

Be Strong.

Be strong to hope, oh Heart!
Though day is bright,
The Stars can only shine
In the dark night,
Be strong, oh Heart of mine,
Look towards the light!

Be strong to bear, oh Heart!
Nothing in vain;
Strive not, for life is care,
And God sends pain,
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain!

Be strong to love, oh Heart!
Love knows not wrong,
Didst thou love—creatures even,
Life were not long;
Didst thou love God in Heaven,
Thou wouldst be strong!

A Child's Thought of God

Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

They say that God lives very high!
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God, and why?
And if you dig down in the mines
You never see him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face—
Like secrets kept, for love untold,
But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through
all things made,
Through sight and sound of
every place;
As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids, her kisses
pressure,
Half-waking me at night; and
said,
"Who kissed you through the
dark, dear guesser?"

Maybe He Tried.

Maybe he tried to be a man,
Maybe he did what he could
To walk in the paths that were
pointed out
As the way of the wise and
good.

Maybe he fought with his evil
will
To conquer and beat it down—
Don't be too hard on him as he
stands
A fallen thing in the town.

Maybe she tried to be more than
this,
Maybe her struggle was hard;
Maybe they gave her instead of
a kiss
The blow of the bitter shard.

Maybe she prayed as she wrung
her hands
In agony, grief and woe—
Don't be too hard if she has gone
The way that she should not go.

Maybe we all of us try to be men,
And strive to be true and fine,
Remember, the struggle may not
have been
As easy to make as thine.

Maybe we do not deserve to be
scorned,
As we scorn each other that
way—
Don't be too hard on any of us
Till you hear what we have to
say.

Maybe he tried to be a man;
Maybe he did his best;
Who can tell of the agony
That is burning within his
breast.

Maybe he struggled again and
again
To master himself once more—
Don't be too hard on him, lying
there,
A horrid thing on the floor!

—Bentztown Hard.

Serving at Holy Mass.

Come, children all, whose joy it is
To serve at Holy Mass,
And hear what once, in days of
faith,
In Ireland came to pass.

It chanced a priest was journeying
Through wild long ways of
wood,
And there, where few came pas-
sing by,
A lonely chapel stood.

He stayed his feet, that pilgrim
priest,
His morning Mass to say,
And put the sacred vestments on
That near the altar lay.

But who shall serve the Holy
Mass,
For all is silent there?

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other parts of the body, are joints that are inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—that acid condition of the blood which affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially after sitting or lying long, and their condition is commonly worse in wet weather.

"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism but have been completely cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grateful." Miss Frances Sarr, Prescott, Ont.

"I had an attack of the grip which left me weak and helpless and suffering from rheumatism. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and this medicine has entirely cured me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved my life." M. J. McDONALD, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause of rheumatism—no outward application can. Take it.

He kneels him down and patient waits
The peasant's hour of prayer.

When lo! a child of wondrous grace
Before the altar steals
And down beside the lowly priest
The infant beauty kneels.

He serves the Mass; his voice is sweet,
Like distant music low;
With downcast eyes and reverent hands
And footfall soft and low.

"Et verbum caro factum est."
He lingers till He hears;
Then, turning to the Virgin's shrine,
In glory disappears.

Now round the stars children
dear,
Press gladly in God's Name;
For once to serve at Holy Mass
The infant Jesus came.

—Infant Jesus Messenger.

LOTHAN, THE LEPER.

A Tale of the Hallowed Time
When the God-Man Went About
The Holy Land Doing
Good to All.

(Continued from last week)

The cool night air was refresh-
ing now, and as Lothan made his
way up into the hills, he turned
again and again to look down
upon the flickering lights of a
sleeping city. The moon was
pouring forth its every glory now
and the whole world seemed sol-
emn in its peace.

At last Lothan stood against
the threshold of his own poor
hovel, and then, with all the
vehemence of a man about to die,
he cast himself upon his knees
and from the fathomless depths
of sorrow and affliction cried
aloud: "Oh, Father of mercy,
hear and help me! Thou alone
art my God; Thou alone art my
strength, for I am broken and
bruised and weary."

