

## The Way of Sorrow.

BY MARY DOLAN.

Master, lean and lift me—I am sinking;  
The surging waves bear down on every side;  
Above my head the heavy clouds are drifting,  
No sign of day doth break the dimness wide.  
A mist is on the waters, cold and dreary;  
It blinds me as I struggle through the gloom;  
Come nearer Lord—my soul is fainting, weary,  
“The night is dark, and I am far from home!”

Master, lean and lift me, I am sinking;  
My soul hath lost her courage in the strife,  
Borne down in doubt and fear, beneath the wonder,  
The burden and the mystery of life.  
The proud pass swiftly by with colors flying,  
The light of Thy sweet heaven streaming o’er  
Their shining path, while the poor and lowly,  
Stand empty handed—watching at Thy door.

Master, lean and lift me, I am sinking;  
Beneath temptations heavy crown of thorns;  
It tears my struggling heart, which wavering, falters,  
Allured, distracted, even while it scorns.  
And oh, to feel the sweetness of the knowledge  
That o’er this burning path Thy feet have trod;  
And oh, to hear Thee whisper through the darkness  
The words “Be still, and see that I am God!”

Master, lean and lift me, I am sinking;  
Thy strong right arm alone can’t bear me up,  
Naught of myself have I but sin and sorrow,  
How shall I then shrink backward from the cup  
Which Thou hast proffered me? Come nearer Master,  
For the blind anguish and the bitter smart,  
Will sink to naught, if Thou wilt lift me higher  
Yes, higher, even to Thy Sacred Heart!

—Sacred Heart Review.

## Glimpses of the Great.

## FOUR FAMOUS ARTISTS.

The English artist, George Frederick Watts, is described by his biographers as the simplest and most humble of men. His personal humility and self-effacement formed a striking contrast to the loftiness of his aims and the passionate strength of his convictions.

His daily actions were a living illustration of his belief in the old German motto which the Queen of Roumania, “Carmen Sylva,” suggested to him as the text of one of his most touching pictures: “What I spent, I had; what I saved, I lost; what I gave, I have.”

“Our little life,” he wrote, “is poor indeed if bounded by our personal wants and fancied requirements.”

Among countless instances of his generosity is one which he often recalled because of its connection with his picture, “Love and Life,” now hanging in the White House in Washington, a work which he considered his most important message to the world.

A poor artist’s wife, whom he had never seen before, came to his studio in some distress one day, and begged for a loan of a few pounds to enable her to join her husband, who lay dangerously ill in New York. Watts gave her all, and more than all, she asked, and she left him with tears of gratitude in her eyes, promising to come and see him on her return.

Two years afterward she appeared accompanied by her husband, who was restored to health and had found work in America, and repaid the money which Watts had lent her.

When the painter asked what had led her to apply to a total stranger like himself, she replied, “The sight of your picture, ‘Love and Life.’” She felt that the man who had painted that picture must have a heart overflowing with love and pity for sorrowing humanity, and the issue proved that she was right.

In his candor and guilelessness, Watts never shrank from giving his uttermost good advice. A thorough-going idealist himself, Watts expected his friends to live up to the level of their art, and was pained to see any inconsistencies in their conduct. “Come, King Arthur would not have talked in that way!” he said to Tennyson one day, when the poet was in a more bearish mood than usual. But when the laureate showed him his knotted and swollen fingers he understood, and felt satisfied that it was “all the gout.”

## 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 can’t.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this itching, 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 it was not long before I was cured. I have never had any skin disease since.” Mrs. Ida E. Ward, Cove Point, Md.

## Hood’s Sarsaparilla

rides the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

here are now in the South Kensington Museum sketches of animals made in his fifth year, and good etchings which he did when only eight years old.

John Landseer taught his son to look to nature alone as his model. When fourteen he entered the academy schools, and divided his time between drawing in the classes and sketching from the wild beasts at Exeter Change. He was a handsome, manly boy, and the keeper, Fawcett, was very fond of him, calling him, as a mark of affection, “My little dog boy.”

