

The Penitent

(Eve of St. Agnes.) St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter it was! The owl, for all his feathers, was a cold; When he leaped, trembling thro' the frozen grass, And silent was the flock in woolly fold; Numb were the headman's fingers while he told His rosary, and while his foster-brother, Like pious incense from a censer old, Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death, Past the sweet Virgin's picture while his prayer he said. His prayer he said, this patient holy man; Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees, And back returneth, unsees, bare-foot, wan, Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees; The sculptured dead on each side seemed to freeze, Imprisoned in black, purgatorial rails; Knights, ladies, praying in dumb oratories, He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails. Northward he turneth through a little door, And scarce three steps, ere music's golden tongue Flattered to tears this aged man and poor; But no—already had his death-bell rung. The joys of all his life were said and sung, His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve; Another way he went, and soon among Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve, And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve. —John Keats.

A Little Brother in Black

Concluded When they again called at the hospital, they met the priest, who was about to leave. After thanking Nellie and Arthur for bringing him to one who so desired his service, he said: "I am going to see if I can find some one who will read to the boy." "I can do that," said Nellie. "Catholic prayers and short instructions?" asked Father Brooke, with some hesitation. Nellie's colour deepened perceptibly. "I don't mind," she said. Thomas Jefferson received her with joy. "I give thee to be baptized, Miss Nellie," he said. She could not enter into his joyful feelings; in fact, she felt a revision from the task she had taken on herself. "Suppose you read to him, Arthur?" she said. He took the book from her hand and read some plain instructions on the Sacrament of Baptism, written for children. She became interested in spite of herself. Though not suffering constantly, the boy had moments of severe pain. In one of these paroxysms he asked Arthur not to stop reading. "Is only a Niggah," he cried in an outburst of abject humility not unusual in his race at times; "but now I understand—I is!" "You poor soul!" said Nellie, her voice broken—and was it her good angel again? "You know more than I know." After that she herself read, and Thomas Jefferson seemed pleased to see her hold the book. The prayer he had read again and again was the Litany he heard at the May devotions. "You have not come too soon, Father," said the nurse to the priest when he returned. "He cannot live much longer." The baptism of Thomas was performed in the simplest manner, he becoming one of our Father's children with a happiness that shone wondrously in his eyes. To Nellie and Arthur, it was a ceremony impressive beyond words. The doctor, making his rounds, came in and spoke cheerfully to the boy; but Thomas answered seriously

Pains in the Back

The symptoms of a weak torpid or flaccid condition of the kidneys or of the bladder is extremely arduous to neglect, so important is the healthy action of these organs. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency. I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and came so weak I could scarcely get around, took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I bought a six bottle course. When my little girl was a year old, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her. Mrs. Thomas L. Wallaceburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

restores kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

"I ain gwine ter get well, please suh." The doctor glanced at Father Brooke, who signified by a gesture that Thomas knew he would not recover. The boy had been watching them, and now said: "I ain keerin' 'r baptize." He lay still on his pillow like one asleep. When the pain again seized him, he said: "Miss Nellie, please m!" "Yes, Thomas," she replied. "Read the pray'r for me, please 'm—the same one."

There was not a dry eye in the room when Nellie recited the Litany. The boy lingered on till after mid-day, apparently in a state of unconsciousness. Once he spoke, saying in a voice little above a whisper: "Our Father and Hail Mary." Nellie and Arthur knelt by the bed. As one o'clock struck, the nurse said: "It is all over!" Thomas Jefferson had gone to the kingdom where all are brethren equally before their Father's throne.

Soon after their baptism, and just before their wedding, which was to take place in the Church of the Assumption, a friend asked Nellie and Arthur with impatience: "What ever possessed you to become Catholics?" "Good example and the unmerited grace of God," was their response.

