#### CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

PASS IT ON

Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on. Twas not given for thee alone, Pass it on. Let it travel down the years, Let it wipe another's tears, Till in heaven the deed appears,

Pass it on. Hast thou found some precious treasure? Pass it on.

Hast thou not some peculiar pleasure? Pass it on.

For the heart grows rich in giving, Loving is the truest living, Letting go is twice possessing, Would'st thou double every blessing? Pass it on.

Have you found the heavenly light

Pass it on.

Souls are groping in the night,
Daylight gone
Hold thy lighted lamp on high,
Be a star in some one's sky,
He may live who else would die.
Pass it on.

H. Buston

If young men would read every day a chapter from the New Testament of the Bible, they would soon find great spiritual profit from it. It is the most beautiful book in the world, the most interesting, the most edifying, the most comforting, the most strengthening, and the sweet est. Pure as clear water, tonic as the sea breeze, wonderful as the sky on an unclouded night, awful as a high mountain, it has been the delight of saints, the recreation of sages, the consolation of the afflicted and the support of the strong, for two thousand years. Read in the right spirit, submissive to the right of the Church to expound its meaning, and eager to draw good from it in the spirit of i's inspired writers, it will prove a treasury of spiritual

AN EXPLORER'S COMPANION Several periodicals have lately reproduced a facsimile autograph from the Swedish explorer, Sven Hedin, whose wonderful explorations in Central Asia and in that grim "Forbidden Land" of Tibet have made his name famous :

Without a strong and resolute be lief in God and in His almighty protection I should not have been able to live alone in Asia's wildest regions for twelve years. During all my journeys, the Bible has always been my best lecture and company —Sven Hedin."

The word "lecture" has the old, etymological meaning of "reading." but otherwise the explorer's English is clear and simple enough. The Bible has accompanied a great number of famous explorers—so many that it might almost be termed an ordinary item on their list of neces-No explorer worthy of the name, either, ever carries a superfluous ounce of baggage. Every-thing is carefully considered and all that can be omitted is left behind. Only essentials are allowed, because in wild regions, with the perilous chances of the way, an extra ounce

may mean disaster.
But in twelve years of arduous travel, this adventurous traveler, pushing into trackless wastes and nountain fastnesses, never left the

Bible out of his pack. His is a good example to all the pilgrims along life's rough paths. tere are places in life more desolate than Tibet, experiences more any torture by savage tribes could be doubt, temptation, afflictions, an all the other trials of life. Through them it will be a cloud by day, a pillar of fire by night, to lead the pious reader to the great White Throne.—Catholic Columbian.

MAKING GOOD

The great merit in the difficult task we all have of leading good and useful lives here below, consists in that we do our best according to the op portunities God gives us. There are many people who are continually complaining about their lot, and wishing that God had given them the chances He has given to others. The trouble is that whatever chances this sort of people would get, they would make a failure of existence.

Men with the right sort of spirit, no matter in what adverse circumstances they are placed, make no failure of their lives, and indeed oftentimes rise to heights of achievement and endeavor that place them head and shoulders above their fellows. The late Canon Sheehan was an example of the latter. Living in Father Grey clasp close in both his an obscure country village, and ever own the fragile hands of the child. struggling with the most wretched conditions of ill-health, he yet by ceaseless industry and hard work ceaseless industry and hard work made a name for himself that became known and revered all over the readily, "it's easy to say 'Hail

world. The great Scottish writer Robert Louis Stevenson, is another case in point. He perfected his literary style and wrote his wonderful books at a time when on account of a deadly weakness of the lungs he was forced to remain most of his days in

In one of his letters from "Vailima," in the South Seas (to George Meredith) he tells us "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health; I have wakened sick and gone to bed weary; but I have done my work unflinchingly. I have written in bed and written out of it, written in hemorrhages, written in written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn with coughing, written when my head swam for weakness, and for so long it seems to me I have won my wager and recovered my glove. I was made for conflict, and the Powers have so willed that my battle-field should be this dingy, inglorious one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpetings, and the open air above my head."

In spite of all this, such was the manliness of his soul that he conquered all the weakness of his body, and did such a noble life-work that he rose to the head of his profession and made his countrymen proud of the very sound of his name. There are no obstacles that the will of man can not conquer, and a man's life is what he wishes to make of it him-

### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE PRAYERS OF A BOY

The heat was intense. All day the sun had glared down pitilessly on the little frame church. All afternoon Father Grey, in the fervor of his priestly duties, had waged fierce battle there with sin. Now it was evening and the conflict grew flercer. hotter, for to morrow would be Trin-ity Sunday, the last day for fulfilling the Easter duty.
Suddenly seated there in the con-

Father Grey; horror of the wrong, the shame, the evil of this thing so near him. He staggered out of the order. confessional, murmuring that he would be back presently, and, passing | collar. down the aisle, stood just outside the door of the church.

