

UNCLE DICK'S TALK

Dear Girls and Boys: Letters are coming along and there is every reason to believe that the Corner will grow and grow, until there will be more than a Corner. We shall see what we shall see. First, about the Empty Stocking Fund, I must tell you that a sweet-faced lady with white hair came up to me in church yesterday morning and gave me a dollar for the children and she did it so gracefully that I believe that dollar will buy heaps of things. Our Corner is doing a big share in the building up of that Fund and I am just getting too proud for anything and I don't believe that it is a pride that will have a fall wither, because it is over such a good object.

Do you know that there are some people, boys and girls, for whom it is unwise to do very much? I am going to tell you a true story to prove that this is so. The lady reporter had to go to a tea on Saturday and she told me what happened, so it is a new story too, something that she had to do with.

The tea was on the West Side and if you read about the Windsor Chapter, you will see what a very nice affair it was and how much someone missed and someone else gained. The lady reporter was waiting for the ferry boat, when she heard a kind voice say to a small boy (very shabby), "How many papers have you to sell?" "Twenty-five," said the lad. "Allright, give me ten," said the man. "I ain't givin' ten," said the boy, not very politely, but when he saw the man's face, he changed his mind. Now the lady reporter did not like the way the boy acted, but having an extra ticket, she gave it to the boy and told him he could have a nice tea, if he would sell his papers and run up to the Hall. He said that he had no papers, but she was kind and the ferry whistle blew, the lady reporter feeling that she had wasted her ticket.

Going over on the boat, the boy saw her walking up and down and came over to her and said: "You might buy a paper." He was told that he never knew what he had enough to stay, the other side was reached. Walking on the floats, the kind man came along and the lady reporter said: "That boy is not easily satisfied." Said Kind Man, "I should say not. I took the ticket away from him for I was afraid that he would disgrace you, and now another little boy has it."

While having a cosy cup of tea at the Masonic Hall, with pretty girls waiting on the guests with every care, a small boy showed up and became the centre of attention from the girls, who seemed to know that the boys are hungry persons. He was only seven, but such a polite little boy that, at first the lady reporter did not know that he was her guest. She found out that he had handed in a ticket with "Complimentary" written across it, so she was kind and gave him a paper. She introduced her self and he knew at once where The Journal office is, although he sells evening papers, because he goes to school. He had all he could eat and was very particular not to put on his cap, until he got outside the outer door. She was proud of him and gave him Uncle Dick's address. It will be so nice to have him in the Corner.

I feel sorry for that other boy, who hinted for his fare, when he had just earned ten cents by a quick sale, be-

cause the Kind Man took pity upon him, but what could a person do? The lady reporter in telling me about it said that it made her understand the parable of the ten talents better than she ever did before. You can ask your father or mother about that story and see if you know what the lady reporter meant. She is always having experiences and perhaps she will tell me something else very soon. I hope her nice little boy will write to me, don't you?

Now this is a long chat, but being a real story, it will surely interest you and you can tell me what you think of it, when you write soon to the Corner and to your Uncle Dick.

Dear Jean: Thank you so much for your nice letter, received too late on Friday evening to be answered for Saturday. I am answering yours the very first one for Monday, so you will see how much I appreciate your wish to join us, also Alice, whom I believe is your sister. You might give me your full address, when you write me and your birthday too. I am a very curious person, and like to get well acquainted with my nieces and nephews.

I am very well, thank you, and busy as can be, people are getting so interested in the Corner and the Empty Stocking Fund. I have had to read your Saturday's letter, that tells about the plan for the boys and girls to be shareholders in the fund. Every cent that you invest in that, that is given with loving thought, will be the best investment that you could make. I am heartily glad that you are so interested in that just too delightful to describe, as you will find out, for I believe you will be one of the first to say you are trying my plan.

If everybody writes, there will be a Corner every day and if they send their best love as you do, it will be just too nice for anything. I will give you very much love too, in return, from the Corner and Uncle Dick.

Dear Alice: It was very cheering to hear from you that you were glad to see me again in the Corner and that you missed me so much. It looks now as if the Corner had come to stay, there are so many letters coming in, but I can take more. Some of the big folks want to come in too, but we want some small folks to feel that being grown up has its drawbacks, when it comes to Corners, so unless it is a very exceptional case, we shall keep to the rule of the earliest possible age up to sixteen. If anyone does not have a birthday after she is sixteen, why then she won't be counted out, but that is not a very common occurrence and she might miss something also if she stayed young too long.