The Sentinel Pine

Rock Creek comes down from the Bear Tooth Range, winding a turbulent way through the foothills to the bench lands below. Copeland had chosen its waters, to guide him while prospecting in the treacherous wilderness of the mountains. Copeland's quest had been fruitless, but the prospecting fever was strong upon him. Some time he would find gold, he told himself, as other men had done. Mentally he rehearsed the story of January Jones, whose fame had filled the papers for months after his lucky find. There was, too, the case of Jack Stinson—kicked over a cliff by his mule, he had fallen upon a ledge that proved to be gold-bearing quartz. Two years prospecting had gradually filled Copeland's mind with details of such stories, until the discovery of gold had become an obsession. The prospector had followed Rock Creek until the lights began to fade from the hills, then from Point of Rocks he had surveyed his world before gamping for the night. He was in the lower hills. On one side their crests rose higher, and the scent pine growth became denser and darker as it merged into the wilderness of the mountain-side. Far up among the trees a water fall could be dimly seen and its murmur heard. The water ran down in little cascades until quite suddenly it disappeared behind a jutting rock. A lingering ray of light brightened the tops of the sombre pines, the shadowy depths of ravines and ganyons glowed faintly violet, then before the watchers' eyes tender hues deepened to wells of blackness. Twilight had settled over the mountains. Something of the loneliness of the scene crept into the prospector's heart, bringing the mood that some times came upon him—a distaste for his wandering life and a longing for home. He turned his eyes from the heights to the hills about him, hills covered with gray-green grass and moss-brown boulders. On the top of one hill a queer little pine tree caught his attention. It stood alone, its silhouette dark against the sky. The lowest branch was twisted sharply about and bent so that it seemed to be pointing to something unseen on the other side of the hill. As Copeland looked, the little tree seemed to be nodding to him as if pointed backward and downward. He tried to throw off the feeling with a laugh at his foolishness. The silence and the loneliness were getting on his nerves, he decided. Then he built a fire in the shelter of a boulder, whistling cheerily while he cooked his supper. But while the twilight deepened to darkness he sat looking into the glowing coals, musing over his life. More than two years ago he had come West. He had a small sum of money and had thought to find a good piece of land, where he could build a home. For Muriel Manning was waiting for him back in the sleepy, peaceful home town, and Muriel was then the center of all his plans. A couple of prospectors had gotten hold of him and he had fallen into their venture which, he thought, promised rich returns. The scheme had failed. Copeland had been obliged to write home, postponing his plans, until he should achieve a measure of success. The letters that had come to him then were full of remonstrances over further ventures, begging him to come back, to be satisfied with the openings the home town offered. The man's pride rebelled. He had determined to succeed in his own way. Then the lure of the trail had fastened on him and the dream of finding gold for its own sake had gradually filled his mind, crowding out gentle memories and ennobling ambitions. For a while he had written desultory letters, but soon these too had ceased. Only now and then, with some thought process that he did not understand, there would flash upon his mind little pictures from old time—his mother coming out upon the wide, vine-shaded porch to call some word to him as he started down the street; Muriel in the little row boat on the lake, the light shining on her winsome face; himself and his school-boy friends lounging in the shade of the great oaks, planning their futures. Such pictures came with a strange little pang, and a subtle sense of loss, but the lure of the gold trail held. Even now in the coals of his camp fire a panorama of the past was being depicted.

To be Continued

Had Severe Cold

IT TURNED TO BRONCHITIS.

Many people have bronchitis and don't know it. Don't even know the danger of neglecting it. Bronchitis starts with a dry, short, painful, hacking cough accompanied with rapid wheezing, and a feeling of oppression or tightness through the chest. At first the raised-up phlegm is of a light color, but as the trouble progresses it becomes of a yellowish or greenish color, and is very often of a slimy nature, streaked with blood. Bronchitis should never be neglected. Pneumonia or Consumption may follow if it is.

