

Once In The Angelus

Once in the Angelus
 Ere I was dead,
 Angels all glorious
 Came to my bed.
 Angels in blue and white,
 Crown'd on the head.
 One was the friend I left
 Stark in the snow;
 One was the wife that died
 Long, long ago;
 One was the love I lost
 How could she know?
 One had my mother's eyes,
 Wistful and mild;
 One had my father's face,
 One was a child;
 All of them bent to me,
 Bent down and smiled.
 —The Late Austin Dobson.

A Fairy Child.

Oh, a little green fairy was
 thirsty,
 So they filled his acorn cup
 With the shiniest, silvery drops,
 Of dew,
 And called him in to sup.
 Oh, a little green fairy was
 hungry,
 So they heaped his petal plate
 With some slices of strawberry
 rye and red—
 My, how that fairy ate.
 Oh, a little green fairy was
 sleepy,
 So what do you suppose?
 They cuddled him softly and
 swung him to rest
 In the heart of a big red rose.

Courage Under Fire

(Concluded)
 "One moment," said the Col-
 onel, "tell me who was the
 young fellow who took him from
 me so bravely under fire?"

"I do not know, sir," answered
 the soldier, "but it was a brave
 thing, sir; he was mortally
 wounded, but he fellows heard
 him say that he would hold
 it if he was dying—he is still
 there, sir."

The Colonel smiled. "It was,
 indeed, a brave thing; take me
 to him," he said.

The form of the young boy
 lay resting on the ground close
 to the big gray horse, the bridle
 reins bound firmly around his
 hand, Randall, who had come to
 him as soon as the firing ceased,
 had made a pillow of his coat,
 and placing it carefully under
 the boy's head, raised him slightly
 from the ground. The Colonel
 approached and gazed sadly for
 a moment upon the almost lifeless
 form. Suddenly an expression
 of terror came into his eyes.
 What did he see? Was it a
 phantom? He stooped over the
 boy's body and peered into the
 still young face—the color left his
 own. "O God!" he cried, falling
 on his knees beside him, "my
 son, my Robert, was it you?" he
 moaned. But the boy lay still
 as death. "Robert!" he called
 again. A faint expression of
 pain spread over the pale features.
 "Speak to me, Robert, my son!"

The dying boy opened his
 eyes; this last cry seemed to
 awaken him.
 "Father he whispered. The
 Colonel bent lower to catch the
 dying words. "For our country
 —in life and death." The broken
 words came faintly, but the
 suffering had ceased. A smile of
 love lit the dying eyes. "And
 for you, he gasped. His head
 sank back—the boy was dead.
 Great sobs of anguish shook
 the Colonel's frame. Randall
 gently unwound the rein from
 the firm grasp of the dead boy's
 hand, and placing it tenderly
 across his breast, walked silently
 away.

The setting sun lit the battle-
 field with its last rays, when the
 Colonel rested the boy softly on
 the fallen leaves.

The story had gone the rounds
 of the men, and when taps
 sounded that autumn evening
 through the Southern camp,
 every head was bowed and bowed
 in token of respect for the
 brave boy who had served his
 father and his country in life and
 in death.

M. C. M., in The Leader.

The coldest place in the world
 is the village of Verkhoyanski,
 in far northern Siberia. That
 town never has any summer
 and sometimes the thermometer
 registers 80 below zero.

Minard's Liniment for Colds, etc.

Aching Joints

In the fingers, toes, arms, and other
 parts of the body, are joints that are
 inflamed and swollen by rheumatism—
 but solid condition of the blood which
 affects the muscles also.

Sufferers dread to move, especially
 after sitting or lying long, and their
 condition is commonly worse in wet
 weather.

"I suffered dreadfully from rheumatism,
 it have been completely cured by Hood's
 Sarsaparilla, for which I am deeply grate-
 ful," Miss Frances Smith, Prescott, Ont.
 "I had an attack of the grip which left me
 weak and helpless and suffering from rheu-
 matism. I began taking Hood's Sarsapa-
 rilla and this medicine has entirely cured
 me. I have no hesitation in saying it saved
 my life." M. J. McDermott, Trenton, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
 Removes the cause of rheumatism—no
 outward application can. Take it.

Mr. Kinsella's Failure.

