

Sunday School Lesson

August 6. Lesson VI—Paul in a Pagan Country. Acts 14: 8-20. Golden Text—I know both how to be abused, and I know how to abound.—Phil. 4: 12.

ANALYSIS.

I. THE MIRACLE AT LYSTRA, 9-12.
II. THE DISMAY OF THE APOSTLES, 14-20.

INTRODUCTION—Eighty-five miles east from Antioch was Iconium, a city of Pro-German sympathies, which was the next centre of mission work. Paul begins preaching, as usual, in the Synagogue, and with such excellent results that many Jews and Greeks believe. However, the Jewish authorities were not convinced and tried to arouse opposition. The Christian mission continues for some time, perhaps several months, till the whole city is moved by this new preaching, and the citizens are divided into two parties. The Jews seek to arouse the enmity of the local magistrates, and when the Christians learn of the impending attack, Paul and Barnabas depart from the city, intending to return when the disturbance has subsided sufficiently. They now pass into a district much less thickly populated, and where the people were more primitive in their habits. The region around is evangelized, probably by natives, who had joined the ranks of the apostles; and foundations are laid for small Christian communities.

I. THE MIRACLE AT LYSTRA, 9-13.
V. 8. Lystra was a town off the highway and was an important commercial and military outpost. The small population consisted of Roman soldiers and natives who made use of the Lycian speech. Among the beggars who sat, probably near the local temple, was a poor cripple who, according to one of the old manuscripts, had already taken an interest in the Jewish religion, being a proselyte.

V. 9. Heard Paul. The cripple was greatly attracted by the new preaching, and as Paul spoke so wonderfully of the power of Jesus, he doubtless felt that it was the very kind of salvation which he so sorely needed, and a new light and hope began to break forth. Paul seeing the faith was starting decided that this was a case in which he should use his special power of healing. The Salvation of Christ is meant to include eventually the body as well as the soul. Paul commands him to stand up, and he immediately obeyed.

V. 11. The gods are come down. The people are filled with amazement, and rush to the conclusion that these must be heavenly visitors. Their explanation is a little more intelligible as we consider that there was a famous Greek myth connected with this very district, according to which two gods, Zeus and Hermes, had come down in disguise and had gone about the country as simple peasants, seeking in vain for food and shelter from the rich and great, till at last they found it in the humble house of Philemon and Banchis. These unsophisticated and superstitious natives of Lystra think that this old story is being repeated, and they identify Barnabas with Jupiter or Zeus and Paul with Mercury or Hermes, the eloquent messenger of the gods. All the time they carried on their conversation in the native dialect, so that the apostles were ignorant of the strange situation which they had brought about.

V. 13. The city had a temple dedicated to the worship of Jupiter, outside the walls. The priest, who was an important personage, was told of the occurrence and he proceeded to prepare a fitting sacrifice. He hurries off to get the sacrificial bull decorated with garlands, and proceeds in a solemn procession to enter the gates of the temple to offer this tribute of worship to these men.

II. THE DISMAY OF THE APOSTLES, 14-20.
V. 14. Rent their garments. When the apostles learn of what has happened they are filled with dismay, and rent their garments as a sign that they regard this as an act of blasphemy. Read the story concerning the high priest at the trial of Jesus, Matt. 26: 65.

V. 15. They address the multitude in the Greek tongue which would be familiar to most of the inhabitants. All commercial and public transactions were conducted in that language. They assure the simple folk that they are only men in like passions or nature with themselves, and then Paul proceeds to give an address suitable to the capacity of this pagan audience. It was quite different from the sermon which he had delivered to the Jews at Antioch, and shows how Paul suited his words to the understanding of his hearers. Three great religious principles are mentioned which would

be within the understanding of these people: (1) He reminds them that God is the creator of heaven and earth, and that he still lives and takes an active control over the world. Thus far, the pagans have not known this true God, but now he is being revealed to them. (2) Paul then states the difficulty which must always occur to one who carries the gospel to the pagans. Why was God so long in bringing them this true light? The only answer which the apostle gives is that it seemed wise for God to permit these natives to walk in their own ways. (3) Yet all through these years God did not leave himself without witness in that he sent them sunshine and rain and fruitful seasons. It was a simple statement fitted for people whose religious education was very backward.

The sequel to this shows us how sickle were these Galatians. For a time Paul and Barnabas continued to preach to these people, and with success, as we know from the fact that Timothy was among the converts, one who did so much for the church in after years. But ere long enemies from Antioch and Iconium came and sowed seeds of discord and the crowd which a short time before had fallen down to worship these preachers now take up stones to kill them, and Paul is dragged out of the city as one dead.