Mr. E. E. Boyer, Edmonton, Alta., writes: "Last winter I took a severe cold which turned to bronchitis. The doctor I had could not seem to relieve it, and I had been treated by him for eight weeks. Then, a friend came in and recommended me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. After taking one bottle I was greatly relieved. I got two more bottles, and can say it has quite cured me. It has stopped my cough and my spitting up lots of phlegm. I assure you I would not be without a bottle of it in the house. It has helped my children also. I think it a wonderful remedy for coughs or bronchitis." Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; 3 pins trees the trade mark price 25c, and 50c. Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

ed with gray-green grass and moss-brown boulders. On the top of one hill a queer little pine tree caught his attention. It stood alone, its silhouette dark against the sky. The lowest branch was twisted sharply about and bent so that it seemed to be pointing to something unseen on the other side of the hill. As Copeland looked, the little tree seemed to be nodding to him as if pointed backward and downward. He tried to throw off the feeling with a laugh at his foolishness. The silence and the loneliness were getting on his nerves, he decided. Then he built a fire in the shelter of a boulder, whistling cheerily while he cooked his supper. But while the twilight deepened to darkness he sat looking into the glowing coals, musing over his life. More than two years ago he had come West. He had a small sum of money and had thought to find a good piece of land, where he could build a home. For Muriel Manning was waiting for him back in the sleepy, peaceful home town, and Muriel was then the center of all his plans. A couple of prospectors had gotten hold of him and he had fallen into their venture which, he thought, promised rich returns. The scheme had failed. Copeland had been obliged to write home, postponing his plans, until he should achieve a measure of success. The letters that had come to him then were full of remonstrances over further ventures, begging him to come back, to be satisfied with the openings the home town offered. The man's pride rebelled. He had determined to succeed in his own way. Then the lure of the trail had fastened on him and the dream of finding gold for its own sake had gradually filled his mind, crowding out gentle memories and ennobling ambitions. For a while he had written desultory letters, but soon these too had ceased. Only now and then, with some thought process that he did not understand, there would flash upon his mind little pictures from old time—his mother coming out upon the wide, vine-shaded porch to call some word to him as he started down the street; Muriel in the little row boat on the lake, the light shining on her winsome face; himself and his school-boy friends lounging in the shade of the great oaks, planning their futures. Such pictures came with a strange little pang, and a subtle sense of loss, but the lure of the gold trail held. Even now in the coals of his camp fire a panorama of the past was being depicted.

To be Continued

Heart Pains So Bad

SAT UP MANY NIGHTS.

A large majority of the people are troubled more or less, with some form of heart trouble, and that distressing feeling that comes to those whose heart is in a weakened condition causes great anxiety and alarm. On the first sign of any weakness of the heart Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills should be taken, and thus secure prompt and permanent relief. Mrs. Thomas Hopkins, Crowell, N.S., writes: "I had heart trouble for several years, sometimes better and sometimes worse, but a year ago last fall I could not lie down in bed for that distressing feeling, and had to get up and sit up a great many nights, and when I did lie down it was with my head very high. I purchased two boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills and feel a lot better. I can now lie down quite comfortably and the pains have gone too. Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50c a box at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont."

Boots By Mail Sizes 2 1-2 & 3 \$1.98 Postage 10c. Extra We have about seventy pairs, all high-grade Boots, suitable for women and girls with small feet

Also a few Oxfords and Pumps. Sizes 2 1/2 and 3 \$1.98

Men's Rubbers, Sizes 9, 10, 11 75 Cents

Women's Rubbers. Sizes 2 1/2 to 7 75 Cents

ALLEY & CO. Ltd 185 QUEEN ST., CHARLOTTETOWN.

