

ANNEXATION.

(Lines written in 1905 by D. J. K. Foran, Asst. Law Clerk, House of Commons, on the subject of Annexation. They were written in reply to a letter from a United States Senator from Boston, who had said: "You will have a still grander country when, with the consent of the majority of your people, your Canadian Dominion will be part of our glorious Republic.")

Not the spirit of our people is not for Annexation, Despite the scores of babblers that would have you think it so; Like you, we feel the pulsings that proclaim our land a nation, But we wish to have your friendship as we prosper and we grow.

There is not, in all our country, a single true Canadian Who would barter that proud title for a gleam that could not last; From the summit of our Rockies to the land of the Aoduin We are loyal to our future, as we glory in our Past.

We respect your great Republic, your splendid institutions, The starry flag that hovers where your eagle soars on high— But remember that no nation could cement our constitutions, Our customs, ways and manners, 'neath the same politic sky. Yours alone would be the profit; ours the real annihilation;

We would forfeit all we cherish, our identity and laws; We would see our peaceful Beaver like a national oblation, At the mercy of your emblem, once within its giant claws.

For a hundred years, and over, you've been building up your greatness, Your people are accustomed to the atmosphere you've made;

In another air we're working, despite apparent lateness, To construct our special system with a faith that cannot fade. We have undeveloped treasures far beyond the dreams of Croesus, Hidden in our mountain passes, by our every lake and fill;

There's no power of legislation that can crash us, or can raise us, Save the one in Gothic structure on old Bytown's Barrack Hill,

The fathers of our fathers thro' those forests carved the by-ways, That in days of colonizing led to where our homes now stand; And our fathers tamed the prairie, while we built the countless highways,

And the iron roads of progress that now interest the land, While the missionary's life-blood has stained our soil with glory, The sweat of our departed ones bedewed our hard-won sod, And we feel a glow of triumph in the brightness of our story,

For it tells that we're a Nation, held distinct, as such, by God, We will join you in the progress up the Future's rugged slope, And extend to you the friendship that we ask from you in turn. Side by side will move both nations, ever working, ever hoping, 'Till the lamp of Time's grey Twilight in the firmament shall burn.

We are children of one parent, of the same great Mother-Nation; You have gone from her protection and have pitched your tent afar;

We have kept, through all mutations, the old and close relation, And within her constellation we are now the brightest star.

We could never change our customs—not in countless generations— To adapt our ways and systems to the laws that you obey;

So we'll just remain in future two free countries, two relations, animated by one spirit, as each treads its prosperous way, To your flag you're truly loyal, hence for you our admiration— You are faithful to traditions that have sanctified your sod;

While our homes and Constitution, in our loyal estimation, Both demand our highest homage, after that we owe to God.

NOTE.—The Parliament Hill and Buildings at Ottawa are referred to as the Gothic structure on the Barrack Hill; Bytown was the original name of the Capital. — Montreal Tribune.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LTD. Gentlemen.—Theodore Dorais, a customer of mine, was completely cured of rheumatism after five years of suffering, by the judicious use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

The above facts can be verified by writing to him, to the Parish Priest or any of his neighbors.

A. COTE, Merchant, St. Idore, Que., 12th May, '98. "I am going to see him for breach of promise." "But he has no money." "No, but he has another girl."

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night— That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this scaling, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I consulted it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Has never had any skin disease since." Mrs. I. E. WARD, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rides the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

The Epidemic of Dishonesty.

THE MOTHER'S MISTAKE

Some years ago a Catholic mother lay dying. Her daughter, a girl of eighteen, bent above her, and in a voice choked with sobs whispered; "Mother, if you want to see Tom, they will let him come—in charge of a guard."

For a moment there was a quick glad light in the mother's eyes, but it was speedily quenched in tears of agony wrung from an outraged heart. As a wretched scene came before her a convict son coming in custody to the death-bed of his mother, while pitying neighbors looked upon her shame—the cried out in bitter reprobation; "Oh, no! I do not want to see him! An hour later her lips were sealed for ever.

That night a young man in a penal institution was told that his mother had died, and after a brief silence he muttered sullenly; "It was not all my fault." Perhaps he was looking backward over the brief span of years between childhood and early manhood and saw himself once more a boy accused of his first theft. It was a petty offense—a raid on a fruit stand or a baker's cart. His mother called it a 'prank,' and angrily arranged his accuser for saying that her boy could steal. The second transgression was equally trivial in itself, but again the mother failed to realize that her idol, who could do no wrong, had set his feet on the downward way. The descent was easy, and it led him to the prison door in his dawning manhood. It was then that the awful awakening came, and the mother, crushed beneath her burden of grief and shame never again lifted her head. The 'prank,' unchecked, had developed into crime. How different the boy's career might have been if he had learned early enough the significance of the divine command, 'Thou shalt not steal!'