He was very industrious, and painted many pictures. The best of these known as his early works is the “Cat’s Paw.” It represents a monkey using the paw of a cat to push hot chestnuts from the top of a heated stove. The struggles of the cat are useless, and her kittens mew to no purpose. This picture was one sold for £100. It is now in the collection of the Earl of Essex, at Cashobury, and is worth more than £3,000. It was painted in 1822.

Sir Walter Scott was in London when the “Cat’s Paw” was exhibited, and he was so pleased with the picture that he sought out the young painter and invited him to go home with him. Sir Walter’s well-known love of dogs was the foundation for the intimate affection which grew up between himself and Landseer.

The great French artist, Gerome, was one of the most kind-hearted of men, although eccentric to a degree. Among the anecdotes of his death he made current, none illustrates better his essential kindness than the following:

A number of years ago a poverty-stricken painter, now famous and prosperous, went to Paris from a country village and entered the studio of Gerome at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. The new student’s first day chanced to be “criticism day,” and the elder students, finding themselves cheated out of their customary boisterous bawling by this circumstance, resolved to have their fun in an indirect fashion.

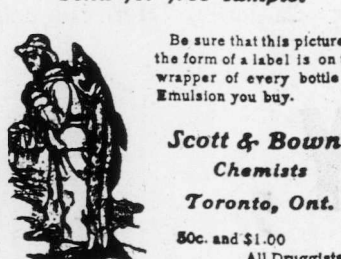
Accordingly, they took the novice aside and impressed upon him, in the most friendly and confidential way imaginable, that he was under the obligation of giving a tip to the professor when he criticized his work. Gerome, at first, the callow youth let himself be convinced, and promised to do the proper thing. His means were so small that he awaited the turn with an ill-concealed anxiety which those in the plot relished keenly. When his turn came he convulsed the room by slipping a half-franc piece into the professor’s hand.

Gerome was too familiar with the practical jokes of the Beaux-Arts not to comprehend the situation, and had much ado to keep his countenance. He succeeded, however, and

## For Thin Babies

Fat is of great account to a baby; that is why babies are fat. If your baby is scrawny, Scott’s Emulsion is what he wants. The healthy baby stores as fat what it does not need immediately for bone and muscle. Fat babies are happy; they do not cry; they are rich; their fat is laid up for time of need. They are happy because they are comfortable. The fat surrounds their little nerves and cushions them. When they are scrawny those nerves are hurt at every ungentle touch. They delight in Scott’s Emulsion. It is as sweet as wholesome to them.

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blurted out, with the gruffness which he assumed so admirably.

“What does this mean? You’ll do well to come to see me some fine morning and straighten this thing out.”

The bewildered pupil interpreted the admonition literally, and presented himself at Gerome’s private studio two days later. Gerome received him like a father, led him on to confess his destitution and to unbend himself of his hopes and fears, gave him good counsel and restored to him his half franc piece in the form of a twenty-franc gold piece.

“Amazing!” the favorite exclamation of the brilliant and eccentric artist, James McNeill Whistler, is the word which seems best to fit the curious combination of personal peculiarities—mischievous wit, tricky jests, gay quarrels, harmless vanities and remarkable artistic performance—revealed in Mortimer Menpes’ recent recollections of his “Master.”

The eccentricities of Whistler’s character were matched by those of his appearance, for he never dressed like anybody else, and he had, just over his left eye, a single lock of white hair amid a mass of black curls. His own interest in his appearance was great, for he regarded the composition of costume and outline with the same seriousness which he would have bestowed upon the composition of a picture—and indeed, the result was unmistakably picturesque.

“Customers ceased to be interested in their own hair,” says Mr. Menpes of Whistler’s entrance into a barber’s shop. “Operations stopped; their manipulations; everyone turned to watch Whistler, who himself was supremely unconscious. His hair was first trimmed, but left rather long. Whistler meanwhile directing the cutting of every lock as he watched the barber in the glass. He, poor fellow, only too conscious of the delicacy of his task, shook and trembled as he manipulated the scissors. The clipping completed, Whistler waved the operator imperiously on one side, and we observed for some time the rear view of his dapper, little figure, stepping backward and forward, surveying himself in the glass. Suddenly he put his head into a basin of water, and then, half-drying his hair, shook it into matted wet curls. With a comb he carefully picked out the white lock, wrapped it in a towel and walked about for five minutes, pinching it dry, with the rest of his hair hanging over his face—a stage which much amused the onlookers.

