

True Riches.

(BY BENJAMIN FRANCIS MUSSEY.)

Upon a golden morn in Mary's May
 Into a forest went a youth a way,
 Along a lane of dogwood, white and red,
 Whose arching branches met above his head;
 When in a thicket saw, with snowy hair,
 An aged hermit kneeling low in prayer.
 Fain would the youth have softly sped away;
 The hermit, turning, beckoned him to stay.
 "Pretty, my son, art passing through the wood,
 Or dost remain to gain thy livelihood?"
 "Nay, holy man," the youth with smile replied;
 "I get my bread upon the other side."
 "Aye," quoth the sire; "so be; Youth ever will
 Look to the sunset on the distant hill.
 "When thou hast gain'd my years perchance will find
 Treasures upon the path left far behind.
 "How thou prepar'st thy bed must sleep upon 't;
 He who desires much will always want."
 Wond'ring, the boy drew near. "And, friend," quoth he,
 "Let me hear more, good anchorite, and from thee."
 The hermit said, his face all light adorn:
 "None can be poorer than when he was born;
 "And he who has no faith has this belief:
 Who has no wealth to lose fears not the thief.
 "Heed, O my son, the fall of courtesan;
 Man may make money; money makes not man.
 "A crow may be a peacock in the night;
 A man is only great as in God's sight.
 "Equal the prince and beggar to earth came,
 For kings' and cobbler's souls are made the same.
 "The widow's mite, the cup of water cold
 More valued are than sinners' wealth untold.
 "If you would have all things desire naught;
 The only things that count, cannot be bought.
 "Ponder, my son, upon what I have said,
 And this of all—the hermit raised his head—
 "A virtue 'tis not merely poor to be,
 Not lack of wealth, but love of poverty.
 "For know the wealth of princes is but dross;
 The ransom of a soul is at the Cross.
 "And through thy life, from birth to final sleep,
 Truth is the highest thing that thou canst keep.
 "There is no wealth so great, Saint Austin saith,
 "Nor treasure precious as the Catholic Faith."
 "The love of Faith, though worn and aged she,
 Is wealth to last though all eternity.
 "Then, O my son, turn back, and riches build
 Under the tree where heaven's blood was spilled.
 "Men cannot all be hermits; all may be
 Humble in heart and rich in charity.
 "Only love God and want will steal away;
 Earth will be heaven, night an endless day.
 A breath of evening cross'd the balmy air;
 The hermit made the Sign and bent in prayer.
 And down the lane of dogwood whence he came
 The youth return'd, with heart and soul aflame.
 The veil of night the forest closed around;
 But light came to a soul and harbor found.
 May, 1916.

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 them.

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 noticed it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days it began taking it I felt better and it is not long before I was cured. Have ever had any skin disease since." Mrs. E. W. Ward, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

Jackie's Mother.

An old woman, burdened with a satchel and a cotton umbrella, came out of the station and stood looking nervously up and down State street, bewildered by the hurry and noise and confusion. Six hours' ride in a day-coach had left her cheap black suit a mass of creases and very dusty, her hair was disheveled and her old-fashioned bonnet hung over her left ear. Her cotton gloves, too tight for her plump hands, had been mended in more than one place, and conscious of their shabbiness, she hid them as well as she could. She little knew that her shoes were muddy and her new suit in a bad condition.

As one car after another came she strained her eyes to read its sign, started forward with feverish haste to take it and then sank back to the curbstone, uncertain whether it was the right one. She thought she would remember but she did not. It was all as strange and perplexing as on that other day, three months before, when she had first stood there. Timidly she scanned the faces of those who hurried by, but in spite of her eagerness to be on her way, several minutes passed before she found courage to speak to any one. At last a girl sweet-faced and poorly dressed, came and stood beside her to wait for her own car. Mrs. Shaw touched her lightly on the arm.

"Excuse me, miss," she said, "but I'm a stranger and—and I can't remember which car I should take. Could you tell me how to get to—" and she mentioned a street and number in one of the most fashionable parts of Chicago.

The girl looked down into the anxious face of the old woman, with its dim eye and tender mouth. "I am going in that direction. Come with me," she said. She did not hint that Mrs. Shaw's car would carry her half a mile out of her way.

