## Way to Ease Headaches, Pain Almost Instantly

METHOD OFTEN RELIEVES NEURALGIA AND RHEUMATIC PAINS IN MINUTES!

Remember the pictures below when you want *fast* relief from pain. Demand and get the method doctors prescribe—*Aspirin*.

Millions have found that *Aspirin* eases even a bad headache, neuritis or *rheumatic pain often in a few minutes!*

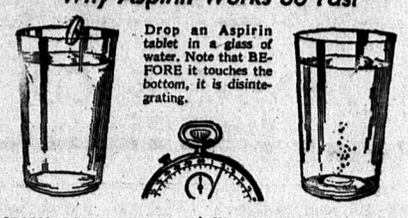
In the stomach as in the glass here, an *Aspirin* tablet starts to dissolve, or disintegrate, almost the instant it touches moisture. It begins "taking hold" of your pain practically as soon as you swallow it.

Equally important, *Aspirin* is safe. For scientific tests show this: *Aspirin does not harm the heart.*

Remember these two points: *Aspirin Speed* and *Aspirin Safety*. And, see that you *get ASPIRIN*. It is made in Canada, and all druggists have it. Look for the name Bayer in the form of a cross on every *Aspirin* tablet.

Get tin of 12 tablets or economical bottle of 24 or 100 at any druggist's.

Why Aspirin Works So Fast



Drop an Aspirin tablet in a glass of water. Note that BEFORE it touches the bottom, it is disintegrating.

IN 2 SECONDS BY STOP WATCH — An Aspirin tablet starts to disintegrate and go to work.

What happens in these glasses happens in your stomach—ASPIRIN tablets start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

*When in Pain Remember These Pictures*

*Aspirin is the Trade Mark of the Bayer Company Limited*


## Second Attempt To Burn Jail

(C. P. By Guardian's Special Wire)

NORTH SYDNEY, N. S., March 21—The old town jail, renovated after a playful prisoner overturned a hot stove and set fire to the building, almost went up in smoke again when Malcolm McLean, locked up for drunkenness, started a merry blaze by filling his bed with burning coals from the same stove.

When his section of the cooler got too hot, McLean shouted for all he was worth and after much straining he outdid the town band, holding practice in the hall above.

Piccolo and tuba players hastily dropped their instruments and rushed through smoke-filled corridors to find McLean overcome by heat and smoke, lying prostrate on the floor of the cell.

He came around shortly after the fire had been extinguished, and in court today Stipendiary Magistrate M. McAulay fined him $29 for his escapade.


## FOR SALE

Baby Chicks. Limited quantity each week, from bred to lay blood tested stock. All sired by approved R. O. P. cockerels from hens that have laid 200 eggs or over. All eggs set weigh 25 oz. or over. Price Barred Rocks 12 cents. White Leghorns 11 cents each. After May 10th 2 cents less.

WILLARD PROWSE, Brackley.

L-5562-3-23-1i.

## *Farm For Sale By Tender*

Sealed tenders will be received by the undersigned up to and on April 15th next for his farm containing 150 acres in good locality with modern improvements. The highest or any tenders not necessarily accepted.

J. C. GILLESPIE, Carleton Siding, P. E. I.

L-5492-3-20-4i

## AUCTION SALE

Of farm and crop, 1 o'clock March 23rd. Estate of Hugh Nicholson, Elliotts, P. E. I. Farm 100 acres. 80 clear, balance mixed. Growth hard and soft wood. On old homestead in excellent condition. Also a quantity of hay and straw, truck wagon, grain crusher, hay carrier and other articles.

NORMAN A. NICHOLSON, Administrator.

L-5475-3-20-3i.

TRY THE

## New Tillyer Lense

When next you need glasses. Their worth has been proved. We fit up in latest style of frames or mountings.

E. W. TAYLOR, Charlottetown

J. S. TAYLOR, Alberton


DOMINION OF CANADA
PROVINCE OF
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

IN THE PROBATE COURT 25th George V. A. D. 1935.

In re Estate of James O'Connor late of Clinton in Queens County in the said Province Farmer, deceased, testate.