“Still pinching the towel, he would then beat the rest of his hair into ringlets (combing would not have given them the right quality) until they fell into decorative waves all over his head. A loud scream would then rend the air. Whistler wanted a comb. This procured, he would comb the white lock into a feathery plume, and with a few broad movements of his hand form the whole into a picture. Then he would look beamingly at himself in the glass and say but two words: “Mesmes amazing,” and sail triumphantly out of the shop.

## Confession.

IT IS THE CORRECT THING  
For parents to have their children go to confession as soon as they reach the age of reason, generally considered to be when they reach their seventh year.

For parents or teachers to assist their children in the examination of their conscience for their first confession.  
To have children go to confession every three months until they make their first Communion.  
For adults to go to confession once a month.  
For women and children and those who are not employed during the day to go to confession in the afternoon, and leave the evenings and the hour just before supper for men and women who must work for their living.

To examine the conscience well before going into the confessional, and thus avoid unnecessary delay.  
For a penitent to take his proper turn in going into the confessional, and not to try to get in ahead of some one else.

To ask courteously the one ahead for his turn if it is absolutely impossible to wait.

For a woman of leisure and piety to offer her turn to a man in a hurry, or to a working woman whose time is precious.

To reserve all matters extraneous from present sins about which one may want the advice of the priest for some other time than Saturday evening, when the confessional is crowded with weary waiting sinners.

To speak in a whisper, but distinctly, in a tone audible to the confessor but not to those kneeling around the confessional.  
To recite the Confiteor before going into the confessional, if time is a consideration.

To begin with the formula, “Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. Since my last confession, which was one month ago” (or one week, two weeks, as the case may be), “I have”—than follow the sins.

To tell the number of times a sin has been committed, also any cir-

cumstances that would change the nature of the sin, so as to save all need of questions on the part of the priest.

To go up to the front of the church to say one’s penance and other prayers so as to be out of the way of the waiting penitents.—The coronet thing for Catholics.

## Children’s Witticisms

## THE INDICATOR.

A very little girl and a yellow dog wandered into one of the big department stores recently. As they reached the notion counter, where the little girl asked for two spoils of white cotton, a kick from one of the floor walkers just missed the yellow dog.

“If you ever bring that dog in here again I’ll—” here the big man looked down at the very little girl and his voice softened.—“I’ll cut his tail off.”

They arms clasped the yellow dog tighter, a pair of blue eyes filled with tears, and baby lips trembled.  
“Oh, please, mister,” said the little girl, “please don’t cut off my little dog’s tail. ‘Cause if you do I never, never could tell when he’s happy.”—New York Sun.

## WHY JOHNNY ATE THEM.

Mrs. Billus (for the company had gone)—“Johnny, you shouldn’t have eaten those preserved fruits. They were not intended to be eaten. They were put on the table to fill up.”

Johnny Billus—Well, that’s what I used ‘em for, mamma.

## WOULD MAKE SURE ABOUT THE SOAP.

A little boy who had been blowing bubbles all the morning, tiring of play and suddenly growing serious, said, “Read me that theory about heaven; it it the glorious!”

“I will,” said the mother, “but first tell me did you take the soap out of the water?”

“Oh, yes; I’m pretty sure I did,” the mother read the description of the beautiful city, the streets of gold, the gates of pearl. He listened with delight, but when she came to the words, “No one can enter there who loveth or maketh a lie,” bounding up, he said:

“I guess I’ll go and see about that soap.”—New York Observer.

## AMUSING THE CHILDREN.

Children are naturally active and inventive. It not only cheats them out of much pleasure, but it dwarfs and hinders their development if everything is done for them and every kind of amusement ready to their hand. Give them material and tools and let them make their own occupation, with a few hints, maybe.

