THE CHARLOTTETOWN HERALD Taking the rosary and holding the The Poor Souls. Get the Most pross up to the light. Mrs, Colville **Out of Your Food** read the inscription. You don't and can't if your stomac) Pity those whe, in their agony ar ' Mildred Avery on her First Com plesding is weak. A weak stomach does not die marin Day, 8 h Dec., 1863.' gest all that is ordinarily taken into it. For the help that only you, their It gets tired easily, and what it fails to friends, can give. digest is wasted. explained as she returned i'. Pity those who, in the cleansing Among the signs of a weak stomach flames are needing are uneasiness after eating, fits of ner-Pray'r and escrificial works that vous headache, and disagreeable belchlev and yours.' they may live Ing. "I have been troubled with dyspepsis for years, and tried every ramedy I heard of, but never got anything that gave me relief nntil I took Hood's Sarsparilla. I cannot praise this medicine too highly for the good it has done me. I always take it in the spring and fail and would not be without it." W. A. NUCERT, Belleville, Ont. In that happy land where place for them is waiting Near the Sacred Heart of Him luck isn't it ?' they loveth beet. Near that Heart which, with a love Hood's Sarsaparilla all unabating. Dotb, with tenderness, still long Strengthens and tones the stomach and to give them rest ! the whole digestive system cot as your mother did. Let your bearts, for those poor belpless souls o'erflowing. of the years, and the wish almost With a charity whose fire will sprang up in his beart that it might his pocket. live again. The child sat almost Dever Cease. Pay the debt which Christian love motionless, drinking in every word, is ever owing supplying details occasionally, as she To the soul of felle who had heard from Mammy. When he wait release. had ended she startled him by ask-Pray for them that soon, in heav'ne ing: eternal splender, 'Is you very bad, Ohum ?' They may rest in blissful glory 'Well, I fancy that you'd think me pretty bad, little one, but what makes evermore; Pray for them, and they, in turn, to you ask me that ?' you will ronder 'Cos a lady told Mummy she Helpful service when your spin of finked you are very bad, but you is to make any. life is o'er. bevvy good, isn't you ?' and she ouddled closer to him. -Amadeus, O. S. F. perself by marrying his cousin, the 'Oh,' said he' as the light broke on the question, 'she meant I sup-The Poor Soul's Lament. pose, that I was very ill, Angela.' "Willn't you ever get better ?' she Ob. how I look with wistful oyes asked anxiously though she wonder-To heaven's beautious light above. ed how he could be very ill and not each latter contained a page of And sigh, and say "within these lying in bed with 'nasty medicine' to ekies take. letter from Angela. There is my home, my home of love; ' l'm afraid not, wee one,' be an-There all my wishes, all my tears, swered sadly, as he stroked the My thousand longings unfulfilled, subby curls. The cry of these burning years 'Not even if I ask Mavver Mary Will be in God forever stilled." evvy day to better you as she did Bat yet alas, my soff'ring beart. me? Thy dearest hope must be deferred, 'Course, I 'spect I'd promise to God knows how long the fires give you to her like Daddy and Mammy gived me. Shall I ask her, smart Will burn before my voice is heard, Chum ? The child was intensely in earnest, B t hope-for many friends are and he had not the heart to say 'No.' mine. That love me as in days of yore, Perhaps there might be something Toat pray "Lot light eternal in it after all. What was it the poet' had written? shine On him; oh Lord, forever more." 'More things are wrought by Oh friends that love me, friends that prayer than this world dreams of." If that were true surely the prayer know of a little child must prevail and he How beaven's justice is severe, would be bettered' in some way. If, Remember me that barn below,

