

THE KING'S HIGHWAY

W. C. T. U. Column.

ONTARIO W. C. T. U. AGAINST SENDING CIGARETTES TO SOLDIERS.

Ottawa, Oct. 21.—“We would suggest that every local union in Ontario refuse to assist any Red Cross or patriotic society that misappropriates funds by sending cigarettes, instead of comforts, to the men at the front.”

The foregoing drastic action was recommended in the report of the provincial superintendent of the Anti-Narcotic Department of the Ontario Women's Christian Temperance Union, read at the provincial convention here today, and received with favor by the delegates.

ONTARIO W. C. T. U. VOTES \$10,000 TO AID CAMPAIGN FOR PROHIBITION.

Ottawa, Oct. 21.—The members of the Ontario Women's Temperance Union, in convention assembled here this afternoon, pledged \$10,000, which means a per capita contribution of \$1 per member, to the committee of 100 recently organized in Toronto for the purpose of making a determined effort to have total prohibition in the province of Ontario.

OBITUARY.

We are sorry to have to record the death of a beloved Sister in the Lord—Mrs. G. B. Storey, whose decease occurred on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 14th, at her home, 110 Bonaccord Street, Moncton. Sister Storey was taken seriously ill at her cottage at Beulah Camp Ground on Thursday, July 22nd. It was thought at times that she could not live; but through medical help and careful nursing she would revive for a time and then grow worse. She was then removed to her home in Moncton on Tuesday, September 21st, but notwithstanding every attention that kind and efficient nursing and medical skill could give she peacefully passed away to her Heavenly home. This was the first break in the family as she lived to see all her children grow to manhood and womanhood. Sister Storey was formerly Miss Mary M. Dunham, daughter of the late William Dunham of Sussex, King's Co., N. B. She was born August 28th, 1855, and became the wife of Brother George B. Storey, (locomotive engineer, now retired), on July 21st, 1872. Rev. James Gray, a Presbyterian clergyman, performing the ceremony. The family consists of G. Fred, of Boston, Mass.; Herbert E. of Norwalk, Cal.; G. Bruce, of Cambridge, Mass.; Frank W., of St. John; Mrs. W. J. Gunning, Mrs. J. E. Fryers, Mrs. Walter Saunders and Miss Etta, of Moncton, and Mrs. William Anand, of St. John.

Sister Storey was converted under the labors of Rev. Jacob Gunter, in the F. C. Baptist church, Waterloo Street, St. John, when only 12 years of age. In the winter of 1875 Brother and Sister Storey removed from Sussex to Moncton, and united with the F. C. Baptist church there. It was during a series of meetings held by the Pastor, the writer, assisted by Rev. B. Colpitts in the spring of 1887, that she received the blessing of sanctification and from that time onward she lived a victorious Christian life. When the Moncton Reformed Baptist Church was organized February 12th, 1889, she and her husband were among the charter members.

Her funeral was held at her home on Sat-

urday afternoon, Oct. 16th. The service was an impressive one and largely attended by relatives and friends. The hymns, “Safe in the Arms of Jesus,” and “Looking This Way” were sung by the choir. The many beautiful floral offerings attested to the high esteem in which she was held. The service was conducted by Rev. W. B. Wiggins, her pastor, assisted by Rev. G. A. Lawson, of the First Baptist church. Her body was laid to rest until the Resurrection morn, in the Elmwood cemetery, Sunny Brae.

A memorial service was held on Sunday evening, October 17th, when the text for the occasion was taken from Rev. 21:4, “And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.” Brother Storey has lost a faithful and loving wife, the children a kind and compassionate mother, the denomination a sincere and truly upright member, and all who knew her a beloved friend. May the God of all grace sustain and comfort our Brother and the children in their sad bereavement.

W. B. Wiggins.

Moncton, Oct. 26, 1915.

CHICAGO DRY ONE DAY IN SEVEN.

