

Our Lawless Language

The following rhymes illustrate some of the chief difficulties of the English language, which seems so easy to those who learned it in childhood. No wonder the forgers call ours a lawless tongue: We'll begin with a box, and the plural is boxes; But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes. Then one fowl is a goose, but two are called geese; Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese. You may find a lone mouse or a whole nest of mice, But the plural of house is houses, not hices. If the plural of man is always called men, Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? If I speak of a foot and you show me your feet, And I give you a boot, would a pair be called beet? If one is a tooth and a whole set are teeth, Why shouldn't the plural of booth be called beeth? Then one may be that and three may be those, Yet hat in the plural would never be hose; We speak of a brother and also of brethren, But though we say mother we never say methern, Then the masculine pronouns are he, him and his; But imagine the feminine she, shis and shim! So English, I fancy, you all will agree Is the funniest language you ever did see.

Double Vision

My grandma's spectacles are queer— It's almost like a game; She says she has two pairs of them Although they look the same. One pair makes tiny things seem big, "Enlarged," she says it's called; The other makes big things seem small— I s'pose they are ensmall'd. I never see her change them, but she Always seems to know Just when to see things pretty small —and when to make 'em grow? Some days folks think I'm quizzitive, And bother round a lots; Her specs just twinkle as she 'spains, "She's such a little tot!" But when she gives me gingerbread, Or cookies, for a treat, She says, "A great big girl like you Needs lots and lots to eat!" I saved some chocolates for her once Some teeny little ones— She said I was "an angel" and "They looked as big as buns!" But when I dropped my mug, and made A big spot on the mat, She said, "It won't be seen at all! A little thing like that!" I'm saving all my pennies, and I'm going to buy two pairs Of spectacles for father—the kind my grandma wears. —ELISIE DANA GERRIER, in St. Nicholas.

Her Laddie

(Concluded.) "I wanted folks to see and hear," the Happy Lady said again. The hero, piqued, scarcely heard so rapidly was he crossing the room. "It is very dreadful to hurt a man," Mary whispered. But something inside the Happy Lady was singing gayly and she didn't hear. For to the Happy Lady's party that night had come an uninvited guest. He had slipped in among the dancers, unperceived. He had made his way straight to the Happy Lady's heart. She had heard him knocking there. Was it love or grace that brought him? Somehow in all these months of gaily and forgetfulness, the wall of pride she had builded in her heart had been crumbling. Now the swift rush of memory toppled it altogether down, and frankly, joyously, humbly, she thought again of the Laddie—even though he was the son of the poor apple

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning of extremely hazardous neglect, no important 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 became so weak I could scarcely get around (I took medicine without benefit), and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued to use it, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her." Mrs. F. T. WALKER, in St. Nicholas, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system. woman. He needed her—no one in all her life had ever needed her before—he needed her prayers. In that moment when she had opened wide the closed window she had opened also the portals of her poor proud little heart—there would be no more closed shutters or drawn blinds. Tomorrow she would speak again to Norah as they walked home from Mass.

"So on the morrow, and the day after that, and for many a day again, the Happy Lady walked with old Norah. And the great proud heart of the Happy Lady became little and humble and kind. She learned that there were gifts costlier than money could buy, and gold far fairer than her shining coin. She no longer dreamed of rising to heights sublime and snatching from the gates of hell the erring Laddie, but, dressed in her fairest garb, she walked each day with shabby Norah and prayed good prayers for Laddie—and the Laddie's work—and offered in his behalf the empty shrine in her heart that belonged to the hero of Gladi's luncheon. And as they walked they talked of everything under the sun, except the Laddie. The nearest they ever came was about the golden apples.

"And who got the big one yesterday—that fine red one I wanted so badly and you would not give me?" the Happy Lady teased, knowing well she could have had it for the asking. "But you're too happy—you wear too many fine clothes! Sure, you wouldn't be wantin' an apple! See, there goes"—pointing to an old woman leaving the church. "Mother's prayers are always good, my dear."