Mr. Kinsella closed and locked
 both big windows, picked from
 the floor some scraps of paper
 and a bit of string and went
 toward the door absentmindedly
 fumbling in one pocket after
 another for an old brass key.
 He found it at length; but, in-
 stead of locking the door, turned
 back to look for the last time at
 the long, shabby, empty room;
 its walls streaked and scarred
 where rows of shelves had stood
 against them for many years;
 the floor worn in pathways
 which had once been aisles, and
 comparatively smooth and glist-
 ening where counters and show-
 cases had protected it. White-
 faced and weary to the point of
 numbness he looked over the
 room for the last time before he
 opened the door, passed out, and
 having turned the key in the
 lock, went slowly down the street.

Thirty-five years before, when
 West Yorkton was but a strag-
 gling settlement, he had opened a
 general store in that room, new
 then, and considered very fine.
 Month after month the little
 business had prospered as the
 village became a wide awake vil-
 lage and very quickly a flourish-
 ing town. When it began to
 give promise of developing into a
 city, keen, alert young men from
 the east had come with money in
 their pockets and startling new
 ideas in their heads. Mr. Kin-
 sell's capital still had been com-
 paratively small, and he, too old
 or too conservative to initiate the
 sensational methods of a new era;
 so, as was inevitable, his trade
 had slipped from him, almost in-
 perceptibly at first, but afterward
 by leaps and bounds. And now
 the end had come.

He had gone but a few paces
 down the street when Mrs. Doane
 spoke to him; and, because he
 neither saw nor heard her, she
 touched him lightly on the arm.
 "So the stock was sold at
 auction, and you're giving up
 the store!" she began. "Why,
 Mr. Kinsella, Spruce street won't
 seem like Spruce street without
 it, as I said to my husband only
 this morning. And Mr. Hobson
 tells me that you are going to
 Cincinnati to live. He thinks
 you're making a big mistake to
 leave here; but I said to him—
 and I spoke emphatically—I
 said: 'You may be sure, Mr.
 Kinsella knows his own business
 best.' That's what I told him."

Having murmured something
 by way of vague reply to all this,
 Mr. Kinsella managed to escape
 from Mrs. Doane. He had no
 wish to talk to anyone. But at
 the corner he was waylaid by the
 gentle, kindly old man who had
 been his family doctor—when he
 had had a family.

"So you are leaving us, Mr.
 Kinsella?" he said, with a little
 tremor in his habitually cheery
 voice. "I hope you will soon
 feel at home in Cincinnati,
 although I can't help wishing
 that you were not going."
 Mr. Kinsella gave him his
 hand.

"Thank you, Doctor!" he said.
 "I—you are very kind. I wish
 that I could stay, but I—I'm
 going to live with my daughter,
 you know." And he passed on
 before the old doctor could say
 another word.

Mr. Kinsella turned down Cen-
 ter street, and as he approached
 the parish school, Father O'Boyle
 came down the steps and went to

Scott's Emulsion
 A few years ago flying
 machines were hardly
 thought of, now was
 Scott's Emulsion
 in summer. Now Scott's
 Emulsion is as much a sum-
 mer as a winter remedy.
 Science did it. All Druggists.

Minard's Liniment for Distemper

HAD WHOOPING COUGH

WOULD GO BLACK IN FACE
 AND STIFFENED OUT

Mothers should never neglect whoop-
 ing cough, and on the first sign of this
 disease we would advise the use of Dr.
 Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This famous
 remedy will clear the bronchial tubes of
 the collected mucus and phlegm, and
 in this way ease the wracking cough and
 in a short time make it disappear entire-
 ly.

Mrs. J. W. Mortimer, 25-6th Ave.
 East, Vancouver, B.C., writes:—"When
 my little girl was born she was not very
 strong, and when she was three months
 old we moved into a damp house. A
 few days after we were settled she became
 very ill. I called in a doctor and he said
 she had whooping cough and bronchitis.
 He gave me medicine for her, but still
 I saw no change, in fact she seemed to
 get worse and several times I thought
 she was dead as she used to go black in
 the face and stiffen right out, and I was
 nearly crazy for fear she would die. A
 friend of mine asked me to try a bottle
 of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, as
 she had three children of her own. I
 took her advice, and after giving my lit-
 tle girl half a bottle she was quite a lot
 better, and when the bottle was finished
 she was well again."

