

A Reverie.

At Mount Saint Vincent-on-Hudson

Daily the slumberless tides
Of the Hudson march to and fro;
The drift from the mountainous sides
Betokens the ebb and flow.
Daily do shadow and shine
Pursue each other at will;
Daily do sunbeams decline
On river and streamlet and hill.
An ominous cloud in the sky
May whiten the river with foam;
While yachts of the opulent ply
Betwixt the exchange and the home.
These floating palaces flash
In the sunbeams descending thereon;
The billows that follow them dash
In spray on the banks, and are gone.
Nightly the pleasure craft go,
Revealing the shore with their light;
They gleam for a moment or so,
And vanish into the night.

11.
Daily the tides of life
Are ebbing and flowing apace;
Daily the billows of strife
Are lashed into foam by a blast.
Daily are meaningless lives
Roaming or longing to roam;
Daily are frivolous wives
Drifting away from the home.
Souls without compass or chart
Are tossing about with the wind;
In fury and foam they depart,
And leave not a vestige behind.
Daily the lover's of pelf
Flash for an instant in light;
Daily the seekers of self
Are vanishing into the night.
Daily are sunshine and shade
Recrossing the lives of the best;
Daily the heart that was made
For rest, is approaching the rest.

111.
The wicked shall pass as a sail
In the night, or a drift on the tide;
But the just shall not falter or fail,
And their prosperous works shall abide.
The Lord is the source of their power,
His right hand is ever a-aid;
The Lord is their castle and tower,
And whom shall His children fear?
The arrow that flieth by night,
The danger that lurketh by day,
Shall melt as snow in His sight,
And vanish as foam or as spray.
Beneath their own cedar and vine
The just shall be cool, as of old;
They have centered their hope on the Lord
And not upon perishing things;
And he will become their reward,
And shelter them under his wings.

P. J. CORMICAN, S. J.
Brooklyn College.
The present grounds, castle and tower of Mount Saint Vincent once belonged to the famous actor, Mr. Forrest, and are now the permanent property of the Sisters of Charity. The transfer of dominion seems to justify the promise that the meek shall possess the land. This earthly paradise is but a foretaste of a better paradise, which human eye hath never seen, nor can human mind conceive.

Mary Adair.

The lights in the dormitory of the Holy Infant burned low. The twelve little beds with their snowy white coverings ranged in mathematical precision, six on each side of the room, breathed forth a spirit of restful quiet. The white-curtained alcove at the end of the room where slept the mistress of the Third Cours seemed the very incarnation of peace. The door opened with a bang and into the haven of rest a tiny indignant morsel of humanity precipitated itself. Mary Adair, the "enfant terrible" of the Sacred Heart Academy, sat herself down with a thump on the green chair beside her own little green iron bed. She stared savagely ahead at the wash-stand, topped with a large white pitcher and wash-bowl. Their very whiteness seem-

Get the Most Out of Your Food

You don't eat as if your stomach is weak. A weak stomach does not digest all that is ordinarily taken into it. It gets tired easily, and what it fails to digest is wasted.

Among the signs of a weak stomach are uneasiness after eating, fits of nervous headache, and disagreeable belching.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Strengthens and tones the stomach and the whole digestive system.

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and tried every remedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief until I took Hood's Sarsaparilla. I cannot praise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it in the spring and fall and would not be without it." W. A. Nozdr, Belleville, Ont.

ed to mock her shame-filled soul, and their shininess seemed like grins of unholly joy at her shame. If they had had tongues, Mary Adair felt positive that they would have stuck them out at her. So she promptly stuck hers out at them instead. "I didn't do it, I didn't do it," she denied them.

"Must have! Must have!" the white sepulchers jeered back at her, "else you wouldn't be here. Mother Dalton said you did—said you did and she'd ought to know." "Course she'd ought to know. She likes me," soliloquized Mary Adair, but aloud she fenced back at the enemy: How could Mother Dalton know? Margaret Emmons told her she never did say it and Margaret Emmons is a pink ribbon, and I'm—yes, I'm—I'm the very worst girl in the whole Third Cours. Miss Ellen the blue ribbon, who sits at the head of our table, said so the other day, when I pulled Cecelia Walsh's hair and she screamed out loud during grace. Wouldn't be like Margaret Emmons for anything she can't row or skate, nor—Oh, pshaw! she's nothing but a goody-goody, and she tells lies, too.

