But the things will get mixed up together."

3......

My Lady.

tasy. In some legends it proved its our brothers by irreconcilable and

gallantry by kissing an ugly hag, and | conflicting assertions. Every day of

grim dungeons, chivalry assailed the like a woman!" We especially justify

stronghold and delivered us, especial- it by accepting the legendary ideal of

The new chivalry is dressed in beautiful aspects. But it is full of

working clothes, and the dragons it contradictions and absurdities. It is must face are poverty, squalor, indus- on the whole an obstacle to justice

When April one day was asked whether

She could make reliable weather,

And said: "Bless you, I've tried,

She laughed till she cried;

All things uncomely and broken, all

The cry of a child by the roadway,

the creak of a lumbering cart,

The heavy steps of the ploughman

Are wronging your image that blos-

wrong too great to be told;

on a green knoll apart.

hunger to build them anew, and si

With the earth and the sky and the

For my dreams of your image that

princess. When we were locked in

lic conveyances, trolleys, stages, rail-

It is interesting and instructive

Youth is a beauty mask which life

er and walk forth with the face of

The mouths of children almost in-

variably curl up at the corners.

way trains, omnibuses?

vouth passes.

our own making.

girl in the street, the woman Helen Keller.

blossoms a rose in the deeps of

water re-made, like a casket of

things worn out and cold,

splashing the wintry road,

TIRDAY EVENING H

prisoned in a dirty kitchen, the wage-

earner in the factory. Our champion

to do wonders and attest his prowess.

Woman-worship, the central motive

make her a more precious object of

substitutes for some plainer virtues

which he denies her after he has won

his suit. It is but niggardly largess

tion as will make her a witty, pleas-

ant companion and then refuse he

which man is the jealous custodian.

down from mother to daughter ideals

of ourselves which are not in keep-

masculine smile which says, "Just

cation. This ideal has tender and

things uncomely and broken."

Message of the Crucifixion.

In addition to the postcard messages published three weeks ago on the above subject we have since received the following. Father O'Brien's thought-impelling article treats the question with a directness that is refreshing in these days of compromise and almost rejection of the Sermon on the Mount. It is generally conceded that this Sermon embodies the essence of Christ's Teaching and we open the columns of this Saturday Evening Page to letters from our readers, Clergymen and Laymen, concerning the following question:

ARE WE LIVING OUT THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT IN THESE DAYS?

Rev. P. J. O'Brien, P.P., Tor's Cove.

The message of the Crucifixion is ne of humiliation, self-denial, and

obedient to death, even the death of "He that humbleth himself-denial. He says to each one of up your cross and follow Me, you

The Via Dolorosa leads to Calvary. and Calvary to Glory. "It behoveth hrist to suffer and thus enter into world is crucified to me and I to the to "restore all things in Christ."

If we are the slaves of sin we serve under the standard of Satan. "We are enemies of the Cross of Christ. whose end is destruction."

ine, we have taken Christ for our n our Christianity is a snam, and 'are slaves of the triple alliance,

We have been redeemed without our agency, but we cannot be saved without our co-operation.

Teacher. "I have given you an example." "Justice and peace kissed" on Calvary, and if the world were truly Christian, justice and peace should reign long since and to-day and there is no more convincing evi dence that the reign of Christ has not have loved you."

As Christ crucified is our pattern enemies! leads to life," we must be directed ing in Practice." called, whom He called He sanctified, and sacrifice for others.

whom He sanctified He justified, and whom He justified He glorified."

If the voice of the Crucified calling men into Justice speaks to the world to-day, He must speak with the same infallible authority as when He commissioned men to teach to the end of time in His name. "All who are of My fold hear My voice," "And there shall be one fold and one Shepherd."

If therefore we desire to learn the must learn it infallibly; our Christi- | The wrong of unshapely things is anity must be a genuine brand, and having found it, we must live up to it

The message that the Cross pro-Through His crucifixion that is sadly needed is that of humiland death He overcame the world and ity, docility, self-abnegation and the Apostle tells us that if "we suffer brotherly love, and it is because these with Christ, we shall be glorified with virtues are so largely wanting, there is so little peace on earth, so many standards. If we are followers of the evily socialistic and material tendenrucified, we can say with the Apos- cies, and the god of avarice is so extle of the Gentiles: "Now I live, yet tensively worshipped instead of the not I, but Christ liveth in -me. God of Charity, while there remains, Wherefore I will glory in the cross of even after nineteen centuries of Chris- dragons that would devour us, and my Lord Jesus Christ by which the tianity, still gigantic work to be done sang our beauty in unmeasured ecs-

Rev. T. H. James, Elliston.

us to-day is the same as in past ages. ly if we were handsome and of royal us which he has made for his gratifi-The message of the Crucifixion to Over 30 years ago the Rev. S. B. | blood. Dunn preached a sermon in Gower St. was a mirror revealing to us our depraved state by nature. It was also a picture revealing to us the love

of Gcd." It was also a power, changing the heart and turning the sinne from darkness to light, and from the

power of Satan unto God." Rev. Kenneth G. Richards,

Hillview.

