

The Bread Line.

"I heard a voice, a note of pain,
A splendid angel cried!
Another listened; then, with
downward side
Both swept the heavenly plain.
"It comes from Earth, you emerald
star;
Lo, it would speak, though thus
afar"
With the Lord God."
"Doth it not speak? Its golden
parayers
Rise ever night and day,
None go unheard of Grace. What
more would they?
The Almighty loves and cares."
Outspake the other, "Lo, the
Mercy-Voice!"
Hush, thou,—It saith, "Speak!
In the Lord God!"
Arose such plaint of sharp dismay
It rent the blue of space.
"I plead for souls below in dull
disgrace
So crushed they cannot pray,
They cover and cringe, too piteous
to weep!
To slaughter driven, Thy poor
silly sheep!
Help, O Lord God.
"They stand in line for nightly
bread,
Thy children, Lord, Thine own.
In famine sore they writhe and
moan—
Lord see that they are fed!
The wheels of toil imperious roll
and run
Their brethren fall beneath. And
help is none
Save Thine, Lord God!
"O pity those, Thou Blessed One,
Once bowed in earthly woe!
Thou knowest all. Speak soft and
low
From realms beyond the sun.
How'er Thy myriad splendors
flash aflame
The moon of souls can dull the
high acclaim;
Hear, Jesu, Lord!
"Support them with Thine arm
of might,
Clasp hands, too weak to cling,
Their Midnight Sun, oh, quick
down-fling
Thy consolations bright,
O guide the stumbling feet to Thy
highways,
King of the Land where never
wanderer strays
From Thee, Lord God!"
—CAROLINE D. SWAN

Pass It On.

Have you had a kindness shown?
Pass it on.
Twas not given for thee alone,
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears.
Pass it on.
Hast thou found some precious
treasure?
Pass it on.
Hast thou not some peculiar
pleasure?
Pass it on.
For the heart grows rich in giving,
Loving is the truest living,
Letting go is twice possessing?
Pass it on.
Have you found the heavenly
light?
Pass it on.
Souls are groping in the night,
Daylight gone,
Hold thy lighted lamp on high,
Be a star in some one's sky,
He may live who else would die,
Pass it on.
—H. BURTON.

ROSES.

By T. W. Hanshaw, in Sunday
Magazine.

(Continued.)

Miss Amelia never forgot that
moment. It was just before
twilight's fall—the river, catching
the saffron glow of the sky,
gleamed pale gold between the
pergola's pillars; the roses were
budding; the breath of May was
over all the land; and high up
where the blossoming chestnut
trees still hung out their clustered
candles, a nightingale sent a glad
hosanna pealing out from Nature's
cathedral up to Nature's God.
If you looked from the pergola
across the open space today, you
could see just when John Carboys
had stood at that time, for the
roses were planted thicker there
than in any other part of the
garden; and near it the sundial
stood. Time's cradle and Time's
grave in one, not sealed, nor
sarsars, nor changed in anything.

Itching Skin

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

The source of the trouble is in the
blood—mixes that pure and this sear-
ing, 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
it began taking it off better and it
was not long before I was cured. I have
never had any skin disease since." Miss
Ira E. Wald, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rids the blood of all impurities and
cures all eruptions.

for all the years that had passed
over it since then.

"Went the days in golden
fleetness for Miss Amelia after
that wondrous, happy one; her
secret shared with no one for a
long, long time. There were three
months of exceeding great happi-
ness, and then at the moment of
its brightest shining, her sun
went down.

John had had periods of abstrac-
tion of late and had acted as if
something weighed upon his mind.
She noticed, and finally when she
saw him so dejected, she led
him aside and pressed him for an
explanation, the truth had come
out. No—certainly not! He
was not tiring of her! He had
not seen anybody else that he
liked better! It was ridiculous to
suggest such a thing! The whole
truth of the matter was that he
had done a very foolish and reck-
less thing a dishonorable thing in
the circumstances, and he was in
a very bad plight indeed.

Against his father's strict com-
mand he had been gambling in
stocks. There had been a heavy
fall in the market. He stood
to lose a pot of money if things
didn't pick up within the next
day or two. It was "paper" that
he had given, and if he didn't
take it up God alone knew how
he was to get out of it! He
couldn't go to his father after
what he had been told. Besides,
his father was not a rich man,
and the sum involved was a pretty
big one, nearly four hundred
pounds. It made him cold to think
of it. If once he could tide over
this difficulty, he'd never touch
stocks again so long as he lived.