By the Honourable HAROLD LEONARD, PALMER, Surrogate, Judge of Probate &c. &c.

To the Sheriff of the County of Queens County or any Constable or literate person within said County.

GREETING:

WHEREAS upon reading the petition on file of Louis O'Connor of Clinton aforesaid, farmer, and Bridget O'Connor of the same place, Widow, the Executors of the above named Estate praying that a citation may be issued for the purpose hereinafter set forth: You are therefore herby required to cite all persons interested in the said estate to be and appear before me at Probate Court to be held in the Court House in Summerside in Prince County, in the said Province, on Tuesday the sixteenth day of April, next coming, at the hour of 10,30 o'clock forenoon of the same day to show cause if any they can why the accounts of the said estate should not be passed and the estate closed as prayed for in said petition and on motion of Ernest H. Strong, Esq. Proctor for said Petitioners.

AND I do hereby order that a true copy hereof be forthwith published in some newspaper published in Charlottetown in Queens County aforesaid once in each week for at least four consecutive weeks from the date hereof and that a true copy be forthwith posted in the following public places respectively, namely ,in the hall of the Court House in Charlottetown aforesaid, at the Post Office in New London in Queens County aforesaid and in front of the School House in Clinton aforesaid.

AND I hereby further order that a true copy hereof be forthwith served on the Attorney-General of this Province, so that all persons interested in the said estate as aforesaid may have due notice thereof.

GIVEN under my hand and the Seal of the said Court this 6th day of March, A. D. 1935, and in the 25th year of his Majesty's reign.

L. S.

(Sgd) H. L. PALMER
Judge of Probate

L5192-3-9-16-23-30


1935

## New Wallpapers

Now is the time to redecorate, using SUNWORTHY, the original and best light-resisting Wallpapers, in preference to all others.

We are showing a larger assortment than ever of these popular papers for upstairs and downstairs rooms. It will be good news to learn that SUNWORTHY is now selling amongst our lowest priced goods.

Prices are much lower this year.

In the Rural Districts your nearest merchant will show you our Sample Book.

CARTER & CO. Ltd. CHARLOTTETOWN


## *BREWSTER'S MILLIONS*

By George Barr McCutcheon

BREWSTER'S MILLIONS

"The Little Sons of the Rich" were gathered in Pettingill's studio feasting in honor of Montgomery Brewster's birthday. Monty was the most popular of the nine "Little Sons," and the party waxed hilarious as each of the others sought to out do the rest in some witty compliment to him.

Not only was Monty popular with his boon companions, but older people were fond of him, especially the women, because his father and mother had made a romantic runaway marriage, which twenty-five years before was the talk of the town.

The marriage had never pleased the Brewster family, however, and Edwin Peter Brewster, Monty's grandfather, many times a millionaire, had practically disowned his son after his elopement.

Still, when Monty's mother and father died while he was a small child, the old widowed grandfather took the boy to his own house, cared for him with what he thought was affection, sent him through school and college, and finally procured him a place in the Brewster bank.

It was a job that meant hard work and small pay, but Monty lived in his own rooms and on his meager salary, because such a life, he said, was less wearing than dining seven nights a week with an old man who had forgotten he ever was young.

His pleasure he found chiefly with the "Little Sons," whose specialty was celebrating the birthdays of their members.

As the feast ended, Pettingill rose to his feet.

"Gentlemen," he began, "we are here to celebrate the twenty-fifth birthday of Montgomery Brewster. I ask you all to join me in drinking to his long life and——"

The door bell rang, loud and long.

"The police!" some one exclaimed.

A waiter entered, to say that Ellis, Edwin Brewster's man, wanted to see Monty.

Monty, annoyed at the interruption, told the waiter he was too busy to be seen. Ellis departed and the party went merrily on.

At three o'clock in the morning, the doorbell rang again. Pettingill himself answered this time, and confronted Ellis.

"You're just in time, Ellis," said the artist. "Come in and have a night cap."

"No thank you," said Ellis. "I came earlier tonight to bring Mr. Brewster's congratulations to Mr. Montgomery and a check for a thousand dollars." He handed the check to Monty. "I now come to tell you that Mr. Brewster has suddenly died."

