

Men's Missionary Congress at St. John

Under the auspices of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, about 1000 delegates from all parts of the Province gathered to a great Missionary Congress in Centenary Church, St. John, Nov. 20, 21 and 22. At the evening meetings the men of the city and neighborhood flowed in and doubled and nearly trebled the numbers, making a unique gathering,—a great mass of men met to consider ideals and methods and means of establishing and extending the Kingdom of Christ on earth.

The prevailing impression of the meetings was one of utility.

On Tuesday afternoon Ex-Mayor Bullock occupied the chair. In the course of his remarks he declared that five years ago such a gathering would have been impossible. These five years had seen many wonderful movements, but the Men's Missionary Movement was the greatest. But he urged the necessity of care, less the inner spirit of the movement be lost in organization and demonstration. Do we really believe in the Bible and the Faith of Jesus Christ? he asked. The only hope of success is the assured conviction that Jesus Christ is the one need of all the World. The supreme need of the movement, not excepting money,—is prayer.

In reply, Rev. Dr. Sidney Gould echoed the previous speaker's words in his first statement that: "The one and only possible Faith for the Salvation of men is the religion of Jesus Christ." The subject allotted the speaker was: "The Central place of Missions in the life of the Church," and he declared that any proposition declaring other than that Missions holds the central place in Christianity, is a paradox. A church which puts missions anywhere else ceases to be a church. Christ's Missionary Command is Imperative, "Go!" Universal, "All nations," and Permanent, "Always even unto the end." Dr. Gould's experience has been in the Moslem World and he declared that unless Africa becomes Christian, in 30 years it will be Mohammedan. And the same with China. He urged us to remember what this meant, or to try to realise the defects of the Moslem faith. There are 3 outstanding defects, any one of which condemns the religion. 1st. The defective conception of God. God is viewed as a despot, a tyrant. There are 99 names for God in the Koran. "Father" is not to be found among them. 2nd. The defective conception of the World. The most erroneous ideas of the material universe are taught in the schools, and the ideas concerning the relations existing between mankind are equally awry. 3rd. The inequality of race faith and sex. Under this head the speaker revealed the awful condition of women in Moslem lands, when, owing to the close confinement to which they are subjected, tuberculosis and similar diseases are prevalent, and cases have been known when men have lost three successive wives in as many years by the ravages of this disease.

In the evening, Mayor Frink welcomed the delegates and Rev. F. W. Anderson, M. A., of Toronto, replied. The Bishop of Fredericton gave an admirable address on "This Province, its Opportunity and Responsibility." Some things he said under the first part of his address, when he declared that what was most needed in New Brunswick is the "Material development of material resources," might be calculated to quench a little of the prevalent "Western fever." Among other things he said, "The West has two advantages, 1st. Its virgin prairie soil is more easily cultivated. 2nd, and most important, It has no 'farther West.'" "If the prairie land and British Columbia skirted Canada's Eastern Boundary and the Maritime Provinces just as they are now were situated middle and Far West, the former would be depleted and the rush would be to the latter. The reason of our personal failure as a people is we don't believe in ourselves. We have made the West rich, populous, powerful, with our people, our money, our education. Lust of power and lust of purse are our ruin. The strength of the past and our heritage from it was the character of its manhood, which sprang from a deeprooted fear of God and reverence of the Bible." The Bishop feared we are in danger of losing these things.

The great speakers of the Convention were Sir Andrew Frazer, late Leut. Governor of Bengal and Mr. J. Campbell White of New York. These two have toured the Dominion holding similar Conventions at all the principle centres from coast to coast, and presented the facts of Missions and appealed for more earnest common-sense consideration of our responsibility

towards Missions in a manner which could not be equalled.

Sir Andrew Frazer's talks were highly reminiscent of personal experiences in India of a fascinating nature. As an example, he told of a visit to a temple reared on a height above a sacred river which formed a black sullen pool at its foot. Within he was shown the many shrines and was told the story of the great shrine where was a black marble statue of a god and goddess riding on a sacred bull. Thousands of years ago, a very holy man lived upon the spot where the temple now stands. So wise was he that people came from far to take his council, so holy that the gods heard of him and determined to honor him with a visit. They came, riding on their sacred bull, and when the holy man saw them he requested that they would wait until he prepared and offered a sacrifice, and they promised to remain until he should return. He then went down to the black pool below, and saying, 'The gods are now among my people to guide and bless them,' he flung himself into the pool. Finding that he did not return, the gods designed his purpose, but feeling obliged to return to their place, and yet bound by their promise to remain, they turned the sacred bull and the human bodies they had assumed into black marble, to remain with the people for whom the holy man had sacrificed himself.