**DR. WOOD'S
 NORWAY PINE
 SYRUP**

Price, 35c. and 60c. a bottle; put up
 only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited,
 Toronto, Ont.

meet him, both hands extended
 and a wealth of affectionate con-
 cern on his rugged face. This
 time Mr. Kinsella had no desire
 to escape. He took the proffered
 hands and held them close for a
 minute.

"It's a good-bye, Father!" he
 said in a choked voice, and his
 lips trembled and his eyes filled.

Instantly Father O'Boyle re-
 membered how, in the old days,
 Mr. Kinsella's face had been the
 most genial in all West York-
 ton, and his laugh the most
 infectious.

"I shall miss you sorely, and
 many another will," he said. "But
 I hope you are going to be very
 happy, Mr. Kinsella. You will
 soon feel at home and find new in-
 terests in Cincinnati. But don't
 forget your old friends."

Mr. Kinsella had no reserves
 from Father O'Boyle. "I haven't
 said so before and I won't again
 Father, but I—I hate to go. I
 love West Yorkton; I'm used
 to it; and in Cincinnati I'll be a
 stranger, and—my son-in-law is
 so rich and fashionable. But I
 did my best, and I failed, and now
 have no chance but to go."

Father O'Boyle laid a sym-
 pathetic hand on Mr. Kinsella's
 shoulder, but what could he say?

The kindly priest alone was at
 the station to bid Mr. Kinsella
 good-bye; and it was with the
 heaviest heart he had ever known
 that he heard the engine whistle,
 and putting his face to the win-
 dow of the sleeper, stared into
 the semi-darkness, as the train
 moved slowly through West York-
 ton, and sped past the little
 cemetery. Only after the street
 lights had grown dim and indis-
 tinct, and at last were blotted out
 by distance, did he try to read
 his paper.

(To be Continued.)

PNEUMONIA

and other Lung Diseases
 Claim many victims in Canada and
 should be guarded against.

MINARD'S LINIMENT

Is a great preventative, being one
 of the oldest remedies used
 Minard's Liniment has relieved
 thousands of cases of Grippe,
 Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Asthma
 and kindred diseases. It is an
 enemy to Germs. Thousands of
 bottles being used every day.
 For sale by all druggists and
 general dealers.

Minard's Liniment Co., Ltd.,
 Yarmouth, N.S.

NERVOUS

HEADACHES

COULD NOT SLEEP NIGHTS
 When the nerves become unstrung;
 the hands shaky; your curts and
 you are practically on the verge of ner-
 vous prostration, then is the time to
 take

MILBURN'S

HEART AND NERVE PILLS

They regulate and stimulate the heart
 and strengthen and restore the whole
 nervous system.
 Mr. Fred W. Watson, Newport,
 N.S., writes:—"I have been troubled
 for several years with nervous head-
 aches and they were so bad I could
 not sleep at nights. My hands got
 so shaky I could hardly hold anything
 in them. A friend told me to try Mil-
 burn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so I got
 a box and began to get better after I
 had taken them. I continued to use more,
 and now I am no more bothered with
 nervousness, and would recommend them
 to any one who has nerve trouble."
 Price 50c. a box at all dealers, or
 mailed direct on receipt of price by the
 T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto,
 Ont.

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Big Stocks Now Ready at Lowest Prices

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 NEW - RUBBER - PRICES
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ALLEY & CO., Ltd.

FASHIONABLE FOOTWEAR

135 Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Agents for the Amherst Boot and Shoe Company, Limited
 of Amherst, Nova Scotia, and the Canadian Rubber
 Company of Montreal, Limited.

COME HERE FOR FOOTWEAR

Rail & Steamship Service To The Mainland

Commencing October 31st S.S. Prince Edward Island will
 make one round trip daily (except Sunday) between Enderby and
 Tormentine.

Connecting Train leaves Charlottetown at 6.45 a.m.

CONNECTIONS AT SACKVILLE WITH OCEAN LIMITED

For Quebec and Montreal connections at Montreal with "Con-
 tinental Limited" for Ottawa, North Bay, Cochrane, Winnipeg,
 Edmonton, Saskatoon and Vancouver.

Connection for ST. JOHN AND BOSTON by No. 13 Train
 leaving Moncton at 2.30 p.m.

W. K. ROGERS City Ticket Agent. W. T. HUGGAN, District Passenger Agent

W. M. FLYNN, Station Ticket Agent.

October 26th, 1921-22

Advertise in The Herald.