II.

As if to atone for the treatment he had accorded his son and his daughter-in-law, Edwin Brewster bequeathed a million dollars to his grandson. And on the twenty-sixth of September Monty came into a fortune.

Despite his changed outlook, young Brewster kept his rooms in an old-fashioned house in the East Forties owned by Mrs. Gray, who had befriended his father and mother and him in the early days, and was not forced, as the result of an unfortunate speculation, to rent part of the place.

There, as a child, Monty had played with her daughter, Margaret, or Peggy as he called her, a few years younger than he. And thither he went after his grandfather's funeral, tired of the gloomy Brewster mansion.

Peggy greeted him.

"Ah," she said. "The friend of our youth leaves one day with his salary drawn two weeks in advance, and returns later a dazzling millionaire."

"The nicest thing about all this,' he answered, not very tactfully, "is that now we won't have to deny ourselves anything. We'll do any amount of decorating about this house and—"

"Please don't, Monty," Peggy broke in. "You are good and thoughtful, but you mustn't do anythink like that."

"What's mine is yours," Brewster said. "Let's talk it over."

"Don't!" she commanded.

There were tears in her eyes as she looked at him.

"You have not seen the letters that came for you this morning," she went on. He opened them, one by one. The last was from Grant & Ropley, attorneys.

They wrote that Swearengen Jones, one of their clients in Montana, had informed them that Monty's uncle, James T. Sedgwick, his mother's brother, had died in the West; that Jones had qualified as executor of Sedgwick's will, and that a copy of the will was in the Grant & Ripley office. They asked that Monty call on them at once.

III.

Next day, Monty called at the lawyers' office. Sedgwick, of whom he seldom heard, had left a strange will. He was a man of peculiar temperament, in which pride predominated, and it was this pride which caused him to resent the treatment which the Brewsters had given his sister, Monty's mother, upon her elopment. In fact, he had once planned to kill Edwin Brewster, but had been prevented, and though he left the city, he carried his hatred to the grave.

Grant then read the Sedgwick will. It specified that Monty would receive seven million dollars when he reached his twenty-sixth birthday, September 23 the following year, provided that he was absolutely penniless at that time. The purpose of this strange will, Mr. Jones wrote, was that Monty would finally have nothing from the hated Brewsters.

In other words, he must spend his grandfather's million in less than a year, Sedgwick being aware that the elder Brewster had planned to leave him a fortune.

The Sedgwick will specified, however, that Monty must give satisfactory evidence to Jones, the executor, that he was capable of managing his own affairs, that he could add to his fortune, that he should come to his twenty-sixth birthday with a "good name", that he make no endowments and give sparingly to charity, that he neither lend nor give away money, and that he live on the principle which inspired a man to "get his money's worth," be the expenditure large or small.

"It must be a joke," Monty said.

But Grant explained that the will was genuine, that it had been probated in Montana and that the sum involved was in gilt-edged securities.

"What are you going to do about it?" Grant asked.

"Why it's mine, isn't it?" Monty answered.

"Not till a year from this September," Grant said. "You are already the possessor of a million. You must be penniless a year hence."

"Don't you suppose I can get rid of a million in a year?" retorted Monty. "All I have to do is cut a few purse strings."

"I admire your sagacity, which would exchange one million for seven," said Grant, "but has it occurred to you that it will be no easy task to spend a million dollars without, in some way, violating the restrictions in your uncle's will, thereby losing both fortunes?"

"I'll employ an army of spendthrifts."

"But"—the lawyer pointed to a clause in the will—"You must take no one into your confidence. Think it over—it may not be so difficult after a night's sleep."

That night however Monty spent in figuring. His calculations revealed that to get rid of his grandfather's million in a year he must spend $2,801.12 a day—which would total $999,999.84.

IV.

Monty, pondering over his problem while walking through the park next day, was hailed from her car by Barbara Drew. Barbar a was daughter of Colonel Drew, a banker friend of the Brewster family and one of those who saw in Monty a young man of character and ability.

Now Monty and Barbara had often been at the same dances and dinners and he had noted that something indescribable took place when their eyes met. He had wondered what that something meant, but realized that at least it had nothing in it of platonic affection.

