

A Wish.

I'd like to be a boy again; a care-free prince of joy again, I'd like to tread the hills and dale the way I used to do; I'd like the tattered shirt again, the knickers thick with dirt again; The ugly dusty feet again that long ago I knew, I'd like to play first base again, and Silver's curves to face again; I'd like to climb the way I did, a friendly apple tree; For, knowing what I do today, could I but wonder back and play, I'd get full measure of the joy that boyhood gave to me. I'd like to be a lad again, a youngster, wild and glad again, I'd like to sleep and eat again the way I used to do; I'd like to race and run again, and drain from life its fun again. And start another round of joy, the moment one was through. But care and strife have come to me, and often days are glum to me, And sleep is not the thing it was and food is not the same. And I have sighed, and know that I must journey on again to sight, And I have stood at envy's point and heard the voice of shame, I've learned that joys are fleeting things, that parting pain each meeting brings; That gain and loss are partners here, and so are smiles and tears; That only boys from day to day can drain and fill the cup of play; That age must mourn for what is lost throughout the coming years. But boys can not appreciate their priceless joy until too late, And those who own the charm I had will soon be changed to men; And then, they too will sit, as I and backward turn to look and sigh, And share my longing, vain, to be a care-free boy again.

The Bachelor Girl's Boy.

(ALICE J. STEVENS, in The Tidings.) The Bachelor Girl lived alone in a little green bungalow almost hidden by rose vines, on the edge of a big, bustling Western city. Every day she went down into this big, bustling, busy city, where the solitary policeman stood on the street-corner and directed the crowded traffic so that it was considered comparatively safe for pedestrians to cross the streets without hopelessly jeopardizing their lives, for she worked in a massive building near the top floor, where she was connected with a big publishing house, and where all day long she sat in an office before a desk strewn with papers and books and half-tone cuts and various other paraphernalia connected with the business, and often, when the days were warm and balmy, and that dreary feeling pervaded the atmosphere, she would look out over the roofs of tall buildings off into the distance where high mountains lifted their stately heads and proudly gazed on the mass of struggling humanity below, which, like so many ants, wound in and out through the marts of trade, each intent upon grasping the biggest load of worldly goods; and sometimes it seemed to the Bachelor Girl as if those eternal hills of God were to point the way to higher ideals than groveling humanity could reach unaided by the grace of God. But when evening came she would lock the office door, after the advertising staff and the business manager, the stenographer and all the others had gone, and then she would write the thoughts that buzzed like bees in her head all day. She would write until dinner time, for this Bachelor Girl got most of her dinners down town, because it was inconvenient to cook her evening meal at home when if she did have a gas range and all household conveniences. And then, going home in the dusk of the evening she would "luxuriate in loneliness," as she expressed it. Not that she ever felt lonesome, but she enjoyed being alone with her thoughts after the

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—so ugly as ever since time immemorial it causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

Wood's Sarsaparilla

It rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

voice and confusion of the office all day. Perhaps that was why he was a Bachelor Girl, because he liked to be alone, and then, again, perhaps there was another reason. One cold, stormy night she concluded she would get her dinner at home, for a change, so she bought a nice, juicy steak and what she called "a few accessories before the fact," and leaving the office earlier than usual she dined alone. She built a fire in the grate in her small dining-room, and set the table for one, under the electric reading-lamp that hung, green-shaded, just above the easy Morris chair in which she loved to lounge in dressing gown and slippers of an evening. Outside, the rain beat a tattoo on the window pane, to the accompaniment of the moaning of the wind and the ceaseless swishing of a rose vine against the assement. Inside the fire crackled and snapped and warmed the cozy room where the Bachelor Girl dined alone. No long table was set for a family dinner, with its pleasing array of cut glass and dainty china with delicate tracery of blue and gold—no flowers waiting their subtle perfume through the warm room, only a soft, subdued light from the green-shaded reading-lamp blending with the glow of blazing logs in the open fireplace. No high chairs were drawn before the table—no bits by loving hands tucked under dimpled chins, with childish prattle recounted the day's events—only the Bachelor Girl sitting there alone and looking across the table at a row of vacant chairs that filled the spaces of her dreams, and she could see and realize the utter futility of trying to weave a home circle without children around which to fasten the threads of the warp and woof of the pattern. "Some day when I am a little better off in this world's goods and can stay at home and take care of them, when I don't have to work like a slave and unfit myself for polite society, I'll adopt some children," mused the Bachelor Girl. "I'll take a boy and a girl—children, of course, that I know all about and can be sure that I'm not getting anyone with inherited tendencies to evil or disease." The Bachelor Girl sat late before the fire that night, and perhaps the dishes were washed before she went to bed and perhaps they were not. Anyway, she didn't feel much like cooking her own breakfast next morning, so she slipped out early and went down to a little restaurant where they served excellent coffee and old-fashioned "riz" buckwheat cakes with maple syrup that was "good enough for a dog to eat," as one of her Bohemian friends used to say. A morning paper lay in the table beside her plate and, while waiting for her order she picked it up, glancing carelessly through its columns of horrors, until her eye lit upon the picture of a boy, and under the picture was the query: "Who will give this boy a home?" Then followed an account of how this little boy, only ten years of age, because he was homeless and friendless, had been taken by the probation officer to the Detention Home where incorrigibles were kept until the Juvenile Court disposed of their cases. Not that he was a bad boy, but a chain of calamities had left him friendless and homeless. "A little Mexican boy whose mother had been a charwoman." "Not very encouraging

SCOTT'S EMULSION is taken by people in all the great countries all the year round. It stops wasting and keeps up the strength and vitality in summer as well as in winter. ALL DRUGGISTS

Had Severe Cold ON HER LUNGS.