There was a time when a poor little boy got an apple just because he had great sad eyes like her Laddie. Today, 'twas a young man who looked so very forlorn—"tis nobody thinks about him at all, at all," she confided; and tomorrow a soul (they were always "souls," every dirty one of them) that the Happy Lady surely would have passed by. But an apple is just an apple, you see. One does not have to think twice whether, or not the poor object is really worthy, how he will spend or waste the precious gift, and other such worries that vex the heart of the great and mighty. And the poor woman, and the boy with the sad eyes, and the forlorn young man did not know they were golden apples—just Norah and the Happy Lady and Christ. And all the while winter passed, and spring and then it was summer. And upon a day when the Happy Lady walked from Mass the man she called Laddie walked beside her. He was dressed in his Sunday finery, but the small head of the Happy Lady had grown wiser, and the tender heart of the Happy Lady strong and brave, and 'twas the soul she looked to and not those handsome eyes.

"Well," she said, "and so you've come back!" It was not the great kind thing she had intended to say at all, and the very moment it was said she was horrible sorry. He was utterly forlorn for all his fine clothes, and there was a look upon the handsome face she had never seen there before. "Christ has pardoned," he said, pointing to the Church. She stood facing him and not one little word could she say. "The Laddie is dying," he added. "His work is completed this morning. The Laddie's Christ is all kindness, all love and forgiveness—and I came back."

SCOTT'S EMULSION. The only emulsion indicated. The reason is plain—It's the best. Insist upon having Scott's—it's the world's standard fish and strength builder. ALL DRUGGISTS.

"Dying," the Happy Lady

fairly sobbed. "Norah's Laddie—I—I don't understand." She sank down on the lowest step and buried her face in her hands. But only for a second. "And you—who are you? Aren't you the Laddie?" "I am the bad gentleman Norah and the Laddie have prayed for—Norah's bad gentleman—he is my old nurse, she loves me, and man as I am. Dear Norah, she is so good—" "But the Laddie—the Happy Lady wouldn't be silent—the Laddie—who is the Laddie?" she coaxed. "Tell me"—she looked so small and frail and needed her help, and the "bad gentleman" would have given all this great wide world to bring back the smiles.

"Come with me," he said gently. "I am going now to see the Laddie. He is Norah's little grandson. He wanted me. He has been praying for me all these months, and it will make him happy to know that his prayers were answered this morning. You'll love him, too—he is crippled, you know, and just a bit of a boy—and they say he has only a few more hours to live—but, oh, he is so good—just like old Norah!" The Happy Lady was crying now, and the "bad gentleman" stood looking on his poor helpless way. Was she crying for the little Laddie, he wondered, the Laddie she had never seen, or was it for poor Norah—or—

And he couldn't help thinking all the while that there just might be room in that tender little heart for two Laddies—the real Laddie that lay dying, and the dream Laddie that was just now beginning to live. "Come with me," he pleaded again in his very gentlest voice. She looked up through her tears, and for the first time allowed the guest of Gladi's luncheon to reign supreme. "Yes, let us go," she said.—The Rosary Magazine.

Progress in the Philippines

Fr. Rene Michielsens, B. F. M. sends this cheering news from his part of the Philippine Islands: "Within two years, we hope to start at Baguio a Catholic High School, the first in our mission territory. I already give instruction to representatives of four different wild tribes of our non-Christian province; each of them has a special dialect: Ifugao, Bontoc-Igorot, Kankanaey and Nabaloi. I had to hear confessions in eight languages! "I hope that with God's grace, we shall be able to make of this rising generation the true foundation of the new Catholic society of this wild hinter-land of North Luzon. "The famous national Filipino hero, Rizal, foretold to the savage inhabitants of these rough mountains, the most glorious and important future of all the natives in the Islands. Accordingly by itis, of course, a very necessary matter to Christianize these tribes, because we know the disastrous results of a civilization deprived of sound religious principles. "The country itself is most lovely; it is the land of palm and pine, with fine scenery. The climate is sweet and healthy, but on account of lack of good trails in some parts of the province, traveling can become very hard and dangerous."

Jungle Fever

Fr. J. Aelen, Jr., of Nellore, British India, has been afflicted with jungle fever each summer for the past five or six years. This season he has had double work to do on account of absent missionaries, but, even on the hottest days he felt no fever at all. He says it seems as if Providence wants to keep him in good health so that he can perform the extra amount of tasks allotted him.

New Book of Cardinal Gibbons.

A new book by Cardinal Gibbons, of great interest to Catholic American readers, is announced. It is called a "Retrospect of Fifty Years."

Had Pneumonia

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP CURED HIM.

