese. At the end of 1938 the mission numbered ten thousand Christians. Much of this success is due, under God, to the devoted ministry of Bishop Mark Trollope whose body lies before the altar in the crypt chapel of the Cathedral in Seoul. It is hoped that when world conditions make it practicable the diocese will be divided.

THE Rev. J. F. Clayton, Reader of the Temple Church, has been appointed a Canon Residentiary of Norwich in succession to the Rev. Arthur Sinker who has resigned his office owing to ill health. Mr. Clayton, who was ordained in 1908, was Domestic Chaplain to the Bishop of Durham, 1921-26, and Warden of St. Nicholas' Hall, Bristol, 1929-33. He has been Reader of the Temple since 1931 and a Prebendary of Hereford Cathedral since 1937.

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.*. *

3012. What is the origin of the prayer, “Remember, O Lord, what Thou hast wrought in us”?

It is a translation by Miss Gregory of a prayer contained in the “Leonine Sacramentary,” a very ancient collection of Latin prayers, dating from the middle of the sixth century.

3013. When the National Anthem is sung in church what is the proper place in the service for it?

We do not know that any rule has been laid down, but we believe it is most usual to sing it at the end of the service, and this seems to us the most appropriate place for ordinary services.

3014. Is “verger” or “virger” the correct spelling?

The *Oxford English Dictionary*, than which there is no higher authority on such subjects, gives “verger” as the correct form. The word comes originally from the Latin *virgarius*, one who carries a rod (*virga*). In Old French *virgarius* became *verger*, and from this, not from the Latin form, the English word is derived. Thus you will see that “verger” is correct and that those who spell it “virger” seem to ignore the history of the word.

3015. Are the clergy of the Church of England paid by the Government?

The Church of England does not receive any grant or financial help from the Government or from public funds except the stipends of those clergy who are employed by the Government as Chaplains in the Navy, Army, and Air Force, and as Prison Chaplains, etc. These are paid out of public funds in the same way as are the Roman Catholic and Nonconformist Chaplains in the same services.

3016. Did the distinction between vicars and rectors come in at the Reformation?

Originally all parish priests in England were called rectors. In course of time some parishes fell into the hands of ecclesiastical bodies, such as monasteries and cathedral chapters, and of lay people. These classes of rectors appointed priests to do the parochial duty for them, and these priests were called vicars, from the Latin *vicarius*, a deputy.

This process began in England soon after the Norman Conquest, so you will see that the name vicar for a parish priest does not necessarily date from the time of the Reformation.

THE GUIDED WAY

Points for Church People

THE PLAN ITS WARNINGS

In the Name of the Lord
Jesus Christ and in the
Spirit of our God.

“What does the symbol of the Cross, or the Crucifix, represent? The eternal, infinite, boundless justice and love of GOD. . . . We dare not, cannot think of the Cross as all love and pity. If it were, it would be no representation of GOD.”

FEBRUARY, 1940

(Leap Year)

Date THE GREATER FESTIVALS

2, F. The Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary or The Presentation of Christ in the Temple.

4, S. Quinquagesima.

11, S. First in Lent.

18, S. Second in Lent.

24, S. St. Matthias, A.M.

25, S. Third in Lent.

DAYS OF FASTING OR ABSTINENCE

Friday, 2.

Ember Days, 14, 16, 17 (special prayers for the Clergy and those being ordained).

The Greater Fast ASH WEDNESDAY

falls upon February 7th, after which all weekdays are marked as Fasts, to be kept according to strength and circumstances, with deeds of love, acts of self-discipline, and special private and public prayers, especially on Wednesdays and Fridays.

COMMEMORATION

3, Anskar of Sweden, Bp., 864.

3017. Can the names of parishioners be removed from the Electoral Roll?

Persons of eighteen years of age or more who are baptized members of the Church of England are entitled to have their names on the Electoral Roll as long as they reside in the parish, even if they do not attend the church.

The law provides that the Roll is to be “revised annually by or under the direction of the Council”; but the Council cannot remove from it the

names of persons who have not ceased to be entitled to be upon the Roll, unless they have signified in writing at any time the desire that their names shall be removed. If the names have been removed during the year, they must be published by being exhibited on or near the principal door of the church for not less than fourteen days before the annual Parochial Church Meeting.

3018. Please give me some information about confession. Can I not be forgiven without going to a priest?

All confession of sin is made to God, but it is sometimes helpful or even necessary for the soul's good to make this confession in the presence of (not “to”) a priest, who has received authority at his ordination to give us special assurance of GOD's forgiveness in Absolution. He himself makes his confession, just like any one else, before another priest. If you will look at the long address which follows next after the Prayer for the Church Militant in the Holy Communion Service, you will see the advice given at the end of it about “the benefit of Absolution.” You would also do well to study what is said on this subject in the service for the Visitation of the Sick.

Your best course would be to consult some friend who is in the habit of “going to confession” as it is called, and would explain it to you. He would also, if you wished it, tell you of a wise priest who would help you further.

There are many books on the subject, among which we may mention *The Practice of Confession*, by Sibyl Harton (1s.; post 1d.), and *The Hand Outstretched*, by F. H. Hulme (9d.; post 1d.).

3019. What education should be given to a boy entering his teens who desires to become a priest?

It is quite true that a lasting vocation to the priesthood may show itself at an even earlier age than you mention, and in such cases wise and tactful elders may give real help by providing the right atmosphere at home, with access to religious books suitable to the boy's age. But it is not advisable to hold him too firmly to a choice which may not last as he grows older. This is a matter on which you might like to consult a clergyman in whom you have confidence. For the present your best course will be to give your son as good a general education as your means allow. You might also talk over with his head master his prospects of getting an exhibition or scholarship at a university.

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

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



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The Class has had a most successful year, both socially and financially.