DIFFERENT KINDS OF THIEVES.

What an every day little story that is! It is written on the police records of every city and town, and the improved methods of education do not seem to make its repetition less frequent. The daily paper is largely made up of reports of thefts of every description. The bank wrecker, the absconding cashier, the speculator in trust funds, the recreant public official, the dishonest employe, the petty thief and the picturesque thief—the list is endless and the variety unlimited. And to these known and branded types should be added the individual who runs in debt for fine dress, fine furnishings, or anything else that could be dispensed with. The shop-lifter is a respectable member of society compared with the man or woman who secures another's goods, never intends to pay for them and never does pay for them. The debtor who needlessly incurs a debt which he has neither means nor desire to discharge is simply a legalized thief with a wide range of opportunities to defraud. His victims are legion from the diamond merchant to the newspaper publisher who is unfortunate enough to have him for a subscriber.

His offense is all the more culpable because there seems to be no redress for the creditor, as penalty for the offender. Provided that he lives far beyond his means to command the respect of the 'well set he can readily find victims to supply him with the wherewithal for 'going the pace.'

LIVING BEYOND ONE'S MEANS

A series of papers could easily be written on this fruitful source of dishonesty—living beyond one's means. How many Catholics are living at a rate that calls for double, yes, quadruple the amount of their income; running into debt wherever they can get credit; flaunting silks and velvets and feathers that honest trades-people must pay for; going into society, and entertaining lavishly in a house that is furnished from attic to basement with furniture that is not paid for. Imagine Catholics deliberately running into debt though they will

HALTING THE EPIDEMIO

There is only one way of preserving society from the epidemic of theft, and that is by proscribing the doctrine of absolute uncompromising honesty, persistently and fearlessly. And there is no place where it can be proscribed as effectively as in the home. School, press and pulpit are secondary influences. Never was there greater need than now for parents and teachers to impress upon the minds of their charges the full meaning of these four words, "Thou shalt not steal." No infringement of the mandate is too small to pass unnoticed or uncorrected, and no means of fixing it in the mind should be left untried. The school readers of a bygone generation had their part in prompting honesty. The poems and stories they contained had the moral so stamped upon them that it could not be entirely disregarded. The penalty of sin was dwelt upon, and examples were cited with a view to exciting a wholesome fear of transgression. The modern tendency in popular systems of child-rearing is to exclude fear and to fill the child's mind with beautiful thoughts about art, culture, etc. The child who memorized school

lines as "It is a sin To steal a pin Much more to steal A greater thing had something more instructive to think on than his successor of the present day who declaims "am. things. Despite the disfavor of which fear has fallen it is a factor in character-building that no wise educator undervalues.

"When I was eight years old," said a young business man whose honest name is a valuable asset to his business, "I stole a top. When my mother found it out she led me to the store and up to the proprietor,

"This boy is a thief," she said, "he has your top. Do what you like with him." That was an awful minute for me, but from that day to this I never had any desire for anything that did not belong to me."

It would be well to get an example were more generally followed. This mother never thought of her boy's "nerves" or of his "sensitive feelings." She only thought of his soul and his reputation for integrity in the years to come. "She made me what I am," said her son, as he reverently raised his hat, "God bless her."—Sacred Heart Review.

In the Legislature.

(Held over from last issue)

Mr. McKinnon continuing the debate on Friday roth, said he was not surprised that the discussion had taken a wide range. There was nothing in the Speech to keep speaker within bounds. The debate, however, had brought out some very useful things. Why, he wanted to know, was not the Senate vacancy filled. The Premier said this was a matter with which the Legislature had nothing to do. If he had no say in this matter, he was no member of this representation in the Commons. If this is so why then lose time about the latter representation? Was it true that farmers from this Province were getting 90 cents a bushel for oats in Quebec? The Commissioner of agriculture said that price was received for 1,000 bushels. The Commissioner's explanation of advertising in this matter was not very clear or satisfactory. Mr. McK. showed there was a deficit on last year's financial transactions instead of a surplus, as Mr. Hughes had stated. Mr. Hughes, last session voted to increase the taxation of our farmers; but refused to vote for a readjustment of the income tax. Much was said about the prosperity of the Province. No thanks to the Government for any prosperity we enjoy. Our prosperity is in consequence of the thrift and industry of our farming population. We had no prosperity in anything depending on the energy of the Government. They have done nothing in the matter of our claims and do not promise to do anything. Referring to exhibitions he pointed out that the county exhibitions were of much more value to the people than the central Provincial exhibition. The Government can take no credit to themselves for the success of the seed fairs. The people are behind the seed fairs and they make them a success. He scored the Government regarding the educational report and education generally.