The glowing warmth of the
new day's sun awakened Lothan
from his restless slumber, and he
arose and looked out upon the
world from the open door of his
hut. Ah, what a contrast—he
and the world! The city lay
glistening in the morning dew
and the harvesters and laborers
were coming and going upon the
highway. The shepherds were
gathering their sheep and assem-
bling them in new and verdant
pastures, while the flocks friaked
here and there rejoicing in the
vivifying atmosphere of a bright
new day. Lothan looked out up-
on the city, but the scenes of last
night haunted him like a vision,
and the awful thought that there
within the walls lay his dying
mother made the sight an object
of anguish and horror. He turned
aside and brushing away the
mist that clouded his eyes, looked
far away. "I will wash at the
spring and walk up into the
mountains and cross over by the
falls to the lake. Ah, I must go
away; far away from here."

Taking a circuitous path to avoid
the reapers who were now taking
possession of the fields, he crossed
the hillside to the mountain-spring
that came gushing down the val-
ley. Leaning over the refreshing
water, he stopped to cool and
bathe his brow; but, ah! what a
picture he saw reflected there!

An emaciated, ghostlike face
trembled and quivered in the
waters; a pair of wild, despairing
eyes were looking into his own.

The Master listened; He was
gazing out upon the city, as if
unmindful of the words He heard.
"Aye, as every man should love
his mother," He said, and He
drew closer and took Lothan's
hand in His; "and as I love mine,"
but He turned away, as if at the
inadequacy of his words. "To-
night thou must go again to thy
mother, and when you find her as
before, do not hesitate, but bend
down and kiss her as thou wilt."

"Ah, but, Master—" and Lothan's
hands were raised in unwill-
ing expostulation.

(To be continued next week.)

It seemed to be the face of a liv-
ing specter—a face in which the
last few coals of life were dying
to ashes. Ah, it was the face of
Lothan the leper! And, mad
with anguish now, he plunged his
hands into the trickling water
and destroyed the mirror with its
vivid and haunting image. And
this is Lothan—the once strong,
handsome Lothan, the lad of
great ambition, the pride and love
of a mother's heart, but now a
leper, a toy broken and useless in
the relentless hand of a great de-
stroyer. And now, on his knees
with his hands raised to
heaven, he cried: "Oh, God of
heaven, let me die; let me die
today!"

The cry was rung aloud from a
despairing heart, and as it echoed
and resounded on the hillside,
nought but the silent earth and
heaven seemed to hear.

"Hail, my friend!" Lothan
turned quickly and looked into
the face of a stranger. Startled
though he was, Lothan could not
then forget his duty and shrink-
ing back, cried, "Unclean!" He
would have fled, but the stranger
unmindful of his warning, re-
strained him, and, touching him
upon the shoulder said again,
"Hail, my friend." Lothan turned
again to the stranger before he
him, and, though haunted by the
image in the water and feeling it
his duty to flee, his eyes met the
eyes of the stranger—beauty and
ugliness encountered each other—
and Lothan was powerless to
move. The stranger's large blue
eyes seemed to transfix him; they
pierced into his very soul and
warmed the coldness in his veins.
And His face—kindliness beamed
in every feature; and when He
spoke it seemed to be the voice of
a mother. His every movement
bespoke superiority and dignity
itself; His perfect manliness
seemed but the figure of a king
in peasant's garb.

"Why didst thou moan, my
friend; and why cry out thy will-
ingness to die? Art thou, in-
deed, in dreadful suffering?"

And Lothan, struck with
amazement, answered: "Ah,
Master—for indeed, Thou seemst
a master—touch me not, for, see,
I am unclean; behold, this leprosy
must needs soon complete its
work," and the words died into
whispers that seemed to be but
the echo of his voice.

"Master!" But Lothan stop-
ped, for here upon the ground
was a strange, strange figure—it
was the shadow of a great cross.
Lothan turned abruptly and
sought the eyes of the Master
that were already looking into
his own, but the Master only
smiled, a faint and kindly smile,
as if tempered in its joy by the
keenness of a great impending
sorrow. And the Master looking
upon him now and letting the
smile die gently upon his lips,
said: "The sword of sorrow and
death is sharp, indeed, my friend;
but it never cuts through the
armor of love. Why, then, is it
so hard to die?" And then looking
into the Master's face, resplendent
now with manly beauty, in which
every line proclaimed nobility
and grace, blushed with the
shame that weakness must wear
in the presence of strength.