Sir Andrew then told how the story served as a suggestion to tell a greater story of another Holy Man who sacrificed Himself, not that a god of marble, but that the Living God might dwell among men.

All who attended the Convention declared that its meetings had been unequalled in inspiration and in practical suggestion for the carrying on of the great work in which in some way or other all were engaged.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Salvation Army Officers Transferred

MONTREAL, Nov. 27.—The Salvation Army in Montreal is to lose a number of its best officers, promotions announced to-day taking a number who have served for years in the local corps to other Canadian cities. The Maritime Provinces get the pick of these. Major and Mrs. Taylor, for many years identified with the Army's social work, will take charge of the New Brunswick division with headquarters in St. John, Staff Captain Barr, Chancellor to the Brigadier, will go to Halifax with charge of the division embracing Nova Scotia and Cape Breton.

"Constipation for Three Years" Had Dizziness, Bad Breath, Headaches, Bad Color, Poor Appetite.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills Cured Quickly.

Those who doubt if constipation and chronic stomach trouble can be cured, need only read the striking testimony of Mrs. B. C. Curran, of Westport, to know that even if all else had failed, certain cure attends the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"For full three years I have suffered the torture of biliousness, constipation, and stomach disorders. I had terrible pains in my head. My appetite faded away, and when I did eat anything it disagreed and made me very sick for hours after each meal. The active pains in my stomach and the dizzy headaches I had to endure almost set me wild. Sometimes attacks came on so severely that I had to go to bed. I would feel so worn, depressed, and utterly miserable that for hours I wouldn't speak to my family. My system was poisoned with wastes and nothing helped me till I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Without this grand system-cleaning remedy I would still be sick, but each day brought me better health and spirits. I was cured and made as strong, ruddy, and healthy looking as one could wish, and will always use and recommend Dr. Hamilton's Pills."

Thousands who are in an ailing, low state of health need nothing else but Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They cure blood disorders, pimples, rashes, bad color, biliousness, liver, stomach, and kidney troubles—25c per box at all dealers.

Wrote Death Message With Splinter

Last Words of an Inspector of the Canadian Mounted Police, Who Perished With Three Comrades in the Wilds

A little notebook whose few pages were covered with the trembling scrawl of a man nearly dead from hunger and cold has come into the hands of Col. White of the Northwest Mounted Police of Canada. It is the journal of Inspector Fitzgerald, who with three comrades of the mounted police perished in the wilds of Northwest Canada in the bitter cold of last winter.

The four bodies were found on March 20 last about fifty miles from Fort McPherson, above the Arctic circle and a little south of the delta of the Mckenzie River. The notebook was in Fitzgerald's pocket and the story of suffering was told in the few lines that the inspector wrote from day to day.

The record was written in pencil with the exception of the last entry, which was deciphered with difficulty. It was written on a crumpled bit of paper which was put into the notebook and the letters were traced with a charred splinter of wood from the remaining sledge.

The men were on their way north to Fort McPherson with dog sledges. The snow was deep and they lost their trail. The snow kept sifting down almost incessantly and travelling became more and more difficult.

The party were about 250 miles from the fort when their trouble began and the daily marches grew shorter as they became more and more enfeebled. On Jan. 17 their food supply was reduced to ten pounds of flour and eight pounds of lard. They had besides a little stock of dried fish for the dogs.

On January 20 the last of the flour and lard had been consumed and the men began to kill their dogs, of which they had twelve. These facts were jotted down by Fitzgerald but he did not begin his regular record till a week later, on January 27, when he told the story in a few words nearly every day: Jan. 27—Eighteen degrees below zero. We left camp at 7.20 a. m. Powderly snow falling all the time. There is a cache of provisions somewhere near but we could not find it. It is very difficult to advance. We killed another dog and have now only nine. Marched eleven miles.

Jan. 29—Twenty degrees below zero. All the men are exhausted. We killed another dog. Buried seven dog harnesses which were useless to us.

Jan. 30—Fifty-two degrees below zero. Our marches grow shorter and shorter. We are all sick. I believe the reason for this is that we ate dog liver.

Jan. 31—Sixty-two degrees below zero in the afternoon. It is becoming very hard to go on. The skin is peeling in strips from our bodies. We all feel the need of substantial food.