GIFTS for MEN

THE MEN'S STORE has ready for you about The
 Best Gathering of Attractive Christmas Gifts that it
 has ever been able to get ready for you. You are cordially
 invited to call any day—or every day—look through our
 displays and consider our suggestions as to suitable gifts.

YOU may remember that last year you left a good many
 purchases until the last few days—and you were too
 late to secure the things you wanted particularly. Don't
 make that mistake this year.

IT'S easy to shop in the Men's Store. The big store,
 crowded with needfuls for men, has all such articles so
 attractively and conveniently arranged that you can see
 what you want in a minute or two.

Men's Neckwear Men's Mufflers
 Men's Gloves Men's Handkerchiefs
 Men's Umbrellas Men's Sweaters
 Men's Shirts Men's Suit Cases

THESE are just a few of the things that we have in such
 wonderful variety. In addition to these there are
 other attractive items of all kinds—you are cordially
 invited to look them over.

Moore & McLeod, Ltd.
 The Men's Store

December 14, 1921-22



Sheriffs Sale.

By virtue of a Statute Execu-
 tion to me directed, issued out of
 His Majesty's Supreme Court of
 Judicature at the suit of William
 Condon against James Condon, I
 have taken and seized all the
 Estate, right and title and interest
 of the same James Condon, in
 and to all that tract, piece or
 parcel of Land situate, lying and
 being in Murray Harbour North,
 Township Number Sixty-three, in
 King's County, bounded and de-
 scribed as follows, that is to say:
 Commencing at the division line
 between the farm of Matthias
 Condon and William Condon,
 formerly James Condon, and at
 the Southeast angle of that line
 along the Main Road and West
 of the Road, thence running
 Northwestwardly One hundred
 and forty-seven yards in a South
 and Westerly direction running
 fifty yards, thence in a South-
 easterly direction One hundred
 and fifty-seven yards to the Main
 Road thence along the Main Road
 Northwesterly fifty yards to the
 place of commencement, contain-
 ing an area of One Acre and a
 half, a little more or less. ALSO
 ALL that other tract, piece or
 parcel of Land situate, lying and
 being on Lot or Township Number
 Sixty-three, in King's County,
 bounded and described as follows,
 that is to say: Commencing at
 the East angle of William Con-
 don's Southern boundary on the
 West side of the Murray Harbour
 North Road and running along the
 said line in a Westerly direction a
 distance of Thirty-five yards,
 thence running Northwardly on
 William Condon's land a distance
 of Thirty-five yards, thence East-
 wardly a distance of Thirty-five
 yards, reaching the said Murray
 Harbour North Road, thence
 running along the said Road in a
 Southerly direction a distance of
 Thirty-five yards, reaching the
 place of commencement, and con-
 taining One-quarter of an Acre
 of Land, a little more or less.

And I do hereby give Public
 Notice that I will on Wednesday,
 the Twelfth day of May, A. D.
 1922, at the hour of Twelve
 o'clock, noon, at the Court House
 in Georgetown, in King's County,
 set up and sell at Public Auction
 the said property, or as much
 thereof as will satisfy the levy
 marked on said Execution, being
 One Thousand and Thirty-eight
 45 1/100 Dollars and interest, be-
 sides Sheriff's fees and all legal
 and incidental expenses.

Dated the 31st of October,
 1921.

M. J. POWER,
 Sheriff,
 Sheriff's Office, King's County.
 A. F. McQUAID,
 Plaintiff's Attorney
 Nov. 2, 1921-41

Advertise in the
 Herald

CARTERS Feed, Flour & Seed Store QUEEN STREET

WE SELL **FLOUR**
 The Best Brands are:—
 Robin Hood
 Victory
 Beaver
 Gold Medal
 Queen City

WE BUY **OATS**
 Black and White Oats
 Island Wheat
 Barley, Buckwheat
 Timothy Seed
 Flax Seed
 Early Potatoes!

FEED
 Bran, Middlings, Shorts
 Cracked Oats, Oil Cake
 Feed Flour, Oats
 Bone Meal, Linseed Meal
 Calf Meal, Chick Feed
 Schumacker Feed, Hay
 Chrusched 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.

Carter & Co. Ltd

IN THE
Charlottetown Herald
ADVERTISE