

PSALM XXXIX.

EXPECTANS EXPECTAVI.

(Written for the Catholic Bulletin by Helen Hughes Hielscher.)

O Lord, I waited patiently Thy day, When Thou wouldst raise me from the noisome pit, And place me firmly on the rock to sit,

A canticle of praise let me begin, A song of fear and trust unto the Lord: Blessed is the man who His command has heard, And turned from vanity and those who sin.

Amid thy works, O Lord, Thou sittest alone, Not Thine own thought can image one like Thee; I speak the word that was declared to me,

Thy wonders, Lord beyond all count are grown, Ears hast Thou opened, Lord, unto my word, Not sacrificial victims dost Thou seek,

And not for Thee the bloody altars reek; I said: "Behold I come to Thee, O Lord."

"Tis written, Lord, that I should do Thy will, Upon the title page it stands apart, I have desired it, Lord, with all my heart,

That I Thy laws and counsels might fulfill, Thy justice I declared unto the race, Nor hid Thy mercies which have been my stay,

Now countless evils stand about my way, And blinding tides of sin wash o'er my face,

O Lord, deliver me, come down with speed, Sink in confusion those who seek my soul, Let shame above their heads in torrents roll,

Who jeer and mock me in my hour of need, But let me sing a song in glad accord, A hymn of joy to magnify Thy name,

Though poor and beggar, we Thy mercy claim, Thou are our helper and protector, Lord.

The Sacred Heart.

On our altars from the dawning To the setting of the sun, On our altars through the mid-night Till another day's begun,

Jesus waits to cheer His children, Calm and comfort to bestow, Bring your crosses show your bruises, Here, where love and mercy flow,

On our altars through the week-day's, While the workers toil at home, Jesus waits and longs for Sunday, Hoarding blessings till the come,

Fathers, mothers, bring your children, Speed the grown ones lead the small; Haste them onward, Jesus calls them—

He has blessings for them all, On our altars in the springtime, In the summer, in the snow, Jesus waits the same forever,

Ever longing to bestow, Millions draw from that fountain, Still the living waters flow, Wand'ring, restless, thirsting sinner!

Oh, if thou didst only know! On our altars from our childhood Till the shoulders droop with years,

Jesus, waits nor ever wearies, Lifting, helping, drying tears, When chill death at last broods o'er us,

And the demons rage and foam, Jesus enters, calms the tempest, Leads the weary exile home.

—Rev. Michael McDonald.

The Boy Who Tries.

The boy who wins is sure of praise, And yet, I somehow prize him, Through stress of dark and cloudy days, The gallant boy who tries.

All Stuffed Up

This is the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headache, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—its soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

Not once nor twice nor thrice he lifts His sturdy hand, ere life Shows, bright and clear, the blue that rifts

With peace the sky of strife. The lad whose valor holds its own In presence of defeat,

Who falls and rises, make no moan In dust, or cold, or heat. I find it in my very soul To bless the stubborn stuff

That takes of poverty its toll, And makes that dole enough. A thousand praise the boy who wins,

But twice ten thousand rise Beyond this world of clamorous din, To praise the boy who tries.

SHORT STORY

The Golden Boat.

The doctor had come and gone. He was now but a speck on the vast universe of sand and cacti.

The Courtney ranch of squatty, tent-like buildings was, to all appearances, the same now as when he had arrived, but the shining windmill, that had turned so gaily to the steady sunlight,

understood and was silent and motionless. In a shaded corner of the home an iron bed had been pushed close between the two outside walls,

where propped up canvas sides tempted every passing breeze. A little handbag head tossed impatiently on the rumpled pillow,

The mother beautiful in the repose of her fine features, bent low over her child. Her dignity, her gentleness softened and charmed the rough surroundings. She was lost in thought. Jack was always talking of the golden boat. She well knew the legend that told of a dying person in the Arizona mirage.

It was so beautiful as it rocked on its sea of sky that death was desired and it came to none but the good. It was a reward, but Jack—her boy—no, no he would be spared! In an agony of grief and helplessness her head dropped to her hands on the counterpane as she knelt.

"Mother, dear, there's the boat again. Can't you see it? Oh, it's so beautiful, and it waves its golden banners! Won't you take me to it."

"Dearest, there is no boat. 'Tis only the doctor you see."

