

Easter Song

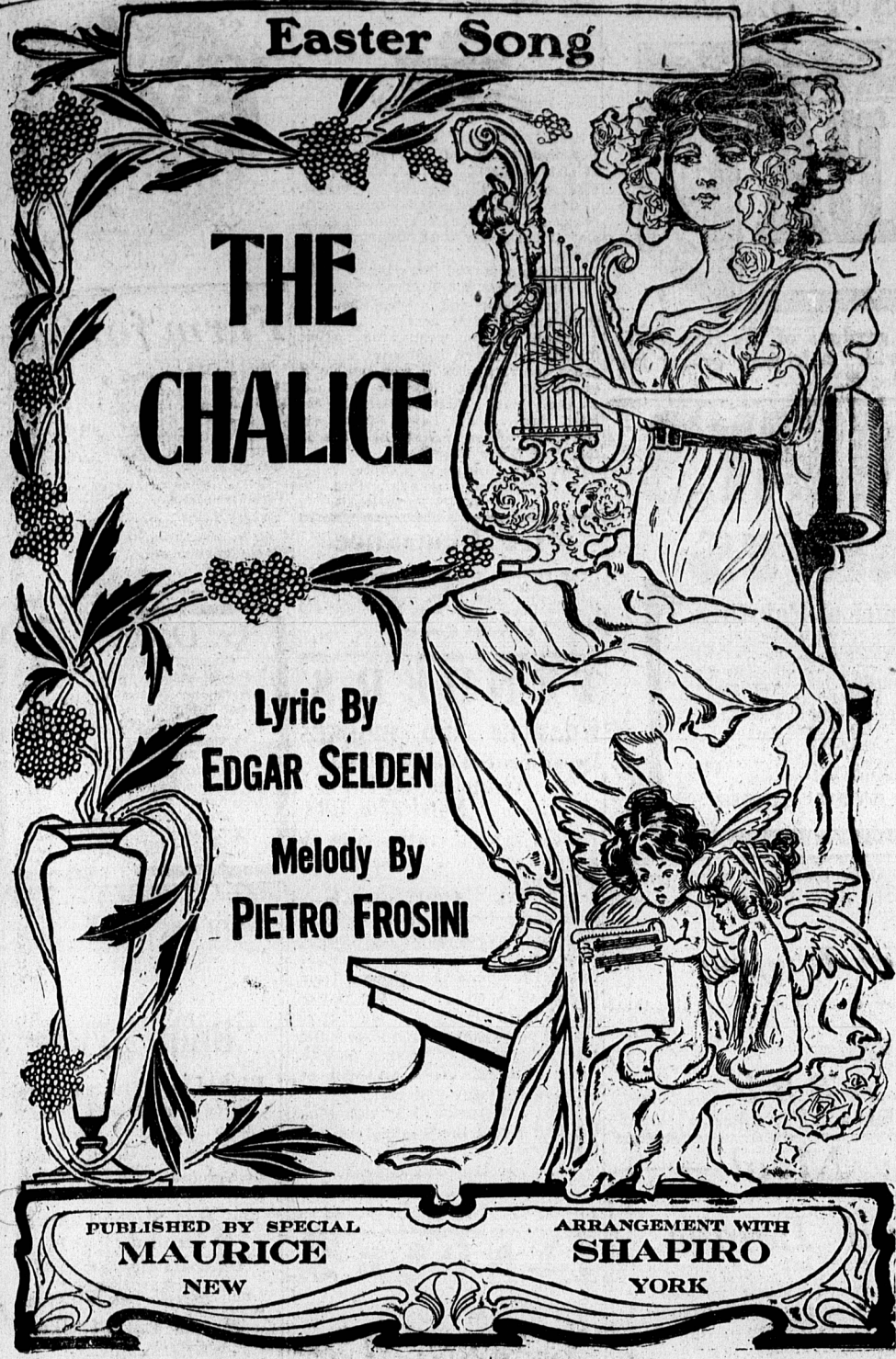
THE CHALICE

Lyric By
EDGAR SELDEN

Melody By
PIETRO FROSINI

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NEW

ARRANGEMENT WITH
SHAPIRO
YORK



The Chalice

(An Easter Song)

Written by
EDGAR SELDEN
Larghetto. Bell.

Composed by
PIETRO FROSINI

One sun-kissed morn, Just as dawn, O'er the lil - y fields was gleam - ing;... I made my way, to the Mis - sion gray, near old Mon - ter - ey. Think - ing of thee, mine own to be, Though then, so far from me, And as I drew near, like a tear - drop

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HOY! ABOARD THE MOTOR BOATS

On two occasions when motor boat races took place in Charlottetown harbor the sport furnished was such as to make all who witnessed it wish that similar contests could take place at least annually. The days on which the races referred to took place were perfect as far as weather conditions were concerned, and crowds were tempted to the wharves to see and enjoy a pretty spectacle as can be furnished in the sporting line in Prince Edward Island.