RAISED PHLEGM AND BLOOD. Never neglect what at first seems to be but a slight cold. You think perhaps you are strong enough to fight it off, but colds are not so easily fought off in this northern climate, and if they are not attended to at once will sooner or later develop into some serious lung trouble such as bronchitis, pneumonia, and perhaps that dreadful disease, consumption.

Miss Kaye McDonald, Sydney Mines, N.S., writes: "Last winter I contracted a severe cold, and it settled on my lungs. I would cough and raise phlegm and blood. I had the cough for a month, and had medicine from the doctor, but it did not seem to do me any good. I really thought I had consumption."

My friends advised me to use Dr. Wood's Norway Fine Syrup, which I did, and it gave me great relief. I am very glad I used "Dr. Wood's," and would recommend it to every one."

You can procure Dr. Wood's Norway Fine Syrup from any druggist or dealer, but be sure and get "Dr. Wood's," when you ask for it as there are a number of imitations on the market, which some dealers may try to palm off on you as the genuine.

See that it is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees is the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c.

Manufactured only by THE T. M. MINNARD CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

Every failure teaches a man something if he will learn.—Charles Dickens.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited Sirs—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT for the past 25 years and whilst I have occasionally used other liniments I can safely say that I have never used any equal to yours.

If rubbed between the hands an inhaled frequently, it will never fail to cure cold in the head in 24 hours. It is also the Best for bruises, sprains, etc.

Yours truly, J. G. LESLIE, Dartmouth.

"Are you going to make any good resolutions this new year."

"One."

"What is that?"

"Not to make any."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

"Man wakens from his sleep within the womb,"

Cries, laughs and yawns—then sleeps within the tomb, If this were all his life were he so than vain

And never to be born the richest gain: From out the depths therefore the soul doth cry To God, to save it lest it wholly die."

—Archbishop Spalding.

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 50c. a box."

Mrs. New-wed—How do you like my cake, dear! It is called marble cake."

New-wed (trying to break a piece)—An excellent name for it, certainly.

Mary Ovington, Jasper Ont writes:—"My mother had a badly pruned arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Jaggard's Yellow Oil and it cured another's arm in a few days Price 15 cents."

"Don't argue with your wife," says somebody, who should mind his own business. He doesn't know how to make a woman happy."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DYPHTHERIA.

How narrow-minded most people are who argue with us!

Had Weak and Dizzy Spells.

WAS CURED BY MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS.

Mrs. J. S. Nicholson, Listowel, Ont., writes: "I was weak and dizzy, my heart would palpitate, and I would feel weak and dizzy spells. A friend advised me to take your Heart and Nerve Pills, so I started at once, and found that I felt much stronger, and my heart was ever so much better in a short time. I cannot praise your medicine too highly for it has done me a world of good. My husband has also been bothered with heart trouble ever since childhood, and finds quick relief by using your valuable pills."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and are universally known as the very best remedy for all troubles arising from the heart or nerves. As 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. M. Minnard Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont."

Concluded next week)

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

TO MAKE GOOD BREAD You must have Good Yeast

GOOD BREAD is, without question, the most important article of food in the catalog of man's diet; surely, it is the "staff of life." Good bread is obtainable only by using the Best Yeast, the best flour, and adopting the best method of combining the two. Compressed Yeast is in all respects the best commercial Yeast yet discovered, and Fleischmann's Yeast is indisputably the most successful and best leaven known to the world. It is uniform in quality and strength. It saves time and labor, and relieves the housewife of the vexation and worry which she so often suffers from the use of an inferior or unreliable leaven. It is, moreover, a fact that with the use of Fleischmann's Yeast, more loaves of bread of the same weight can be produced from a given quantity of flour than can be produced with the use of any other kind of Yeast.

This is explained by the more thorough fermentation and expansion which the minute particles of flour undergo, thereby increasing the size of the mass and at the same time adding to the nutritive properties of the bread. This fact may be clearly and easily demonstrated by any who doubt that there is economy in using Fleischmann's Yeast.

If you have never used this Yeast give it a trial. Ask your Grocer for a "Fleischmann" Recipe Book.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.

Charlotte town Agents for P. E. Islands

Xmas Gift FOR SOLDIERS

FEW POUNDS OF HICKEY'S BLACK TWIST CHEWING TOBACCO!

OR A POUND TIN OF HICKEY'S BRIGHT CUT SMOKING TOBACCO

Insist on Hickey's, the Soldier's choice.

HICKEY & NICHOLSON TOBACCO CO.

The Live Stock Breeders Association

STALLION ENROLLMENT

Every Stallion standing for service in Prince Edward Island, must be enrolled at the Department of Agriculture, and all Certificates of Enrollment must be renewed annually.

Every bill, poster and newspaper advertisement advertising a stallion must show his enrollment number and state whether he is a pure bred, a grade or a cross bred.

For further particulars apply to the DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, Charlottetown, P. E. Island

LET US MAKE Your New Suit

When it comes to the question of buying clothes, there are several things to be considered.

You want good material, you want perfect fitting qualities, and you want your clothes to be made fashionable and stylish, and then you want to get them at a reasonable price.

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.

MacLellan Bros. TAILORS AND FURNISHERS 153 Queen Street.

FOR 1917

We have a nice assortment of the following lines

Brooches in staple and new patterns, Bracelets in extension and clasp. Watch wristlets in gold and with leather strap. Cuff links in both plain and engraved. Collar studs with short and long posts, Chains with and without Pendants and Locketts, Gents chains in a variety of styles, also fobs, Spoons, Forks, Knives, Clocks and Watches, Eyeglasses, Spectacles. In our work Dept we clean and repair Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Barometers, Musical Boxes, Size and fit lenses, Stones to Rings, ect. etc.

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JEWELER.....OPTICIAN 142 Richmond Street.

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