"But, mother, dear mother, it's coming right toward me. Oh, do you think I am good enough to go? When's papa coming? He'd come if he knew Firefly threw me, wouldn't he? And he'd take me to it, wouldn't he?"

"He's coming, sweetheart. Now see if you can't sleep, so you'll be ready when he comes." And the mother tenderly stroked her son's tanned arm.

"Sing me the 'Boat Song,' mother, dearest, and kiss me again. You'll go with me won't you?"

Bending low she kissed convulsively the feverish brow and parched lips. He couldn't know how she finched under his words. Then she sang—where the tones came from she knew not, for her heart was breaking. The boy's heavy lids soon closed and he slept.

Suddenly there was a movement in the corral and the hoarse cry of directions. Irene Courtney sprang anxiously to her feet. The door opened and John Courtney came in. He fairly crushed his wife in his big arms in intensity

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.

Little Boy Was Not Expected to Live

They Were 30 Miles From a Doctor SO GOT DR. FOWLER'S Extract of WILD STRAWBERRY, Which Cured Him

Mrs. Fred Schopf, Pennant, Sask., writes:—"I used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry when my little boy was not expected to live. We were thirty miles from a doctor, when the little fellow took sick with Diarrhoea. He at first would sleep nearly all day, and at night would be in pain, and would have a passage every five or ten minutes. This went on day and night until he began to pass blood. I gave him 'Dr. Fowler's,' but without any good effect at first, so I began to give him a larger dose, and soon he began to get relief. It was the only medicine I had in the house at the time, and I always keep it now for inside of three days my boy was out playing, and was as well as ever."

This grand remedy has been on the Canadian market for nearly seventy years, and is without a doubt, the best known remedy for all Bowel Complaints. Refuse to take any other preparation when you ask for "Dr. Fowler's." There is nothing else that can be "JUST AS GOOD."

Price, 35 cents. See that the name of The T. Milburn Co., Limited, appears on the wrapper.

He—Are you beginning to care for me a little? She—I believe I am, I do, really I can almost listen to your proposals without laughing.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO. LIMITED GENELEMEN—Last Winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of Lagrippe and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in case of inflammation.

Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON. "I wonder why he never married."

"Oh, his system dose not allow him to propose to any but married women."

Minard's Liniment Cures Dandruff. Heaven is not always angry when he strikes, But most chastises those whom most he likes.

John Pomfret. 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."

First Irate Gentleman—When I see a man I remember it. Second Irate Gentleman—Well, when I see one I don't.

Minard's Liniment Cures Neuralgia. "I understand that Miss Antique is engaged."

"Hypnotism?" W. H. O. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont.—"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 a box 50c."

Every human feeling is greater and larger than its exciting cause—a proof, I think, that man is designed for a higher state of existence—Coleridge.

Had a Weak Heart and Bad Shaky Nerves for Years Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills Cured Him

Mr. H. Percy Turner, Marie Joseph, N.S., writes:—"I have had a weak heart and bad, shaky nerves for years, and have tried almost everything, but nothing did me any good till I was advised to try Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I was surprised to find how one box helped me, so I tried two more and am now completely cured. You may use my letter as an aid to others suffering from heart or nerve troubles."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are a specific for all run down men and women troubled with their heart or nerves. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, or 2 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

April Showers Bring May Flowers

And also bring to mind the need of a new RAIN COAT.

We are offering for a short time, our entire Stock of Ladies Men's and Children's Raincoats at 20 and 30 per cent discount.

REMEMBER

When looking for WALL PAPER for any room in the house, that we can furnish just what you need.

NEW GOODS

Arriving Daily in All Departments—Special Bargains on Friday and Saturday.

Spring Millinery Opening Thursday 9th April

L. J. REDDIN

"My Store" 117 Queen St

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EGGS & BUTTER

We want EGGS and BUTTER for CASH, or in exchange for GROCERIES.

House Cleaning Supplies!

We Have a Full Line in Stock Give us a call.

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If you have never tried our Eureka Tea it will pay you to do so. It is blended especially for our trade, and our sales of it show a continued increase. Price 25 cents per lb.

R. F. Maddigan & Co.

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The company owns 15 pairs of pedigreed Island Black Foxes and negotiations are under way for the purchase of martens, fisher, mink and skunk.

If you are interested write, call or phone for a prospectus and information. Connaught Pedigreed Black Foxes, Limited. Phone 484 Cameron Block Box 54 March 11, 1914—16.

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