The Crucifixion spells Sacrificeret much sway, than the fact there is the GREATEST sacrifice. "Greater such vast and bitter international love hath no man than this, that ontention, domestic broils, and ab- man lay down his life for his friends. sence of brotherly love. "By this Yes, but He laid down His life for. shall all men know that you are My His enemies. Many of us may be disciples, if you love one another, as quite willing if need be, to lay down our lives for our friends-but for our

so also is He our teacher. "I am the The Crucifixion to my mind teaches Way, the Truth and the Life," "You us to "bless those who curse us, and shall know the truth, and the truth to pray for those who despitefully use shall make you free." If then, we | and persecute us." As we compare would walk in the footsteps of our Matt. 5:44 with Luke 23:34, we think, guide over the "narrow way that what an exemplification of "Preach-

by that beacon which is the "Light of We all should be saviours of menthe World"; for if we presume to but if such we desire to become, we guide ourselves, or confide in false must prepare for lives of sacrifice guides, we will assuredly fall into the which may terminate with a Calvary

ditch. We have been called into per- The message of the Crucifixion for ection: "Whom He foreknew He us to-day is one of love, self-denial

Men of Self Control.

can work out the Creator's design ach day, and has no fear, or doubt anxiety as to what he can accom lish! He feels that he is master of finself and knows to a certainty that moods or conditions have power

Flour

point.

lajesty

ECRAM

modern life, the fierce competition or murderers in the house. and the nerve-exhausting struggle for xistence in which the majority are majesty of the stars. They have

her Florizel will lay up to have her steering gear, which was damaged at The Florizel and Stephano will commence running on schedule time be- is July 1st, and the decorations will

Wards their goal with the rhythmic would take poison into the system. SERVICE OPENS MAY 8TH.—On | THE HIGHLANDERS' BALL. arrival at New York the Red Cross Preparations are now being made for the Highlanders' ball, which was the icefields, put in proper condition. postponed owing to the sealing disas-

How different is the outlook of a learned how to think correctly; they man who feels confident every morn- have mastered the secret of successing that he is going to do a man's ful living. It is true that the su-Work, the very best he is capable of preme self-control, which enables a during the day! How superbly he man to rise to his highest power, is carries himself who knows that he one of the ultimate lessons of cul-'ure; that it is the first step to great'

chievement and is possible to all. Sometime we shall all learn better han to harbour even for an instant, a suicidal thought or emotion. We shall no more dream of entertaining hinder him. He has come into his thoughts of fear, envy, or jealousy, or

ward afterward. worrying, fretful or anxious thoughts It is a curious and overwhelming Amid the feverish rush and turmoil than we would of entertaining thieves

The time will come when intelligen people will no more induige in fits of gaged, we see here and there ser- anger, will no more indulge in unne souls who impress us with a charitable thoughts, feelings of hatred he of power and of calm unhesi- or ill-will or gloomy, depressing, ting assurance and who travel to- downward-tending thoughts than they

tween New York, Halifax and this port be particularly attractive and will in- last Sunday with the Church for some troduce some novel electrical effects. time to come,owing to his many

Make Your Own Face. empers at home? Do you carry deression and worry and gloom and pervousness into your home, or love

ight, mirth and good cheer?" Each face is a diary of the thoughts ambitions, habits and diet of an indi Then I looked at a well-groomed, ttractive woman, hanging on a strap the man was sitting), and I queried: 'What do you represent to the home found after the owners have passed thirty, forty, or fifty at latest. Not where you belong-love, peace, repose, order, kindness, sympathy and one in one hundred. That is because vatience, or hysteria, petulance, exravagance, frivolity and jealousy? eat on a proper and wholesome basis Wrong methods do not betray lave you any realization of all you themselves often until after early nay do or can mean, to your family

or to the world?" Each human being is like an enlends to each of us at birth. At thirty gine rushing down life's track. It depends upon its driver-the wil we are obliged to return it to its own--whether it goes on its way crushing and destroying and maining, and ends in a ruin or whether it glides straight and harmless to its goal, a

vehicle for good thoughts, purposes Occasionally the mouth of a young girl or youth keeps this fascinating and deeds. After you have finished reading this It is rarely found on the middlearticle go to your mirror and study aged. Not because time causes your face. If you have any old photographs taken in earlier days, comchange, time is powerless to do more pare your reflection with them. Find than mature what God has bestowed. It is the work of our minds, this out what your mind is doing with your

transformation of the features at mid- features. For it is not time, trouble or sor-It is the drooping, despondent row that is changing you-it is your thought which curves the mouth own mind.