"Oh thank you! Thank you!" Mrs. Shaw exclaimed, inexpressibly relieved, and with entire confidence instantly placing herself under the girl's care. "My son is ill and I can hardly wait to get to him," she explained, after a car had approached and passed.

"Oh, your son! The girl echoed. She was surprised that the son of this plain country woman lived in such a neighborhood, until it occurred to her that no doubt, he was employed as butler or chauffeur by some rich family.

"Where you ever in Chicago before?" she asked.

"Once, only once; and I did not stay long. I left—right away," Mrs. Shaw replied, with such evident reluctance that the girl felt she had asked a tactless question. Not knowing what she could safely say she was silent, but soon Mrs. Shaw, after glancing at her once or twice, began to talk, and her tongue once loosed, was never weary. Talking eased her over-burdened heart, and to this girl, whom she did not know and would never see again, she could say much which would never have passed her lips to a friend.

"Jackie was hurt yesterday," she explained. "He and his wife were riding somewhere in the country and there was an accident. Another automobile ran into theirs at a crossing. I saw it in the paper this morning, and I took the first train. He's my boy still—and I just had to come. I'll try not to be in the way, but I must see him if only for a little while—if only for a minute." Her voice broke

over the last words and her face was quivering piteously.

At this moment her car came. Mrs. Shaw began to fumble helplessly amid the confusion of her bag; then, before she knew how it had been managed, her companion had helped her up the steps, and paid both fares, and she found herself, breathless and trembling, not far from the door.

"How long will it take us to get there?" she panted.

"Half an hour, or perhaps a little more."

"Oh, so long as that! And he's hurt! If I had got a 'bus it would have been quicker, I guess. I didn't see one, and I was that upset I couldn't think what to do."

She sat silent, but fidgeting, for a minute or two scanning the weary unhappy faces on the opposite side of the car and the advertisements above them, before she turned again to the girl and said, "You won't forget to tell me when to get off?"

"No, indeed?" she answered reassuringly.

"I was afraid you might—though you're so kind," Mrs. Shaw confessed. "When I was before the conductor—he forgot. He took me too far, and I got flustered and didn't know which way to turn, and was all tucked out before I found Jackie's house. It's a fine place—much finer than I had ever dreamed—and bigger than anything in Pleasantville, or even in New Paris—except the Court House and Father O'Toole's new church. They—why, you never saw anything as big as they are!"

The girl smiled but very kindly, and the old woman talked on, only too happy to have so good a listener.

"It was in January I was here before. It was cold and windy and had snowed all day. I wouldn't have believed Chicago could be as sunshiny as it is today. You see, I thought I would surprise Jackie and Nan. (Nan is his wife; and they were married last fall.) I was planning to stay just one night. I didn't want to be a trouble, but the house being big likely they had a company room. Any little corner would have done for me. I had got so homesick for Jackie I had to come, though it cost me eleven dollars and a half to make the trip." She paused and the girl hastened to say, with great sympathy:

"Eleven dollars and a half is a great deal," adding, after a moment, "It was a lovely surprise for your son."

Mrs. Shaw was slow to reply. When she did it was to explain slowly and hesitatingly. "Well, you see, it was late when I got there. I had lost time wandering back and forth looking for the place, and—there was an automobile standing in front of the house. Just as I got near the steps Nan came running out, laughing. She looked happy and pretty and fine. She was all wrapped in furs because it was very cold—I'll never forget how cold! I did shiver so! And so Nan ran down the steps and jumped into the automobile. She didn't see me at all—a little old woman, a-shivering against the fence! Then in a minute Jackie came out; he was laughing, too. He hurried down the steps after her, and he—" She looked into the girl's face and went on resolutely. "He didn't see me. He couldn't have seen me, because he sprang into the automobile and told the man to start. Afterwards, I knew he couldn't have recognized me. I wasn't looking like myself, I dare say, shivering—and I'd been crying a little—I that used to laugh and sing the live-long day just because I was so happy I couldn't keep quiet! That was when Mr. Shaw was living and I had all my boys."

"Had you ever seen your son's wife before?" The girl asked. In her heart she was thinking unspeakable things of them both.

"Yes, I had seen her. She and Jackie came through Pleasantville on their wedding trip. They could stay only a few minutes, but wasn't it good of Jackie to think of stopping? I had not seen him for seven years. He's been so busy ever since he began to make money."