"Ah, Master," Lothan answer-
ed, it is not hard for me to die,
for from hope and happiness
have fled like the winds of yester-
day; but, Master, there is an-
other, another dying whom I
love. Blame me not if I am
weak; I am but human flesh and
blood—she is my mother. It was
but last night I knelt at her bed-
side; there, too, was my little
brother kneeling, fast asleep. I
looked upon my mother's burning
cheek. I felt the awful fever on
her brow, and, Master, how I
longed for one last embrace! But,
no! The voice of demons swarmed
in on me with that unholy
word, 'Unclean! Unclean!' I
dared not touch her, and I fled—
fled back here to die upon the
hillside. Ah, Master, you know
not how I love her!"

Mrs. Fred Schopf, Pennant, Sask.,
writes: "I used Dr. Fowler's
Extract of Wild Strawberry when
my little boy was not expected to
live. We were thirty
miles from a doctor, when the little
 fellow took sick with Diarrhoea. He
at first would sleep nearly all day,
and at night would be in pain, and
would have a passage every five or
ten minutes. This went on day and
night until he began to pass blood.
I gave him 'Dr. Fowler's,' but
without any good effect at first, so
I began to give him a larger dose,
and soon he began to get relief. It
was the only medicine I had in the
house at the time, and I always keep
it now for use of three days my boy
was out playing, and was as well as
ever."
This grand remedy has been on the
Canadian market for nearly seventy
years, and is without a doubt, the best
known remedy for all Bowel Complaints.
Refuse to take any other preparation
when you ask for "Dr. Fowler's."
There is nothing else that can be
"JUST AS GOOD."
Price, 25 cents.
See that the name of The T. Milburn
Co., Limited, appears on the wrapper.

**Had a Weak Heart
and Bad Shaky
Nerves for Years**

Milburn's Heart and Nerve
Pills Cured Him

Mr. H. Percy Turner, Marie Joseph,
N.S., writes:—"I have had a weak heart
and bad, shaky nerves for years, and
have tried almost everything, but nothing
did me any good till I was advised
to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills.
I was surprised to find how one box
helped me, so I tried two more and am
now completely cured. You may use
my letter as an aid to others suffering
from heart or nerve troubles."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are
a specific for all run down men and women
troubled with their heart or nerves.
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are
50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25
at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt
of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

All women are beautiful, in-
genious and truthful.

Scolding women are less ridi-
culous than swearing men.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO
LIMITED

GENELEMEN—Last Winter
I received great benefit from the
use of MINARD'S LINIMENT
in a severe attack of Lagrippe
and I have frequently proved it
to be very effective in case of In-
flammation.

Yours,
W. A. HUTCHINSON.

The first condition of human
goodness is something of love;
the second something of rever-
ence.—George Eliot.

Minard's Liniment Cures
Dandruff.

Honesty always pays—but it's
often slow.

You mustn't dance so many
dances, child. You'll exhaust
yourself."

"But this is a charity ball,
suntie. This is for the poor.

Mary Ovington, Jasper Ont
writes:—"My mother had a badly
sprained arm. Nothing we used
did her any good. Then father got
Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured
mother's arm in a few days Price
25 cents."

Love is a serious thing the first
time a young man bumps into it.

Minard's Liniment Cures Neu-
ralgia.

Many rich men have nothing
but sympathy for the poor.

If nobody had too much, then
everybody would have enough.

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Strat-
ford says:—"It affords me much
pleasure to say that I experienced
great relief from Muscular Rheumatism
by using two boxes of
Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price
a box 50c."

The "electrified" fan raises the
wind for organized baseball.

Shaver Brothers run a barber
shop in Spokane, Wash.

