

The call of the Missionary.

In my youth I dreamed of the Sacred Heart,
I recall it today full well;
It was not as we in the picture see,
Whose beauty no tongue can tell.
The setting was that of a thousand dark hands,
Outstretched toward that Heart Divine;
"Help! Help!" they cried, "we perish, Lord,
In our darkness, and we are Thine."
The voice of the Saviour went straight to my soul,
And I knew 'twas the call Divine,
Till now but a whisper faint in my heart:
"These, too, would I bring, they are Mine."
This morn' down the aisle of a humble church;
As I bore that Heart Divine, Black Mammy's hand from her pew touched my cope,
And the faith in her face was sublime.
She was aged and bent and her snowy hair,
Formed a crown for her dusky face;
"In that casket of jet is a pearl without price,"
I said as I left the place for the cot.
For the lowly cot of a dying child!
Tis her First Communion day:
"O Lord, I am not worthy this,"
I hear the pale lips say.
And the dark-hued mates of this tender lamb
Sing out the sweet refrain,
"O Lord, I am not worthy thou shouldst come unto me," again.
Fair roses are wreathing that sable brow,
The eyes are glistening bright,
And the radiant face of the Ethiopian maid,
Reveals her heart's delight.
Bright drops roll down those ebony cheeks,
Tears of joy—for her face doth beam;
Dark hands round her mother's neck are clasped—
Are these the hand of my dream?
—SISTER MARY CHRISTINA, in the Missionary.

The Lost Treasure.

The dream was over, but with its going Susan's life had hung in the balance. Skill, the wonderful skill which science has attained saved her. She came back out of the shadowland to life, but not to its joy; to the habit of existence without its hope. No one among her own, save her husband, had dreamed that Susan could feel so intensely. Her sisters, Mrs. Meade and Mrs. Carter, were astonished. It was too bad about the child; but then, they had kept Susan. For when Susan turned from the room, searching for that which she had lost, and nearly—oh, very nearly—finding it, only then had they realized what Susan meant to them all.
"As for the baby, she will not miss it; she has never had it," they said.
Susan would have laughed in pure mockery if she heard these words. But seated in her low wicker chair on the sunny porch, a thick shawl about her and the glory of her garden stretching before her eyes, she heard nothing, said nothing; she lived her own inner life and kept all others shut out from her.
John Harrison was heart-broken.
"Talk to her, make her talk to you," said Father Perry, of St. Anne's—Father Perry who had offered his daily Mass for her during that troubled week in which her life hung by a single thread. "Let her rid herself of this brooding spirit by putting words to her thoughts."
They tried hard enough, Father Perry himself and her husband. But in the middle of a sentence Susan would pause and her eyelids droop wearily. After that she would say nothing.
When he could stand it no longer, John Harrison went to Dr. Phelps.
"She's not getting well," he said abruptly. "She must get well," he added, with clenched hands.
"Well—," Dr. Phelps looked thoughtful. "I'll see."
"When?" asked John Harrison.

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. They scab.

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 concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and in not long before I was cured. My arms never had any skin disease since." Mrs. E. W. Wain, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

"Today," he answered, "I'll go out today."

He kept his word. Reaching the gate he had grown to know so well during the past few months, he opened it quietly. Susan sat up with sudden interest on her face. He was pleased, wondering. Then he saw that she was not aware of his presence—her eyes were fastened on the cool green beauty stretching beside her. He went up the steps and stood beside her. Even then she did not see him.

"Mrs. Harrison," he said.

"Oh, Dr. Phelps! Good afternoon."

She was not surprised in any way.

"Feeling better?"

"Ever so much. A little tired but that is nothing."

He took the empty chair beside her and picked up her hand, holding a practiced finger on her pulse. He did not speak. At last he put her hand back on her knee, and swung about, looking down the garden path.

"Mrs. Harrison," he said sharply, "what do you see down there?"

She started. A pink flush touched her cheeks. Listen: There never was any hope—never, unless God chose to work a miracle, and for some wise purpose of His own He didn't.

