

No Place to Go.

Edgar A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

The happiest nights I ever know Are those when I've No place to go. When the missus says "Tonight we haven't A thing to do." O, the joy of it, And the peace untold, Of sitting 'round In my slippers old With my pipe and book In my easy chair, And the thought that I Needn't go anywhere. Needn't hurry My evening meal Nor force the smiles That I do not feel. But can grab a book From a nearby shelf, And drop 'em all down, And be myself. O, the charm of it, And the comfort rare; Nothing on earth With it can compare; And I'm sorry for him Who doesn't know The joy of having No place to go.

Father.

Edgar A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

Used to wonder just why father Never had much time to play. Used to wonder why he'd rather Work each minute of the day. Used to wonder why he never Loaded along the road an shirked. Can't recall a time whenever Father played while others worked. Father didn't dress in fashion, Sort of hated clothing new, Style with him was not a passion. He had other things in view. Boys are blind to much that's going On about 'em day by day. And I had no way of knowing What became of father's play. All I knew was when I needed Shoes I got 'em on the spot; Everything for which I pleaded Somehow, father always got. Wondered, season after season, Why he never took a rest, And that I might be the reason Then I never even guessed. Father set a store on knowledge. If he'd lived to have his way He'd have sent me off to college And the bills been glad to pay That I know was his ambition Now and then he used to say He'd have done his earthly mission On my graduation day. Saw his cheeks were getting paler, Didn't understand just why. Saw his body growing frailer, Then at last I saw him die. Rest had come! His tasks were ended, Calm was written on his brow; Father's life was big and splendid. And I understand it now.

The Old Pastor's Story.

(Concluded)

"Of course, you hadn't. But every other chap at Georgetown knew all about it. Why do you suppose I endured such long and exquisite tortures, 'tolling an' beau,' as we used to say on Sunday afternoons, if not for the delightful hour or two, which some score of us, real or alleged 'cousins,' were allowed to pass with the convent girls in the academy parlor? And if you yourself hadn't been the dearest, most trusted old poke that ever spent a Sunday afternoon tramping the Virginia hills, or hunting out cool spots around the walks to sit and read away the afternoon, or boring through the hours with your old 'ello, you too, would have joined me, passed for a cousin, as I did and met the most refined and accomplished little company of girls that ever assembled. And who knows? You might have lost your heart as did so many another and—but, no; don't look alarmed; I'm only joking, Frank; I firmly believe that from your very cradle God destined you to be the dearest, holiest old priest that ever wore out his knees with praying or his hands with slaving for his people, or—"

"Charley Carroll!" I cried with great severity; "don't be an as!

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is scrolls— as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes bunces in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease, and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

"Two of my children had scrolls sore which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrolls since." J. W. McGinnis, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

—and indeed, who ever heard of such intolerable nonsense?"

He met my burst of indignation with a roar that shook the table. As his echoes died away his face became more serious and his voice rang with feeling as he slowly said:

"Frank, those hours in the Visitation parlor did much to shape my life. There I met Helen Lee—and loved her. After graduation I stepped out into the world with one ambition—to win a name for myself and then to lay it at her feet. I visited her constantly. You may be sure I had no lack of rivals; there were suitors by the score, but somehow I felt that I should win her in spite of them all. I felt, too, that she read my thoughts, my ambition to prove my worth to her, and I dared to think that I could read approval in her mind and a willingness to wait for me. I may say with all sincerity that my life has been one of hard and earnest effort; but not all the combined labors of my after life could equal the tremendous exertions of those first years. True, I had help which many another lacked; my family, my connections, my father's pre-eminence in the law; but believe me, Frank, I won my honors then and since unaided, single-handed. At last success came—you will remember the Wendell case—"

His voice, deep with feeling, had grown softer; his words came more slowly. I made no answer, for I could not bring myself to break in upon his emotion.

"That night I laid my heart bare before her. I saw the tears spring to her eyes. I would have taken her to my heart, but she weakly raised her hand, and turning half away, slipped noiselessly to a chair. I was beside her in an instant, but her weakness was gone; her voice was clear, though broken with grief, as she said:

"Oh, Charley, my dear friend, I am so sorry, so very sorry. I did not know—I thought you knew—had guessed my secret. Oh, why did I not tell you long ago and save you all this sorrow! How wicked, how selfish I have been!"

"Her voice choked with sobs. It was firmer when she resumed, but not less sorrowful, and oh, so gentle!

"If it were possible for me to accept and return the love of any man, it would be yours, dear friend. I have always thought of you as beyond all other men and have cherished your friendship as one of the dearest treasures of my life. Long ago, while still at the convent, I heard the voice of our Savior calling me to another, a higher life. Throughout the years that have passed it has been ringing in my ears, each hour more clearly, more insistently, more commandingly. I should have obeyed it long since but difficulties, until of late insuperable, have kept rising before me. Now, happily, all has been arranged, and soon, very soon, I shall go away to consecrate my life, what little there is in it, to the service of the poor of Christ."