**Developed** Into 'It is what we call a rosary,' she 'And what a coincidence ! The **BRONCHITIS** eighth of December, Angel.'s birth-'Yes, I bada's noticed that,' he ra However slight a cold you have, you plied. 'It is sure to bring me double hould never neglect it. In all pos-ibility, if you do not treat it in time it will develop into bronchitis, pneumonia 'I trust it will bring you many other serious throat or lung plessings, if it has not done so rouble. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is particularly adapted for all colds, coughs, bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, whoop-ing cough and all troubles of the throat and lungs. Three points in favour of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup are: 1. Its action is prompt. 2. It invigorates is well as heals, and soothes the throat and lungs. 3. It is pleasant, harmless and agreeable in taste. Mrs. Albert Vait, Brockville, Ont. already,' she said. Then balf besitatingly she added and perbaps some day you will learn to use your mas-'Thank you, who knows ?' he answered, as he restored the beads to

ACOLD

and we are never without it in the house.

ou ask for

See that you get "Dr. Wood's" when

Mrs. Albert Vait, Brockville, Ont., writes:--"Just a line to let you know about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. 'God and His mother.' she said in her beart, ' for I feel sure that it is Our oldest little girl is now six years old. When she was four months old she got just in that way Angela's petition for bettering Ohum will be beard. a cold which developed into Bronchitis and we tried everything we could think of and had two doctors attending her, More than a year had passed away,

but it was no good. One day I read in your almanae about Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, so I tried it, and before she had finished one bottle of it, the dry hacking cough had nearly all gone. There is nothing equal to it, and we are never without it in the house." since Frank Warriner bade goodbye to his travelling companions at Cape Town. He had spent his time wander ing from one sanatorium to another making new friends and not caring Dorothy Ashburn had consoled

imitations on the market. The genuine is manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont. next heir of the Warriner estate. Price, 25c.; family size, 50c. Frank bore his lot as bravely as he could but there were hours when it It was the eighth of December two seemed too hard. From time to time

years, after the opening of our story. be heard from Mrs. Colville, and In a private ward in the Johannesburg Hospital, Frank Warriner lay bieroglyphics purporting to be a dying.

A priest knelt at his side, and 'She never forgets her promised prayer for Chum,' Mrs. Colville prayed sloud the beautiful prayers, in which the Catholic Church pleads wrote once, 'she is never tired of for strength for her children in that sounding his praises.' These oclast awful bour. casional remembrances were the only

The dying man lay quiet, his eyes things that brought any brightness closed, a look of peace on his counteninto the dreary days of pain and exance. Among the other lessons his baustion, and the thought of the new faith had taught him was the child's love end prayer was a real divine one of resignation. He had source of comfort to the lonely man. learnt that it is not lergth of life that The mildness of its climate led him counts, but the intensity of living to Darban, and one Sunday evening that ostience, and meekness are a curosity brought him into the Catho veritable philosopher's stone for lie Church. It chanced to be the San transmuting the dross of pain into day within the octive of the Feast of golden glory of Heaven, and that Corpus Christi, the day on which there are worse fates than being out the solomnity of the Blessed Saoraoff from this world of sin and sorrow ment is celebrated in South Africa. in one's early manhood. And now As Warriper entered the oburch death was at hand, but it had no the sermon was just about to begin. on the other hand, it were a mere The preacher a stranger whose voice errors for him. Would not ' Muyver And wait, and pray, and suffer here, ob the other hand, it would be done by had stirred thousands in the great Mary' soothe it with her presence ? baby lips uttering his name daily in Cathedrals of Europe, choosing as his Would she not 'after this exile.' show to him the blessed fruit of he



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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1918

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per lb.

And I will pray for you when free ;

thine."

Liguorian.

a baby prayer. It would be sweet My friends in heaven shall bless you to think some one was rembering bim. So be said :

And God Himself, Wao pities me, 'Angels, dear little one ! say your Will grow more merciful to you. prayer for Chum, and we'll see what

Oh would the angel left the skies, will come of it,' Whose breath will cool the searching' 'Es,' said the child, patting his fire,

Whose dazzling wirgs will help day, ' Mavvy Mary better chum.' me rise 'Thank you dear, you won't for-To God, to God, my sou's desire.

get?' No tongue has told, no ear bas 'Truly, fait and honor' a queer little asseveration borrowed from ber beard. Nor can a heart on earth divine playmates with which she always How eagerly I wait the word :

accompained her most solemn pro-" Come, faithful soul, thy God is mise to be good. So that night after her usual peti-

