

"Onto us a Son is Given."

By Alice Meynell.

Given, not lent, And not withdrawn—once sent, This Infant of mankind, this One, Is still the little welcome Son, New born and newly dear, He comes with tidings and a song, The ages long, the ages long; Even as the cold, Keen winter grows not old As childhood is so fresh, foreseen, And spring in the familiar green. Sudden as sweet Come the expected feet, All joy is young, and new all art, And He, too, Whom we have by heart.

His Coming.

The wars of time had spent their night, The stars their silent watches kept; An angel's voice broke thro' the night, A glory spread its golden light, The world still slept. An angel's song chimed peace, good will, While stars their silent watches kept; They heard the shepherds on the hill, Heard that glad cry that echoes still, But earth still slept. A Child had come on earth to save, While stars their silent watches kept; In His sweet Blood sin's wounds to lave, His life upon the tree He gave! The world still slept. His Mother clasped Him to her breast, The stars their silent watches kept; Her little Son Who might not rest Long on that heart the sword-

point pressed; The world still slept. Will it ne'er wake, this world of men? The stars still silent watches kept— O must we ever say that when His dear feet come, they pass again By us who sleep? —S. M. E., in the December Catholic World.

To The Infant Jesus.

By Edward C. Caswell.

Sleep, Holy Babe, Upon thy mother's breast; Great lord of earth and sea and sky How sweet it is to see Thee lie In such a place of rest! Sleep, Holy Babe, Thine angles watch around, All bended low with folded wings, Before the Incarnate King of Kings In reverent awe profound. Sleep, Holy Babe, While I with Mary gaze In joy upon that face awhile, Upon the loving Infant smile, Which there divinely plays. Sleep, Holy Babe; Ah! take Thy brief repose; Too quickly will Thy slumbers break, And Thou to lengthened pains awake, That death alone shall close, Then must those hands Which now so fair I see, Those little pearly feet of Thine, So soft, so delicately fine, Be pierced and rent for me; Then must that brow As thorny crown receive; That cheek more lovely than the rose, Be drenched with blood and marred with blows, That I hereby may live.

P. E. Islanders Should Keep More Bees.

Mr. F. W. L. Sladen, Agriculturist at the Central Experimental Farm, Ottawa, made a tour last summer of the Branch Experi-

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. I. E. WARD, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rides the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions. mental Farms, scattered throughout Canada that now keep bees (thirteen in all) and investigated briefly the beekeeping possibilities of the regions served by these Farms.

A week-end visit to Charlottetown at the beginning of August, the return journey being made by way of Summerside, gave him a very high opinion of the beekeeping possibilities of Prince Edward Island. White Dutch clover (Trifolium repens) one of the principal honey plants of Canada, was seen in abundant bloom in many of the numerous pastures, and in considerable quantity in waste places on roadsides, etc.; many fields of alsike, an equally valuable source of honey, were also noticed. The climatic conditions of the Island—sufficient rain in June and July, and moderate heat in July and August, are exactly those most favorable for a heavy yield of honey from these clovers, which appear to be less subject to winter killing on the Island than on the mainland. Mr. Harold Newsome, of East Royalty, considers his region to be as good for honey production as Southern Ontario, where beekeeping is carried on as a specialty. His yearly honey crop averages 100 pounds per colony. It is surprising that so little attention is paid to beekeeping in Prince Edward Island. Mr. Sladen recommends that farmers and others look into the possibilities of this neglected industry.

Those interested should send to the Publications Branch, of the Department of Agriculture at Ottawa for copies of Bulletin

Crib of Christ is the symbol of humiliation and distress. Over the Crib seems to hover the shadow of the Cross. Bethlehem suggests Calvary. We gaze upon the smiling Infant in the manger and the image of the Man of Sorrows hanging from the nails of the Cross haunts our minds. We know the tender body now reposing on the straw will one day be bruised and broken and placed lifeless in the Virgin Mother's arms. We know that the divine lips that now part in infant smiles or press close to Mary's cheeks will one day be withered and parched on Calvary; that the little hands which now encircle the Mother's neck will be for our iniquities pierced with iron nails, to draw the precious blood that now purples the Infants little veins.