Many an hour will a little one of two or three years amuse himself if given a pair of blunt-pointed scissors and an old magazine with pictures in it. An old book with every second leaf cut out will make a good scrap book for them. Let little girls have old fashion sheets or magazines and make their own paper dolls.

They will make a little, you say? Of course they will, but that gives them a chance to clean it up, which they ought always to be taught to do, no matter what they are playing with.

All mothers cannot have a nursery play-room for their children, but all can have a closet, a shelf, a box or a basket in which the little ones can keep their treasures. Each child should have his particular place in which to keep his things, and be taught to respect property of others.—The Chaparrone.

## How He Became a Cynic.

Some lovable traits of character in Prosper Merimee, the famous French novelist, who has left to posterity the reputation of a misanthrope and a cynic, are revealed in the pages of Augustus Filon’s “Merimee and his Friends.”

Monsieur Filon tells how this celebrated author devoted one hundred louis of his salary as senator toward pensioning an old prefect of Louis Philippe, who had been ruined by the Revolution of 1848, and how, for twenty years, he assisted and protected an humble sculptor in whom he had become interested.

Monsieur Filon relates an incident of Merimee’s childhood that shows how susceptible his nature was to strong impressions, and how responsible older people, and particularly parents, are for the development of certain traits in children.

When the future novelist was five years of age he was once punished by his mother for some naughtiness of which he was guilty. Madame Merimee, who was an artist, and who was at the time engaged at her easel, put the culprit out of the room, and closed the door upon him.

The little Prosper, already penitent, anxiously sought forgiveness through the closed door, expressing great contrition and promising good behaviour; but the door remained inexorably shut. Finally, after much effort, he opened it and dragged himself upon his knees toward his mother. His pitiful supplications and his pathetic attitude so amused Madame Merimee that she began to laugh.

Instantly rising from his lowly posture he exclaimed indignantly, “Since you mock me, I will never ask pardon again.” He kept his word. Thus was sown the seed of a certain cynical philosophy that tainted his after life.

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Mrs. C. Windrum, Baldur, Man., writes:—“I suffered for years from liver troubles, and endured more than tongue can tell. I tried a great many different remedies, but they were of little or no benefit to me. Some time ago I got a trial package of Laxa-Liver Pills, and they proved so beneficial to me that I procured more. I highly recommend them to anyone suffering from disordered liver.”

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

## His One Conundrum.

The old pilot of the little steamer “Maid of the Mist,” which used to carry passengers quite up to the foot of the Falls of Niagara until the mist from the falling waters drenched the clothing of every one on board, used to perpetrate one solitary conundrum each trip. It always commenced and ended the same.

Moving his hand along the side of the pilot-house, and examining the wood-work minutely, he would look up mysteriously and remark:

“I say, stranger, do you know what this boat is made of?”

“Made of? Why pine and oak, isn’t she?”

“No, sir.”

“Hemlock?”

“No.”

“Tinned cedar, is it?”

“Oh, no!”

And then the old pilot’s eyes twinkled and his mouth whistled a crazy tune.

“Well, iron, perhaps?”

“No.”

“What in thunder is she made of then?”

“She’s ‘Maid of the Mist,’ stranger—‘Maid of the Mist.’” Then the pilot accepted his morning cigar.

Mrs. Fred Laien, St. George, Ont., writes: “My little girl would cough so at night that neither she nor I could get any rest. I gave her Dr. Wood’s Norway Pine Syrup and am thankful to say it cured her cough quickly.”

“Anything for an old soldier, mum?”

“Have you ever been in action?”

“Yes’m; the hottest action in the campaign.”

“And were you hurt then or wounded?”

“No, mum, but I was on the list of the missing.”

“Poor fellow!”

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If finding fault were a useful occupation a great many people would have no difficulty in deciding what they were created for.

## Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says: “It affords me much pleasure to say that I experience great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn’s Rheumatic Pills.” Price 50c. a box.

The man who is nearly always wrong does the most crowing when he happens to be right.

## Beware of Worms.

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