

A Nation's Soul

CONFEDERATION JUBILEE POEM.

The Red Men's glory faded fast,
Their gods were powerless to save
The wigwags of the dwindling
brave—
Their feuds and feasts barbaric
passed.
They fled before the Stranger's
pow'r,
The White Man's glance to
them was death!
Like blossoms 'neath Keewadin's
breath
They withered at the appointed
hour.
They left a boundless heritage
Of wood and field, and moun-
tains hoar
To men who came from Breton
shore,
And those who at a later date
From England, Ireland, Scotland
came
Hosts of the daring pioneers,
Flinging aside their ancient
fears
The forest and the flood to tame.
And thus where great St. Law-
rence rolls
And where Niagara breaks in
foam,
The White Men's axes hewed
a home
Where love and liberty found
goals.
They felled the pine and tilled
the soil.
They knelt unto the self-same
God,
Who blessed their lives, and made
the sod
Fruitful to their stubborn
toil.
Then great men rose in Freedom's
cause
To bind the realm in union
grand
From sea to sea—a glorious
land
Guarded by wise and gracious
laws.
So didst thou rise, fair Canada!
So did thy various peoples blend
In one strong whole—for one
proud end—
A concord without fault or flaw
Cemented by their sweat and
blood
Outpoured in conflict with the
Wild,
Till savage Nature turned and
smiled,
And called their conquering efforts
good!
So are they joined in heart today,
Their souls are knit by bands
of steel.
The power of God's design they
feel
Sealing their Nationhood for aye!
While wide St. Lawrence waters
run;
While Rocky's summits claim
the skies;
While men the gifts of Freedom
prize—
Canadian hearts shall beat as one!
—Rev. James B. Dollard, Litt. D.,
Toronto, July 9, 1917.

ON ROSARY SUNDAY.

(By Helen Moriarty in the Rosary Magazine).

"Oh, Dan, I'm so glad to see you!" Rose Liston spoke impulsively, as the tall, muscular, sun-browned young man came up the steps. "Did you know I was going away?"
"Going away?" the visitor exclaimed as he stopped short.
"To the university, you know," she explained.
The young man's face changed. "The university?" Then he smiled. "You are joking, I suppose."
Rose shook her head decidedly. "No, I'm not, indeed. Didn't I tell you I was thinking about it?" with assumed indifference.
"Oh, thinking about it," swift relief in his tone. "We'll have to try and keep you from thinking about it too much." But the girl turned away from the compelling look in his eyes and took a seat in a sunny corner of the small porch. It was the first Sunday in October, Rosary Sunday, and Dan Ryan had stopped in, he told her, on his way to High Mass, starting early to give himself time for a little visit.
"Thinking about it for a long time, I mean," Rose went on, winsomely happy and careless. "And just this morning mother had promised to let me go. You know Mr. West and Miss Plimley both think I have talent," smiling deprecatingly at the praise, of her

All Stuffed Up

That's 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.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic.

"I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it. It has cured and built me up." Mrs. H. West, Boston, West Litchfield, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

self, especially for drawing and architecture.

"Architecture!" Dan interrupted. "That's a man's work. Rosie Posie; what do you want with that?"

Rose flushed. "Man's work!" loftily. "There's no such thing as man's work any more. Women will soon be in every field of endeavor—and they have a perfect right there!" She threw up her head challengingly at the quizzical gleam in Dan's eye.

"No doubt," he conceded dryly.

"But what I can't understand for the life of me is why they want the right."

"We have to earn our living, don't we?" Rose flashed back.

"Why deny us new avenues and wider opportunities?"

"You don't have to earn your living," the young man stated bluntly.

"Why not?" asked Rose in surprise.

"Because"—Dan's face went suddenly very pale—"I am ready to earn it for you. . . . Rose—"

as she did not speak. The girl shrank away from the hand he stretched toward her.

"Don't, Dan!" She, too, had grown pale. "I—I didn't want you to say this."

"Didn't you?" His voice was quiet. "Isn't it—any use?"

She shook her head without looking at him. "I have made up my mind for a career."