"She rose and held out her hand and said simply: "And so, dear friend, good-bye and may God bless you ever. I feel, I know, that He has great things in store for you. I shall ever pray to Him to grant you still greater, higher things. Good-bye, and oh, forgive me!"

"I took her hand; I would have pressed it to my lips, but somehow I could not; it seemed too sacred, and she too heavenly. I think, I hope I whispered

brokenly, "God bless you, Helen!" as I turned away. Since that evening I have never seen her never. Soon afterwards she went away to take the veil. Her name in religion was Sister Margaret. "I!" I cried amazed. "As Mother Margaret."

A younger man would, no doubt, have seen what was coming, but to me the disclosure was simply overwhelming. My heart was torn by conflicting emotion; pity for poor old Charley, admiration for the brave noble girl; but of the two I think that pity was gaining the mastery, until a doubt took hold of me. I had recalled that he never married. It seemed, unsatisfactory, unifying, weak even, that a man of his strong character—God forbid I should misjudge him of all men—but Charley read me through and through.

"Don't Frank, don't," he said, quietly, with just a shade of reproach in his tone, "I could not bear it; not for the briefest instant. I grant you it is natural enough but wrong all wrong. You are not to think I spent my life in useless repining for what the hand of God has placed beyond my reach. At the time, 'tis true, I was crushed; my past seemed all in vain, my future without a hope; I rebelled stubbornly, bitterly. But as time passed I came to think less of my own sorrow and loss and more of the bravery of that heroic girl; from admiration of her action I grew to admire the ideal that inspired it and to wonder if I, too, might not in some small way realize it in my own life. I never thought of the priesthood or the cloister; my place was out upon the fringing line; but I resolved that if I could make my fellowmen better for having lived among them—"

"You have! God knows you have, dear old boy!" I cried, my pent-up feelings bursting forth at last. But praise was lost upon him.

"Whatever little good I have done or may do I feel that under God I owe to the inspiration caught from Helen Lee—or better still, Mother Margaret. And so I've come today, not so much to do honor to the memory of a woman I have loved as in reverence to a saint whom I have worshipped."

There was a silence, which Charley broke with: "But look alive, Father Frank; it's after ten. You'll hardly have time to get ready for your Mass."

"True, true," I cried, fumbling for my watch: "I'm almost late, and I must receive the Archbishop. I had forgotten all about him. I must be off. You'll pardon me, Charley, of course. I'll send Father Kelley to bring you to the church; he will escort you up to—"

"No, Frank, no; it's better not. I'll slip in quietly, unobserved. I'll find a place myself—the further back the better. Only keep a seat for me in your carriage."

We rode in silence to the cemetery, each busy with his own thoughts. As Charley stood with bowed head beside the grave, I felt sure that his eyes were wet with tears, but my own were too dimmed to see them. Our few attempts at lightness on the journey home were quite ineffectual. As we neared the station, Charley said:

"You'd better put me down here, Frank. I ment to spend a day with you, but it doesn't seem the time for a visit. I know you feel that just as I do. I'll come again—later—next year. Good-bye."

My youngest curate, a mere stripling, met me at the door. "So ho! old Foxy Grandpa," was his most irreverent greeting. "You thought you'd keep your old governor to yourself, did you? Well, the best laid schemes of mice and men—you know the rest. The reporters saw him as he entered your carriage and the afternoon papers are just full of it."

"Good Heavens!" I cried in great alarm—for I have a holy horror of the headlines of those scandal-mongering yellow journals—"what reason do they assign for his visit?"

"They say he came to give public and official acknowledgment to Mother Margaret's many benefactions to the community."

"Thank God!" I fervently exclaimed. But my relief was all too evident. The lad eyed me sharply.

"What other reason was there?"

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"What other reason was there?"

Was All Choked Up

Could Hardly Breathe.

BRONCHITIS

Was The Cause; The Cure Was DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup.

Mrs. Garnet Burns, North Augusta, Ont., writes: "I caught a dreadful cold, going to town, and about a week after I became all choked up, and could hardly breathe, and could scarcely sleep at night for coughing. I went to the doctor, and he told me that I was getting bronchitis. My husband went to the drugists, and asked them if they had a cough medicine of any kind that they could recommend. The druggist brought out a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I started using it, and it completely cured me of my cold. I recalled that you had said I was to get rid of that awful nasty cold. I shall always keep a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup on hand, and I shall only be too glad to recommend it to all others."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is a remedy that has been on the market for over twenty-five years, and we can recommend it, without a doubt, as being the best cure for coughs and colds that you can possibly procure.

There are a lot of imitations on the market, so when you go to your druggist or dealer see that you get "Dr. Wood's," put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; the price, 25c and 50c.

