



The lover of dainty things to eat appreciates the advantages offered by Crystal Maize Corn Starch. But its daintiness is not all—it is rich in nourishing food elements.

If you have not yet tried this way of serving Crystal Maize Corn Starch, ask your grocer for a package and try it.



Crystal Maize Flour Cake

Half pound Prepared Corn, six ounces butter, three ounces sugar, two eggs, twelve drops essence of lemon, one teaspoonful baking powder. Beat the butter to a cream, whisk the eggs, and whisk the butter and eggs together, then add the other ingredients. Pour out a tablespoonful into each small tin or altogether in a large tin; bake in a quick oven to a light golden brown.

Crystal Maize Corn Starch

(Made in Canada)

The Food of Economy—the Dainty of Affluence

The Bestford Starch Works, Limited, Brantford, Canada

PLANT LINE

COMMENCING OCTOBER 6th.

The well known steamer Halifax of the Plant Line will leave Charlottetown for Boston via Hawksbury and Halifax every Tuesday at 1 o'clock p. m.

Returning will leave Boston at noon Saturdays. Excursion Rates go in effect Sept. 15th, \$1.00 and return good for 30 days from date of issue. Passengers via Pictou on Wednesdays make connections at Halifax for Boston direct. For tickets and all particulars apply to W. W. CLARKE, Agent, Ch'town H. L. CHIPMAN, Manager.

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—STEAMERS—

'Northumberland' and 'Princess'

Leave as below every day, Sundays excepted. From POINT DU CHENE on arrival of 11.00 train from St. John for SUMMERSIDE, connecting there with express train for Charlottetown and Pictou. From SUMMERSIDE on arrival of morning train from Charlottetown and all stations of P. E. I. R. for POINT DU CHENE, connecting with day train for ST. JOHN, BOSLON and Montreal. Connection at Moncton with train for all stations on I. C. R. and its connections, and at St. John with C. P. R. and Railways for U. S. for all points West and South also at St. John with Steamers of Eastern S. S. Line. From PICTOU about 4 p. m. for CHARLOTTETOWN. From CHARLOTTETOWN for PICTOU, at 8.00 a. m. connecting there with day trains for CAPE BRETON and HALIFAX. At NORTH SYDNEY with Steamer Bruce for Newfoundland. At HALIFAX with C. A. & PLANT Line for Boston. Through Tickets to be had at Grand Trunk Canadian Pacific, Intercolonial and P. E. I. Railways and on the Company's Steamers and connecting lines in United States and Canada.

Ch'town, P. E. I. F. W. HALES, Secretary

GOOD COOKS Like to Cook With PORT HOOD COAL

THE CURSE OF LABOR

URNED BY THE WISE MAN INTO HIS GREATEST BLESSING.

TO MAKE LIFE WORTH LIVING.

The Worker, the Door For Mankind, the Emulation to Be the Greatest, "the Servant of All," Is the Greatest Factor in Our Earthly Pilgrimage That Makes Up the Joy of Living.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1903, by William Bailey, of Toronto, at the Dep't of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Chicago, Oct. 18.—In this sermon the preacher scathingly exposes and denounces the national evil of gambling, which has spread to all classes and conditions of men. He utters a wholesome and timely protest against those forms of the mania which are corrupting our social and business life. The text is Genesis iii, 19, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread."

Some years ago I was walking in beautiful Fairmount park, Philadelphia, with my father. He suddenly turned and said to me: "Frank, next week I am going to write a sermon upon the question 'Is life worth living?' I am going to show that the solution of that question is conditional. Whether life is or is not worth living depends upon how you live it. If a man lives in this world with the idea that he is only to receive and not to give, if he is cursed with the emervating conviction that he must be carried around on a litter and if he does not want to be a worker, a laborer, a door for mankind, then life is not worth living. The sooner that man is dead the better. But if a man goes through this world realizing the glorious opportunities of Christian usefulness and if he is willing to spend and be spent for others, then life is worth living. Then the longer we live on earth the happier we shall be and the more we shall make others happy."

But, though at the Edenic expulsion the divine command was given, "By the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," yet from time immemorial there have been thousands upon thousands of men and women who have tried to shirk the obligations of labor which God has placed at every hearthstone. They have been seeking a means whereby through the opened door of the Roman temple erected to Fortuna, the goddess of chance, they could possess a fortune without working for it or without contributing anything to the world in return for it. They would be wreckers pure and simple. They would become vampires upon the social organism, sucking out the life's blood of others. They would drink, yet never themselves become fountains of water at whose sparkling springs others might quench their parching thirst.

In every age there have been thousands upon thousands of devotees at Fortuna's shrine. They are blind worshippers of a blind goddess. The ancient Romans showed their wisdom in picturing her with eyes shut and large wings at her feet. She sees nothing of the sacrifices of her worshippers, and she cares nothing for the heartbreak of those who have given her their all. She cares not whose fortune she snatches away. When she gathers up the gold in her arms those wings on her feet can make her and her treasure burden disappear as quickly as a roulette wheel can whirl, as quickly as a man's deed for his house can change hands at the turning of a card, as quickly as a race horse can travel about the track of a derby. The goddess of chance can fly away so quickly that in an instant a man can be ruined for time and for eternity.

My theme is defiant gambling. Defiant, yes! The gambler defies God and in utter recklessness stakes his fortune in this world and his hopes of the next. The accursed evil is a violation of God's laws as well as man's. Defiant because when the winnings and losses of a gambler's lifetime are balanced it will inevitably be found that the demon Fortuna has robbed her victim both of his soul and his pocketbook.