"You mean my baby?" Her fingers met suddenly and clung together.

He nodded.

"You see, He did work one miracle. You were able to have it baptized. That was a wonderful thing. Had it lived—by any possible chance had it lived—a cripple on earth an angel in heaven. Which would you choose, if the choice was yours."

"Oh, I know!" she breathed.

"And I try so hard! But—"

Her eyes drifted back to the garden. He felt that he had lost the thread. But he persisted.

"Come!" His voice was stern. "You have not told me what you see."

She did not answer.

"Tell me!" he urged.

A frown of annoyance curved her brows. That stern voice hurt, but it compelled an answer.

"I see a little child," she said.

"He is playing in my garden. He builds houses of stones and pebbles." Her voice died off dreamily, and now she spoke as if all this were but a dream.

"Once in a while he tires of his play and lies down—beside the road. And his hair—his hair is a patch of light on the ground. He sits up, rubbing his eyes. Oh, they are so blue, so bright! They are like stars!"

She was trembling.

"You are satisfied to sit here watching him?" His tones were gentle now—very, very gentle.

"Yes—I think so. Some day, when my feet can bear my weight, I am going down to him. I cannot do so yet."

Dr. Phelps said nothing. He waited, his brows met.

"Why—why don't you laugh at me?" asked Susan with a catch in her throat.

She knew, then! A quick thrill of hope shot through the listener's heart. Beneath this dreaming fantasy her sane and sensible self held sway. But how would it be later? How would it be as the days went by and the vision seemed more and more the reality? What then?

He reached his office late in the afternoon! John Harrison had been waiting an hour, pacing the floor for the last twenty minutes of it. Now he faced the doctor, almost flinging himself upon him.

The children laughed good-naturedly and opened a line to Father Perry's knee. The crippled boy reached him, panting with excitement, and was perched up as if on a throne, laughing a joyous laugh and set all the others giggling. He was not a pretty boy. His hair was a bright red and his skin was drawn and transparent. But his eyes were surely the biggest and brightest and bluest that ever shone in mortal face.

Flying Machines

A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, now was

Scott's Emulsion

Summer. Now Scott's Emulsion is as much a summer as a winter remedy.

Science did it. All through

the world.

When?

Well! he demanded.

"I've done—something," said Dr. Phelps. "I've seen Mrs. Harrison and Father Perry, and now you go home and see Father Perry, too. If you agree, telephone Mrs. Carter to have her machine down tomorrow. Your wife is hardly able to travel, yet the choice will devolve on her."

John Harrison looked his bewilderment.

"It is this way said the physician. "Mrs. Harrison imagines she sees a child playing in the garden. So we'll give her a real child to care for—God knows there are enough of them in this world that need mothering. Father Perry will attend to that part of it."

The ring of decision in the man's tones reassured John Harrison. There was hope for Susan, help for her. What mattered how that help or hope came? Later on, after a comforting ten minutes with Father Perry, he felt better. He telephoned to Mrs. Carter for her car before he left the rectory; the priest insisted on it. Then he went home to Susan.

Father Perry accompanied them the next day to the asylum in the city. He was one of the brightest and happiest of mortals, and he did his very best to keep up a conversation; he confessed later however, that it was one of the hardest things he had ever done in his life. A look of intense relief shot across his countenance when they drew up before the red brick building that was their destination.

"Here we are, Sister Agnes?" he cried, in his hearty fashion.

"This is Sister Agnes—I mean Mother Agnes—Mr. and Mrs. Harrison."

The nun's blue eyes rested on Susan's face.

"The boys, Father Perry?" she asked now.

"Yes, the little chaps," he answered.

She led them along the hall and opened a door at the rear. A clamor greeted them—instantly hushed when the youngsters glancing up, saw visitors. Mother Agnes found chairs for them around a desk in one corner of the room.

"We must pretend not to notice," she said, with a whimsical smile. "Children are never at their best with strangers. We will show them we are quite busy, and you will see how soon they become used to us."

