

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

EASTER

Easter comes once more to urge young men to arise from the death of the soul caused by sin.

All during Lent the Church has stretched out its arms to them and has called them to return to the state of grace and to practice self-denial.

The yoke of Christ is light and His service sweet. A man who lives clean, who avoids evil companions, who refuses intoxicating drink, who steers clear of the occasions of base sin, is happier, more respected, and has a better chance for success in business and society.

Are they not better off in every way than the "boozers," the frequenters of low burlesque dives, the haunters of saloons, the visitors to evil resorts?

Lent calls for self-denial of the lower nature in order that man's higher nature may prevail.

Lent calls for self-denial. The Church calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial.

Lent calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial.

Lent calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial.

Lent calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial.

Lent calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial.

Lent calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial.

Lent calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial.

Lent calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial.

Lent calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial. Christ Himself calls for self-denial.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE LITTLE STREET SINGER

Billy and Betty had the mumps. Betty took them the evening of the very day mother and father went.

Just a case of mumps, I think," said Dr. Gray, "they are all over Summit just now.

"Never mind, Billy, I guess Father Philip understands. I saw him this morning after Mass, and he said he would drop in to see you to-day."

"Well, my little Palestrina, so this is the way you intend to sing your solo?"

"Almost four hundred years ago, a little boy named Giovanni (which is the Italian for John, you know) stood singing in front of the church at Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.

"Almost four hundred years ago, a little boy named Giovanni (which is the Italian for John, you know) stood singing in front of the church at Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.

"Almost four hundred years ago, a little boy named Giovanni (which is the Italian for John, you know) stood singing in front of the church at Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.

"Almost four hundred years ago, a little boy named Giovanni (which is the Italian for John, you know) stood singing in front of the church at Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.

"Almost four hundred years ago, a little boy named Giovanni (which is the Italian for John, you know) stood singing in front of the church at Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.

"Almost four hundred years ago, a little boy named Giovanni (which is the Italian for John, you know) stood singing in front of the church at Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.

"Almost four hundred years ago, a little boy named Giovanni (which is the Italian for John, you know) stood singing in front of the church at Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.

"Almost four hundred years ago, a little boy named Giovanni (which is the Italian for John, you know) stood singing in front of the church at Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.

"Almost four hundred years ago, a little boy named Giovanni (which is the Italian for John, you know) stood singing in front of the church at Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.

"Almost four hundred years ago, a little boy named Giovanni (which is the Italian for John, you know) stood singing in front of the church at Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome.

THE LILY'S HEART OF GOLD

What is the burden of that dear story? Poetry, sorrow, pain, and loss, Patiently borne, and for all the glory, The thorny crown, and the bitter Cross."

Easter all over the land—a glad, bright, beautiful Easter. The hyacinth with leaves of flame adorned earth's mantle; the fragile snow-drops decked her breast, and a wreath of lilies crowned her head.

The great altar was a mass of lilies, and the many lights showed among them, like stars peeping through clouds of snow.

The body of the church was a beauty garden. Every shade, from the first faint touch of Aurora's fingers on the eastern sky, to the shimmer of moonlight on sleeping lakes, was there represented.

Adornment had been added to religion, art and nature joined hands in celebrating the gracious Day. Youth and beauty, wealth and fashion, holidayness and virtue, filled the pews; the fragrance of the flowers, the pealing of the bells, chased from heart and face any lingering shadow.

Into that great church where the very air breathed of sinlessness and peace she stole, the woman who had bartered her faith for fame, who in the pride of her youth and her genius, had cried, "I will not!" when service meant sacrifice, who had not scrupled to deride what she had once held holy in her insatiable desire to show life as she had elected to translate it.

Why had she ventured in? What place had she amid this crowd of worshippers? What prayer could she send forth to the risen Christ? She looked into her heart and what she saw there appalled her. She wondered those around her. Did she see it also, and cry upon her, or that the marble statues did not lean from their places and point her out.

She raised her head, half expecting to meet some glance of recognition. But there was none. Her entrance had not been noticed. The eager eyes swept the place, but the lilies on the altar held her gaze the longest.