"A career?" I thought—didn't marriage used to be a career?" regarding the downcast face wistfully.

Rose shrugged her shoulders. "In our grandfather's day, maybe. Then there was nothing else for a girl to do—that is, if she didn't happen to have a vocation—but get married."

"And a mighty good thing that was," heartily.

"Oh, I don't know. Marriage isn't everything."

"It's a large part of life," sententiously from the man.

"Not today," was the girl's imperious retort. "Thank heaven there are a million things a girl can do if she doesn't want to get married."

"But why on earth doesn't she want to get married? That's what I'd like to know!" There was exasperation in Dan's tone.

Rose smiled in a superior way. "The girl of today does want to get married," she admitted with engaging candor, "but she wants to take her time about it—she has so many other interests that marriage is, after all, a secondary matter."

"Oh!" was the enlightened response. "Time—is that it?" He looked up at her from his place on the top step, carefully masking his anxiety. "I could wait, Rose."

The girl's lips trembled as she looked back at him. "No, Dan," she answered in a slow, restrained voice, "that isn't it. Oh, rising nervously, "you couldn't understand! I want to go away—to make something of myself and my education—to be somebody."

"To be somebody," slowly. . . .

"I see. As Dan Ryan's wife," a painful smile contorting his lips, "you wouldn't be—much of anybody, would you?"

A hot, shaded color flooded the girl's face, but she looked at him bravely.

"I'd be a carpenter's wife," she said.

A steely look hardened the man's blue eyes. "And the wife of an honest man. Don't forget that," he countered sharply. Be-

neath the sharpness Rose sensed the pain she had inflicted.

"Forgive me, Dan," she begged penitently. "I didn't mean to hurt you; but we have talked of this before, and you know my views."

"Foolish views!" he broke in bitterly. "If this is what comes of your high school education, I don't think much either of your training or your associates."

"I don't suppose you do," in cold disdain. "What's the use of quarrelling?" she added impatiently. "If you haven't any ambition—"

"Ambition!" Dan exclaimed explosively. "What do you know of my ambition? Do you think I would have stopped school when I did except that father needed my help? Do you think I stopped learning when I left school?"

"I—I—" he paused, ashamed of his outburst, going on more quietly in moment: "I don't expect to be a plain carpenter all the days of my life. Even I have my ambitions," significantly.

"Some day," eyeing the girl impressively and a little defiantly, "I'm going to be the best builder in this part of the country!"

"Ah!" Rose murmured gaily, relieved at the change in his tone, and choosing to ignore the defiance, "then you shall hire me to do your decorating. That's what I'm going to take up—interior decorating. I hope some day to decorate the most beautiful home in this country. See, our ambi-

tions are the same, after all, smiling appealingly into his manly face.

Her glance wavered and fell under the steady look which he gave her.

"No, Rose," he said gravely, "our ambitions are nothing like the same, except in one thing maybe"—a grim smile relaxing his set lips for an instant—"that we were both thinking of a career for Rose. Yours, as you plan it, has study, freedom, travel, glory perhaps, and a beautiful house to decorate some time in the future."

He leaned forward and shifted his eyes to the street, where gayly-clad, happy people were thronging by on their way to Mass. "Might have a house in it, too"—every word he brought out was painful with repressed emotion, and in spite of herself Rose felt her lips trembling and her heart beating heavily—"not a big house, at first, but beautiful, too. . . . because love was there. . . . Life—and love. . . . Not enough for a career, eh, Rose?" glancing hurriedly at the girl, whose eyes, in the shadow of the porch, were filled with unmistakable pain and yearning. She could not speak, and mistaking her silence, he stood up.

"Well, good-bye," he said quickly. "I must be off."

"Dan!" She thought she had spoken, but it was only an inarticulate sob. He was gone.