Feb. 1—Fifty-one degrees below zero. We killed another dog this evening. It is the eighth we have killed for food. We think we have another hundred miles to make. I believe we will reach the fort but the men and remaining dogs are very feeble. We have a little fish left for the four dogs yet alive.

The last entry in his journal was dated February 5. Fitzgerald wrote that the thermometer registered 48 degrees. He found at midday that he had a frozen foot; they had travelled about eight miles that day and all were in the direct extremity from hunger and cold.

It is not known how far they advanced beyond the place where these words were written. Perhaps they died there. On the slip of paper in the notebook were written twenty words by means of a charred splinter.

In this note the dying inspector bade his mother good-by and gave her everything that was his. The last words he wrote were: "God be praised."

Not a word of complaint, not a murmur for the suffering that was ending their lives. The four men lay down in the snow close together and breathed their last. Beside them were the bodies of two dogs which their masters had not the strength to kill.

Rossini's Reception of Wagner.

Wagner and some companions called upon Rossini. Hearing them on the stairs, Rossini hastily placed the score of "Lohengrin" on the piano, and when the German composer entered he said, pointing to it, "You see, illustrious maestro, I am studying your work."

"But the score is upside down!" exclaimed the other, seeing how the book was placed.

"Yes," returned Rossini calmly; "the fact is I have had it the right way up for some time, but could make nothing of it," and then all present began to laugh, including Wagner himself.

Sermon From Shakespeare

(Copr. 1909 by Bradley-Garretson Co. Ltd.)
He's lov'd of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgement but their eyes,
Hamlet, Act IV., Sc. 3.

Shakespeare was decidedly not an admirer of the commonalty. He has for them a wealth of descriptive epithet without a parallel in even his own works. They are the "fool multitude," the "giddy multitude," the "many-headed multitude," the "rude multitude," the "still-discordant wavering multitude." In Julius Caesar they are described as blocks and stones and worse than senseless things; in Coriolanus they are curs, hares, geese, fragments. It may be argued that Coriolanus, Marullus and other aristocrats are speaking and not Shakespeare. The frequency with which the poet thus designates the mob, the consistency with which he holds it up to ridicule and contempt, stamps this opinion as his. For the multitude as a multitude he has nothing but scorn; for the individuals when left to themselves that is another matter. Coriolanus was nobly succoured by a poor man Corioli; Adam of "As You Like It," an illiterate peasant, is one of the finest old men in literature.

To be loved of the multitude is dangerous. It is easily distracted. Its approval may rest on no solid foundation. Often it supports on some merely accidental ground. The glib-tongued orator who has nothing to recommend him save an attractive voice wins its favor. A pleasing or eccentric appearance may catch its eye. Odd apparel and manners are often adopted by quacks to catch the fool crowd. To-day the mob are on the walls and battlements, filling the windows and seeking the chimney tops, their infants in their arms. "To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome";

To-morrow they are clad in their best attire shouting in honor of Ceasar, who "Comes in triumph over Pompey's blood."

The cry ever is: "The king is dead; long live the king! Favors done are forgotten; favors to be received are sought after. The crowd are idol-worshippers. They soon turn from the idol forced upon them or set up by their own vanity and selfishness. New idols are continually sought after. Yesterday the most daring chauffeur was the hero of the populace, to-day the most reckless aviator holds their hearts.

There is no dependence to be put on popularity. Recent wars prove this. In the British army were soldiers who had won renown in India and Egypt. Unexpected difficulties confronted them in South Africa. They met defeat. Their former glory was forgotten, and the successful generals who came after them, learning by their misfortunes, received the plaudits of the crowd. The Russian-Japanese war gives similar instances. Browning represents the hero of the people going forth one year with "roses, roses all the way," with flags flying from the housetops in his honor, with the heavens re-echoing his illustrious name. The next year he is a prisoner, led to the scaffold—stones are hurled at him instead of roses. It is an extreme picture, but not an untrue one. The history of the world presents in all ages and in all nations hundreds of just

DEAF.

For Thirteen Years. Catarrhzone Cured.

Mr. Geo. Warner, publisher of The Masonic Register, Toronto, was almost totally deaf in both ears for a number of years.