down at the corners, not the flight of | Christ's face is sorrowful yet beautiful and illuminated, because He ra-Were I a man I should study well diated love from within. the shape of the mouth before I ask-

Each one of us carries an aura, a ed its kiss at the altar. I should wed reflection of our deepest and most And round the fire the Mongol shepthe upcurled mouth, and then I permanent thoughts. All who come should make it the business of my near us feel its influence-for better life to keep its corners curled up- or for worse, for cheer or desponden-

To the very spiritual, the clearthing, this study of faces. I looked seeing souls, it is visible oft-times. at a man the other day in a public Those who cultivate love thoughts conveyance. He was middle aged, and broad sympathies and wide charwell dressed, and busy reading his ity and high hopes carry an aura of light and radiance and warmth which I said to myself: "You are no doubt is an inspiration to all who come a husband and father, on your way near them.

you represent to that home. Are you Ask yourself that as you study mere money-making machine dur- your face in the mirror.-Ella Wheelng the day and a combination of er Wilcox.

> he expects to attend the conference at Moncton, N.B. about the last of May. Elder-Young expects to leave for Placentia, Tuesday next, D.V. The s.s. Durango leaves Halifax to day for here.

The s.s. Formand is now due

The Rhythmical Imitator.

in exact time with the music? A rhydeveloped to the highest degree. His rhythm with absolute faithfulness.

The orchestra was playing as we of the fact that Schmalz pranced gaily to a table in exact time with the

The music stopped just as we were need not fare forth into far countries normal. But suddenly the orchestra The enemy is here, everywhere—"all struck up one of those shuffling clog- tures. His face turned purple and I tions of the dance-rhythm. His napturies, has been too much inspired by kin had been overlooked and he turn- to the ground and lay still. To all ed to the waiter with the words.

-a-napkin-a rag?" to tunes like this?"

erize when a march is being played."

When I tok my friend Schmalz in- | covering his breath during the quietto a cabaret I did not know that he er passages. By this time I was was a rhythmical imitator. Have you seriously alarmed, and with reason. Having my law the seventh time displaying the piano, cannot talk except salad. Schmalz, taking advantage of a lull in the music, had crammed his His mother, who was patient, being mouth full of his favorite delicacy entire organism responds to a musical those fiendish musicians suddenly stimulus and involuntarily copies its launched into the raggedest of mod-Roubled on its tracks, twisted itself into a knot, snapped out straight music. I merely thought that he was again, and continued thus through every rhythmical contortion known to ordering our meal, and during this fort. His jaws worked convulsively interval Schmalz appeared perfectly for a moment. Then a terrible expression of agony came into his feadances. My friend at once began to could see that the ragtime was chokadapt his sentences to the syncopa- ing him to death. With a horrible rattling in his throat he sank slowly appearances Schmalz had breathed Not vexing thee in death,

I confess that this peculiar method By a lucky chance we were in one of of giving orders caused me some sur- those restaurants where Chopin's Fuprise. Soon, however, the music neral March is played whenever a pachanged to a slow, dreamy waltz, and tron dies during a meal. The orches-Schmalz leaned across the table and tra players had seen my friend fall. rhythmically chanted, "Don't you and with one accord they changed to think it's quite a pleasure eating food the solemn strains and regular rhythm of the familiar tune. The effec again changed, this time to a stirring tifficial respiration on a drowning

During this tune he said slow, halting steps we reached the ant Road .- apr15, eod, 1m beamingly, "I always like to Fletch- door. Luckily the march continued until we were well outside. Schmal: Soon a pouter-pigeon lady stepped drew a long breath, then flung his out and began to sing "The Rosary." arms around my neck and kissed me. noticed that Schmalz drank in rhy- We were safe-safe under the tracks thmical gulps exactly corresponding of the Elevated-where no music of to the heavy chords of the music, re- earth has a chance!

Bill's in Trouble!

