

**CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN**

**BEHOLD THY MOTHER—NO RELIGION WITHOUT THESE BLESSED WORDS**

The sacrifice that has meant more to men than any other ever made was almost completed. Dark were the skies and desolate was the outlook for those who, through love and faith, had followed the fortune of the Nazarene. Never did night blot out more hopes than those three hours, now drawing to a close, had curtailed. And of all who stood at the cross disconsolate, wondering, and wrapt in grief, none could feel quite so deserted as Mary, the mother. She it was who had carried Him close beside her heart and had felt the divine joy of His first smile. In her arms He had slept as a helpless baby, and under her loving care and guidance He had grown to play among the flowers. Her lips had framed His first lesson of life—ah, how well He was to learn them all before His brief day should end thus gloriously! It was by her side he had been guided into usefulness and an appreciation of beauty. At her knees He had said His first simple prayers and to her He had come with his childish hurts and questions.

Standing with those who believed they saw in Him the substance of the Almighty, with those who had touched the hem of His garments with awe and trembling, she alone saw Him as her child; she alone knew the depths of such sorrow as only a mother can know. The life she had nurtured was ebbing swiftly now. The hour of His going was almost come. But before the golden cord was cut there was to be one last message of love. "Turning to the disciple, He said 'Behold thy Mother.' It was His last message to men. As His first had been a smile for His mother, so His last was a word of loving thoughtfulness of her.

Thus did He Who has re-made men's hearts set the seal of His divinity upon that divinest of all things human—the love of a mother. Upon it religions have been built. Without it there could be no religion worth the holding. For the nearest we can come to a realization of the love of God is to know, as most of us can and do, the love of a mother. "For thus saith the Lord," records the prophet Isaiah, "As one whom his mother, comforteth, so will I comfort you." And no one who has felt the strength and depth and all-inclusiveness of a mother's love can doubt, or care to, that the love of the Infinite Father is like unto it. Humanly speaking, it is the rock of the ages, in the great cleft of which is room and welcome for all who come.

"Behold thy mother!" Let the words of the Master—the last words He spoke to men from the cross—be to us as they were to that disciple, an incentive to such loving care and tenderness as shall repay, in the largest possible way, all that we have got from her dear hands; all that we have gained at the open door of her heart. Let us seek more and more to reflect her faith and goodness, her kindness and gentleness, in our lives, so that in our daily dealings with men and women the little world which sees us may behold something of our mothers. Nothing better can shine out of our lives.—Philadelphia North American.

**TO MAKE MONEY MAKE MONEY**  
Should a man put his money into a saving bank or should he invest it himself? That question is answered in the following article:

A saving account is the surest way in which to begin to build ultimate success in life by any one who has first to accumulate some capital before he can think of profitably using it. A plan in saving is absolutely essential

for those who want to become investors—not merely savers. A fixed purpose to save a given amount each day, each week or each month cannot fail to develop a foundation for thrift that will permeate a whole family.

When one considers that but \$1 is required to open a savings account it is surprising how many people of good earning capacity fail to get started toward financial independence. The Quaker's advice to his son is most true:

"Nathan, it is not what thee reads that makes thee smart; it is not what thee eats that makes thee fat; Nor what thee earns that makes thee rich, but what thee saves."

A man graduates from a saver to an investor after he has accumulated from \$1,000 to \$5,000. After having saved this amount he should then put it into some solid investments purchased of one of the financial institutions of standing or of well-known investment bankers. At least a part of his funds should be put into what the bankers call "liquid" investments—that is, securities that can be sold for cash under almost any condition. This class of security will not bear a high rate of interest, but will meet any emergency without loss.

The amount of money put into get-rich-quick schemes as ascertained by the government in its prosecution of swindlers, is appalling. These sums reach the enormous total of \$75,000,000 to \$80,000,000 a year. This vast amount is lost largely through a desire to secure a larger interest return than the savings banks or the investment bankers offer, safety thus being sacrificed for possible (?) income.

Therefore, the answer to the question is this: The savings habit must come first, so that a sufficient sum may be accumulated—saved—for investment in good securities, these bringing in a somewhat larger return than is possible to secure, through a savings account. In short, "Savings Banks or Investments—Which?" may be answered briefly, "Both—each in its proper place."—Festus J. Wade.

**DON'T WITHHOLD IT**  
Have you an object in life, or are you living along somehow? You may be so placed that an actual personal effort is not possible to you, but you are at least alive to the struggle and achievement going on around you. There's something for you in the appreciation of a situation and in your willingness to do.

What man does which exalts him, but what man would do. Life is just plain difficulty when there is no outside interest to keep the indoor man in tune with the music of the world. But do I hear a murmur of dissent? "All of it isn't music," you say. Verily, it is not. There is much discord, the din of the world-battle strikes harshly on tender ears, but there is harmony within it all. Your own experience may be music to many. Don't withhold it.