A cough is an early symptom of pneumonia. It is at first frequent and hacking, and is accompanied with a little tough, colorless expectoration, which soon, however, becomes more copious and of a rusty red color, the lungs become congested and the bronchial tubes filled with phlegm making it hard for the sufferer to breathe. Males are more commonly attacked than females, and a previous attack seems to give a special liability to another.

On the first sign of a cold or cough you should get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and thus prevent the cold from developing into some serious lung trouble. Mrs. E. Charles, North Toronto, Ont., writes: "Two years ago my husband had a very bad attack of pneumonia, and the doctors said he was getting consumption. A friend came in to see me and advised me to get Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I got three bottles, and they seemed to quite clear his chest of the phlegm, and now he is fine and well."

I shall never be without it in the house as it is a very valuable medicine. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c. The genuine is manufactured only by T. J. MINARD CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

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Better fail a thousand times in everything else than attempt to shape for yourself a life without God, without hope in Christ, and without an interest in heaven.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

He (joyfully)—I got an umbrella back the other day! His Friend—How was that? He—I borrowed it from a man who borrowed it from the man who borrowed it from me.

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.

A little information picked up every day soon becomes an education, and a little moral teaching picked up every day soon becomes a sermon.

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."

Make truth your motto and your guide and you will be the gainer in the end.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DITTYERIA.

A man who was very vain of his personal appearance went to the doctor one day and asked him to explain a singular circumstance.

"Doctor," he said, "my hair is perfectly black, but my whiskers are turning white rapidly. Now how do you account for that?" "Well," replied the physician, "I don't know, unless it is because your jaws have worked a great deal harder than your brains."

HAD WEAK HEART

COULD NOT WORK COULD NOT SLEEP.

Many women are kept in a state of fear of death, become weak, worn and miserable and are unable to attend to their household, social or business duties, on account of the unnatural action of the heart.

To all such sufferers Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills give prompt and permanent relief. Mrs. J. Day, 234 John Street South, Hamilton, Ont., writes: "I was so run down with a weak heart I could not even sweep the floor, nor could I sleep at night. I was so awfully sick sometimes 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 anyone could be. I am doing my own household, 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 T. J. MINARD CO., LIMITED, Toronto, Ont.

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When it comes to the question of buying clothes, there are several things to be considered. You want good material, you want perfect fitting qualities, and you want your clothes to be made fashionable and stylish, and then you want to get them at a reasonable price.

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We guarantee to fit you perfectly, and all our clothes have that smooth, stylish, well-tailored appearance, which is approved by all good dressers.

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FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST

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 worry which 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 from a given quantity of flour than can be produced with the use of any other kind of Yeast.

This is explained by the more thorough fermentation and expansion which the minute particles of flour undergo, thereby increasing the size of the mass and at the same time adding to the nutritive properties of the bread. This fact may be clearly and easily demonstrated by any who doubt that there is economy in using Fleischmann's Yeast. If you have never used this Yeast give it a trial. Ask your Grocer for a "Fleischmann" Receipt Book.

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Synopsis of Canadian North West Land Regulations. Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, who has been a resident in the Dominion for at least 12 months immediately preceding the date of his application, may apply for a homestead in the Northwest Territories. The homestead must be at least 80 acres in size and occupied by him or by his wife, mother, daughter, brother or sister of the homesteader. Duties—Six months' residence and cultivation of the land in each of the first three years. A homesteader may within any twelve months of the date of his application, transfer the homestead to a farm of at least 80 acres, solely or jointly, or to his wife, mother, daughter, brother or sister. In certain districts a homesteader may pre-empt a quarter section of land in the Northwest Territories. The homesteader must reside upon the land and cultivate it for a period of six months from the date of his entry (including the time spent in a homestead patent) and cultivate a certain acreage extra. A homesteader who has obtained his homestead right and cannot or does not wish to enter for a parcel of land in certain districts, may pre-empt a quarter section of land in the Northwest Territories. The homesteader must reside upon the land and cultivate it for a period of six months from the date of his entry (including the time spent in a homestead patent) and cultivate a certain acreage extra. W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Int.

Mail Contract. SEALED TENDERS, addressed to Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 13th inst. for the contract for the delivery of mail to the various points on the route No. 2 from Montreal, P. E. Island, from 1st April next. Printed notices containing full particulars as to conditions of contract may be seen and blank forms may be obtained at the Office of Postmaster, Lower Main and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector, JOHN F. WHEAR, To Ottawa, P. E. Island, Post Office Inspector's Office, Charlottetown, 4th Dec, 1916.

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