From Lystra they go to Derbe, a frontier town fifty miles away. Here they have no unusual experience, and after a short visit they decide to leave. They could have gone back by the highway that led from Derbe to Tarsus through the Cilician Gate, a distance of one hundred miles, but they felt it necessary to confirm the faith of these converts, and in spite of the danger, they return by the same route by which they came, organizing the churches and appointing elders. And so they get back to Antioch in Syria, and relate to a deeply interested church the great things which God has done through them, and how he opened the door for the Gentiles.

32 Conservatives and Five Liberals Elected at Coast

Victors Are Leading in Four Other Ridings, Government in Two

ONLY ONE LABORITE

Vancouver—The Conservative party, victorious in British Columbia elections, had elected 32 members on the basis of returns available. In addition they were leading the vote in four doubtful constituencies. The Liberals had elected 9 members and were leading in two ridings where returns were incomplete. Labor elected 1 member, Thomas Uphill, in Fernie, a coal mining district. There are 48 seats in the Legislature.

In the doubtful seats the totals were running very close. J. R. Cooley, Liberal, is leading J. R. Mitchell, Conservative, by 11 votes, with three polls to report in Kamloops.

Returns Delayed
The other missing seats have many isolated polls. Some of these will have to come in by gas boat, and may not be available for some days. The "absentee vote" also served to delay results where the vote was close. Commercial telegraph lines were congested with those, following their counting. Each Returning Officer was called upon to wire those cast in his constituencies over the Province for which they were cast.

Old Mauretania Breaks Record

New York.—Another veteran showed speed to the upstarts when the 21-year-old SS. Mauretania steamed into port after making the 3,169-mile voyage from Cherbourg to New York in five days, three hours and seventeen minutes.

She broke her own westbound record, established in 1924, by three hours and seventeen minutes and maintained an average speed of 25.63 knots an hour.

"We thought we would still get another kick out of the old girl," Captain S. G. S. McNeill said upon completion of the run. "We knew she was not through by a long shot." The Mauretania already holds the eastbound record.

Cats

By SISLEY HUBBARD

All kinds of cats, in all kinds of attitudes, were batted the basketball and belowered here. They were the champion cats of the world, for the feline exhibition was international. One is almost tempted to call it the Cats League of Nations. The short-haired and the long-haired varieties vied with each other. The striped and the blotched and the single-colored cats were side by side. Black cats and white cats and orange cats and tortoise-shell cats, Persian cats with sumptuous furs, bluish gray Siamese cats with close glossy coats and blue eyes, Manx cats without tails, and various kink-tailed cats, cats from Madagascar and from the Malay countries, cats from every continent—they were all assembled here.

For there is nothing so universal as the cat. Its very name scarcely differs in the principal languages. As far back as etymologists can trace the human tongue, they find the word cat and its variants—in Latin, in Greek, in old German, in Gaelic, in old French. In ancient Egypt the cat was domesticated, and in Europe the wild cat is almost extinct.

As I look at these superb cats in their cages, I wonder why men took the trouble to tame an animal that, unlike the horse and the dog, serves no practical purpose, that preserves a proud independence, so that if Buffon could write of the horse that it is the noblest conquest of man, he might well have written of man that he is the noblest conquest of the cat.

Buffon is hard on the cat. He calls it an unfaithful domestic; he insists on its falsity, its perversity, its cruelty, its dissimulation, its egotism. But even Buffon admits that the cat is gay, playful, amusing, adroit, clean, graceful. Nobody ever wrote so entertainingly of animals as Buffon, but he is full of prejudices. Chateaubriand, one of the most magnificent masters of the French language, tried to refute Buffon and to rehabilitate the cat. "I would make of the cat," he wrote, "an animal a la mode."

Certainly this ambition has been fulfilled. The cat is a la mode. Fashionable Paris has gone to gaze on the cat, and everybody is loud in praises of the beautiful creature that was the bete noire of Buffon. We admire the aristocratic cat, but this year we also admire the plebeian cat. Feline democracy has come into its own. If the cat of the rich and the noble, lying on satin cushions, is admitted to this show, so is the cat of the gutter and the vulgar—the cat of the poor.

Here are the disdainful princesses of the cattish race, and here, too, are the cheerful Bohemians of Paris, with their familiar manners, their liveliness, their drollery, their sauciness. I love all the cats, the wild and the gentle, the common and the exotic, those which are clad in rich robes and those that are clad in homely broadcloth. I do not really say why, despite the demerits which Buffon enumerates with such gusto, mankind adopted this charming beast. It has captured my heart as it has captured the hearts of millions of my fellows. I have had savage cats and caressing cats, luxurious cats and plain cats, cats which boasted of their high standing and cats which sprang from the street; and they have all been delightful, unexpected, fantastic, capricious, and beautiful.