"I thank Heaven that I can
help you to tide it over, then,
John," Miss Amelia had said.
"And you must let me do it.
What is mine is also yours to re-
member, and you are not to
ask any questions. Come to me to-
morrow night, and I'll have the
money for you."

And when he came she did have
it. But she never told him she
had mortgaged the priory to get
it, and had agreed to pay a ruinous
rate of interest in order to get it
quickly. She had simply put it
into his hands and packed him
off at once to take up his paper;
and from that hour to this she
had never seen John Carboys
again.

At noon the next day a note
from him came to her—and that
note was the last she had ever
heard of him. In it he wrote, with
unsparing self-abasement, the
record of a weak man's folly,
cowardice and shame. He had not
taken up these notes and he
knew now that he never could.
When he left her he had come to
town, to his club to put up there
until the morning that he might
be on hand to take up his paper
as soon as business hours began.
There had been a gala time at
the club that night. Old friends
who were celebrating an amazing
victory on the turf were there;
and there had been wine, cards
and gambling. They had coaxed
and cajoled him into becoming
They were influential; he wished
to retain their goodwill; they
might be useful to him in his
after-career. These were the
thoughts he detailed, the excuses
he made—between wine and the
desire to stand well with friends,
he had lost his head; had yielded
to temptation; gone into the game
and had come out of it without a
shilling in his pocket, without a
hope in his heart.

"Forget me," the note ended,
"I am the greatest scoundrel that
ever went unchanged, to do a thing
like that with your money, and I
am ashamed."

"Oh, Amelia! Oh, my dear!"
bleated Miss Phoebe, with a sort
of hysterical catch in her voice
when she caught sight of her
cousin. "I don't know how to tell
you, I really don't. But we are
not to leave after all! It is sold;
but we are to stay. Mr. Bannister
says that we are. To stay Amelia!
At the priory!"

(To be continued.)

CONSUMPTION
In the cure of consumption,
concentrated, easily digested
nourishment is necessary.
For 35 years
Scott's Emulsion
has been the standard,
world-wide treatment for
consumption.

so loathe myself for it I can never
look into your face again. My
punishment is that I love you
with all my heart and yet I am
to lose you because of what I
have done."

What became of him after that?
Miss Amelia never knew. He
seemed to have vanished from off
the face of the earth. He must
have thought that she would ex-
plain to his father; for he never
wrote to Mr. Carboys a single
line. But Miss Amelia kept her
peace. She never betrayed him to
his father. He died without know-
ing of the mortgage on the priory,
or of the shameful thing his son
had done. Indeed, it was only
when the ruinous interest had to
be met, and every penny hoarded
for that end, that Miss Amelia
confided in her cousin, and sobbed
out her trouble on Miss Phoebe's
sympathetic breast.

And after that the struggle, the
heavy cross and the bitter, bitter
burden!

For years and years the two
went on pinching and saving
denying themselves the bare
necessities, in order that the
interest might be paid. And as
time passed it became harder and
harder to meet the steady demand;
for the school was no longer so
profitable as it once had been.
Old pupils grew up and left it;
new educational systems came
into vogue; the ladies of the
priory were out of date, out of
touch with the movement of the
times; and the little school
dwindled till you could count its
pupils on the finger of one hand.
And after a time these too, went,
and the brass plate was taken off
the gate, and the two little old
women walked their empty halls
alone.

And today—this heartbreaking
today, when Miss Amelia sat in
the shade of the old pergola and
reached out her arms to the roses
and the gay old sundial—today
the crowning misfortune of all
had come. A fortnight ago the
holder of the mortgage had died
intestate, and the estate had to
be settled by order of the court; and
at half past two on the bitter day
of days the priory was to be sold
under foreclosure at Tokenhouse
Yard—and other fees were to
cross its sill, other voices to be
sounded in its quiet rooms and
other hands to touch and to own
Miss Amelia's sacred roses!