**DON'T BOTHER THE OTHER FELLOW**  
If one is going to do anything of much use in the world he must trust something to the common sense of others; he cannot spend half his time in explaining to their supposed ignorance or in apologizing to their possible misunderstandings. The fact is that other people are too busy with their own planning and doing to bestow much attention upon ours, and the explaining and apologetic habit is rather the outgrowth of egotism than of necessity or good sense.

The virtue of silence under trial is one of the rarest virtues and the most difficult to acquire, therefore it is more pleasing to God and most conducive to strength and beauty of Christian character.

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS**

**SUCCESS**

One of the best examples of the value of education that I ever met is the work of a boy, a neighbor who used to come into my house occasionally to play chess.

At that time he and his father worked in a small woolen factory, where the boy received 60 cents a day. He had a longing for an education, but could see no way of gaining one, for there was no money in the family, and 60 cents a day does not admit of much saving.

But when he was fourteen he came into possession of an old bicycle, and, with his parents' consent, left the factory for a job as telegraph messenger at a summer resort a short distance away. Our State Agricultural school was only three miles from where the boy lived. This school furnishes a good education absolutely free, the only cost being a small charge for the board of pupils who live at college.

But this boy was near enough to go back and forth on his wheel, boarding at home. When the season at the resort was over he took his small savings and started to school. In this way he had the full four years' course at practically no cost, earning at odd times enough to pay for his clothes and books, and to recompense his parents in a measure for his board. He developed a liking for chemistry, and during the last year made it a special study. When he graduated he was given a place at the college as assistant chemist, at a small salary.

He remained there two years studying and saving his money. Then he went to Ann Arbor, Mich., and studied chemistry until his money was gone. Then a position as chemist was offered him by a small concern in the West at \$800 a year. This he accepted, remaining there a year, living very cheaply, and saving nearly all of his salary. Then he left and began studying chemistry again, perfecting himself more thoroughly in some of the higher branches. This made him more valuable, and he was given a position at \$1,200. But he would accept only for one year. Again he saved his money, and again at the end of the year, he went away to study chemistry.

This was several years ago. Now he is chief chemist of a very large concern at Newark, New Jersey, and receives \$2,500 a year. But he is still studying chemistry and making himself thereby more valuable all the time. When the next step upward offers itself he no doubt will be ready.

This boy it seems to me, offers a very striking example of the value of study, of an education. He might have stopped at any one of the steps of his progression and considered his education finished, and have felt truly that he had made a success of himself as compared with the work at 60 cents a day. But the rest of his life would have levelled itself down to the plane where he stopped. —McCall's Magazine.

**WHEN ROBERT WAS EXPELLED**  
"Robert Wade!"

The teacher's voice was now calm, low, almost sad. But there was something in it that quieted the school as formerly neither his pleading nor his threats had done. For a week now the insubordination in the school had been growing worse and worse, and it had all been caused by Robert Wade. He had expostulated with the boy, kept him after school, even feruled him, but all to no purpose.

Robert was his oldest and brightest pupil, and the most promising. But he bubbled over with mischief. Of late he had not even tried to keep it in check. It had got so far now that he had only to roll his eyes to set the whole school into a ripple of merriment with the teacher looking straight at him, and with grave face.

Robert could, by a slight movement or twitching of a muscle, break up all pretense of study in the room. The pupils were wrought up to such a nervous strain that their glances were constantly roving in his direction.

"You may pick up all your books Robert," the calm voice went on, "and other things. Then come forward and get the articles I have taken from you. You must go home."

"Go home?—What for?" There was no merriment in Robert Wade's voice now.

"Because I cannot allow you to remain in the school." "My mother!" Robert gasped involuntarily.

"I am sorry for her—and for you, but the whole school is at stake. The past few days have seen little perfect reciting. You must go."

Robert gathered up his books with trembling fingers, then came to the desk for the articles that had been taken away from him.

"If—I promised, sir," he said, in a low voice, "could—would you—the teacher shook his head.

"You have made promises before, Robert, and broken them. You must go for a while. I am sorry for your mother, as there are only you two. But you should have thought of her before. However, I will not expel you permanently this time. You may go home for a week and think it over. Then, if you care to come back and apologize to me and to the school, I will try you again."

Robert's head went up suddenly. "Apologize to the school!" he exclaimed. "Why, it was only fun! And they laughed as much as I did, and more."

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"Very well. You may go home and think it over."

Robert went home, his mouth hard and his eyes bright. Some of the boys looked at him as he went out, and nodded their heads. Robert would never give in with that look on his face, they said.

But the next week he came back, timing his entrance to find all the pupils in. He walked straight to the platform, his shoulders square.

"Mamma sent him back!" whispered one of the boys.

Robert heard, but did not answer until he reached the platform.

"No, mother did not send me," he then said. "She told me I must decide. I have, and with my apology to Mr. Lane and the school, I want to add that I have played the fool. But I hope and believe that I am strong enough to play the man also. I shall try."

And he did try, and it is scarcely necessary to add, succeeded.—Catholic Sun.