Gambling is robbery. It takes wealth and gives nothing in return. It puts not one copper into the world's treasury. It plants no seed. It digs no gold from the mine. It grows no wool upon the sheep's back. It builds no steamship lines. It manufactures no goods, and it retails no finished products. It does nothing for national or social development. Its mission is always ruinous. Ever does it raise a black flag of death and never the white flag which should always be carried by the "heroes of peace."

Gambling cannot even lay claim to the indirect advantages which a legitimate business provides for the community. Every legitimate business is a benefit to mankind. When a man like old Commodore Vanderbilt started out to make a success in this world not even his most intimate friends could charge him with being an intentional philanthropist. Any one who had any financial dealings with old Cornelius always knew that he was looking out first and last for himself, and for himself alone. But when Cornelius Vanderbilt in the legitimate role of railroad developer served himself he was also serving mankind. His railroads gave employment to thousands and tens of thousands of men and supported those men's families. His iron roads developed whole regions in the west which would never have been opened by any other pioneer than the Cyclopean eye of the locomotive's headlight. When old Cornelius Vanderbilt made millions of dollars for himself he also made millions for his employes and hundreds of millions for his country. But what increase of capital did the world receive, in 1861, when a man

of the name of Garcia at the Hamburg gambling resort won in one night 1,750,000 francs.

When, under the evil manipulations of the Wall street gamblers, the railroad stock of a large corporation is "watered" and its price made to jump up and fall as the thermometer's quick silver drops at the touch of the October frosts, and thousands upon thousands of small gamblers who have bought their railroad stock upon "margins" and not as a true investment are frozen out, does such Wall street gambling build one freight car or span one river with a new bridge or erect one new depot or upholster one Pullman sleeper? The Puritans used to call a pack of cards the "devil's prayer book." Did you ever hear of the "devil's prayer book" teaching the gambler how he could be a producer and not a destroyer? No, my friends, no, no, no!

Thus, my brother, I congratulate you if you have never been a gambler or in league with gamblers. I congratulate you if you are one of those men unwilling to be a parasite, a vampire or absorbent of other men's industries. Never have any dealings in any way with defiant gambling.

The gambling passion not only robs men of their fortunes, but demoralizes their minds. It unfits its victims for the common duties of ordinary life. It overstimulates the brain and the imagination until after awhile work—honest, hard, practical work—has for the gambler's diseased mind the same kind of repulsion that a glass of rich dairy milk has for the inflamed throat of a chronic drunkard or the sight of a clear, cool stream of water for the bloodshot eye of a mad dog whose tongue and mouth are covered with the white foam of fatal hydrophobia.

The healthful desire for work and the gambler's passion do not meet in the same heart. They belong not to the same brood of children. They are never nourished by the same mother. When the young man fresh from a Christian home first hears the rattle of a dice box and is led into the sanctum sanctorum of the baccarat seance all his noblest sensibilities are intensely shocked. But as his astonished eyes see great piles of coin and greenbacks being passed across the table after awhile fascination drives away fear. Then the warnings and restraints of a rebuking conscience are shaken off with such questions as these: "What is the use of my working hard every day of the week except Sunday and only receiving \$6 to \$10 on pay night when I might earn ten times that sum in a quiet game? What is the use of carrying bundles and being ordered about by the heads of the different business departments when by getting sure tips I can live a life of fun and excitement at the races? What is the use of my being a white slave when I can win my financial emancipation by a little intelligent investment in lottery or policy? I might draw there a lucky prize and live on Easy street the rest of my life. Somebody must win every time. Why cannot I be that somebody?" So the gambler's cupidity begins to work. The young man's brain becomes befuddled. He shirks his daily tasks. As a poor, diseased, mental incompetent who is striving to solve the impossible mathematical problem of perpetual motion he tries to work out a system of "how to break the bank." He studies "chance books." He hunts up his guiding star or the star which shone brightest on the night upon which he was born. Then at last, with all reasoning powers gone and blinded to all the duties of ordinary life, the crazed enthusiast will haunt the gaming table as he once gladly sought his study desk or the store-room counter.

Young men, I solemnly appeal to you. Some of you have already heard the sound of the eliciting roulette wheel. Are you going to throw your life away at the altar of chance? Are you going to unfit yourselves for the duties of life by the gambler's craze? I assure you that without bravely and faithfully fulfilling the ordinary daily tasks you will never succeed in anything. The evil demon called Fortuna will beggar you and enslave you. An old Spanish proverb says, "The free man who deliberately sells himself into voluntary servitude is a fool." Are you going to be a fool, as ninety-nine-hundredths of all men who gamble become perpetual fools? The goddess of chance not only strips a man of what he has saved, but she also robs him of the position by which he can earn honestly his daily bread.

I charge upon this gambling mania a direct robbery of the Christian world in that by besetting legitimate recreations with its foul touch it has made it impossible for decent men to enjoy certain healthful relaxations. It is gradually stealing from us the privilege of enjoying outdoor sports and indoor games by identifying them with betting and speculation. Whenever the leprous hand of the gambler is placed upon a game that sport must be forever eschewed by the good and the pure.

Now, my friends, I protest against this all pervading gambling infamy. I protest because it is not respectable for me to go and participate in some of these outdoor sports which are essential for mental and physical relaxation. I protest against this gambling infamy, degrading the football field and the baseball diamond because there is nothing wrong in such games in themselves, but only as the gambler's evil genius has made them wrong. I protest, as Robert E. Spear, the Princeton athlete, protested in his "Frank Talk About Gambling and Betting." "It is the contention," he wrote, "that betting money is sportsmanlike. The very reverse is true. It is this that introduces professionalism into college sports. When men stake money they are willing to do dishonorable things to shape the result so that they will win. The introduction of money is fatal. Betting is the deadly foe of true sport."

But there is another reason why I denounce defiant gambling. This evil mania leads its victims to squander other people's money as well as their own. Now, I am not alluding to the

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