Indeed they must belong to
someone else even now, she told
herself with a sudden pang that
cut its way to the very heart of
her; for it was after eight o'clock
and the June twilight already
dimming.

She rose to her feet in a sort
of panic, and went across to the
little open space where the sun-
dial stood, and going down on her
knees before the mass of roses
that marked the "sacred spot,"
took the blooms one by one be-
tween her scooped hands and
kissed them.

"For the last time dears—for
the very last time!" she sobbed.
Then she huddled the big fragrant
blossoms up against her withered
cheek, bent her head wearily, and
was still for a very long time.

Across the river a nightingale
flicked into a treetop and flung
out its evening song in a thin,
sweet roulade, just as that other
nightingale had done at the other
twilight time of long ago, be-
tween and then all—the note of
the bird, the light of the sky, the
shine on the river, and the scent
of the roses—the years seemed
somehow to roll back, and memory
gave her life's morning once again.

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 oc-
currence, and I did not take any particu-
lar notice of it at the time. However, it
did not break up as quickly as colds
generally do 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 pre-
scribed 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 drug-
gist. After taking it, according to direc-
tions, 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 con-
sider this an excellent showing for the
remedy, and can highly recommend it to
anyone afflicted as I was. I shall always
put in 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 The T. Millburn
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Fairville, Sept. 30, 1902.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Dear Sirs.—We wish to inform
you that we consider your MIN-
ARD'S LINIMENT a very
superior article, and we use it as a
sure relief for sore throat and
chest. When I tell you that I
would not be without it if the
price was one dollar a bottle, I
mean it.

Yours truly,
CHAS. F. TILTON

"Wouldn't you like another
piece of cake, dear?" asked the
good lady of the urchin at the
end of the Christmas dinner.

"No'm, I guess not," said the
boy, dubiously. "I could chew it,
but I couldn't swallow it."

MARY ORINGTON, Jasper Ont.
writes—"My mother had a badly
sprained arm. Nothing we used
did her any good. Then father got
Hayward's Yellow Oil and it cured
mother's arm in a few days. Price,
25 cents."

A girl reading in a paper that
fish was excellent brain food,
wrote to the editor:

"Dear Sir—Seeing as you, say
how fish is good for the brains,
what kind of fish shall I eat?"
To this the editor replied:

"Dear Miss—Judging from the
composition of your letter, I
should advise you to eat a whale."

W. H. O. Wilkinson, Strat-
ford says—"It affords me much
pleasure to say that I experienced
great relief from Muscular Rheu-
matism by using two boxes of
Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price
a box 50c."

Said one man on the street,
speaking to a friend:

"Well money talks."

"Maybe it does," answered the
other, "but all it ever said to me
was 'Goodby.'"

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES
GARGET IN COWS.

"I wonder who made the first
umbrella?"

"I don't know. I wonder who
swiped it?"

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 faintness 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 travelling on railroad
trains, and disturbed and restless, un-
refreshing 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 Mil-
burn'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
Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are
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. Millburn Co., Limited,
Toronto, Ont.

VOL-PEEK

MENDS HOLES IN
POTS & PANS
IN 15
MINUTES
WITHOUT
TOOLS



MENDS—Graniteware
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PRICE 15c 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 1c. per mend. Mends Graniteware, Iron,
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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 incon-
venience, 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 inexpen-
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A package of "VOL-PEEK" will mend from 30 to 50
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"VOL-PEEK" is in the form of a still putty, simply cut
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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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Style single breasted Sague—in assorted Tweeds—
Medium Brown—Dark Brown and Grey—sizes 34, 36, 38,
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Men's Overcoats

In Brown and Grey Tweeds—sizes 37, 38, 39, 40.
Regular 15 and 16 dollars—our price \$10.00.

Also

Men's Blk Beaver Coats with Persian Lamb Collars,
\$15. for \$12.—and a lot of boys' and youths' overcoats and
suits at reduced prices.

Men's Underwear

10 dozen Suits Men's all wool Underwear double back
and front and unshrinkable, worth \$2.50 per suit. Price
now \$1.75.

Men's Waterproof Coats

The good kind that will keep you dry in a regular
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at \$7.00 and \$7.50.

Men's Duck Coats

Sheep lined and cloth lined at special prices.

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Some good ones just received from England—double
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Dec. 27th, 1914

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