And I think of the cats which other men have admired, Richelieu, at the height of his power, with the weight of Europe upon him, sitting at his desk amid a pile of documents, disposing of the destinies of nations, would have preferred to have cut off a portion of his scarlet gown rather than disturb the slumber of Rucan or Mousard-le-Fongueux or Soumise or Ludovic-le-Cruel.

The successor of Richelieu today is M. Poincaré, who is generally pictured as stern, rigid, grave. But M. Poincaré twenty years ago in his Cabinet had a Siamese cat, which has perpetuated its species, and M. Poincaré is as fond as ever of his feline friends. He is not blind to their faults, but has expressed his pleasure in their society.

"The cat," he says, "is witty, he has verve, he knows how to do precisely the right thing at precisely the right moment. He is impulsive and facetious and appreciates the value of a



A NEW SCARF EFFECT

This is the latest note in summer sports fashion trend. The scarf of Newport design is of pussy willow material.

well-turned pleasantry. He extricates himself from the most difficult situations by a little prouette. To how many timid and hesitating persons could he give useful lessons! I have never seen him embarrassed. With an astonishing promptitude he chooses instantly between two solutions of a problem, not merely that which is better from his point of view and in conformity with his interests, but also that which is elegant and gracious.

What a wonderful diplomatist the cat would have made! One detects a certain envy in this eulogy of the cat by M. Poincaré. Indeed, somewhere in the volumes of M. Poincaré's Memoirs, I remember how kindly he speaks of M. Briand in comparing him to the cat.

I recall that when M. Clemenceau went to an important conference at London he bought a cat and named it Prudence. I do not know what has become of it. But Georges Montorgueil has made the happy suggestion that well-known men and women who are lovers and owners of cats should bring their cats together without regard to pedigree or competitive points. This, in fact, was done a year or two ago in Paris by the artists and writers. I would like to see the idea carried out on a greater scale, with presidential cats, and ministerial cats, and theatrical cats—a regular Who's Who of cats—displayed for the observer's delectation.

Artists and writers are particularly fond of cats. I never tire of looking at the cats which Steinlen drew so lovingly with such a deft pen. I like to think of Hamelin, the guardian of the City of Books, which Anatole France described in Sylvestris Bonnard. There was, too, Belkis which Pierre Loti named with great pomp and ceremony. Victor Hugo was the proud possessor of Chamolne; and Michelet, the historian; Sainte-Beuve, the critic; Merimee, the novelist; Gautier, the poet; Maupassant, the story-teller, and all had their cats. Barbey d'Aurevilly with Demonette, Coppee with Isabelle, Baudelaire with his feline family, have loved the cat!

And now in Paris they are celebrating the centenary of Hippolyte Taine, philosopher and historian, and it is good to remember that Taine, who was not often moved to poetry, wrote twelve sonnets to his three cats—Puss and Ebene, and Mitonne. "I have studied," he confessed, "many philosophers and several cats; the wisdom of the cats is vastly superior." That wisdom he discovered in their tranquillity and in their meditativeness. Without effort, the cat, gazing into the fire, or smoothing its fur, puts into practice the precepts of the sages.

Commander Byrd's party which will explore the antarctic by airplane will wear boots, handmade to accommodate five pairs of heavy woolen socks. But can they properly be called balloon boots?

Loewenstein Body Found Belgian Financier Really Dead

Mystery Cleared Up With Discovery of His Body in the English Channel By French Fishermen

WOUNDED TOO

(Canadian Press Cable.)
Boulogne-sur-Mer, France.—The finding on Thursday last of the body of Captain Alfred Loewenstein, missing Belgian millionaire, cleared up most of the grim mystery surrounding his disappearance from a cross-Channel aeroplane on July 4.

French and Belgian authorities will still have to determine whether Captain Loewenstein accidentally fell from the plane as it flew 4,000 feet over the English Channel or deliberately wrenched open the exit door and plunged to his death. But the ugly rumors that the financier had perpetrated a gigantic hoax and was still alive were definitely set at rest by the finding of the body.

The battered body was found floating face downward ten miles off Cape Gris-Nez by the Boulogne fishing smack 555, aptain Joan Maria Beauregard, and was readily identified by a wrist watch engraved "Captain Loewenstein, 35 Rue de la Science, Brussels." Otherwise the body was

unrecognizable, as it was in an advanced stage of decomposition. The body was clothed only in a undershirt, socks and shoes, the latter bearing the name of an English maker. There was a severe wound in the abdomen, and both feet were broken.