-Thos. Zeller, C.S.S.R., in the tions Angela added the quaint prayer and explained to 'Mummy' all about the compact. When the golden head

was fast asleep on the pillow, Mrs. SHORT STORY Colville and Warriner paced the deck. They were like cld friends A Little Child Shall Lead. now, and he spoke to her quite

freely about his childhood, the hopes and disappointments of his manhood,

'Perhaps' she thought, 'my the dreary outlook of the future. sunbeam will succeed where we 'Fate has been generous enough clumsier older folks have failed, and to me with material gifts,' he was will brighten the poor boy a little.' saying ; ' but the things I cared for So Angela came the next day, and most have, always been taken from every day after that, till the end of me. It sounds like whinning, but the voyage. And Warriner grew to mine has been pretty hard luck, look for her coming. Her quaint baby don't you agree ?'

prattle, ber little odl ways were a 'Yes,' she replied, you poor boy, the sermon ended and the procession never failing source of amusement to it has been bard but,' and she quoted him ; and won him from the morbid softly : self centralization that was threater. Ob yet we trust that somehow

ing to become babitual. good. For as the tile of the childs sweet. Will be the final goal of ill.

ness mingled with that of the man's 'I wish I could believe it, too,' be bitterness, he began to look at life said sadly. Then with a smile he of Angela! He seemed to hear her Pills. Price a box 50c. with kindlier eyes. As she found his added : ' anyhow, I have been taking | baby accents lisping ' Muvver Mary name impossible to pronounce he too much advantage of your kindness better Chum." taught her to call him 'Chum' and and it is not fair to be singing a dirge it gave him great delight to here on this lovely night.' her lisping the word in her pretty At that moment she stopped and

Way. felt for something she had dropped. One evening as she sat at his feet "What is it ?' be asked as he bent

coloring prints, while he read, she to help in the search. looked up from her work, and with " I have it now,' she answered,' her eyes on the west which was all only one of those absard little pigs. aglow with the tints of a glorious It was given to me as a mascot, and sunset she asked him naively. though I don't believe in luck I velue

"Who paints the sky, Cham ?" piggy for association sake.' Warriner was not a religious man. 'Ob, I must show you my mascet,'

In fact he called himself a freethinker said Warriner, as be took a little -if he could be said to think at all case from his breast pocket. about religion-but somehow the ' It belonged to my mother. She only answer that suggested itself to was a Catholio,' he said opening the

the child's question was : casket and drawing forth a small "God." golden rosary. 'O Chum,' she cried, clapping

·She died when I was a few hours her hands in delight, 'what a lovely old, and I have carried it with me paint box God must have.' since I have been old enough to take

Then leaving her hitherto absorb- care of it. Her name and a date are ing occupation she clambered on to engraved on the cross. I suppose his knee. these beads are not a mere trinket,

'Tell me 'bout God, please,' she but have some religious significasail, "bout the teeny, weeny baby tion. Jeens, and Mayver Mary, and Saint

J.)86: What could be do ? He could not shock her baby faith in God, nor her belief in himself, by propounding freethinking tenets or saying that he did not know.

And with these inquistorial eyes upon him he dare not evade the request. So he complied, though somewhat shame facedly, and repeated the 'old, old story ever new.' As he did so, the faith of his childhood seemed to call to him fron the mis

He came unto his own and His own received Him not,' dwelt on womb, as he had asked her daily ? Presently the great lastroas eyes the continual Sacramental presence openel, and with a feeble motion the

of Christ in the Church. dying man beckoned to the priest. In a voice shaken with emotion, be 'Father,' he whispered, ' I am petrated on the Eucharistic God; and going. Don't forget my request." referred to an outrage recently per-The attending Sister saw that the arm maternally. 'I'll say it evvy begged his bearers, if they had any end was near. Round one transparent faith and love, to join heart and soul hand was wound the little gelden in the solemn act of reparation which was to follow the procession of the rosary. The sister raised the cross to his lipe. He kissed it reverently. Blessed Sacrament. Then his look turned upwards and At the mention of the sacrilege he seemed to be gazing intently at ome of the worshippers shuddered something, ' Little Angela ! Jesus 1 and covered their faces with their Mother Mary !' the nurse heard bim hands, and an old woman near atter brokenly. A moment later he Warriner was sobbing audibly. He fell back dead. listened in wonder. He had heard of