Evidently she was proud of him and his success; evidently, too, in the habit of trying to excuse his neglect to her own heart. "There never was a boy more loving than Jackie, especially when he was in trouble," she went on.

"Why, the day they stopped in Pleasantville he kissed me a dozen times, I know; and Nan kissed me too. It seemed to me he was

HONESTLY BELIEVED

HE WAS GOING INTO CONSUMPTION.

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup CURED HIM.

Mr. Frank E. Anthony, 69 Ellen Street, Winnipeg, Man., writes: "Having taken several bottles of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, during the past few weeks, to relieve a chronic cough and general throat trouble, allow me to express my unbounded satisfaction and thanks as to its sterling qualities. A short time ago I became suddenly subject to violent coughing fits at night, and directly after rising in the morning, for about an hour, and found I was gradually losing weight. All my friends cheerfully informed me that I looked as though I were going in consumption, and I honestly believed such was the case. However, after having taken several bottles of 'Dr. Wood's' I am pleased to relate that the cough has entirely disappeared, along with all the nasty symptoms, and I have since regained the lost weight. I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup as a sure cure for all those troubled in a like manner."

"When you ask for 'Dr. Wood's' see that you get what you ask for. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, the wrapper bears the trade mark; the price, 25c and 50c.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

stouter than he used to be, and his hair looked a little gray. I couldn't be sure."

To hide the tears which were now blinding her Mrs. Shaw turned to look at the unfamiliar street through which they were being hurried. "Are we nearly there?" she asked after a little while, still haunted by the fear of passing her corner.

(Concluded next week)

At the Yarmouth Y. M. C. A. Boys' Camp, held at Tusket Falls in August, I found MINARD'S LINIMENT most beneficial for sun burn, an immediate relief for colic and toothache.

ALFRED STOKES, General-Sec'y.

Father—Well, Bobby what did you learn at school today?

Bobby—Not to sass Tommy McNutt.

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

"Be cheerful. You can always look about you and see people worse off than you are."

"That's true and when the bill collector comes dunning me I can tell them of a lot of people that have more money than I, but the trouble is they won't go to them."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

Visitor—I just looked in to cheer you up a bit, and I'm very glad I did, for I met the doctor going out, and he says your worse than you think and unless you keep up your spirits you can't recover.

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."

All men need the noble and the beautiful, and he who lives without an ideal is hardly a man.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

"There's no danger," said the doctor. "It's only a carbuncle coming on the back of your neck. But you must keep your eye on it!"

Was Not Much of a Believer in Patent Medicines But Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Are All Right.

Mrs. Wm. McElwain, Temperance Vale, N.B., writes: "I am not much of a believer in medicines, but I must say Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are all right. Some years ago I was troubled with smothering spells. In the night I would wake up with my breath all gone and think I never would get it back. I was telling a friend of my trouble, and he advised me to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. He gave me a box, and I had only taken a few of them when I could sleep all night without any trouble. I did not finish the box until some years after when I felt my trouble coming back, so I took the rest of them and they cured me."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years. The testimony of the users should be enough to convince you that what we claim for them is true. H. and N. Pills are 50c per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25; at all druggists or dealers, mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Soldiers at the front and the boys at home all agree that HICKEY'S BLACK TWIST is the best good Chewing Tobacco.

Send HICKEY'S BLACK TWIST to the boy in the trenches—and be sure it is HICKEY'S.

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By procuring from us you save the exorbitant charges too often made by agents and avoid the possibility of getting a wrong glass with no chance of changing.

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This store is noted for the excellent quality of the goods carried in stock, and nothing but the very best in trimmings of every kind allowed to go into a suit.

We guarantee to fit you perfectly, and all our clothes have that smooth, stylish, well-tailored appearance, which is approved by all good dressers.

If you have had trouble getting clothes to suit you, give us a trial. We will please you.

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MENDS HOLES IN POTS & PANS IN TWO MINUTES WITHOUT TOOLS

MENDS—Graniteware Tin—Copper—Brass Aluminium Enamelware—Cost 1/4¢ Per Mend

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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 10c. per mend. Mends Graniteware, Iron, Tinware, 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 accessible.

A package of VOL-PEEK will mend more than 100 air sized holes.

VOL-PEEK is in the form of a stiff 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.

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