LOEWENSTEIN'S LAST ACT IN THE DOMINION

Ottawa.—The last gesture towards Canada of the late Captain Alfred Loewenstein, whose body was given up by the British Channel on Thursday last, was a friendly one, destined to help charity.

Before leaving, Captain Loewenstein flew to Ottawa and dined with Premier King. It is learned that before starting for home Captain Loewenstein forwarded his cheque for \$2,000 with the request that it be applied to charitable objects, particularly, it is understood, soldier welfare work.

The wishes of the now deceased capitalist will be carried out.



A Modish Frock

Charming graceful is this attractive frock, having a tunic at each side of the slightly flared skirt. The bodice has gathered at the shoulders, a vestee and scalloped collar. The long sleeves are dart-fitted, loose, or gathered to wristbands, and a wide belt is finished with buttons at the front. No. 1651 is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. If the dress is made of one material only, size 38 requires 3 1/2 yards 38-inch, or 3 3/4 yards 54-inch material. Views A and B, size 38, require 3 yards 38-inch, or 2 1/2 yards 54-inch material for the dress, and 1 1/2 yards 38-inch, or 1 1/2 yards 54-inch contrasting. Price 20 cents the pattern.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.

Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 20c in stamps or coin (coin preferred); wrap it carefully for each number and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto. Patterns sent by return mail.

Too Many Rattletaps

Toronto Telegram (Ind. Cons.): The highways are to-day littered up with automobiles the engines of which will run after a fashion, but which have been detained too long in reaching their place upon the scrap heap. Cars without lights, cars without effective brakes, cars with engines that cannot accelerate when acceleration is necessary, operate on the highways as a menace to themselves and to everybody else.

Great Actress Left Request "No Mourning"

Dame Ellen Terry Passed Out Quietly at Little Home in Kent Where Last February She Had Observed the Coming of Her 80th Birthday

LEFT LAST MESSAGE

Small Hythe, Kent, Eng.—Dame Ellen Terry, British actress, beloved by playgoers the world over, died Saturday morning in a little oaken farmhouse, tucked away in the vale of Kent, where she had quietly spent the last years of her life.

Death came at 8.56 a.m. after an uncomfortable night, during which she sank slowly to the end. When she appeared the doctor announced the patient was considerably weaker. She passed away peacefully, surrounded by her relatives. Her death marked the final period of her hopeless struggle against a combination heart attack and cerebral hemorrhage, from which she had been sinking slowly since Tuesday.

There had been fears for some time that she, whose life was the stage, would not long survive the definite withdrawal from it which her age compelled. She celebrated her eightieth birthday last February.

Always a First Nighter.
Until two years ago Miss Terry never failed to appear at the "first nights" in London, and the tall, queenly old lady in black, with the black lace scarf draped over her silver hair, was always rapturously applauded when she entered her box.

Miss Terry's daughter, Edith Craig, was at the bedside with the actress's son, Charles Edward Craig, her brother, Charles Terry, her favorite niece, Miss Olive Terry, and her companion, Miss Barnes.

Her Last Message
Miss Terry kept constantly at hand for daily reading a little, worn copy of "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas a' Kempis.

Not long before she died the following lines of verse, in her own firm hand, were found written across the fly-leaf:

"No funeral gloom, my dears, when I am gone—
— Corpse, gazings, tears, black raiment,
— Graveyard grimness.
"Think of me as withdrawn into the dimness—
"Yours still, you mine.
"Remember all the best of our past moments and forget the rest."
"And so, to where I wait, come gently on."

Below was written: "I should wish my children, relatives and friends to observe this when I die."

MUTT AND JEFF—Bud Fisher



Here's a Brain That Works With Reverse English.

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...a fact...
...Red...
...has become...
...popular in...
...Orange...
...which accounts...
...selective quality...
...Every package

Mice and T

Healthiest Cat List of Priz

New York showed...
...its pets who...
...brought dogs, cats...
...a turtle to the pet...
...Bellevue-Yorkville...
...The healthiest pet...
...cat and dog won pr...
...ers. Ruth Scholtz...
...trophy, the turtle, felt...
...Murgatroyd didn't...
...the healthiest pet...
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...sturdier, a healthy...
...turtle, gave her a...
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...ent a stunt which...
...of health or safe...
...the judges were...
...Correy, radio edit...
...George Adams, c...
...Women's League...
...Leverett D. Bristol...
...the demonstration



CANA NATI EXHIB TORO

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1924

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