All your brothers and sisters want to join the Corner! That is very encouraging, especially as Jean has sent me such a nice letter. How many brothers and sisters have you, Alice? Tell me when your birthday is and we will have you in the Corner. It helps us to place my family of nieces and nephews and to write about things that interest everybody.

Having begun to write, I shall expect a letter from you again soon and I am fancying that you looked up some of the papers and saw the Empty Stocking that will hold the pennies that are to help the poor children on Christmas morning.

Welcome again to the Corner and write as soon as you can, and help the Corner and Uncle Dick.

GIRL AND YOUNG MAN ARE FINED

Florence Goodine appeared in the police court on Saturday and pleaded not guilty to the charge of vagrancy and refusing to give a satisfactory account of herself when arrested late on Friday night, with a young man who was under influence of liquor. The man pleaded not guilty to being drunk. Officer Quinn told of meeting the defendant at 11:40 p.m. at the head of King street, with the young woman, and stated the man was staggering, and when asked his name said it was John Jones, which was not correct. He said he asked the girl her name, but she refused to give it. He then produced a flask which he said the defendant threw away in the square. Inspector Killen told of seeing the

two defendants while he was waiting for a car and said the man was drunk. They were fined \$8 each.

BRILLIANT LIGHTING.

A new departure in the way of artificial lighting is being utilized at the Crystal Palace in London, Eng.

In order to provide the most brilliant lighting effects The Daily Mail is introducing for the first time the Anstair automatic electric plane, which weighs 30 tons and yet is so self-controlled that, to provide sufficient light for a town of 5,000 inhabitants, nothing more than the attention of one man for an hour per week is needed. This Birmingham-made engine demonstrates the cheapest form of producing power and lighting. It is run on crude oil.

Triumphs of M. Jonquelle

by MELVILLE DAVISSON POST.
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THE FORTUNE TELLER

It was an ancient diary in a faded leather cover. The writing was fine and delicate and the ink yellow with age. Monsieur Jonquelle turned the pages slowly and with care, for the paper was fragile. We had dined early and come in later to his house on the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris.

He wished to show me this old diary that had come down to him, from a branch of his mother's family in Virginia—a branch that had gone out with a King's Grant when Virginia was a crown colony. The collateral ancestor Pendleton had been a Justice of the Peace in Virginia, and a spinster daughter had written down some of the strange cases with which her father had been concerned. Monsieur Jonquelle believed that these cases in their tragic details, and their inspirational deductive handling equaled any of modern times. The great library overlooking the Faubourg St. Germain was curtained off from Paris. Monsieur Jonquelle read by the fire, and I listened, returned as by some recession of time to the Virginia of a vanished decade. The narrative of the diary follows:

It was a big sunny room. The long windows looked out on a formal garden, great beech trees and the bow of the river. Within it was a sort of library. There were bookcases built into the wall, to the height of a man's head, and at intervals between them, rising from the floor to the cornice of the shelves, were rows of mahogany drawers with glass knobs. There was also a flat writing table.

It was the room of a traveler, a man of letters, a dreamer. On the table were an inkpot of carved jade, a paperknife of ivory with gold butternut set in; three bronze stools, with their backs together, held an exquisite Japanese crystal.

The room was in disorder—the drawers pulled out and the contents ransacked.

My father stood leaning against the easement of the window, looking out. The lawyer, Mr. Lewis, sat in a chair beside the table, his eyes on the violated room.

"Pendleton," he said, "I don't like this Englishman Gosford."

The words seemed to arouse my father out of the depths of some reflection, and he turned to the lawyer, Mr. Lewis.

"Gosford?" he echoed.

"He is behind this business, Pendleton," the lawyer, Mr. Lewis, went on. "Mark my word! He comes here when Marshall is dying; he forces his way to the man's bed; he puts the servants out; he locks the door. Now, what business had this Englishman with Marshall on his deathbed? What business of a secretary close to Marshall's son is barred out by a locked door?"

He paused and twisted the seal ring on his finger.

"When you and I came to visit the sick man, Gosford was always here, as though he kept a watch upon us and when we left, he went always to this room to write his letters, as he said."