Mr. Warner says: "For the past thirteen years my hearing has been badly affected. The streets were as quiet to me as if I lived in the city of the dead. I could neither hear the noise of street cars nor sound of horses' feet on the pavement. Before I had used Catarrhzone Inhaler three days I was able to notice a great change in my condition, which gradually improved until now I can hear a whisper across the room. I cannot tell you how much I appreciate Catarrhzone, or of the wonderful results I have derived from using it. Catarrhzone has my strongest endorsement, and I am quite willing that you should use it."

Mr. Warner's unsolicited testimonial furnishes abundant proof that deafness can be cured, even in old age, if Catarrhzone is used. This remedy is scientific in its application, and meets with the endorsement of prominent ministers and doctors all over Canada. Our best equipped health institutions always keep it on hand, and cases are recorded where it has been used with great success in the Government deaf and dumb institutions where other means proved futile.

Complete outfit, price \$1.00. All dealers or the Catarrhzone Co., Kingston, Ont.

such cases. Scott had evidently the same idea with regard to the mob as had Shakespeare. Indeed he would almost seem to have borrowed his very language from the Elizabethan dramatist.

"Who o'er the herd would wish to reign,

Fantastic, fickle, fierce and vain!—
Vain as the leaf upon the stream,
And fickle as a changeful dream,
Fantastic as a woman's mood,
And fierce as Frenzy's fevered blood.
Thou many-headed monster thing,
O, who would wish to be thy king!"

The tag-rag people on the world's stage clap and hiss the actors as they please or displease them. He who trusts them, "where he should find them lions finds them hares; where foxes, geese." This is severe censure—a pessimistic view of the human race.

However there are hopeful signs in America, both in the United States and in Canada, the men elected as Presidents and Premiers have been admirably chosen. Statesmen like Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt, and Taft; Macdonald, Mackenzie, and Laurier—are the pick of the nation and have retained their popularity. There have been hoots and hisses and stones in times of defeat. The excited, exulting mob easily forgets itself, but in its sober moments it bends its knee to the worthy men who have been chosen by the nation to guide its destinies. These men if they sought popularity at all, they sought it merely as a means to an end. Fundamentally they have been influenced by the highest motives. In office, they have realised the sacredness of the trust imposed upon them and they have been faithful to that trust. Had they merely sought popularity they would have found it as true now as it was in the days of Henry IV. that "A habitation giddy and unsure Has he, that buildeth on the vulgar heart."

The applause of fellow-creatures is pleasant, but it is not essential to any true worker's happiness.

Falling Hair

Mrs. Jas. Harris of Wappella, Sask., says:—

"I have found Parisian Sage to be the best scalp and hair tonic and dressing, I have ever used. My hair had been coming out in combs full and was very dry and brittle and the scalp was always itching and full of dandruff. I have used two bottles of Parisian Sage and it has stopped my hair from falling, the itching and dandruff have disappeared and my hair is fine and soft and glossy. I would not be without this fine Hair Tonic for many times the price."

For women, men, or children Parisian Sage is without any doubt the finest preparation for the hair. Daintily perfumed, it is free from grease or stickiness and ought to be where every member of the family could use it daily. Large bottle 50 cents at all druggists or from the proprietors, The Giroux Mfg. Co., Fort Erie, Ont., postpaid. The girl with the Auburn hair is on every package. Sold and guaranteed by E. W. Mair.

A Wild Storm In Newfoundland

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., Nov. 27.—The railway service in nearly every section of Newfoundland is stalled, and coast steamers have been compelled to seek harbors of refuge as the result of a hurricane which has been raging since Saturday. It is feared that the toll of the previous storm which wrecked six vessels, with a loss of a number of men, will be equalled. At least one victim of the storm among the coasting vessels was indicated when an unidentified vessel was sighted late last night off the northern coast with all the sails gone and drifting to seaward. There were no signs of the crew, and it is believed that they had been washed overboard.

Catarrh Cured By Breathing

You breathe in Hyomei (pronounced High-o-me) and inhale the antiseptic vaporized life of the pine and eucalyptol forests. As you breathe in this delightful air it passes over the inflamed and germ-ridden membrane, allays inflammation, kills the germs and drives out the disease.

Druggist E. W. Mair sells Hyomei, and guarantees it for catarrh, coughs, bronchitis, asthma and croup. A complete outfit includes hard rubber inhaler and costs you \$1.00. Extra bottles of Hyomei costs but 50c. By mail postpaid 50c. and \$1.00 from The Booth Co., Limited, Fort Erie, Ont. Remember Hyomei is guaranteed or the money back if it fails you.