"Jump in," she called, and Monty quickly did so.

"Aren't you afraid people will talk about us?" he asked with a laugh.

"Who cares?" she said.

At his request, she drove him to the Grant & Ripley office, where a sheaf of telegrams from Montana established the extent of the Sedgwick fortune. Among them was one from Swearengen Jones, which said that he was to be the referee of Monty's actions in living up to the will's terms, and set forth that, in spending the money, young Brewster was to indulge in no reckless gambling, no idiotic speculation, no endowments to institutions, no indiscriminate gifts and no excessive donations to charities.

Before night Monty began a career that would have astonished the world had the facts been known. With true loyalty to the "Little Sons," he invited them to dinner.

"Champagne!" exclaimed "Nopper" Harrison. "I can't remember the last time I had champagne."

"Naturally," said "Subway" Smith. "You couldn't remember anything after that.

As the dinner progressed, Brewster explained that he intended to double his fortune within a year.

"I'm going to have some fun, too," he said, "and I want you to help me."

Without telling his objective, Brewster appointed Harrison as superintendent of affairs, Elon Gardner as financial secretary, Joe Bragdon as private secretary, and Smith as counsel, and said he had places in view for the others.

"I want the smartest apartment you can find," he told "Nopper." "Don't stop at expense. Have Pettingill redecorate. Get the best servants you can find. I'm going to live, and hang the consequences."

(To Be Continued.)

NORTHBATTLEFORD, Sask., March 21—Sardines, said a local school teacher, always are canned sans heads, offering her class a trip to a movie if a can with heads was produced.

## The Divine Character Of the Church

(Archbishop of Fredericton)

The following sermon was delivered at Monday's service in St. Paul's Church.

**Isaiah XXVI—1: "In that day shall this song be sung in the land of Judah, We have a strong city; salvation will God appoint for walls and bulwarks."**

The saying, of course, is metaphorical. The prophet is not speaking about a material city of bricks and stones, but of the nation's formal religious life,—its life, that is to say, in its formal relationship to God. It is that about which I want to speak to you this evening in connection with this impressive service,—our formal religious life in relationship to God, that is, the Church. For there is a striking analogy between a city and the Church. Every city looks back to one founder and beginning of its life. A city has unbroken continuity of life. It has visibility and outward form. It is the centre of authority and the ministrant of law. A city is communial in its character, and is built upon the basis of brotherhood and self-denial. All of these things are true of a City. But are they not true also of the Church? Let me try to show you that.

(1) The Church, like a city, has one founder and beginning. Think about that, first of all, this evening. What does the Church believe about its own beginning? We believe that when the Son of God came into the world to save the souls of men, He founded as the instrument of His will a visible Society, which is called in the New Testament His Body, or His Church. He did not simply send into the world a spiritual impulse, which should quicken the hearts and lives of men into new desires and new efforts after righteousness. He did not merely give the Gospel to the world, and leave the ingenuity of men to devise some way of working out its teachings. He established a divine Society, and sent that Society out into the world to do its regenerating and reforming work with the effective aid of two great Sacraments, by the first of which, as Bishop Gore puts it, men were to be admitted to the Society, and by the second of which, when admitted, they were to be kept together, recognized as belonging to the Society, and strengthened in their membership. That is the first thing that the Church believes about itself. It is a Divine Society, founded by Jesus Christ.

It is a Divine Society. The New Testament and Prayer Book alike bear witness to the truth of that. St Paul rejoices in his sufferings for the Colossian Christians, and fills up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh for His body's sake, which is the Church (Col. 1:24). So the collect for All Saints' Day declares that God has knit together His elect in one Communion and fellowship, in the mythical body of His Son, Christ our Lord. The Church, then, is a Divine Body, of which Christ is the Divine Head, and the union between Christ and His Church is a union of life.