"And more than this, Pendleton; Marshall is hardly in his grave before Gosford writes me to inquire by what legal process the dead man's papers may be examined for a will. And it is Gosford who sends a negro riding, as if the devil were on the crupper, to summon me in the name of the Commonwealth of Virginia, to appear and examine the circumstances of this burglary."

"I mistrust the man. He used to hang about Marshall in his life, upon some enterprise of secrecy; and now he takes possession and leadership in

his affairs, and sets the man's son aside. In what right, Pendleton, does this adventurous Englishman feel himself secure?"

My father did not reply to Lewis's discourse. His comment was in another quarter.

"Here is young Marshall and Gosford," he said.

The lawyer rose and came over to the window. Two persons were advancing from the direction of the stables—a tall, delicate boy, and a strange old man. The old man walked with a quick, jerky stride. It was the old country doctor Gaekel. And, unlike any other man of his profession, he would work as long and as carefully on the body of a horse as he would on the body of a man, snapping out his quaint oaths and in a stress of effort, as though he struggled with some invisible creature for its prey. The negro used to say that the devil was afraid of Gaekel, and he might have been, if to disable a man or his horse were the devil's will. But I think, rather, the negroes imagined



THE ROOM WAS IN DISORDER—DRAWERS PULLED OUT AND CONTENTS RANSACKED.

the devil to fear what they feared themselves.

"Now, what could bring Gaekel here?" said Lewis.

"It was the horse that Gosford overheard in his race to you," replied my father. "I saw him stop in the road where the negro boy was leading the horse about, and then call young Marshall."

"It was no fault of young Marshall, Pendleton," said the lawyer. "But, also, he is no match for Gosford. He is a dilettante. He paints little pictures after the fashion he learned in Paris, and he has no force or vigor in him. His father was a dreamer, a wanderer, one who loved the world and its frivolities, and the son takes that temperament, softened by his mother. He ought to have a guardian."

"He has one," replied my father. "A guardian?" repeated Lewis.

"What court has appointed a guardian for young Marshall?"

"A court," replied my father. "that does not stand under the authority of Virginia. The helpless, Lewis, in their youth and inexperience, are not wholly given over to the spoiler."

The boy talked about as was very young—under twenty, would say. He was blue-eyed and fair-haired, with thin, delicate features, which showed good blood long inbred to the loss of vigor. He had the fine, open, generous face of one who takes the world as it comes, and who is not afraid of it.

"I mistrust the man. He used to hang about Marshall in his life, upon some enterprise of secrecy; and now he takes possession and leadership in

At this moment the door behind

my father and Lewis was thrown violently open, and a man entered. He was a person with the manner of a barrister, precise and dapper; he had a long, pink face, pale eyes, and a close-cropped beard that brought out the hard lines of his mouth. He bustled to the table, put down a sort of portfolio that held an inkpot, a writing-pad and pens, and drew up a chair like one about to take the minutes of a meeting. And all the while he apologized for his delay. He had important letters to get off in the post, and to make sure, had carried them to the tavern himself.

"And now, sir, let us get about this business," he finished, like one who calls his assistants to a labor.

My father turned about and looked at the man.

"Is your name Gosford?" he said in his cold, level voice.

"It is, sir," replied the Englishman, "Anthony Gosford."

"Well, Mr. Anthony Gosford," replied my father, "kindly close that door that you have opened."

Lewis plucked out his snuffbox and trumpeted in his many-colored handkerchief to hide his laughter.

The Englishman, thrown off his patronizing manner, hesitated, closed the door, but was bidden to stand and not to remain his fine air.

"Now, Mr. Gosford," my father went on, "why was this room violated as we see it?"

"It was searched for Peyton Marshall's will, sir," replied the man. "How did you know that Marshall had a will?" said my father.

"I saw him write it," returned the Englishman, "here in this very room, on the eighteenth day of October, 1864."

"That was two years ago," said my father. "Was the will here at Marshall's death?"

"It was. He told me on his death-bed."

"And it is gone now?"

"It is," replied the Englishman.

"And now, Mr. Gosford," said my father, "how do you know this will is gone unless you also know precisely where it was?"

"I do know precisely where it was, sir," returned the man.

"Where was it?" asked my father.

"It was in the room of the second window where you stand—the second drawer from the top. Mr. Marshall put it there when he wrote it, and he told me on his deathbed that it remained there. You can see, sir, that the drawer has been rifled."

My father looked casually at the row of mahogany drawers rising along the end of the bookcase. The second one and the one above were open; the others below were closed.