Calvary's gloom stands out against the brightness that illumines Bethlehem's midnight sky; the horrors of a tragic death would fain crowd out the charms of a miraculous birth; for in the cross we have another symbol of humiliation and distress. But why the Crib? Why close by it the Cross? Why instead of power, and glory and overwhelming majesty, do we find only ignominy, helplessness and disgrace? Scarcely are these questions formed upon our lips, when back comes the answer, spelled out, as it were, by the throbs of the Infant Saviour's heart. For man's love and affection God came into the world surrounded by the feebleness of infancy; for the same end He went out from the world a victim of all the pain and anguish that life can bear before it passes into death. The Cross explains the Crib. Love awakened in our hearts by the Infant in the manger begets a sympathetic love for the Victim suspended from the rigid beams of Calvary.—Pilot.

A Beautiful Custom.

The weary wanderings of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph on Christmas eve, before they found shelter in the stable where our Blessed Lord was born, are still commemorated in some Catholic countries, notably in Spain, where what are called pasada, or hostler processions, march on Christmas eve from house to house. Children carrying images of Mary and Joseph lead the way, followed by servants, masters, and mistress, and a mixed crowd all bearing tapers, who halt at door after door to knock and crave admission. No response is given to their appeals until at last they come to the church, where the first summons is immediately answered by a voice from within, inquiring who is there, to which a chosen spokesman replies: "It is Mary the Queen of Heaven, who begs a place to lay her head; the night is dark and cold, and she is a wanderer from Galilee." The doors of the church are then thrown open, and the procession enters in, to be led to a side altar prepared to represent a stable with a manger, dimly lighted by a single lantern. Here all kneel and recite the last prayer of a prescribed litany; and as the final petition dies away, a little boy with wings fastened to his shoulders, and in his arms an image representing the Holy Child, rushes in and lays his burden in the crib. The tapers are then lighted, and joyful carols of welcome to the world's Redeemer are sung by all present.

The Christmas Card.

The Christmas card had its tentative origin in 1846. According to a writer in "Curiosities of Popular Customs," Joseph Cundall, a London artist, issued the first in that year. It was printed in lithography, colored by hand, and was the usual size of a lady's card. Not until 1862, however, did the custom obtain any foothold. Then experiments were made with cards about the ordinary size of a carte de visite, inscribed simply, "A Merry Christmas," and "A Happy New Year." After that, there came to be added robins and holly branches, embossed figures and landscapes.

The Grib and the Cross.

Once again the Joyful song of the angles carries our thoughts back through the centuries to the time and place of the Saviour's birth. Once more we stand, in spirit, at the unguarded entrance to a rude cave on the slopes of Bethlehem. There by the prostrate forms of a maiden mother and an elderly man we behold an Infant lying in a manger. It is the Crib of the Redeemer, the cradle of the Just One for whom the nations yearned. Cheerlessness and suffering first greet Him on His entrance into the world. Poverty takes Him by the hand, for it is to walk with Him through life and to attend Him even at His death. It is stamped upon the swaddling bands that wrap Him round and upon the handful of straw that served Him as a pillow. It is written on the course, homespun garments of His gentle mother and on the hardened hands and furrowed brow of Joseph, His foster-father. Its presence is proclaimed by the rough and simple shepherds who stand around the Infant with eyes wide-open in amazement. The

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Our store has gained the reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1914 has been very satisfactory. We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Maddigan.

DON'T GIVE CONSUMPTION A CHANCE

To Get a Foothold on Your System. Check the First Sign of a Cold By Using

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

A cold, if neglected, will sooner or later develop into some sort of lung trouble, so we would advise you that on the first sign of a cold or cough you get rid of it immediately. For this purpose we know of nothing better than Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This preparation has been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and those who have used it have nothing but words of praise for its efficacy.