**LINCOLN DON'T FOR BOYS**  
The name Lincoln must ever command respect of every American, young and old, rich and poor. The sayings of others may be gained, but his cannot be, even by his enemies, if he has an eye.

His words on all questions of state, of morals and of social interest are especially noted for their simplicity, directness, force and good sense. We are told that he often preached what he called a sermon to his boys. It was short, direct, forcible, and made up of a series of "don'ts," as follows: "Boys, don't drink, don't smoke, don't chew, don't swear, don't gamble, don't lie, don't cheat, don't disobey your parents."

**THE MOVING-PICTURE EVIL**

In its annual report for this year the New York Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children puts at the head of its list of evils affecting the lives of juveniles the demoralization of children by the moving-picture shows. This demoralization may be varied; by the evil associates met in such places, the character of the pictures and other entertainment, the thefts committed in order to get money to indulge the passion for the show, and so on with the whole list of evils which, it is so evident, may very easily arise under the circumstances.

The moving picture has come to stay. Like many other amusements it has its good side and its bad side. It has grown up like a mushroom. And growing so rapidly there has scarcely been time enough to know just how to treat it. Conducted well it is a source of benefit to the community. It is innocent enjoyment and innocent enjoyment has the best possible reason for existence. It has lightened the burden of the day for many a man and woman, who for a small sum obtain an hour or two of pleasure when otherwise they must have been left to their own moodiness and dissatisfaction with life.

But what is good for adults is not necessarily beneficial to boys and girls. We would not say that in general the moving picture is not a good form of entertainment for children. But in every community where the pictures have become an established thing—and where is the community that has not at least one such show-house?—they have brought with them many dangers to the children.

Apart from any consideration of the cost to some families that can ill afford the continual drain which the pictures make upon the family income, apart from the fact that children who are poorly clad and who have difficulty in getting enough to nourish their little bodies, are visitors, at least weekly to the show, there are moral evils which it would do well to watch lest the picture houses become an evil influence to the community. And by moral we do not mean the possibility of moral corruption, though even some of the censured pictures are too sentimental, too full of love scenes to be of good influence upon the growing boy and girl.

The moral evil is the robbing a child of his childhood, filling his mind with grown-up notions, getting him accustomed all too soon to the ways of the world. What is the use of being careful about a child's reading, keeping the papers from him, when he is put in contact so often with the unreal life of the theatre.

In the old days to go to the theatre was a rare treat. It was above all rare. It was not considered the place for children. Now a child thinks itself abused if it cannot go to the

gational church in Toronto. "G. Ellery Read," somehow the name suggests perfumery and hair parted in the middle, rather than the vigor implied in Martin Luther, John Calvin, Philip Melancthon, Theodore Beza, who all passed the same sentence, without producing any effect.

Still wishing to be on the safe side, we read further to learn the reform G. Ellery Read demands. "The failure of the Church of Rome," he explained, "is due largely to the fact that it is most concerned with matters alien to the true mission of the Church." We want to continue in existence, and therefore think it unkind of G. Ellery Read not to tell us the adequate cause of our failure. Suppose we should abandon all the alien matters and confine ourselves to the true mission of the Church, is there not a Damocles' sword hanging from that "largely" to fall upon us notwithstanding? Nevertheless, we felt that we should not disregard his stern admonition, and cast about to find out what the Church's true mission is. After a day or two we discovered it in the New York papers, where we read that the chief ministers of the city, apparently to make sure of congregations, are going to

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preach Eugenics throughout the summer. We communicated our discovery to the Pope; but we fear he will order our clergy to leave Eugenics alone and keep on preaching the Gospel of Christ in spite of the Rev. G. Ellery Read and his threats, America.

A great work to be done; a soul to save; an eternity to gain, and only time, fleeting time, in which to do it.—Canon Sheehan.

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**DAD'S VISION**  
Dad was a traveller, away most of the time—and the dull days of coming winter brought him a vision. He saw his wife engaged in the dirty, dusty and unending job of trying to make the furnace heat the house, in the lack of heat, and yet, he saw his coal bill growing and growing like the Evil Spirit in the Fairy Tale and eating a big hole in his savings.

He returned home one bitter morning, down-hearted and chilled to the bone and expected little comfort at home. Entering the house he was greeted by his wife—bright-eyed and happy, the children playing around on the floor—he found every room warm and cosy. Astonished, he asked his wife "What's the answer?"

She took him down to the cellar, saying—"I got this PEASE FURNACE in while you were away, and that is where all the heat comes from. Mr. Smith, next door bought his wife a new fur with the money he saved on his last year's coal bill. See that large combustion chamber and that ingenious air blast in the fire-pot that actually burns air and all the gases, that in ordinary furnaces go right up the chimney and are wasted from the coal—and that vertical shaker relieves me of the back-breaking stoop when shaking the furnace. Oh! it is lovely." Dad was overcome with joy, and what was a cold and cheerless house is now a warm, cosy and happy home. And Dad's PEASE "ECONOMY" FURNACE "Pays for itself by the coal it saves." Write to-day for free booklet.

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