"Mr. Gosford," he said, "you would have some interest in this will, to know about it so precisely."

"And so I have," replied the man. "It left me a sum of money."

"A large sum."

"A very large sum, sir."

"Mr. Anthony Gosford," said my father, "for what purpose did Peyton Marshall bequeath you a large sum of money? You are no kin; nor was he in your debt."

The Englishman set down and put his fingers together with a judicial air.

"Sir," he began, "I am not advised that the purpose of a bequest is relevant, when the bequest is direct and unencumbered by the testator with any indicative words of trust or uses. This will bequeathes me a sum of money. I am not required by any provision of the law to show the reasons moving the testator."

"But, Mr. Gosford, Marshall had reasons which he deemed excellent for this course, but they are, sir, entombed in the grave with him."

My father looked steadily at the man, but he did not seem to consider his explanation, nor to go any further on that line.

"Is there another who would know about this will?" he said.

"This effeminate son would know," replied Gosford, a sneer in the eyes.

"But, as you say, Marshall wrote the testament in his own hand, without witnesses, as he had the legal right to do under the laws of Virginia. The lawyer," he added, "Mr. Lewis, will confirm me in the legality of that."

Another installment of "The Fortune Teller" will appear in our next issue.

A PENITENTIAL SEASON BEGINS

Bishop LeBlanc Urges Cathedral Congregation to Observe Advent Well—Great Feasts of Church.

In the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception yesterday morning at the 9.15 o'clock Mass, His Lordship Bishop LeBlanc in the course of his remarks dwelt at some length on the remarkable seasons into which the Ecclesiastical Year is divided. These are three in number, namely, Christmas, Easter, and Pentecost. Christmas is devoted chiefly to God the Father who gave His Only Son that he might redeem the world, and whose birthday it is. Easter commemorates the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the grave and is devoted in a special manner to God the Son, the Saviour of the World, and Pentecost is in a particular sense the feast of the Holy Ghost. Each of these three seasons is preceded by a period of preparation. In the case of Christmas there are the four weeks of Advent in which to prepare for this great feast. The seven weeks of fast and prayer which are known as Lent prepare the way for the celebration of the feast of Easter, and the vigil of Pentecost, a day of fast and prayer prepares the way for that glorious feast.

Yesterday was the first Sunday of Advent and the gospel of the day dealt with the coming of the Day of Judgment, on which day the bodies of all the dead will arise to unite with the soul and appear before the Throne of God to receive the eternal reward of a well spent life or the eternal punishment for an ill spent one. His Lordship drew out in which to prepare for this great feast. The seven weeks of fast and prayer which are known as Lent prepare the way for the celebration of the feast of Easter, and the vigil of Pentecost, a day of fast and prayer prepares the way for that glorious feast.

SONS OF ENGLAND ELECT OFFICERS

L. A. Belyea Chosen President of Portland Lodge, No. 246.

At the last regular meeting of Portland Lodge, No. 246, S. O. E., the officers for the coming year were chosen, the election being conducted by F. Thomas, district deputy, who was assisted by C. Ledford, E. A. Law, T. F. Sibley, H. W. Bird, and T. H. Bird.

The election resulted as follows:—President, L. A. Belyea; vice president, H. A. Mantle; chaplain, Wm. Bonnell; secretary, Geo. T. Corbett; assistant secretary, H. Crabbe, Jr.; treasurer, H. Crabbe, Sr.; 1st guide, G. Townsend; managing committee, Messrs. E. Chapman, H. Bonnell, A. Mantle, T. Maxwell, C. Preston; 2nd guide, H. W. Bird; outside guardian, A. W. Barr; inside guardian, A. W. Barr; past president, Harry Selen; auditors, W. Bonnell, A. Green, F. S. Purdy; trustees, R. W. Wigmore, C. London, A. Linton; advisory board, Messrs. L. A. Belyea, H. Crabbe, Sr., R. W. Wigmore, F. S. Purdy; delegate to Supreme Lodge, L. A. Belyea; alternate delegate to Supreme Lodge, H. Selen.

MAY PURCHASE FERRY STEAMER

St. John Interests Inspect the Eastport, Now Laid Up at Dennysville, Me.