I've got a letter, parson, from my son take it unless you have a superabuntrial slavery. The distressed damsel intervening darkly between the facts away out West. in the moonlit tower has become the of life and a clear, honest vision .-An' my ol' heart is heavy as an anvil in my breast.

To think the boy whose futur' I had

once so proudly planned Should wander from the path of right | cleansing. If your hands are grimy an' come to sich an €nd! told him when he left us only three

short years ago. mighty crooked row-He'd miss his father's counsels, an' his mother's prayers, too, But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go

know thar's big temptation for youngster in the West. But I believed our Billy had the cour age to resist,

An' when he left I warned him o That lie like hidden sarpints in pathway everywheres. keerful, an' allowed

He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud, But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind, An' now the boy's in trouble o' the

very wustest kind! somehow sort o' knowed That Billy was a-tramping on a mighty rocky road,

But never once imagined he would bow my head in shame. An' in the dust 'd waller his ol' daddy's honored name. He writes from out in Denver, an'

story's mighty short; just can't tell his mother; it'll crush her poor ol' heart! And so I reckoned, parson, you might Bill's in the Legislatur', but

doesn't say what fur.

Love and Peace.

herds sit With grave responses listening unto

Once, on the errands of his mercy Buddha, the holy and benevolent, Met a fell monster, huge and fierce of Whose awful voice the hills

forests shook. "O Son of peace!" the giant cried, Is sealed at last, and love shall yield The unarmed Buddha looking, with no

Of fear or anger, in the monster's face, With pity said: "Poor friend, even thee

To hairbreadth size; the huge abhorrence shrank And when the thunder of its rage was

"Hate hath no harm for love," so ran And peace unweaponed conquers every

The Bath.

dance of vigour. The cold bath is altogether too strenuous for the average woman. Another black mark

you never think of washing them in cold water. Indeed no. You call for hot water and soap, and in a trice your blackened hands are white as milk.

The body, to be clean, must be washed in the same way If you are such a sleepy-head in the morning that you need to be shocked into wakefulness dash cold water over the face and neck and follow this up by sliding in and out of a tubful of tepid benzionated water. Sixty drops of tincture of benzoin to a tub of water is sufficient. Such a bath will stimulate the skin to a reasonable degree and send you down to breakfast

as bright as a dollar. The salt sponge bath should be patronized by every woman with a nimply skin. Salty water is a good skin tonic and improves the action of torpid pores. A Chicago skin specialist tells his patients to fill a bowl with cool water and then throw in a big handful of sea salt. A vigorous sponging of the body follows with a bath mitten. Use plenty of friction as this encourages the skin to throw off impurities, which is exactly the result we are striving for. After several of these baths you will be consid-

erably nearer your goal-a clear skin. It is always best before stepping into the bath to cleanse the face. Scrub and scour until you know that every bit of grime has been dislodged and thenrinse the soiled lather off with six rinsing waters. Dry the face with a clean soft towel and don't stop rub-In Eastern tents, when autumn nights | bing until you are sure that not a bit of moisture remains. Careless drying of the face causes many a skin to

become yellow and wrinkled. Make it your endeavour to keep the pores of the skin in such condition that thy can perform their duty, which is to constantly exude poisonous matter. If they are allowed to become torpid and clogged you will reap an unpleasant harvest. Blackheads and pimples will form and the skin will become yellow and rough. You can judge from this how disastrous it would be to your good looks to say nothing of your health, if the poresof which there are between two and three hundred thousand-should be Lo! as he spake, the sky-tall terror | unable to throw off the waste matter, which is only too glad to linger in the veins, poisoning and depressing every organ of the body. Nothing except the cleansing body bath can insure the healthful activity of the pores of the skin. Make it a habit to bathe daily, as this will keep your skin soft, your flesh firm, your limbs pliant and round and your whole body in a stat of perfect health and beauty.

The Toys.

My little son, who looked from And moved and spoke in quiet grown-

I struck him, and dismissed With hard words and unkissed-Then, fearing lest his grief should

hinder sleep, I visited his bed, launched into the raggedest of mod-ern rags. It was a tune beyond all With darkened eyelids and their

And I. with moan Kissing away his tears, left others of For, on a table drawn beside his head, He had put within his reach,

And six o seven shells, A bottle with bluebells

A box of counters and a red-veined

To God I wept, and said:

"Ah, when at last we lie with tranced And thou rememberest of what toys We made our joys,

Than I whom thou hast moulded from

Thou'lt leave thy wrath, and say,
'I will be sorry for their childish--Coventry Patmore.

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