At the conclusion of Mr. McKinnon's speech the motion passed and the House went into committee of the whole. In committee Mr. Mathieson scored the Government on several of the points that had come up during the discussion. The address was then reported from committee and the House adjourned at 11:45.

On Saturday forenoon the House met at 11:30 and at 11:45 proceeded to the Council Chamber where they presented the address to His Honor, the Lieutenant Governor. After returning to the Legislative Chamber, Mr. Speaker read his Honor's reply. The Premier introduced a bill relative to "Jail Site," and also a bill "Respecting Falconwood Hospital," which were read a first time. Hon. Mr. Richards introduced a resolution prefacing a bill to amend the Vital Statistics Act. Mr. Mathieson, Mr. Arsenault, Mr. Wyatt and other members of the Opposition wanted the promoter of the resolution to explain wherein the act had failed of its intended object. Not much information was elicited. The resolution passed, however, and the bill was introduced and read a first time. The Provincial Auditors report on the Public Accounts and reports of other departments were tabled and the House then adjourned to Tuesday afternoon 13th.

Premier Asquith, speaking as Rector of Aberdeen University, acknowledged Scotland's debt to the Popes of the Middle Ages for their patronage and encouragement of learning. The universities, then, he said, were not exclusive institutions, open only to the well-to-do, but were cosmopolitan and democratic and drew students from all ranks and classes, but for the most part the sons of humble parents. What a crack for some "antibodies of the Middle Ages."—Osakot.

Our store has gained a reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1910 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Madigan.

"Will you take a chance on this mining stock?" "I don't know. You might send it up to the house on approval and let us try it a month."

New Store MacLellan Bros., Bank of Commerce Building Tailors and Gents' Furnishers.

To Be Well Dressed at a Reasonable Cost Let Us Make Your Suit!



Have you been giving your money away to a poor tailor for clothes that did not satisfy you? or worse still have you, thinking you were saving two or three dollars on your suit, paid your good money for a "Ready-Made"—a suit that stays good only until you wear it, and instead of adding to your appearance, will by its bad fitting qualities make you appear poorly dressed. Have you ever thought that a "Ready-Made" was the most expensive Suit you could buy. Do you know that one good Tailor-Made Suit at \$20.00 to \$25.00 will outwear any two Ready-Made at \$15.00, and that the made-to-order suit will hold its shape and its good looks until the cloth is worn out, while a Ready Made will only look good for a short time. Isn't it cheaper for you to invest \$25.00 for a good suit once a year, than to invest \$15.00 for a poor one, twice in that period? You will agree with us in that, won't you? Then our proposition is this: We keep a stock of all the best clothes made—we have Worsteds, we have Tweeds, in all the leading shades; we have Serges and Vercunias in blue and black—in fact we have everything that's made for men's clothes. We have expert cutters, men who have spent years in studying the art of designing men's clothes, and we have a staff of workmen trained in every branch of the trade, men who put into a job work of the highest order.

You can select a suit at any price from \$18.00 to \$30.00. We will make it to your individual measure, we will put the best of trimmings into it, and we give you good style and the best of workmanship. In short, your money is not ours until you are satisfied with the suit in every particular.

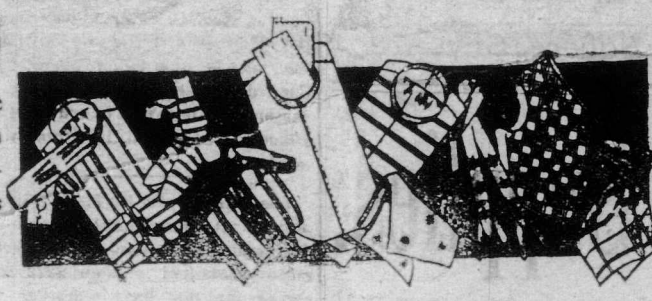
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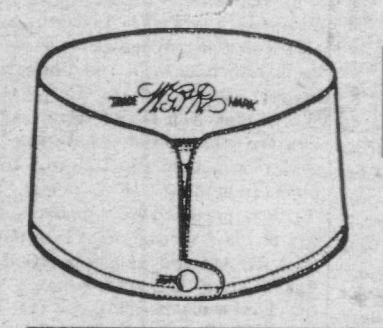
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A big stock including the lines of the two best Canadian makers. All the swell patterns and colors. Pretty shirts at 75c., \$1.15, \$1.23, \$1.35, \$1.50 up. See them!



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