Men Demand The Best Chewing Tobacco THAT'S WHY THEY ALWAYS ASK FOR

HICKEY'S TWIST The Tobacco That Never Disappoints Them ALWAYS OF GOOD QUALITY Hickey & Nicholson Tobacco Co. LIMITED MANUFACTURERS CHARLOTTETOWN

CARTERS Feed, Flour & Seed Store QUEEN STREET WE SELL WE BUY: FLOUR OATS The Best Brands are: Robin Hood Victory Beaver Gold Medal Queen City] FEED Bran, Middlings, Shorts Cracked Oats, Oil Cake Feed Flour, Oats Bone Meal, Linseed Meal Calf Meal, Chick Feed Schumacker Feed, Hay Crushed Oats, Straw Rolled Oats, Cornmeal Oat Flour, Cracked Corn Poultry Supplies, &c. &c. HAY We want 50 Carloads of good BALED HAY. Also BALED STRAW We want Fifty Thousand Bushels of OATS. Write us for prices. State quantity for sale.

Garter & Co., Ltd WHOLESALE RETAIL HERRING, HERRING We have some good Herring in stock, by Pail, Dozen and Half Barrel. If you desire a Half Barrel mail us \$6.25 and add Fifty Cents extra for freight if you do not receive your freight at a Booking Station. If Herring are not satisfactory return at once and your money will be refunded. A dds

R. F. MADDIGAN CHARLOTTETOWN

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

Change of Time—P. E. I. Division

Commencing Monday, October 6th, 1919, Trains will run as follows: WEST: Daily except Sunday, will leave Charlottetown 6.35 a.m., arrive Borden 8.45 a.m., Summerside 9.20 a.m., returning leave Borden 4.10 p.m., arrive Summerside 6.05 p.m., Charlottetown 6.35 p.m. Daily except Sunday, leave Charlottetown 12.40 p.m., arrive Summerside 4.35 p.m. Daily except Sunday, leave Charlottetown 2.45 p.m., arrive Summerside 6.05 p.m., Tignish 9.45 p.m. Daily except Sunday, leave Tignish 8.00 a.m., Charlottetown 12.40 p.m. Daily except Sunday, leave Summerside 1.35 p.m., arrive Charlottetown 3.30 p.m., Borden 6.10 p.m., connecting at Emerald with train from Borden and arriving at Charlottetown 6.35 p.m. Daily except Sunday, leave Summerside 6.45 a.m., arrive Charlottetown 10.40 a.m. Passengers for Mainland by this train change cars at Emerald Junction, arrive at Borden 8.45 a.m.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Canadian National Railways-- OPERATING ONE HOUR EARLIER

Important Daylight Saving Change of Time at 2 a.m. Sunday, March 30, 1919

All clocks and watches used in operation of Canadian National Railway will at 2 a.m. Sunday, March 30th, be advanced one hour. To prevent serious confusion and in convenience to the public the attention of all concerned is directed to the following conditions resulting from the important change of time: If cities, towns, villages and other municipal bodies do not change their local time to correspond with the new Railway time, all concerned should keep in mind that while trains continue to leave Railway Stations on present schedule, such schedule will be operated one hour ahead of present local time. Therefore any municipality where local time is not changed to correspond with the new Railway time, passengers must reach Railway Station ONE HOUR EARLIER than shown in current folders and public time posters.

Where municipal time is changed to correspond with the new Railway time, passengers will not experience difficulty growing out of the change. April 2, 1919

Furs, Furs, Furs

SHIP TO US DIRECT— THE TOP MARKET PRICE PAID AND EQUITABLE GRADING MADE— NO DELAYS AT ANY POINT— We are registered with and recognized by the United States War Trade Board and all of the Collectors for Customs under licence P. B. F. 30, and you can send your furs to us direct by our tag or any tag changed to suit, is marked "Furs of Canadian Origin," and your furs will come right through.

FAIR GRADING

CHEW HICKEY..

Black Twist Tobacco

Carters Seeds Grow

And Are THE BEST .. That Grow ..

Announcement

extending our already large business, we respectfully invite the patronage of new customers; and if we succeed in thus increasing our present connection, we guarantee that we shall be indefatigable in our endeavor to justify the confidence of our new friends.

C. LYONS & CO.

Queen Street - Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Advertise in The Herald

Sept. 3, 1910