

OBITUARY.

Charles R. Howe.

At Norton on Oct. 31st, aged 74 years, Charles R. Howe passed away after an illness of several months. Brother Howe is survived by his widow, and two sons, Mr. W. C. Howe, of Chicago, Ill., and Mr. R. W. Howe, of Avonmore, Kings Co., N. B., and one daughter, Mrs. Albert Wiles, of St. John, N. B., and ten grand children. Mrs. H. Ganong of Snider Mountain, N. B., Mrs. McLeod Keirstead of Avonmore, N. B., and Mrs. Ester Parlee of St. John, N. B., are sisters, and Mr. James T. Howe, of Avonmore, N. B., is a brother.

The funeral service was held in the Reformed Baptist Church at Norton, N. B., Nov. 3rd, and was conducted by Rev. S. A. Baker, of Moncton, N. B. The pall bearers were Mr. Earnest Myers, Mr. John McVey, Mr. Burton Langell and Mr. John Jamieson.

The funeral was largely attended. Interment was made in the cemetery at River Bank.

Bertha M. Blakney.

The funeral of Bertha M. Blakney, the youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Blakney, of Sunny Brae, took place on the morning of the 13th at 10 o'clock at their home, a number of their friends and relatives being present. The funeral was held from the verandah, Rev. S. A. Baker conducting the service.

Music was furnished by the choir of the Reformed Baptist Church, the hymns being as follows: "The Pearly White City," "The Home of the Soul" and "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."

The floral tributes were many and beautiful. Interment was made in the Elmwood cemetery, Rev. S. A. Baker also conducted the committal service.

Bertha was an exceptionally lovable little girl of 6 years of age, the youngest of the family, hence the pet of the family, and she also held a large place with the Sunday School. Her illness was but of a few days and her death was a shock to the whole community. Brother and Sister Blakney and family have the sincere sympathy of the church and Sunday School, and of a large circle of friends.

Paul Craig.

A sad accident occurred at Gordonsville, Carleton County, N. B., on the evening of Nov. 13th, when Paul Craig, aged 9 years, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Craig, of the above place, was kicked by a horse and his skull was fractured, resulting in his death in a few hours without regaining consciousness, although two doctors were called and everything was done possible. The case was more sad on account of the absence of his father, who was engaged as cook in a lumber camp many miles away. A messenger was sent for him, but he was unable to reach home until the 15th to find that his son had passed away, and the family grief stricken. Brother and Sister Craig were wonderfully sustained by the Lord. The funeral service was held on Sunday morning, the 16th inst., and was conducted by the writer in the U. B. Church at Gordonsville. Inter-

ment was made in the cemetery near by. The text was Amos 4-12. We tender our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family.

H. C. MULLEN.

MISSIONARY SOCIETY ORGANIZED AT ROYALTON.

This I believe is the first Society they have had here, yet they have always contributed to the mission cause.

We have a good staff of workers whom I believe have the interest of the work at heart. So we hope to push this department of the Lord's work.

The following are the officers appointed:

President—Mrs. I. F. Keirstead.

Vice President—Mrs. Willie Burttt.

Secretary—Mrs. Bordman Burke.

Treasurer—Mrs. Frank Wade.

Organist—Mrs. Herbert Buchanan.

Visiting Committee—Mrs. Silas Burttt, Mrs. Wilford Crawford and Miss Faye Buchanan.

Social Committee—Miss Lucy Cummings, Mrs. Ward Miller, Mrs. Ireland, Miss Leitha Wade, Miss Mary Owens and Miss Addie Cronkite.

Our first meeting was held Nov. 19th with eleven members present and a fairly good attendance. The choir sang some missionary selections. Miss Cummings gave a reading and Mr. Keirstead gave a missionary address. Receipts of the evening, \$3.53.

BRAIN CELLS AFFECTED.

Testifying as an expert witness in a court case which attracted a good deal of attention in Cincinnati recently, Dr. Hoppe, head of the Division of Mental and Nervous diseases at the General Hospital in Cincinnati, declared that no one can drink alcoholic liquors without the cells of his body becoming affected.

It is immaterial, he asserted, whether the use of alcohol is excessive or ordinary. Alcohol is what is known as a cellular poison, affecting the cells in the body generally.

Dr. Hoppe explained that if alcohol is taken in ordinary quantities the body can throw off the poison without that effect, but if taken in more than ordinary quantities for a continuous period, the temporary changes in the cells become permanent and the whole body soon is in a state of cellular degeneration.

In some the breakdown is rapid, in others slow, but the individual does not live whose cells are not affected by the continued use of alcohol, either in larger or smaller quantities.

A crossless religion is a christless religion, and we cannot have the Father without the son.—John 2-23.

"For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ, whose end is destruction."—Paul.

True greatness includes fitness. A person may possess great faith, great grace, and great love—real divine wealth—and possess little or none of this world.

QUARTERLY MEETING.

The 2nd district quarterly meeting, including the churches of Kings, St. John and Westmorland Counties, and Westchester, Nova Scotia, will convene with the church at Salem, Kings County, Dec. 26-28.

REV. G. B. TRAFTON,
President.

CAMPAIGN AGAINST ALCOHOL AND TOBACCO.

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 18.—An intense world-wide campaign to teach "the bad effects on health of alcohol and tobacco" was advocated at the victory convention of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, which opened here today.

Speakers denied prohibition was responsible for the labor unrest and emphasized it was due to it that prevalent strikes virtually were devoid of violence. The women pledged themselves to seek out violators of the dry law and report them to the Federal authorities.

WON A PLACE BY A WHISTLE.

He was an odd-looking figure as he came merrily whistling down the street the morning after the big snow. His nose was red, and his hands were bare, his feet were in shoes several times too large, and his hat was held in place by a piece of paper on the inside; but he piped away like a steam-engine, and carried the big snow-shovel much as a soldier carries his rifle.

"How much?" from an imposing-looking man, who was asked if he wanted his walks cleaned.

"Ten cents."

"A nickel's enough."

"It would be if I couldn't do no better; but I've got to do the best I can, and business is rushing. Good-morning!" And the merry whistle filled the air as the boy started away.

"Go ahead and clean 'em!" called the man, whose admiration and better nature had been aroused.

"Just see the little rascal make the snow fly!" he said laughingly to his wife, who stood at the window with him. "Why, he's a regular snowplow, and he does it well, too."

"What a little mite! And how comical. I wonder if he's hungry?"

The wife called to the lad as soon as he had finished, but he would not take time for more than a cup of coffee.

"Too busy," he said.

"What are you going to do with the money?" asked the man as he insisted on settling at twenty-five cents, instead of the ten cents the boy asked for.

"I'm going to get mother a coat. She's wearing one you can see through—it ain't right."

On he went, with glowing cheeks and his cheery whistle. But they had his took the coat to the mother, and it was name and address. It was the wife who the husband who installed the sturdy shoveler as office boy in a bright new uniform, and with permission to whistle when he feels like it.—Selected.