The torture in her heart was intense. Every sound was a reproach. The lights were so many merciless eyes gazing on her. The innocent faces of the flowers were, to her overwrought fancy, as a frown on the brow of one we love. She longed to escape from this calm, fragrance steeped atmosphere and return to the brilliancy and excitement of her world, where never was a moment found for memories and reflection.

The priest, none other than his patron, St. Philip Neri, stopped to listen as he entered the pulpit. Suddenly, the boy's voice faltered, then stopped. He remembered that he was not at home, but in Rome in church. Down from the pulpit walked the priest, through the crowd to where Giovanni knelt, almost fainting, his little empty cap beside him.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

HOME TRAINING

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

When Mass began she bowed still lower. Angela were hovering around the altar, nay, God Himself was there! The ambient air was laden with adoration from flowers and lights and human hearts.

THE CALL OF EMPIRE COMES AGAIN IN 1916

Canada from her abundance can help supply the Empire's needs, and this must be a comforting thought for those upon whom the heavy burden of directing the Empire's affairs has been laid.

Modern war is made by resources, by money, by foodstuffs, as well as by men and by munitions. While war is our first business, it is the imperative duty of every man in Canada to produce all that he can, to work doubly hard while our soldiers are in the trenches, in order that the resources of the country may not only be conserved, but increased, for the great struggle that lies before us.

The call of empire comes again in 1916. To Canadian farmers, dairymen, fruit growers, gardeners. What is needed? These in particular—Wheat, Oats, Hay, Beef, Pork, Bacon, Cheese, Eggs, Butter, Poultry, Canned Fruits, Fruit Jams, Sugar, Honey, Wool, Flax Fibre, Beans, Peas, Dried Vegetables.

We must feed ourselves, feed our soldiers, and help feed the Allies. The need is greater in 1916 than it was in 1915. The difficulties are greater, the task is heavier, the need is more urgent, the call to patriotism is louder—therefore be thrifty and produce to the limit.

"The Agricultural War Book for 1916" is now in the press. To be had from The Publications Branch, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa.

The Government of Canada. The Department of Agriculture. The Department of Finance.

THE STOVE PROBLEM SOLVED

This Book is the most important guide to stove buying ever issued in Canada. It's a fitting keystone to three generations of success by the Gurney Foundry Co., the largest makers of Stoves, etc., in the Empire.

Takes all the uncertainty, all the dicker-ing out of the stove buying. Gives you new low fixed freight-paid prices on every Gurney-Oxford stove whether you buy it from our factories direct or through your local dealer.

You take absolutely no chances in buying a Gurney-Oxford. Our new, low freight-paid prices put money in your pocket and the 100 Day Guarantee Plan means that you may return your stove after using it 100 days if not as represented and we return your money.

Remember a stove is one of the most important things you can buy. Whether you'll have good cooking, economy in fuel and satisfaction—or whether it will be wasted food, big fuel bills, repairs, arguments and "nerves" for your wife, for years and years to come, depends on the care with which you buy your stove.

We say get the new Gurney-Oxford Catalogue "The Stove Problem Solved." It is entirely free and writing for it puts you under no obligation whatever. Send a postal to-day. Address: Gurney Foundry Co., Limited, Dept. 573 476-534 King St. West, Toronto.

Also at Montreal, Hamilton, Winnipeg, 285 Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA. THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE. THE DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA. THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE. THE DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA. THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE. THE DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA. THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE. THE DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA. THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE. THE DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA. THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE. THE DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE.

Advertisement for Gurney-Oxford stoves. Features images of various stove models (Golden Nugget, Senior, Chancellor, Oil Combination) and a large illustration of the Gurney Foundry Co. plant in Toronto. Text includes 'The Stove Problem Solved', 'We pay the freight', '100 days approval', '70 years Gurney-Oxford success', and 'One of the three great Gurney-Oxford plants - Largest in the Empire'.

Advertisement for 'Production and Thrift'. Features a large title and text discussing the need for agricultural products in 1916. Includes a quote from Hon. Martin Burrell, Minister of Agriculture, and a list of products: 'WHEAT, OATS, HAY, BEEF, PORK, BACON, CHEESE, EGGS, BUTTER, POULTRY, CANNED FRUITS, FRUIT JAMS, SUGAR, HONEY, WOOL, FLAX FIBRE, BEANS, PEAS, DRIED VEGETABLES'. Ends with 'THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA' and 'THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE'.