How that truth exalts and lifts up the Church! And how it rebukes the low conception of the Church, that is so common among professing Christians! A human fellowship formed upon a voluntary basis, and, therefore, not much larger and nobler in its nature than other human fellowships. I ask you if that idea of the Church is not very common,—if it is not the prevailing Protestant idea,—if multitudes of Christian people are not putting the Church upon the same level as other societies, such as the Masonic Order, the Knights of Pythias, and so on? It is all wrong. The Church is not human, but Divine, and Divine, be it remembered, not merely because it holds a Divine commission, but because it shares a Divine life. "Preach Christ!" is the common cry, "Preach Christ! Do not preach the Church!" But how can I preach Christ without also preaching the Church? How can I herald the King without at the same time proclaiming the kingdom? How can I separate the Body from the Head? Consider these things, my brothers! I beg of you to think of them. Get rid of this idea of the Church as a human society. Think of the Church always as Divine,—as the Divine Society founded by Jesus Christ. Only then will it take its rightful place in your life as the Supreme Society and sphere of human fellowship.

But in what sense is it true that the Church was founded by Jesus Christ? We search in vain in the days that immediately followed the Ascension of our Lord for a visible organisation, recognized and spoken of as Christ's Church. We know that the first disciples, indeed, worshipped in the Jewish synagogues, and even submitted to circumcision. But then came Pentecost, and immediately the Church sprang into being. It was a revelation by the Spirit of Jesus Christ. Under the guidance of the Spirit, the Church assumed almost at once a certain shape, and became subject to a certain form, so that not later than the middle of the second century, the three-fold order of the ministry, as we have it now, was everywhere established. That was the Church in its beginning, and from this far-off point in history we look back upon one unbroken line of ministry, that began upon the mountain-side in the solemn stillness of that early morning, when Jesus sent forth the Twelve, and continues even to this day.

(2) That suggests the second point in the analogy between a city and the Church. Like a city, the Church enjoys unbroken continuity of life. How true that is of a city! On the banks of the historic Thames stands the City of London, supreme and strong. A thousand years ago it was a city and is a city still. During all that long time there have been many changes. Old landmarks have been swept away, old streets and squares have disappeared, but it is the same city now as then. The Church is like that. Its life has been continuous. And, of course, that is true also of that branch of the Church, which we call the Church of England. In the long years of its history it has suffered many changes,—one so cataclysmal in character as to be remembered as the Reformation. Old customs have been lost. Old conditions have been changed. Old evils have been swept away. But there has been no break in its continuity of life. The Church of England is today what it has always been,—one with the Divine Society founded by Jesus Christ,—the same in origin, the same in power, the same in ministerial Commission.

I may be reminded that the claim has been disputed. I am not forgetful of the fact, but I remember also that few claims cannot be disputed, if only one is not too particular about one's premises, nor too careful about one's conclusions. Who does not know the dishonest story, hoary with disreputable old age, and tottering with shameful weakness, that in the travail of the Reformation a new Church was born,—that the Church of England was the offspring of a lustful English king? It is not true! The story is a travesty of well-established facts. The witness of history is decisively against it. A Church made new! Yes, that, if you like, but never a new Church. Does that sound like a distinction without a difference. I do not think so. Into your port there sails one day a ship from some far-off land. During its long journey it has passed through sluggish rivers and tropic seas. Its sails are tattered and torn. Its paint is bedimmed and dirty. Barnacles and sea-weed are clinging to its sides. In a few weeks' time the ship sets sail again. The paint has been renewed. The sails are once more trim and taut. The sea-weed and barnacles have been stripped away. Is it a new ship? No one will say so. A ship made new, but never a new ship. It was once foul, and it is now clean, but it is the same ship now as then.

So was it with the Chuch of England and the Reformation. It underwent no essential change. There was no break in its continuity of life. There was no loss of its ministerial succession. There were not two Churches, but one,—one before the Reformation, and one after it. My friends, what happened to the Church of England in that stormy period was this,—it got rid of its barnacles and sea-weed. That is all.