course, of the Catholic doctrine of the Eacharist ; but hitberto he had never

text.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LIEMITED realized what it meant. Did these people really believe that the Christ GENTLEMEN, -Io July 1905 I Was thrown from a road machine, injurof Bethlehem and Nogureth, the ptiyng, wonder working Christ of ing my hip and back badly and was Galilee and Judes, the Christ in obliged to use a crutch for 14 months. whose divinity he had once believed In September 1906 Mr. Wm. Outwas present in very deed and truth ridge of Lachate arged me to try in their midst, inviting as the MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I preacher said all burden bearers to did with the most satisfactiory recome to His feet and be refreshed ? sults and today I am as well as ever If he could but believe! Yet his in my life.

mother had believed it. As these and many other like thoughts passed through his mind,

Yours sincerly. his MATTEUE x BAINES mark

-The Catholic Nows.

began to form. Down the nave W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont came the altar servers, followed by a train of white robed obildren. Then says : -" It affords me much pleasure immediately before the priest strew to say that I experienced great relief ng roses in his path came four tiny from Muscular Rheumatism by using maidens. How they reminded him two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic

No man ever thinks he'll live long ' Sweet Sacrament we Thee adore, enough to wear out a dress suit, Oh make us love Thee more and

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont more. ang out the triumphant chorne. writes :- "My mother had a badly In the bowed beads of these around sprained arm. Nothing we used im, in the serious reverent expres- did her any good. Then father sion of the children's faces as they got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it passed him, Warriper read faith, deep cured mother's arm in a few days iving faith in mystery of which till Price 25 cents." bat evening he had never dreamed.

'It is very beautiful very artistic but how can such a doctrine be true'? Dandruff. he thought, Yet are these people fanatics

Have they lost all intelligence? Sarely if they were not true, no **Nerves Were** human being in his senses could worship 'That,

He was sitting at the end of a pew As the priest approached with the WOULD ALMOST GO OUT OF monstrance raised on high, Warriner lifted his eyes to the Host. As he did so an unaccountable feeling o

awe stole over his soul. Involuntarily he knelt with bowed head, and his lips moved in prayer.

weak hearts. He remembered no set form of words, and unconciously his appeal was an echo of Angela's prayer. 'O God, O Christ !' he repeated

writes:-"When I was troubled with my heart, two years ago, I was very bad. if you be God, if you be bere-

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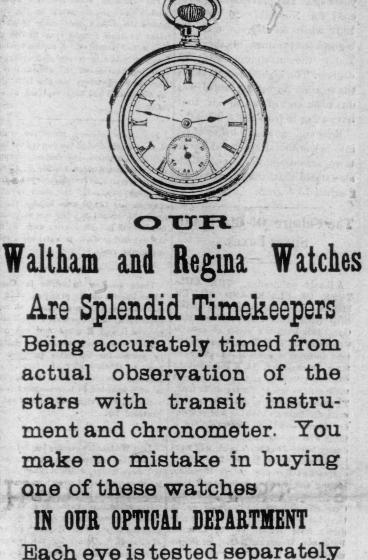
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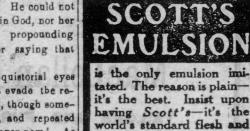
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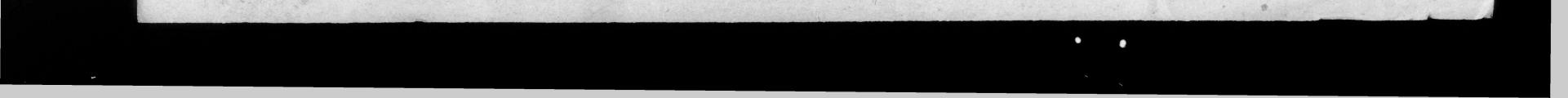
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