Since then the number of boats driven by motors has increased to such an extent, and the active motor-boatmen, and adherents of the sport have multiplied so, that it may be taken for granted that the present summer will furnish some interesting programs in motor racing. It need not be thought that Charlottetown is going to have things all her own way, either—there are some propositions in the other ports of this Province which will have something to do with establishing a table of precedence when it comes to a well arranged race.

Then there are all the new boats. From what I can hear there are going to be over a score put in the water as soon as the ice blockade is over. There are many different models and enthusiasts will have a good opportunity this summer of judging the respective merits of the different designs.

It should be an easy matter to get an energetic committee appointed to have charge of an annual race and to direct any other contests which they might and no doubt would be asked to carry out. Motor boatmen should move at once in this matter, for who knows what it might lead to, probably it would be the prelude to the formation of a Club such as is urgently needed here.

The fact that the great International races this year are calling out such competition as was never before offered will stimulate all boat owners. After all there is nothing that can offer more attraction or pleasure on a fine day than an array of motor craft, flitting hither and thither over the course and dotting the water of our spacious harbor with life and animation.

Among the boats contemplated, building or already built, are a V-bottom 22-footer from designs by Hand of New Bedford, built by A. F. Houston for his own use. The V-bottom is becoming very popular on account of speed, stability and seagoing qualities, and in small boats is a favorite model. All will probably have a 3-cylinder 12-16 h.p. which ought to make him move. Hal. Burke, another "old salt" who has been stung by the motor bug, has a 22-footer being built from John Pinseau's designs—similar to the Flirt, which Jack brought here a year or two ago, and which was said to reel off 15 per. Harry Stewart will join the fleet with a 20-footer fan tail stern, being built here from Brooke's patterns, and John Trainor, a veteran in the game, has a similar boat already completed. These are only a few of the boats which are "on the stocks" and I hope to be able to give further information next week regarding the new comers which will sign on for the coming summer.

QUARTER DECK.

A Novel Catarrh Remedy Cures Without Drugs

The Healing Vapor of Catarrhose Loosens The Cough, Stops All Discharges, Prevents Sneezing.

The real danger of Catarrh lies in putting off treatment. You may have Catarrh yourself, but you may not know it. Before the disease spreads from your nose to the stomach, lungs, or bronchial tubes, root it out—cure it with "Catarrhose." Look over the following symptoms—then examine yourself:

- Bad Breath
- Watery Eyes
- Frequent Sneezing
- Raising Phlegm
- Bad Taste
- Stuffy Nostrils
- Itching Cough
- Ears Buzzing
- Difficult Breathing
- Droppings

Don't continue to burden your system for another day when the germs of such a filthy, loathsome disease as Catarrh. Get Catarrhose to-day—inhale its soothing vapor, fill your breathing organs with its balsamic essences, and all trace of Catarrh will forever depart. Read what Elwood S. Lee, of Sydenham, Ont., says of his cure with Catarrhose:

"I was a chronic sufferer from continuous colds in the throat and nose, and for many years have constantly had Catarrh. I was recommended to try Catarrhose, and find that by using the Inhaler on the first touch of cold or la grippe I am able to lay it in a few hours. I have been able to breathe through my nose easily since using Catarrhose; in fact, I am completely cured. (Signed) ELWOOD S. LEE."

Once you try Catarrhose you'll realize how indispensable it is—the large dollar size contains an indestructible hard rubber Inhaler, and sufficient medication to last two months. Beware of the substitutes and imitators of Catarrhose—use the genuine and you'll get cured. By mail from the Catarrhose Company, Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

EGGLESS CAKE

One cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, two cupfuls of flour, five table-spoons of lard or butter, two rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted in the flour and one tablespoonful of boiling water. Proceed as with other cake recipes, flavoring to taste.

shone In the Chal - ice of one sweet flow - er I pluck'd, and kneeling me at the al - tar rail. Dear Mis - sion bells! Deep the or - gan swells as this pray'r I re - peat! Guard and watch o'er thee; Guide thee once more safely to me, As pure as the lil - y in my path-way of the morn - ing; The dew in it's Chal - ice, like up - to the tear I have with - in my heart."

Then, as my lips in their fervor, touch the Chal - ice, The Chal - ice! The Chal - ice! Comes the Ben - e - diction of thy soul's transcending love for me. No more I fal - ter, but there at the al - tar, I pledge thee my faith, by the Chal - ice! thou art all mine own! Mine a - lone! Doubt has past To the last Thou art mine, ev - er - more!

No. 274-2.

The Chalice

No. 274-3.