(3) Pursue the analogy farther, and you will see that a city and the Church are alike in this also,—each is the centre of authority, and the ministrant of law. That is so obviously true of a city that no one dreams of disputing it. It is a postulate of all right civic thinking. Unhappily, however, that is not so readily recognized of the Church. Think, for example, of the sphere of faith. No thoughtful student of the Epistles of St. Paul can fail to find in them a picture of the Church as the divinely appointed custodian of sacred truth. The New Testament itself came to the world through the channel of the Church. Before the books of the New Testament were written, and long before the canon of Holy Scripture was determined, the Church was in the world, active, and doing its appointed work. How utterly illogical, therefore, was Shillingworth's dictum,—"The Bible, and the Bible only, is the religion of Protestants." (Vide "The Break-up of Protestantism."—"Atlantic Monthly,"—March, 1927.) Yet in the minds of multitudes of Christians that dictum still holds sway, while the authority of the Church in the sphere of faith is set at naught.

There is here no disloyalty to the Bible. It is simply to discriminate between the respective functions of the Bible and the Church. In all questions of fact concerning the truth of revelation, the Bible is supreme. For the interpretation of those facts once determined the Church is responsible. Both the Book and the Society are inspired, but the Spirit in the Society interprets the Spirit in the Book. It is at this point that we find a characteristic dividing-line between Protestantism and Catholicism. The ruling principle of Protestantism in popular opinion and practice, at least, is the right of private interpretation. In matters of faith every man is a law unto himself. So it comes to pass that personal predelictions and private prejudices are commonly made the sole determinant of ecclesiastical connection. Individual liking is the easy pivot upon which the practice of religion turns. If this article of faith, or that, does not commend itself to uninstructed judgment, the transition to some other religious body is astonishingly easy. Is it any wonder, then, that Protestantism is more and more becoming a medley of conflicting claims? There is in it no accepted centre of authority in relation to the Faith.

I have pointed to this failure as one source of overwhelming weakness in Protestantism, but candour compels us to confess that so far as the membership of the Church of England is concerned, at least, we are not altogether free from fault in this regard. Authority in the sphere of the Faith is a characteristic mark of Catholic Christianity, and, therefore, a characteracteristic mark of the Church of England. Hence the scrupulous care with which through the stress and storm of the Reformation the historic creeds were conserved, and embodied in the Book of Common Prayer, and it is worthy of note in this connection that the Church of England does not ask of candidates for Baptism whether they believe the Bible as the Word of God, but whether they believe the articles of faith as declared in the Apostles' Creed. Yet the spirit of Protestantism has so far permeated the Church in this regard, that the very idea of authority in question of faith is not seldom flouted. It is something that ought to cause us grave concern.

My friends, may I not fittingly sing in this august assembly the praise of our Christian creed? How splendid has been its history! Its mutterings were heard first in the darkness of the Catacombs. Its challenge was flung forth with defiant faith upon the blood-soaked arena of a Roman holiday. It swept like wintry surges across the mighty empire of the ancient world. It broke in reverberant echoes upon the shores of pagan Britain. The thunder of its sonorous message awakened the sleeping soul of Britain. It was caught up and declaimed in the Islands of the Seas. India, China, Japan, heard and welcomed it, until at last the

". . . . Church unsleeping,
While earth rolls onward into light,
Thro' all the world her watch is keeping,
And rests not now by day nor night."

Or think of the realm of discipline and law. Here, too, the Church is an authoritative Body. Read the Gospels, and you will find Jesus giving to the Church authority over its members,—authority to "bind," and authority to "loose,"—to "retain" or to "remit",—to forbid or to allow. Study the Acts of the Apostles, and you will see there a plain picture of the Church exercising this authority. Hence the solemn words in the commission that is given to the priesthood,—"Whose sins thou dost forgive, they are forgiven; and whose sins thou dost retain, they are retained." That power, of course, is vested in the priest in his representative capacity,—as representative of the Church, which is Christ's Body. Let that point be grasped, and the difficulty which so many feel in this connections disappears at once. It is the Church that binds, and the Church that looses,—that forgives and retains. Not the organ, but the Body, and the Body, be it remembered, not as human, but Divine.