St. John interests are negotiating for the purchase of the ferry steamer Eastport, now hauled up at Dennysville, Me., and a representative of a local firm was there recently inspecting the craft. If purchased the Eastport will be partially rebuilt and used as a freight and passenger boat in this vicinity. The Eastport was built in 1901 at Dennysville by the Pushes Brothers as a companion to the ferry Lubec. Her engines and boilers are still in her, but they have not been used for years. Fred S. Heans announces that he intends to sell the Dream, which is to be used in the bay service. The Stellerwerk is to be sold here under admiralty court proceedings on Dec. 9. The Canadian Government steamer Dollard has arrived here to engage in marine and fisheries department work.

GASSED OVERSEAS SHELL SHOCKED AND RHEUMATISM

Mr. F. M. Blaquiere, Morinville, Alta., writes:—"After three years' service overseas I returned to Canada almost a complete wreck. I had been gassed, and was suffering from shell shock and rheumatism, and was so nervous I could not sleep at night. I tried many medicines and doctors, but none of them did me any good for any length of time. I got so bad, in the Fall of 1919, my hands were so shaky I could scarcely hold anything, and it seemed as if I had a steel band pressing on my head. The least excitement would almost drive me into fits, and my whole system seemed to be in disorder. I had cramps in my legs nearly every night, and hot and cold chills running up and down my back nearly all the time. One day I decided to try Sloan's Liniment, and after I had taken six boxes I began to feel better. I kept on using them and after a while I was completely relieved."

Price 50c. a box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Saves Home Baking

Ask for luscious raisin pie—fresh and juicy—at your grocer's or a neighborhood bake shop. Just telephone for one to try.

Once taste it and you'll agree that there's no longer any need to bake at home.

Serve tonight for dinner. Let your men folks decide.

Made with delicious

Sun-Maid Raisins

Had Your Iron Today?

C. P. R. OFFICIALS COME TO ST. JOHN

R. E. Larmour, J. O. Apps, Mr. Walton and J. Harry Smith in the City.

The many friends of Harry Smith, director of publicity of the C. P. R. at Montreal, were glad to see him in St. John yesterday. He came down to meet the Melita. R. E. Larmour, general freight agent of the C. P. R. eastern lines; George A. Walton, general passenger agent of all lines east of Port Arthur; and J. O. Apps, general agent of baggage and mail, arrived in the city on Saturday morning from Montreal. They were met at Megantic by J. M. Woodman, general superintendent of the New Brunswick district, who just completed an inspection of his lines on the Brownville division.

Mr. Larmour said that the outlook for general freight and grain movement through the port of St. John this season is bright. He came here in connection with business interviews in his department.

Mr. Walton, who was recently appointed general passenger agent of the eastern lines, is visiting St. John for the first time. He said he long had a desire to visit this city and now that he is here is greatly impressed with the possibilities of this port. With reference to passenger traffic, he said, from all indications it will be quite heavy during the season. He is here primarily to familiarize himself with conditions, and to become more intimately acquainted with members of the department.

William Webber, general agent at Atlantic ports for the Canadian Pacific Steamships, Ltd., also arrived in the city.

NO REPLY FROM POWER CO.

Mayor Fisher said last evening that he had not yet received any word from the Power Company, as to whether it would accept or reject the offer to purchase the plant and franchises for the sum of \$2,577,665.66. The time limit of ten days will expire this afternoon and he expected that some action would be taken by the council at its regular meeting on Tuesday.

TIRELY NEW TREATMENT FOR BRONCHITIS, CATARRH

FOR INTERNAL MEDICINE TO TAKE

Years ago the profession fought Catarrh by internal dosing. This upset the stomach and didn't remove the trouble. The modern treatment consists of breathing the healing, soothing essence of Catarrhoxone, which goes instantly to the source of the trouble. Catarrhoxone is successful, because it penetrates the mucous membranes and drives out the germs. Catarrhoxone drives out the germs, soothes the irritation, relieves the cough, makes Catarrhal troubles disappear quickly. For bad throat, coughs, bronchitis, Catarrhoxone is a wonder. Two month treatment one dollar. Small size 50c. Sold everywhere of The Catarrhoxone Co., Montreal.

Backaches! try Sloan's

Relieves soreness by warming and circulating blood

Stop those dull, insistent aches, by relieving the painful congestion. Sloan's does this. Without rubbing, it quickly penetrates the sore spot, stimulating the circulation to and through it. Congestion is reduced, soreness allayed, the pain relieved.