The genuine is manufactured by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

he questioned, searchingly. "What other reason, indeed?" I answered definitely. "What other reason could there be? But he was not satisfied. "Why did he want to come so quietly, then; so secretly. It would certainly have been more of an honor to Mother Margaret, and more of a public recognition of her worth; if he had come announced and in state.

Drat his persistence! I took an old man's refuge: "Would it, indeed?" I retorted. "You will think differently when you are older. Besides"—and here my Angel Guardian came to my aid—"you seem to forget that it was Mother Margaret's funeral, not a governor's levee."

And I hurried off before he could resume. —REV. H. A. GAUNOR, S. J., in Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

To whom it may concern: This is to certify that I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT myself as well as prescribed it in my practice where a liniment was required and have never failed to get the desired effect.

C. A. KING, M. D.

There would be less temptation to speculate if the losers could talk as interestingly as a winner.

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."

When a man is unable to do a thing himself he becomes the critic of the man who can do it.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DIPHTHERIA.

"You say that Jenkins owes everything he has to you?" "Worse! He owes much more than he has to me."

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."

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The reputation that is built on cleverness is temporary; that built on character is permanent.

Heart Would Beat Violently. Nerves Seemed to Be Out of Order.

The heart always works in sympathy with the nerves, and unless the heart is working properly the whole nervous system is liable to become unstrung, and the heart itself become affected.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will build up the unstrung nervous system, and strengthen the weak heart, so that the sufferer will enjoy the very best of health for years to come.

Mrs. John N. Hicks, Huntsville, Ont., writes: "I am sending you my testimony for the benefit I have received from using Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. As a nurse on the heart and nerve they have done wonders for me. At times my heart would beat violently, and my nerves seemed to be all out of order, but after using a few boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills I feel like recommending them to others that they might receive benefit as I did."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills have been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and are universally considered to be unrivalled as a medicine for all disorders of the heart or nerves.

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 The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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

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158 Queen Street.

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Ladies' Watches in handsome designs.

Young Men's Watches in the popular sizes.

Watches for the MEN and boys; also some very fine and close timekeeping ones among them.

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Furs

A lot of sample Neck-Furs, half price. 1 only Rat Coat, \$55 for \$44. Fur Sets in Fox, Wolf, Sable, Coon, Persian Lamb, Opossum, etc.

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6 Shorthorn Bulls.

6 Ayrshire Bulls.

1 Berkshire Sow to farrow in May.

And have inquiries for

2 Shorthorn Cows.

2 Shorthorn Bulls, 3 years old.

1 Chester Boar.

1 Yorkshire Boar.

For further information apply to the Department of Agriculture, Charlottetown.

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June 30, 1915—3m

Mortgage Sale

There will be sold by public Auction in front of the Court House in Georgetown, in King's County, on Monday the First day of May, A. D. 1916, at 11 o'clock of Twelve o'clock noon, A. M. that tract, piece and parcel of land situate lying and being in the Royal City of Georgetown, in King's County, Prince Edward Island, bounded and described as follows, that is to say: On the Northwest by Royal Lot Number Two Hundred and Ninety-one, conveyed by Charles Owen to Benjamin Delaney, on the Northeast by Royal Lot Number One Hundred and Eighty-nine and One Hundred and Eighty-five and One Hundred and Sixty-two, of the Southeast by Royal Lot Number One Hundred and Eighty-one and of the Southwest by the Bradwell River containing fourteen acres of land little more or less, and being and comprising Lots Numbers Two Hundred and Ninety and One Hundred and Eighty-six in the Royal City of Georgetown aforesaid, bounded and described as follows: On the North and West by Lot Number One Hundred and Eighty-nine, on the Northeast by a certain road, on the Southeast by Lot Number One Hundred and Sixty-two, on the Southwest by Lot Number One Hundred and Eighty-one and Eighty-five, and on the South and East by a certain road, and being and comprising a total area of 14.2 acres, little more or less, and being and comprising Lot Number One Hundred and Eighty-five in the Royal City of Georgetown aforesaid.

The above sale is made pursuant to and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Indenture of Mortgage bearing date the 1st day of September A. D. 1911, and made between Paul Murdoch Marchand, of Brudenell in King's County aforesaid, Labourer and Marion Marchand of the same place, wife of the said Paul Murdoch Marchand, of the first part, and the undersigned of the second part, default having been made in payment of the principal money and interest secured thereby.

For further particulars apply at the office of Matheson, McDonald and Stewart, Solicitors, Georgetown.

DANIEL J. STEWART, March 29, 1915—41 Mortgage.

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 may homestead a quarter section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intestate homesteader.

Disties—Six month residence time and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 50 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader of good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price \$3.00 per acre.

Disties—Must reside upon the homestead or pre-emption six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to homestead) and cultivate five acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchase homestead in certain districts. Price \$3.00 per acre. Disties—Must reside six months in each of three years cultivate fifty acres and erect a home worth \$300.00.

W. W. CORY, Deputy Minister of the Interior.

W. J. P. McMILLAN, M.D.

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