But here, also, I am afraid, there is a wide discrepancy between the theory and the practice of the Church of England. We accept as inspired the picture painted by St. Paul of the Church exercising the power of the keys,—excluding from the fellowship those of her members who showed themselves unworthy, and readmitting them upon proof of penitence. But in actual practice how little of that there is! And how deep-rooted in the membership of the Church is the spirit of hostility to anything in the shape of religious discipline! Thus, while the Church abides firm in her opposition to divorce, there is found quite commonly secret, and even open, sympathy with legislative enactments, that tend more and more to make of matrimony something not far removed from a state of progressive polygamy. So, when the Church in the exercise of her power to "bind" and to "loose", repels from her altars those who have wilfully sinned against moral law, there is only too often manifested a spirit of defiance and resentment, while every possible pressure is put upon the Church to make unworthy compromise. It is difficult to doubt that the life of the Church is appreciably poorer because discipline has become so lax.

(4) It is only a step further to affirm that the Church is like a city in that it is communal in its character. It is built upon the basis of brotherhood and self-denial. You know how true that is of a city. Make your home in the wilderness, and you can do anything you like. But build your house in the city, and all sorts of restrictions and limitations are put upon your liberty. The life that was once individual has become communal. Your house, your business, your habits,—all these cease to concern yourself alone. They touch at every point the lives of others. Your personality has become so interwoven with the personalities of others, that the end of action is no longer individual liking, but the collective good. In the wilderness you lived by the law of liberty, whereas in the city you live by the liberty of law. Instead of individualism, the ruling principle of your life is brotherhood, and its spirit that of sacrifice and service.

But is not that true also of the Church? It was certainly true of the Church in its first beginning. Turn to the Epistles of St. Paul once more, and you will see the Church pictured as a community with an intensely vivid sense of membership. It was a real brotherhood into which men and women were admitted by their baptism. Each member recognized responsibility for the welfare of the Body. Each one was expected to take, and actually did take, a real interest in the affairs of the Church, whether in its maintenance, its worship, or its discipline. If one member suffered, all the members suffered with him. The life of the Church was the life of a Christian community, and its spirit was that of sacrifice and service. Bishop Gore suggests that it was this vivid sense of membership with its clear atmosphere of mutual love and service, that drew the world to the Church in those early days, and wonders whether it may not be the lack of this prevailing spirit that is responsible for the apathy of the world to the appeal of the Church today.

My fellow-member of the Church, I beg of you to think of these things. You are a Christian. You have been baptized into the brotherhood of believers. Great privileges are yours, but they are not yours alone. They are yours only because they belong to every other member of the brotherhood. You belong to a religious fellowship, and your religious life, therefore, is social in its character, and unselfish in its expression. For you as a member of the Church not less than as a member of a city, the collective good must always be greater than individual liking. Apply to yourself the probe of this fundamental principle. Does your religion mean only a taking in, or does it mean also, and mainly, a giving out? Are you making any real contribution to the corporate life which you share? Is the Church to which you belong a finer and more effective instrument for the working out of God's will because of your connection with it? And if you were to die tomorrow, would the Church be poorer because of your removal from it? Has your religion brought you closer to other men. It ought to have done that. The Church is first

(Continued on Page 11)


## SHORTER COLDS VICKS VAPORUB

PROVED BY 2 GENERATIONS


## To the People of Prince Edward Island:

I desire very heartily to commend the message of His Honour the Lieutenant Governor in reference to the King George V. Silver Jubilee Cancer Fund, now being raised in this Dominion as an expression of thanksgiving to Almighty God for the long reign and devoted service of His Most Gracious Majesty the King.

The scourge of cancer is steadily gaining ground and it is of far reaching importance that the work of scientific research shall continue. The provision of a fund which will not only assist the laboratory workers but will provide radium and other forms of treatment in communities where it is now lacking, is most necessary.

No donation of money is too small. Every man, woman and child is interested. The medical profession eagerly awaits the ultimate victory.

May the King George V. Cancer Fund be the means of achieving the great purpose for which it is intended.

Yours faithfully,

**W. J. P. MacMILLAN,**
Premier and Minister of Public Health


## An Important Duty For Parents

Really modern parents take no chances with so important a matter as the vision of their children, because they know that neglect in this respect is extremely unwise and may be harmful. Neither do they wait for a child to complain of the way he sees. They have their eyes attended to before THAT. Be a modern parent.

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