Sloan's relieves sore, aching muscles, banishes the pains of rheumatism and neuritis. Breaks up colds in chest. Stops suffering—wherever congestion rouses pain. Made in Canada.

Sloan's Liniment—kills pain!

THINK IT OVER

Your eyes use one-quarter of your nerve energy. No wonder eyestrain causes headaches, inefficiency and nervous breakdowns. Don't waste vitality on account of extra eye work.

Have Your Eyes Examined. D. BOYANER, 111 Charlotte St.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria Always Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Williams* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**

900 DROPS
The Proprietary Medicine for Infants and Children. AVEGETABLE PREPARATION FOR REGulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN. Thereby Promoting Digestion, Cheerfulness and Best Condition. Neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

At 6 Months old 35 Doses 40 CENTS

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

MOTOR CAR KILLS A VALUABLE DOG

Francis Kerr, barrister-at-law, reported last evening that the nuisance of speeding of autos on Millidge Ave., was getting beyond endurance. Yesterday when a valuable English Bull bitch was crossing the road near her master's home, 135 Millidge Avenue, a large car going towards the city ran over the animal and instantly killed her. The car was going so fast and stirring up such a dust that the number could not be taken. The driver never stopped to make any inquiry as to the damage he had done.

Mr. Kerr valued this dog very highly, as she took the McLeish prize at the King Show for the best English Bull dog pup. She had just weaned a litter of eight fine pups and was a gentle animal, very much afraid of cars. Mr. Kerr wondered if the Journal would publish the news, which he is glad to do, if it will make the drivers more cautious and thoughtful as to citizens' property.

REV. MR. KUHRING IS STILL GRAVELY ILL

St. John's (Stone) Church Congregation Offers Prayer for His Recovery.

At the evening service yesterday, at Stone Church, the rector, Rev. A. L. Fleming read a telegram from Mrs. G. A. Kuhring in which she said, "Not so much accomplished by operation as hoped for. We are depending on God and feel deep gratitude for your sympathy and prayers."

A special prayer was offered during the service for the beloved former rector of the church, Rev. Mr. Kuhring, and a solemn hush pervaded the sanctuary as silently the congregation sought for him, restored health and strength from the Giver of all blessings.

HOSPITAL BOARD TO OPEN TENDERS

Commissioners at Meeting Today to Consider Contract for Important Improvements.

At the meeting of the Commissioners of the General Public Hospital, this afternoon, it is expected the tenders for the work of remodelling the basement of the building to provide an up to date out-patient department will be opened and the contract awarded. This work was authorized by the Municipal Council at a special meeting on November 3 and it is intended to complete the work as soon as possible.

When the new quarters are completed the institution will be in a much better position to deal effectively with the steadily increasing number of patients, the great majority of whom are children. It will also be possible then to so arrange the quarters vacated that more patients can be accommodated in the institution.

It is hoped the epidemic hospital will be taken off the contractors hands some time during this month and the hospital will then have one of the most modern epidemic buildings in the country. The old epidemic has been entirely remodelled and wards for male and female provided. In the new part there will be found ten cubicles, each of which is a hospital in itself, being wholly isolated from every other part of the building. In the upper floor of this part is found the nurses home and it will not be necessary for the nurses to go on duty there to leave the building and room at the general nurses home.

A janitor and his wife have been secured and they will have quarters in the basement of the old part, these being very pleasantly located, facing City Road.

SILVER FALLS MISSION BAND

The Mission Band at Silver Falls Methodist church is composed of boys as well as girls. They are under the care of two efficient leaders, Messrs. A. E. Jocelyn and Edward Young, who hold the meetings fortnightly. Friday afternoon, the annual election of officers was held, when the band met at the home of Mrs. Jocelyn, where they had a social hour after the business was transacted.

The officers elected from the members were: president, E. Christopher; recording secretary, Helen Jocelyn; corresponding secretary, Burpee Hand. The meeting took up the study of the Bible, which is a review of the work done by Canadians in various countries. The young people entered into the reading of the book and discussed the subjects with keen interest.

The Mission Circle, composed of the ladies of the church met at the parlour in the evening and after the study of missionary leaflets and devotional service led by the wife of the pastor, Mrs. L. J. Wason, a short social hour was spent. The officers for this year are besides the president, Mrs. Wason; vice-president, Miss Margaret Jordan; secretary, treasurer, Wm. Arthur, corresponding secretary, Mrs. Edward Young.

NEW