No more open saloons on Sunday in the city of Chicago! Mayor Thompson's order directing that the 7,152 saloons of the city shall comply with the law—on the statute books of Illinois for half a century—is the sensation of the hour. Commenting on the “closed door,” the Chicago Herald says: “The driest dry-as-dust ‘dry’ would never have suspected it. The dampest ‘wet’ would have bet his last drink that the thing was impossible. The neutral citizen wouldn't have believed it if George Washington, reincarnated, had given him an inside tip.” The Tribune pertinently points out that the significance of the mayor's action “is in its indication of the growth of temperance sentiment—a phenomenon observable throughout the country.”

“I am no reformer,” says Mayor Thompson. “This proposition has nothing to do with whether I am wet or dry. When the corporation counsel said the law was valid I had to enforce it under my oath of office.”

JOHN WESLEY'S CREED.

“I am sick of opinions. I am weary to bear them. My soul loaths this frothy food. Give me solid and substantial religion. Give me an humble, gentle lover of God and man; a man full of mercy and good fruits; without partiality and without hypocrisy; a man laying himself out in the work of faith and patience of hope, the labor of love. Let my soul be with these Christians, wheresoever they are and whatsoever opinions they are of. Whosoever doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother, and sister, and mother. Inexcusably infatuated you must be if you can ever doubt whether the propagation of this religion be of God. Only more inexcusable are those unhappy men who oppose, contradict and blaspheme it.”

We cannot get in touch with our friend across the town without first getting in touch with the central telephone office. So we can not get in touch with God and man but through Christ. It is through the blood of His atonement that we get in touch with God, and it is through the blessing of His love that we are able to reach men.—Selected.

“When we have learned to offer up every duty connected with our situation in life as a sacrifice to God, a settled employment becomes just a settled habit of prayer.”

SWEET THINGS TO REMEMBER.

By Sidney Dayre.

“Peter, I want you to run down to the shop for me. Get a tin of baking powder and have it put down to my account.”

Mother said it to Peter, and you would scarcely believe that such a few innocent words could have such an effect.

They drew up his forehead into a knot. They twisted his lips into a pout with the corners drawn down.

“O dear! I don't want to go to the shop. I want to go down to the brook. Me and Ted's building a dam.”

Mother looked a little sorry as she said:

“Well, if you feel like that about it,” I will find someone else. I can wait until Elsie comes home.”

Peter went out of sight, still carrying the frown. But half an hour later he came back carrying the baking powder instead of the frown and pout.

“Here it is, mother. And p'raps I'll go willingly next time.”

He ran away, scarcely waiting for mother's kiss. But toward night when the small boy came to the porch where mother and the others were sitting, she said to him:

“Why did you change your mind about doing my errand this morning, dear?”

“Oh!” Peter wriggled a little as she drew him to her lap, “I—remembered how I'd think about it when I went to bed. And when I woke up in the night.”

Peter was not always very strong, and sometimes had a wakeful time in the night. Perhaps it was the quiet of the pleasant summer evening that led him on to say:

“Then I begin to think. And if I've done anything mean and horrid in the day I think of that. And I'm sorry. And I wish I hadn't. And I think next time I won't. So, when I didn't want to go to the shop one bit this morning I thought I would think of it in the night. Sometimes I don't think. Sometimes I won't think. Then—well, it's dreadful in the night. If I haven't obeyed mother, or been mean to Lizzie, or anything, it all comes back.”

“But,” after a short pause, the little voice went on, “if I've done nice things it's so good to think of them. I wonder,” after another short pause, “if big people think like that in the night?”

“Oh, they do, dear,” said mother.

Grandmother gave the little shake of the head which all knew meant that she was thinking very earnestly.

“Yes, yes, my dears. And the older they grow the more they feel it. For they have more of the wakeful hours. And more and more of a crowding of things that have taken place all through the years. Many will be forgotten, but, oh, so many will come up to make you, as Peter says, wish you hadn't, if it was the wrong thing, or so thankfully rejoice over it if it was the right thing.

“Yes, my boy,” she held his hand as he had come to wish her good-night, “don't forget that in all the days of your life you will be laying up things for the night—to make your waking hours sweet, or to cause you to toss with the misery of regret. Begin now, my dear, to lay up the sweet things.”

“I'll remember what you say, grandma,” said Peter. “Because,” he added, looking back, “It's so good, good, good to have the sweet things come to smile at you in the dark and quiet.”—*The English Presbyterian Messenger.*