"You tell lies. You tell lies," sang the bowl and pitcher. "I don't tell lies. I don't!" hissed Mary Adair through her clenched teeth. "It's Margaret Emmons what's the liar, and you know it, you nasty, mean, old thing! I hate you both."

"Mother Dalton says you did," duetted her two tormentors. "Mother Dalton tells—" No, Mary Adair couldn't quite bring herself to voice the inevitable conclusion. Any way, she compromised. "Mother Dalton had oughter have known better. I never tell lies."

"Do, too! Do, too!" began the snug-faced ones, but Mary Adair, triumphant in her self-righteousness and strong in her anger, lifted her grim little fist and shook it at the offenders. "If you say another word, I'll smash you—and you—and you—and you," and in her frenzy the child glared about and made a threatening motion in the direction of each and every one of the twelve bowls and pitchers. To her childish eyes, they seemed to tremble and shake upon their wobbly stands, and well they might, for way down in their crockery hearts they knew that Mary Adair in her present mood would exult in the sound of crashing china.

Adair, they seem to say, "keep right on saying you didn't do it, but we'll never believe you. We know better. Margaret Emmons is a good little girl never misses her lessons, she never makes faces behind her prayer-book; nor pretends she's got a sore knee, so she won't have to kneel in the chapel; she's never late for ranks, and she's always obedient and respectful to her superiors, while you—well, we saw you sitting outside Reverend Mother's door, and it was only yesterday, too, with your uniform tarred inside out. You can't fool us Mary Adair!"

"Don't care," said Mary Adair, as she went bravely on with her preparations for bed. The words were defiant, but the recording angel noted the barely perceptible quiver of her determined little chin. Up from the courtyard below was borne the unrestrained shouting of young children. Mary Adair jumped to her feet. She knew instinctively that it was the Third Cours, and she responded to their call. She thrust her arms into the sleeves of her nightdress and hurried to the window to ascertain what the unusual noise could mean. Yes, it was the Third Cours, and they were playing "prisoner's base" out on the flag-pavement beneath. It was a rare privilege granted only in the very hottest weather, and Mary Adair's cup of misery overflowed when she discovered what she was missing. "I didn't do it; I didn't do it," she moaned.

For a long time she stood thus, a tiny web-gone figure, and watched with feverish intensity every movement of the two diminutive armies which advanced now boldly, now stealthily, towards each other's goal. Even the intense heat could not stay their mad wild rush of retreat when capture appeared imminent.

From her vantage point she called out directions and cautions to her own side, until their flagrant disregard of them brought home to her that she was no longer one of them, but an exile marooned upon the fourth story of a high building. She wondered vaguely if her playmates missed her. She decided to her own satisfaction that they must, for wasn't she the best player in the Third Cours? Once more Mary Adair felt a glad thrill that she was not like the quiet, delicate Margaret Emmons. Margaret might get her pink ribbon and medals in French and English, but what of that? One only had to be perfect in deportment and to study faithfully for a week to attain such paltry honors. Mary Adair sniffed: "I could get a pink ribbon, and the old French and English medals, too, if I just wanted to, but Margaret Emmons she could never get to be captain of the baseball nine or the cricket team—her legs are so thin and spindly—she can't run worth a cent."

The all round athlete of the Third Cours cast an approving look at her own well-built legs. "If I were only at recreation now," she boasted, "our side wouldn't have so many prisoners, I'd release some surely." She flattened her nose against the window-pane and peered anxiously at the long lines of prisoners waiting to be freed. "One, two, three, four, five," she counted slowly. And Gwen Mather's side has lost only two men. Why, there's Helen O'Rourke, that last one in the line. How did she ever get caught? And here I am away up here, and I can't help her at all. Oh! Oh! but I'm lonesome," wailed Mary Adair. Everybody's mean to me. Guess I'll run away tomorrow," and she looked with a calculating eye at the high board fence which surrounded the convent grounds.