The night was very still; not a breath stirred the trees, but the air four hours. Speak cleast Speak cleast pure. Pure? Ah! What did he or any man know of purity? He shuddered, and the horror swept over him once more, as though the vile, hideous thing touched him physically—
the loathsome thing that he must ing something to make somebody battle with to-night; and, alas! bat-tle with unavailingly. There lay its power to torment and torture him power to torment and torture him beyond endurance that the battle should be in vain. There in the church men are waiting for him, men grow old in sin, loving it, even as he loathed it; but only for to wight desiring to turn from it. Of what avail for them, their heritage of faith, of what avail the mighty words of absolution, and the pressure of their polluted lips to the Fountain of the Precious Blood?

Something like a pall of darkness, fearful in its weight and blackness, was holding the priest's soul in thrall, with no prayer, no hope, no out a half-starved, pitiful looking gleam of light within it—only in a kitten. The Bishop rubbed its back, dull persistence, knocking at the door of conscious thought, three lines of mocking poetry with the power of a poet's genius strengthen-ing them:

" Every heart when sifted well

A small figure that had been crouched on the lower step, out of Father Grey's sight, arose now and stood within the doorway, gazing into the church. As the child turned away, the light from above shone full upon him, and the tired eyes of the priest looked on the face of the little one. The blue, innocent eyes miled up at him, and suddenly on his soul's darkness, gleamed all swiftand all sweetly the white light o Bethlehem and the memory of a Boy

of Nazareth. He was surely very little to be standing there alone; perhaps he was five years old, certainly not more, but he seemed quite at home, and not in the least afraid.

"I'm waiting for dad," he explained affably, as he drew nearer to the priest. "He's in there," with a nod towards the interior church; "my come with him instead, and be say-

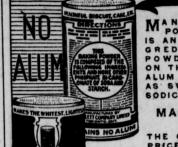
ing 'Hail Marys' while I waited." As a drowning man clutches at some sure means of safety, so did

"Please," he entreated gently, will you say a 'Hail Mary ' for me,

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Marys.' I can say the 'Our Father,' but my mother, sometimes she has to help me with that."

innocent, he dealt with every sinner that night; knowing that the loving Christ had bent so low to aid him in his hour of weakness, bidding him remember that, though evil lives seem to triumph, innocence and holiness do triumph, and live on forever .- St. Paul's Bulletin.

WHAT EVERY GIRL CAN DO The Girl's World suggests fifteen things which every girl can learn be-fore she is fifteen. Not every one can learn to play or sing or paint, well enough to give pleasure to her friends, but the following "accomplishments" are within every girl's

Never fuss or frat or fidget. Never keep anybody waiting. Shut the door, and shut it softly.

Have an hour for rising, and rise.

Always know where your things

Learn to make bread as well as cake. Keep your own room in tasteful

Never come to breakfast without a Never go about with your shoes

unbuttoned Never let a button stay off twenty-Speak clearly enough for every-

body to understand. Be patient with the little ones, as you wish your mother to be with

Never let the day pass without docomfortable.

The girl who has thoroughly learned all this might be called "a mistress of arts.

truly great man can be, even to a wretched little kitten. The man was a Bishop, and while walking groups, each group with its captain. along the street, one cold, sleety day, he crept cautiously across the slippery pavement to a barrel near the curb. The passengers in a car, stalled in the snow, watched him curiously, but he was quite uncon-scious of their gaze. Reaching into the icy water in the barrel, he drew out a half-starved, pitiful looking smoothed its fur and setting it on its feet, clapped his hands, and bade it: "Run now, run for your life, lest

same trick on you.'

some naughty boy again play the

The Presbyterians of New York City have been taking the bearings of their Church in the Metropolis of America. In other words, they have been trying to ascertain whether the Presbyterian Church in this city has been declining in a numerical sense. The net result of the inquiry is set forth in figures which show that in ten years the decrease in attendance at Presbyterian churches has been

1,500. During the time covered by the inquiry the population of New York has grown greatly. This renders the reported decrease significant. The count by which this falling off was discovered was taken in the various Presbyterian churches recently and reported at the weekly business meeting of the churches.

The report brought out the fact that it costs \$4.50 for every person who occupies a pew in a Presbyterian Church for one hour each Sunday Just imagine what would be the fin ancial condition of the Catholic face a similar cost in connection with administering to the spiritual needs of the throngs that crowd the churches at the various Masses every

Sunday during the year.

In the report laid before the business committee there was one state ment that is very ominous. The children at the morning services recently in the Presbyterian churches numbered 856: ten years ago 2,029 children were present in these churches during the same hours. Whilst the attendance of children had fallen off to less than one-half of what it was in 1904, there was a decrease of 10 per cent. in the number of men attending Presbyterian Sunday services as compared with the Presbyterian Church statis

tics of ten years ago.