Donations of new clothing and quilts were given at Christmas time to Miss Shotter of our own Parish, to Miss Jay of Trinity Square, to Miss Andrews of Dixon Hall, to the Downtown Workers, and a quilt to the Sidesmen's Association for the Benny Wilson Home. A substantial parcel was sent to a needy family in Strathcona, Ont.; food to a family in the parish who were not on relief, but suffering want through scarlet fever. Money was sent to Saint Faith's Lodge to keep a little English girl there until after Christmas. A donation to help provide a new boat to replace that lost by the Columbia Coast Mission.

We are pleased to be able to help with the finances for the Vocation School held here in the summer. We have sent socks to the men-folk of the class girls who have joined the King's services.

Our Christmas party for 60 kiddies from downtown was a great success.

We are proud to report that the fifty dollars sent to the Toronto Diocesan Social Service forms the nucleus of a fund for the establishment of a home for young women. The proceeds of our "In As Much" Box are set aside for this purpose.

ST. JOHN'S (NORWAY) CHURCH SCHOOL

Statement of Receipts and Expenses

Jan. 1, 1939—Dec. 31, 1939

Receipts

Bank Balance January 1st.....	\$ 76.02
Collections	957.58
Lenten Boxes	84.39
Collection re Memorial Fund	65.25
From Sunday School Concert	24.06

1,207.30

Expenditures

Supplies	\$479.97
Missions	114.39
Memorial Fund	65.25
Annual Picnic	470.99
Bank Balance December 31st	76.70

1,207.30

SIDESMEN'S ASSOCIATION

Receipts

Balance Forward	\$ 35.01
Dues	28.00
Special Collections	7.87
C.P.R. Pictures	7.00
Simpson Players	50.15
Bazaar Euchre	47.00
Bazaar:	
Mystery Booth	47.02
Dart Game	12.43
Hot Dogs	9.20

68.65

Poultry Euchre

50.75

294.43

Expenditures

Refreshments	\$ 8.76
Florist	18.25
Advertising for Simpson Players ..	12.82
Stamps70
Stationery	1.20
Dish Towels	1.00
Simpson Players	15.60
Picnic	5.00
Presentation	3.25
Prizes (Ladies' Night)	2.42
Gestetner	30.00
Prizes (Bazaar Euchre)	9.96
Bazaar Expenses:	
Mystery Booth	24.56
Dart Game	3.20
Hot Dogs	7.83

35.59

Bazaar Treasurer

70.10

Sexton

2.00

Tobacconist

1.00

Poultry Euchre

14.09

Roasts for Christmas Baskets

24.85

On Hand

37.84

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ST. JOHN'S PARISH MONTHLY

Assets:—

Cash in Bank January 2nd, 1940...	\$192.64	
Cash on Hand05	192.69
Due from Subscribers	80.00	
Due from Advertisers	83.00	

355.69

Liabilities:—**Receipts**

Bank Balance January 1st, 1939...	\$243.72
Advertisers and Subscribers	653.50
Bank Interest93

898.15

Disbursements

Mailing List and Printing Publication	\$559.92
Mowbray & Co. "Sign"	33.84
Cut of late Rector	4.50
Receipt Forms Printing	1.25

599.51

Stamps and Sundries	38.00
Balance on Commissions, 1938.....	28.20
Commissions on Advts., 1939.....	39.75

105.95

Balance January, 1940	192.69
Churchwardens	50.00

Balance at Bank	142.69
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(Further financial reports in next month's issue)

Holy Baptism

"Suffer the little children to come unto Me."

January 7—Lois Ellaline Roscoe, Arlene Elizabeth Miller, Robert James Michael Hedley, Mae Frances Bell.

January 14—June Marilyn Allison.

January 21—Barbara Anne Griffin, Ronald Bruce Hill.

January 28—Maxine Louise Rapley.

Holy Matrimony

"Whom God hath put together let no man put asunder."

January 1—George Charles Johnstone and Esther Audrey Gardner.

January 6—George Ernest Butler and Jennie Melinda Simpson.

January 6—Ivan Wheelan and Helen Brook.

January 17—John James Martin and Winnifred Rastall.

January 20—Jack Wilson Sawyer and Marion Bernice Humphrey.

January 22—Leo Walton and Elizabeth Smart Davidson.

January 30—Alva William Lennox and Helen Ilene Jones.

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Holy Burial

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Jan. 1—Robert Wright	79 years
Jan. 2—Burt William White	58 years
Jan. 6—Reginald Osborne	51 years
Jan. 10—C. F. James Smith	81 years
Jan. 13—Walter Stead Holdsworth	66 years
Jan. 17—Annie Phoebe Parkes	61 years
Jan. 25—William John Merchant	48 years
Jan. 29—Ellen Mary Pratt	72 years
Total interments in the Cemetery for month—	108

WARDEN'S REPORT—JANUARY, 1939**Receipts**

8 a.m. Communion	\$ 16.36
Envelopes	246.40
Open	229.18
Missions	83.75
Donations	22.00
Parish Monthly Magazine Donation	50.00
Gestetner Rentals	1.35
Alms Boxes for Church Debt	18.72
Rents	102.00
Bowling	50.38
Sidesmen's Association for Gestetner	36.00
Sundry	1.00

Total\$857.14

Disbursements

Stipends and Salaries	\$419.99
Coal	94.06
Gas and Electric	33.36
Telephone	13.10
Printing	31.59
Repairs and Supplies	87.31
Fiddes & Hogarth, Plumbing	34.54
Honorarium, W. B. Clark	50.00
Sundry Items	19.50

Total\$783.45

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE

Flowers on the altar for January were kindly donated by Mrs. McKenna and members of W.A. Last Sunday in January flowers were for Canon Baynes-Reed.

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