Rose's career proved highly satisfying. She spent five happy, engrossing years at the university, returning to her home town of Dalton at rare intervals. Then, after another year in New York to perfect her art, she was launched into a work in which she had achieved success from the first. It was during her second year of work that she went home in quite a disturbed frame of mind. Sarah was going to be married, her mother wrote, to Jim Chafferson. Did Rose remember him? He was only a clerk, but was a most excellent young man, and, best of all, they were to live in the next street. "So it will not be like losing her at all," the mother concluded; "and you know, dear, with you away, I have come to depend upon her so much."

Rose dropped the letter. "Sarah married! That baby!" Her tone was full of comical dismay. Only nineteen, and going to marry a clerk! she groaned. "What can mother be thinking of? I shall have to go home and put a little sense in her heads."

This proved to be easier said than done. They made much of the distinguished and successful member of the family, but she had been away so long, and her life and environment were so entirely different, that she found herself completely out of touch with the family point of view; and though she advanced opinions in a decided way which had come to her, she could not feel that she was making any impression. She asked her mother one day, as mildly as she could, if it might not be possible that Sarah was making a mistake in getting mar-

DIARRHOEA

WAS SO BAD.

Thought She Would Lose Child.

During the hot weather young children are very much subject to diarrhoea, in fact, more so than adults, on account of the more delicate construction of their constitution. It behooves every mother to look after her children on the first sign of any looseness of the bowels, for if they do not some serious bowel trouble such as diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, summer complaint, etc., is liable to follow, and they will perhaps, lose their little one by not taking the precaution to check this looseness of the bowels by using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Mrs. R. J. Hillis, St. Mary's, Ont., writes: "My little girl was so bad with diarrhoea the doctor could not cure her, and we were sure we were going to lose her. A friend of mine told me to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, so I sent for a bottle right away, and by the time I had given her one bottle she was able to eat up, and before I had the second bottle used she was cured. I tell everybody about this sure cure. The price is \$1.00 a bottle, but it is well worth it. It is 11 years since I first tried it, and it will always keep it on hand. It is good for old and young alike."

"Dr. Fowler's" has been on the market for the past 72 years, so if you want to be on the safe side be sure and see that you get "Dr. Fowler's" when you ask for it. The genuine is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ried so young. To a clerk, at that! Why, what prospects—"

"Oh, as to that," her mother assured her, "his prospects are all right. Jim's father is fairly well to do, and he has a very rich uncle—"

"Good gracious!" Rose tried keep the exasperation out of her voice. "But he himself—has he—"

"she was about to say "any get-up" but she was stopped in time.

"A very good position," the mother nodded comfortably; "and he is so devoted to Sarah—that's the main thing," smiling.

(To be continued.)

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Dear Sirs,—This fall I got thrown on a fence and hurt my chest very bad, so I could not work and it hurt me to breathe I tried all kinds of Liniments and they did me no good.

One bottle of MINVARD'S LINIMENT warmed on Flannel's and applied on my breast, cured me completely.

C. H. COSSABOOM.

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Bessie—And why didn't you stop?

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Pullman Porter—Lower five, sah.

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Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 25c.

Mrs. Gable—I met Mr. Brown today while I was shopping.

Her husband—That so? What did you have to say?

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DYSPEPSIA.

"So your husband took you to the ball game?"

"Yes I wish I could make him talk to the cook the way he talked to that umpire."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

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When the heart becomes affected, there ensues a feeling of a choking sensation, a shortness of breath, palpitation, throbbing, smothering sensation, and dizziness and a weak, sinking, all-gone feeling of oppression and anxiety.

On the first sign of the heart becoming weakened, Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills should be taken, and you will find that they will give prompt relief and soon effect a complete cure.

Mr. John Doucette, Bel River Crossing, N.B., writes: "I suffered greatly from heart trouble which caused dizziness, weakness and smothering spells. I used a great deal of doctor's medicine but received no benefit. A friend advised me to use Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and before I had finished the box I felt so much better that I got another one, and was completely restored. I highly recommend these pills to every one suffering from heart trouble."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c. per box at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited Toronto, Ont.

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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 known to the world. It is uniform in quality and strength. It saves time and labor, and relieves the housewife of the vexation and worryment she necessarily 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 with the use of any other kind of Yeast.

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