**Little Boy Was Not
Expected to Live**

Was taken Sick with Diarrhoea
They Were 30 Miles From a Doctor

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY,
Which Cured Him

Mrs. Fred Schopf, Pennant, Sask.,
writes: "I used Dr. Fowler's
Extract of Wild Strawberry when
my little boy was not expected to
live. We were thirty
miles from a doctor, when the little
 fellow took sick with Diarrhoea. He
at first would sleep nearly all day,
and at night would be in pain, and
would have a passage every five or
ten minutes. This went on day and
night until he began to pass blood.
I gave him 'Dr. Fowler's,' but
without any good effect at first, so
I began to give him a larger dose,
and soon he began to get relief. It
was the only medicine I had in the
house at the time, and I always keep
it now for use of three days my boy
was out playing, and was as well as
ever."
This grand remedy has been on the
Canadian market for nearly seventy
years, and is without a doubt, the best
known remedy for all Bowel Complaints.
Refuse to take any other preparation
when you ask for "Dr. Fowler's."
There is nothing else that can be
"JUST AS GOOD."
Price, 25 cents.
See that the name of The T. Milburn
Co., Limited, appears on the wrapper.

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY,
Which Cured Him

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY,
Which Cured Him

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY,
Which Cured Him

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY,
Which Cured Him

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY,
Which Cured Him

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY,
Which Cured Him

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY,
Which Cured Him

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY,
Which Cured Him

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY,
Which Cured Him

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY,
Which Cured Him

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY,
Which Cured Him

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY,
Which Cured Him

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY,
Which Cured Him

DR. FOWLER'S
Extract of
WILD STRAWBERRY,
Which Cured Him

**AUGUST
Stock Reduction
Sale**

Cotton
20 Pieces unbleached Cotton,
marked 6c. now 4 1-2 cents.
12 Pieces fine long cloth 13c.
for 10 1-2 cents.

Men's Tweed Pants
100 Pairs men's Pants in nice
patterns, offering at 20 p. c. be-
low regular prices.

Ladies' Rubber Coats
A lot of ladies' all rubber
coats to clear at a price \$4.00
for \$2.49.

Print Cottons
15 Pieces Canadian Print 9c.
for 7 1-2 cents.

Ladies Dresses & Waists
A lot of ladies' summer
dresses, also a lot of white
waists at Half price.

L. J. REDDIN

MANUFACTURED BY
R. F. MADDIGAN & CO.
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

**TRY OUR
Home-Made Preserves!**

Made from home grown fruit. We have a large
stock on hand. Sold in Bottles, Pails, and by
the lb.

EGGS & BUTTER

We want EGGS and BUTTER for CASH,
or in exchange for GROCERIES.

House Cleaning Supplies!

We Have a Full Line in Stock
Give us a call.

EUREKA TEA.

If you have never tried our Eureka Tea, it will pay you
to do so. It is blended especially for our trade, and out
sales of it show a continued increase. Price 25 cents
per lb.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.

By their work



On the merit of their performances alone are we willing to have them judged. Simplicity of construction, combined with a skill in manufacture, which is the inheritance of generations, make

REGINA WATCHES

good time keepers and consequently comfortable watches to carry. Their efficiency is assured by a guarantee which enables the owner to have any constructional defect remedied free of charge by the nearest agent in any part of the world. They are not made in grades which cannot be fully guaranteed.

**MANY NEW
Watches,**

Rings,
Chains,
Locketts,

Eyeglasses,
Clocks and
Timepieces

Just received.
Others to arrive.

E. W. TAYLOR

**CAMERON BLOCK,
Charlottetown.**

**Investigate the Connaught
Fox and Fur Proposition**

The Connaught Company is founded on the future—they are sure that the present prices of pelts will always be high and that the company that can produce valuable and desirable pelts will always earn a pleasing profit.

The company owns 15 pairs of pedigreed Island Black Foxes and negotiations are under way for the purchase of marten, fisher, mink and skunk.

If you are interested write, call or phone for a prospectus and information.
Connaught Pedigreed Black Foxes, Limited.
Phone 484 Cameron Block Box 54
March 11, 1914—11.



A GOOD REPORT!

will be made by discriminating smokers after a trial of our
RIVAL AND MASTER MARINE

Smoking Tobaccos. Cool, sweet and fragrant. Burns cleanly and freely but NOT THE TONGUE. Try our Combination Twist Chewing Tobacco also. It's worth the money every time

HICKRY & NICHOLSON Tobacco Co.