With a sigh she left the window and made her way back to her own alcove. "If it just wasn't so dark in here, I wouldn't feel so bad—but I ain't afraid of the dark—honest I ain't, I'm just lonesome," she parried. "Wonder if I couldn't reach the gas." She fringed her little green chair to the center of the room, stood upon it and tried to reach the low-burning flame; but her fat arms were too short. Nothing daunted by her failure, she pulled another chair from the alcove next hers and piled it upon her own. Then she climbed to the top of the shaky structure. She could barely touch the jet now, and she stood upon her tiptoes and strained every muscle until at last she was able to give it the necessary twist. But alas! She had turned it the wrong way and even the tiny

As The Result Of A Neglected Cold He Contracted SEVERE BRONCHIAL TROUBLE.

Mr. W. T. Allen, Halifax, N.S., writes: "I feel that I would be doing you and your great remedy, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, a gross injustice if I did not write and let you know the wonderful results that I have obtained from its use."

"Last spring I happened to contract a cold. Of course, this is a common occurrence, and I did not take any particular notice of it at the time. However, it did not break up as quickly as colds generally did with me, so after two weeks, and no sign of improvement, I began to get alarmed, and went to my local physician who informed me that I had contracted severe bronchial trouble as a result of neglecting my cold. He prescribed some medicine for me, which I took for about two weeks without any sign of improvement. I was getting pretty much discouraged by then, but one day a friend happened to be in to whom I was relating my trouble, and he advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, saying that he had obtained very beneficial results from its use in a similar case. I took his advice and procured several bottles from my druggist. After taking it, according to directions, for about two days, I noticed a decided improvement, and from that day on I began to get better, and in ten days I was in my usual health. I consider this an excellent showing for your remedy, and can highly recommend it to anyone afflicted with a cold. It is not just a good word for it, whenever the opportunity offers itself. You can procure Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup from any druggist or dealer. Price, 25c and 50c. The genuine is manufactured only by Dr. T. C. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont."

flicker of light was gone. With a sob in her throat she started to crawl down, but the chair slipped on the polished floor and the tottering mass. Her head struck against the iron bed, and for a moment she lay a huddled heap, too scared and miserable to think of moving. Her head ached dreadfully, and she put her hand up to it timidly. How it pounded against her fingers. She could fight the wretched feeling within her no longer, so she laid her burning head upon her pillow and cried and cried as if her heart would break.

(Concluded next week)
Minard's Liniment Co. Limited.
Have used MINARD'S LINIMENT for Cramp; found nothing equal to it; sure cure.
CHAS. E. SHARP.
Hawthorn, N. B., Sept. 1st, 1905.

Lingerlong at (11.40 p. m.)—My money comes and goes easy, you know.
Miss Bright (stifling a yawn)—I wish you were like your money, Mr. Lingerlong.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.
Mrs. Newed—Hullo—Central! I've just put some eggs on to boil and I find that my clock is stopped. Would you mind ringing me up in three minutes.

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."

"Why are children so much worse than they used to be?"
"I attribute it to improved ideas in building."
"How so?"
Shingles are scarce, and you can't spank a boy with a tin roof."

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratford 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 box a 50c."

"I understand that Miss Antiquis is engaged."
"Hypnotism?"

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.
Was Troubled With Nervous Prostration.

Many people although they know of nervous prostration do not know what the symptoms are. The principal ones are, a feeling of fright when in crowded places, a dread of being alone, fear of being in a confined place, a horror of society, a dread of things falling from above, fright at traveling on railroad trains, and disturbed and restless, unrefreshing sleep, often troubled with dreams.
Mrs. George Lee, Victoria Harbor, Ont., writes: "I am writing to tell you of the experience I have had with Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was so nervous I could not do my own work. I did not want to see any one, or would I go any place. My nerves were bad for three years, and my heart was so bad it made me tremble all over. I took three boxes of your pills, and I never was better than I am now. I weigh 20 pounds more than I ever did."
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

VOL-PEEK
MENDS HOLES IN POTS & PANS IN TWO MINUTES WITHOUT TOOLS
MENDS - Graniteware
Tin - Copper - Brass
Aluminum Enamelware
Cost 1/2¢ Per Mend
PRICE 15¢ PER PACKAGE

"VOL-PEEK" mends holes in all kinds of Pots, Pans, Boilers and all other kitchen utensils, in two minutes, at a cost of less than 1/2¢ per mend. Mends Graniteware, Iron Tinwares, Copper, Brass, Aluminum, etc.
Easy to use, requires no tools and mends quickly. Every housewife knows what it is to discover a hole in a pan, kettle or boiler just when she wants to use that article. Few things are more provoking and cause more inconvenience, a little leak in a much wanted pot or pan will often spoil a whole morning's work.
The housewife has, for many years been wanting something with which she could herself, in her own home, mend such leaks quickly, easily and permanently, and she has never found it.