But Father Perry had no intention of appearing busy. There were about fifteen children in the room, and these particular children were his particular hobby, in spite of the fact that he had been pastor of St. Anne's five years and away from the city that length of time. He knew each by name, and soon was the centre of the entire group, listening, talking, laughing, scolding.

"Boys, be quiet! Boys, Mother will put me out! Honestly! She won't allow me to come in again if we make such a racket. Be quiet now."

At which they laughed uproariously, for he was their idol, and they knew well they had free rein when he came.

One by one he managed to place the children before Susan. She did not lose her listlessness, her indifference, and he saw it with an odd sinking of the heart—just looked at them calmly and made no sign.

"They are very good children," said Mother Agnes at last, sorry for the disappointment she saw on Father Perry's mobile face.

John Harrison turned to Susan. "Well, Susan?" he asked. Then he sat up quickly, and followed her glance. "What is it?"

For Susan, trembling visibly, was looking over the heads of the children. A little fellow had just entered the room and was now coming as fast as two crutches would permit toward the priest.

"Oh, Father! Oh, he's coming, Father! Look out for me! I'm coming!"

"Yes, yes!" cried Father Perry in turn. "Make way for the little Prince, boys—Make room for Prince David!"

The children laughed good-naturedly and opened a line to Father Perry's knee. The crippled boy reached him, panting with excitement, and was perched up as if on a throne, laughing a joyous laugh and set all the others giggling. He was not a pretty boy. His hair was a bright red and his skin was drawn and transparent. But his eyes were surely the biggest and brightest and bluest that ever shone in mortal face.

WAS SO WEAK

WOULD HAVE TO STAY IN BED.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cured Her.

Mrs. J. Day, 234 John St. South, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I was so run down with a weak heart that I could not even sweep the floor, nor could I sleep at night. I had to stay in bed all day as I was so weak. I used three and a half boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and I am a cured woman to-day, and as strong as any one could be, and am doing my own housework, even my own washing."

"I doctored for over two years, but got no help until I used your pills. 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."

HAD CHOLERA MORBUS.

SO BAD COULD NOT SIT UP.

Attacks of cholera morbus are caused mostly by indigestion in diet, the use of unripe fruit and new vegetables, and usually occur during the hot summer months.

On the first sign of this very weakening trouble Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry should be taken.

Mrs. George Lee, Ruthven, Ont., writes: "I was taken with cholera morbus, and I was so bad I could not sit up any more than five minutes at a time. My husband said I looked as if I had been sick a month; he got me a bottle of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and I took the whole of it in one day, and it completely cured me. We are never without it in the house for I don't think it can be beat."

When you ask for Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry see that you get "Dr. Fowler's," as imitations have gone so far as to imitate our wrapper both in color and style, and have adopted similar names, such as Strawberry Compound, Wild Strawberry Compound, Extract of Strawberry, etc.

"Dr. Fowler's" has been on the market for the past 70 years, and is acknowledged by all who have used it to be a sure cure for all bowel complaints.

Price 25 cents.

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

"John," said Susan, "I want that boy—that one."

She was trembling had not Dr. Phelps said that her baby would have been a cripple? And here was one crippled and motherless and with eyes—oh, those blue, blue eyes that had laughed up at her from her vision child in the garden!

"I want that boy," she said.

"Whatever you please, Susan."

He turned to Father Perry, who stared at him without comprehension. An odd look crept across Mother Agnes' face. Her eyes rested on the cripple child with such meaning that the priest at once understood why a sudden hush had fallen on the entire group.

(Concluded next week.)

This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for years, and I consider it the best liniment on the market. I found it excellent for horse flesh.

(Signed) W. S. PINEO, "Woodlands," Middletown, N. S.

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.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

Thoughts are much greater than things. They are vital forces and have endless effects. What you think today determines what you will be in years to come.

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."

"The lawyers can't split hairs over that case."

"Why not?"

"Nothing in it but the bald facts."

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 air 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.

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Get your eyes tested by us

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