

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Wm. Tedlie.

There passed away on Sunday night, Sept. 18th, an old and respected saint in the person of Sister Wm. Tedlie, at the home of her daughterinlaw, Mrs. Henry Tedlie, Hartland, N. B., where she had been tenderly cared for during the last few years. She had reached the advanced age of 84 years and death came as a result of old age. Sister Tedlie was a native of Lower Brighton, where she spent the most of her life. Her maiden name was Sarah Robinson. Converted to God when a young woman she united with the Free Christian Baptist Church, but when in later years she heard the doctrine of entire sanctification she accepted it, obtained the experience and later joined the Reformed Baptist Church. She lived in the enjoyment of this blessed experience to the end and adorned the doctrine by her consistent life of godliness. She was of a quiet and amiable disposition and everybody loved her. It was a benediction to be in her presence. Sister Tedlie was in attendance at every Alliance and camp meeting at Beulah from the beginning until two years ago when hindered by failing health. The deceased is survived by two sons, George, of Lower Brighton, and Fred, of Montana. Two daughters, Mrs. G. B. Trafton, of St. John, and Mrs. Amanda Boyer, of Vancouver. A third son, Henry, passed away last winter. Besides her children she leaves behind a brother, William Robinson, of Lowell, Mass., and two sisters, Mrs. Alfreda Mutch, and Mrs. James Edwards, both of the United States. The funeral service took place at her late residence on Tuesday afternoon, Rev. H. C. Archer preached the funeral sermon from Rev. 14:13. Revs. H. C. Archer, G. B. Trafton, P. J. Trafton and H. C. Mullen, all of whom had been pastors to the deceased, acted as pall-bearers. Interment was made in the family lot at Lower Brighton and her remains laid to rest beside those of her late husband who preceded her many years ago.

H. C. MULLEN.

J. Harvey Belyea.

After a lingering illness, being confined to his bed for over a month, Brother J. Harvey Belyea, of Hartland, N. B., peacefully passed away on Friday afternoon, Sept. 16th, at the early age of 52. He leaves behind his sorrowing wife, one daughter, Agnes, a son Paul, also another son, John, by a former marriage. He is also survived by one brother, Amos, and six sisters. Brother Belyea was a member of the Reformed Baptist Church and was an industrious, conscientious and God-fearing man, and had the respect of the community.

Though he believed firmly in the doctrine of entire sanctification, he did not enter into the blessed experience until a few weeks before his death, but from that time till the end came his testimony was clear, and his only regrets were that he had not long ago made the consecration and crossed over into this rest of faith and perfect love. His suffering was prolonged and at times intense but this he bore without a murmur, and was calmly resigned to the will of God. The funeral

took place on Sunday p. m. The writer preached from Jer. 8:20, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended and we are not saved," and was assisted in the service by Rev. P. J. Trafton and Rev. Earl Giberson. Interment was made in the Hartland cemetery.

H. C. MULLEN.

A LITTLE TALK AT DINNER.

The girl had been married five or six years, and, in the main, was happy and still "the girl." Her intelligence and charm, together with her husband's sincerity and kindness, had made for the couple a circle of friends and acquaintances that included many of the "best" people in town, which, of course, is too often taken to mean merely the people of most wealth and highest social position. The only flaw in the girl's happiness was the modest size of her husband's income.

Today, she had been one of the guests at a little reception. "The Davises are charming people," she remarked that night at dinner. "I wish we could see more of them."

"Well, I don't know why we can't," her husband answered, cheerfully. "Joe Davis was a close friend of mine in our school days. We'll have them down here."

"I don't know what they would think of our little place," the girl replied, doubtfully. "Everything about their home is so beautiful—so nice!"

"Why should we care what they think?" "But don't you care?"

"Not in the least. This is our home—not any one else's. It is in keeping with our circumstances, and therefore it is honest and represents us. Joe likes and respects me now—at least. I believe he does, but would he continue to if I tried to cheat people into thinking we are richer than we are?"

"You are not getting the happiness out of life that you should, my dear. There is much 'Wait till we get the new dining-room furniture,' or 'Yes, as soon as the floors are done over,' or 'Well, after my new dress is finished.' Aren't we cheapening our friends by assuming that they care more for these materials than for us? If not, aren't we cheapening ourselves by continuing to call them friends?"

"The Davis house is better than ours, but the Morton house is just as much ahead of the Davis and I know Morton quite as well as I know Davis. If we try the Davis plan of living now, can we avoid trying the Morton standard, by and by?"

"There is too much of this in our American life. I want to keep clear of it. Let us live our own lives, honestly and openly, enjoying the things we can afford and the friends who like us for what we are, and letting the others go their way."

The girl thought at the time that the lecture was somewhat severe, but she could find no flaw in the argument, nor has she found any since.—Youth's Companion.

"No royal road to learning has ever been discovered.

"But there is a royal road to giving. Tithing makes giving easy, luxurious, happy. You will never know the joy of giving until you learn to tithe."

SAM SMALL WINS A PRIZE.

Recently the Washington Times offered a prize of fifty dollars for the best answer to the question: "What has prohibition accomplished to date?"

The prize was awarded to Rev. Sam Small, the widely known evangelist and prohibition lecturer.

Mr. Small's answer was as follows:

It has divorced our government from quasi-partnership with the liquor trade, and emancipated policies almost wholly from its domination.

Relieved countless homes from drink evils. Made sober and useful men of thousands who were becoming dissolute. Given new hopes of happiness and security to million of mothers, wives and children, and guaranteed growing generations of healthier and more effective Americans.

Abolished public drinking, almost entirely cleared the highways of offensive drunkards. Enlarged trade in useful merchandise. Improved labor efficiency. Increased savings accounts.

Augmented school attendance and college matriculations by thousands previously prevented because of drink in their homes.

Disbanded many vicious clubs and associations for dissipation, and substituted patronage of newspapers, magazines, books, music and movies.

And made paramount a necessary national decision that the Constitution shall be the supreme and adequately enforced and obeyed law of the land.

A SERIOUS EFFECT OF PROHIBITION.

Prohibition is working a severe hardship on the medical colleges of the country as it is causing a dearth of bodies for dissecting purposes. Dr. J. D. McMurich, professor of anatomy said when addressing the convention of the Canadian Embalmers' Association today.

Since prohibition Professor McMurich had found that men belonging to the class who formerly died destitute through indulgence in liquor, were now leaving estates sufficient to give them regular burial, and the colleges rarely secured any bodies from this source now. The professor appealed to the embalmers to assist the suffering colleges as much as possible in their present difficulty.

THE WORST OF IT.

"Do you want any berries, ma'am?" said a little boy to a lady one day.

The lady told him that she would like some, and, taking the pail from him, she stepped into the house. He did not follow, but remained behind, whistling to some canaries hanging in their cage on the side of the porch. "Why do you not come in and see if I measure your berries right?" said the lady. "How do you know but I may cheat you?"

"I am not afraid, ma'am; you would get the worst of it."

"Get the worst of it?" said she. "What do you mean?"

"Why, ma'am, I should only lose my berries, and you would be stealing. Don't you think you would get the worst of it?"—Sel.