What has been needed is a mender like "VOL-PEEK", that will repair the article neatly and quickly and at the same time be always at hand, easily applied and inexpensive.
A package of "VOL-PEEK" will mend from 30 to 50 fair sized holes.

"VOL-PEEK" is in the form of a still putty, simply cut off a small piece enough to fill the hole, then burn the mend over the flame of a lamp, candle or open fire for two minutes, then the article will be ready for use.
Sent Post Paid to any address on receipt of 15 cents in Silver or Stamps.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.
Charlottetown
Agents for P. E. Island.

ADVERTISEMENT OF THE
Live Stock Breeder's Association
WANTED TO PURCHASE.

The Stock Breeders Association has an inquiry for Yorkshire, Tamworth and Poland, China Boars and Sows over five months of age. Any one having such for sale should communicate at once with the undersigned stating breed, age, estimated weight and price.
For further information apply to the Department of Agriculture, Charlottetown, P. E. I.
Dec. 27th, 1914.
THEODORE ROSS,
Charlottetown.

Smoke and Chew
Hickey's Twist Tobacco
Millions of Plugs sold yearly because it is the best.
Hickey & Nicholson
Co. Ltd. Manufactures
Phone 345.

THE NEW YEAR
Offers Another Opportunity

A pair of modern Spectacles or Eyeglasses will make the "Old Folks" happy—enable them to read and sew in comfort, make them "see young" again.
What more useful or acceptable gift could you select for mother or father?
We are making a specialty of Spectacles for Xmas and have a scheme whereby they can be suitably presented as a gift.

Make it Glasses for the Old Folks.

You're Welcome

To any article in our store by paying the very reasonable amount asked for it.
Among the new things are sets of brushes and combs, nail files, etc., in cases. These come in large and small sizes and are sterling or quadruple plate. New designs in

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| Mesh Bags | Fobs in Gold Filled and Ribbon |
| Locketts | High Grade Watches |
| Pendants | Boys Watches, \$1.00 up |
| Bracelets | White Metal Chains, 25c up |
| Necklets | Silver Thimbles |
| Cuff Links | Back Combs |
| Wrist Watches | Barettes |
| Gents' Chains in different styles | Nice Reading Glasses |
| Handsome Senior Brooches in tinted gold set with pearls | Telescopes, from \$3.00 up to \$20.00 |
| | Rayless Eyeglasses |

E. W. TAYLOR

The Old Stand, 142 Richmond St. Charlottetown.

Reasons Why The C. B. C. Is The Best

The Charlottetown Business College's claims of superiority are not based on hot air, bombast or broadside bragging.
The equipment of this college is complete in every respect. There are enough typewriters, forms, etc., for every student, and therefore none are kept back and none especially favored. The teachers are the best that can be secured and the location ideal—right in the heart of the business district—the courses plain, practical and full of "usable" knowledge.
Students who graduate from this institution are QUALIFIED to cope with any problem that is placed before them in actual practice. This institution is the only one in the Province to turn out successful verbatim reporters.
The courses cover bookkeeping, auditing, type writing, shorthand, brokerage, banking, business correspondence, navigation, engineering and Civil Service preparatory exams.
Write today for free prospectus and full information.

Charlottetown Business College
—AND INSTITUTE OF—
SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING
L. B. MILLER, Principal.
VICTORIA ROW.

For Reliable Fire Insurance

Call, Write or Phone
G. J. McCORMAC
AGENT FOR
The Imperial Underwriters Corporation of Canada,
And The National Benefit Life and Property Assurance Co. of London, England.
Office—Revere Hotel Building,
119 Kent St. Charlottetown.
P. O. Box 74
Dec. 9, 1914-15. Phone 351