Mrs. H. N. Gill, Truro, N.S., writes: "Last January, 1913, I developed an awful cold, and it hung on to me for so long I was afraid it would turn into consumption. I would go to bed nights, and could not get any sleep at all for the choking feeling in my throat and lungs, and sometimes I would cough till I would turn black in the face. A friend came to see me, and told me of your remedy, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I got a bottle of it, and after I had taken it I could see a great change for the better, so I got another, and when I had taken the two bottles my cough was all gone, and I have never had an attack of it since, and that is now a year ago."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; and price, 25c and 50c. It is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., LTD.

"My wife was to give a rose tea, everything scented with roses."

"A delicate conceit."

"Yes; but things went wrong. The people in the next flat took occasion to have onions and cabbage."

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."

Dr. Pitman—my dear sir, it is a miracle that you are alive to-day.

Patient—Yes, that's what my friends said when I told them you were attending me.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES NEURALGIA.

Congressman—Want a job, eh? What can you do?

Constituent—Nothing.

Congressman—Sorry, but those high salaried jobs are taken long ago. You must wait for a vacancy.

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 a box 50c."

Customer: "Have you any apples?"

Grocer: "Do you want them to cook or to eat?"

Customer: "Both."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF.

Briggs—"We are coming around to see you this evening."

Griggs—"That's all right; but do me a favor, old man. Don't let your wife wear her new fall suit; I don't want my wife to see it just now."

Briggs—"Why, man alive, that's just why we are coming."

NERVES WERE BAD

Hands Would Tremble So She Could Not Hold Paper to Read.

When the nerves become shaky the whole system seems to become unstrung and a general feeling of collapse occurs, as the heart works in sympathy with the nerves.

Mrs. Wm. Weaver, Shallow Lake, Ont., writes: "I doctored for a year, for my heart and nerves, with three different doctors, but they did not seem to know what was the matter with me. My nerves got so bad at last that I could not hold a paper in my hands to read, the way they trembled. I gave up doctoring thinking I could not get better. A lady living a few doors from me advised me to try a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so to please her I did, and I am thankful to-day for doing so, for I am strong, and doing my own work without help."

Men's Suits and Overcoats AT A BARGAIN

A recent purchase of a lot of Men's Suits and Overcoats as part of a Bankrupt Stock has enabled me to put these Goods on the market away below regular retail prices.

Men's Suits Style single breasted Saque—in assorted Tweeds—Medium Brown—Dark Brown and Grey—sizes 34, 36, 38, 39, 40, 42, 44. Sold regularly at 15 and 16 dollars—our price \$10.00 and \$10.50.

Men's Overcoats In Brown and Grey Tweeds—sizes 37, 38, 39, 40. Regular 15 and 16 dollars—our price \$10.00.

Also Men's Blk Beaver Coats with Persian Lamb Collars, \$15, for \$12.—and a lot of boys' and youths' overcoats and suits at reduced prices.

Men's Underwear 10 dozen Suits Men's all wool Underwear double back and front and unshrinkable, worth \$2.50 per suit. Price now \$1.79.

Men's Waterproof Coats The good kind that will keep you dry in a regular down-pour—Regular price \$9.85 and \$10.50, but selling now at \$7.00 and \$7.50.

Men's Duck Coats Sheep lined and cloth lined at special prices. Men's Oilskin Coats Some good ones just received from England—double to the waist and buttons reinforced with leather \$3.50.

Sweaters We are well stocked in Men's and Ladies' Sweaters. You will save money by buying from—"My Store."

L. J. REDDIN 117 Queen Street.

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If you have never used FLEICHMAN'S YEAST CAKES it will be to your advantage to do so.

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The trade supplied by R. F. Maddigan & Co.

Agents for P. E. Island.

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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.

This store is noted for the excellent quality of the goods carried in stock, and nothing but the very best in trimmings of every kind allowed to go into a suit.

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

If you have had trouble getting clothes to suit you, give us a trial. We will please you.

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WANTED TO PURCHASE. Shropshire and Lincoln Rams. Chester and Berkshire Boars. For further information apply to the Department of Agriculture, Charlottetown, P. E. I. Dec. 23, 9th, 1914.

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