These figures have brought home

which is so rapidly depleting the ranks of Presbyterianism. At the business meeting to which we have Something like a smile was on Father Grey's lip when he went back to his work, and sweetly, patiently, strongly, for the sake of a blue eyed business meeting to which we have referred a diagnosis of the causes that have produced such disastrous consequences was made. A leading member of the Presbyterian Church gave it as his opinion that the meth ods employed by up to date business houses must be adopted. Here is the way he puts it: "Our churches must be changed in shape and equipment, as are business houses. We need young hustlers in the ministry. The figures prove that it is a mistake to

cling to old ways."
Evidently the person who used this language is convinced that religion can be boomed in exactly the same nauner as an article of merchandise that has been placed upon the market for sale. It all depends upon hustling. If ministers be only young, active hustlers, all will go well. They may be graduates of Theological Seminaries in which they have been innoculated with the doctrines of the higher criticism. No matter. Hustling is the thing that will save Presbyterianism and other Protest ant sects, even after they have parted company with the Bible as the diinely inspired word of God.

It is this belief that is responsible for what is known as "the scientific management" of churches. Continent, a Presbyterian organ published in Chicago, gives a description of one of these scientifically managed churches, the First Presbyterian Church of Oklahoma. We are told that the pastor dictates his sermon into a phonograph. The Church consists of an auditorium and of fiftyfive rooms ranging in use "from a kitchen and nursery to departments for Bible study." On Sundays two men are stationed at the door to welcome all comers, whether they be members of the congregation or strangers. The pastor has a secretary instead of an assistant. We are told that "few business houses have The following shows how kind a their correspondence better organ-The style of the church architecture is subordinated to the all important question of "efficiency." We

are informed that the First Presbyterian Church of Oklahoma City is a splendia modern structure modified Greek type, a ttyle that is very popular in the West. Gothic traditions do not count for much in these newer communities. want efficiency in a church as well as beauty and religious atmosphere. We have here an unconscious confession of the essential defect of this

"scientific" church management, which has more regard for the kitperilous than traversing mountain deserts, and suffering worse than Mixed with cunning sparks of hell." EMPTY PEWS AND THE than for "beauty and religious atmosphere." being of man is of more importance than the nurturing and developing of his spiritual instincts and yearn ings. The grandfathers and grand

mothers of the Presbyterians of today did not require kitchens and nurseries in the churches in which they assembled to worship their God. They had an unquestioning faith in the eternal verities proclaimed by the Bible. The ministers who preached to them may not have been young hustlers" but, unlike many of their successors in the Presbyter ian ministry, they were firm believers in the divine inspiration of the book that has been the rule of faith for the Protestant churches since Protestantism first came into existence With that rule of faith discredited to the extent it has been in recent ears, is it any wonder that the Presyears, is it any wonder that the Pres-byterian churches of this city are beginning to have empty pews and that according to a daily paper, \$12,000,000 worth of Protestant church property is in the market in New York City to day?—Freeman's Journal.

### WHO CAN FORGIVE SIN

But the priest absolves, and he is a man; how dare he? Because he is himself sinless, or pretends to be? No, but because God has given him authority to do what only could be done by God's delegation. Jesus Christsaid that Hegavethe power, and delegated the authority; do those who deny the power not believe that He is God? Or do they deny the authenticity of the words? There are no plainer in Scripture; Christ did not in any Scripture more plainly de-clared H s own Godhead than He declared His delegation of the power of binding and loosing. To believe Him and His words in their plain sense is These figures have brought home to despise Scripture; to admit that He could Himself forgive sins is a shrinking in membership,

Him God; and if He be God and that he would marry a spiritual minded woman who has suffered the function He chooses. He said that He did delegate His own authority of to sympathize with the poor; but it binding and loosing. He must have is not to poverty the average minismeant something; is it arrogance, is ter turns, but to wealth and posiit impiety, to believe that He meant what He said, and that He could do what He said?—John Ayscough.

NON CATHOLIC MINISTER PRAISES CELIBACY

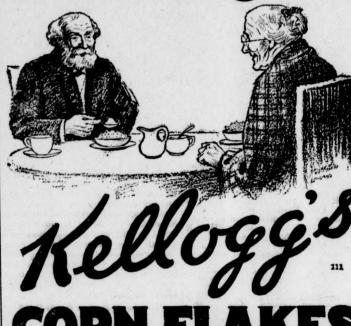
Celibacy in the ministry of the Church is highly lauded by a Congregat:onal clergyman, Rev. J. Shepherd, of Mirfield (England) who, in his parish magazine, asks and answers :

"How many ministers deny themhow many ministers deny tuems selves the comforts of a home for the sake of the One who had not where to lay His head? Many minis-ters, instead of forsaking a home, endeavor to improve their social and financial position by marrying rich women. One would have thought if a minister is not strong enough to lowliest esteem of ourselves. forsake all, but must have a home Thomas a Kempis.

"The Nazarene Carpenter would not be a success in the Nonconformist ministry to day. He would be driven out of the colleges. He would be turned out of the churches. The Scribes and Pharisees would hound Him to the Cross again. The tentmaker of Corinth would shock our middle-class conventions, and nothing would save him if he addressed the ministry to day as he addressed the Corinthians: "He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord; but he that is married careth for the things that are of the world."

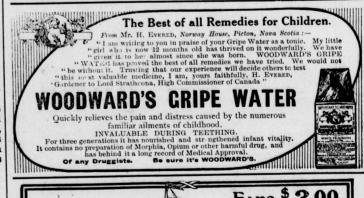
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