Christmas Chimes

(By "Una"—Mrs. A. Ford)

The golden lamps of heaven burn bright
In Judah's midnight sky,
Like rays of glory breaking through
The sapphired dome on high.
When down the azure avenues
Was borne, in strains sublime,
The trooping angels' joyous hymn,
The first glad Christmas chime.

'To God, be glory, peace to men,'
The happy angles sang;
'Illumine a world in darkness hurled'
The starry cymbals rang.
'The Babe whose love shall on us shine
Through every age and every clime'
For man is born this glorious morn,'
So pealed that Christmas chime.

Through centuries have flown since first
That anthem grand was sung.
Each passing year its welcome notes
In Christmas lands have rung.
A sound of hope in every heart.
Of cheer to every clime,
Of God's enduring love for man,
The holy Christmas chime!

O spheres that sing! O bells that rung!
Lift up your tones to heaven,
That every wrong may righted be
And every sin forgiven.
That ransomed lands their chainless hands
May raise in every clime
To freedom's God, and hail with joy
That pealing Christmas chime.

O hie
The sad, the poor, the lone,
Who, shivering, crouch by cheerless hearths
Or, bowed in anguish moan!
Enrich this
Enrich this festal time,
That every Want and Woe may unite
To hear the Christmas chime.

The World's Sweetest Story

List! The sweet-toned bells are pealing;
Pealing from the steeples high,
Hark! The choirs are gladly singing
In most perfect harmony
Every one we meet looks happy;
Has a cheerful word to say.
And how well we know the reason—
Our Redeemer's natal day!

Christmas! Day of days! We gather
At the shrine to hear again
That two-thousand-year-old story
Told by God's anointed men:
Telling of the eve preceding;
Of two strangers—man and wife—
Seeking shelter, as tomorrow
Meant for all a Precious Life.

Telling all about the stable;
Of the Wise Men; of their guide,
That strange Star, that led them onward:
Blessed Star of Christmas tide!
Telling this world's sweetest story,
With these characters aglow—
Joseph, Mary and the Infant—
Twenty centuries ago.

Ignatius Brennan.
Wheeling, W. Va.

"Let Us Go Over To Bethlehem."

Helen Hughes Hielscher.

Oh! Shepherd, first of all the human race
To give thy brethren the gold key of peace.
The light of heaven was still upon thy face;
The music echoed still without surcease.
When from thy lips there came that mighty word
That through the ages, gathering strength, has rolled—
A word that hope in many a heart has stirred,
And wakened love in souls for long grown cold.

Oh! Shepherd, speak unto my soul once more,
Guide me across the lonlay night-spread land,
Let me 'go over,' and in faith adore,
And like thee 'seeing,' may I understand.'

A Christmas Carol.

Christ-Child lay on Mary's lap,
His hair was like a light.
(Oh! weary, weary was the world,
But here is all right.)

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's breast,
His hair was like a star.
(Oh! stern and cunning are the King,
But here the true hearts are.)

The Christ-Child lay on Mary's bear',
His hair was like a fire,
(Oh! weary, weary is the world,
But here the world's desire.)

The Christ-Child stood at Mary's knee,
His hair was like a crown,
And all the flowers looked up at Him
And all the stars looked down.

All Stuffed Up

That's the condition of many sufferers from catarrh, especially in the morning. Great difficulty is experienced in clearing the head and throat.

No wonder catarrh causes headaches, impairs the taste, smell and hearing, pollutes the breath, deranges the stomach and affects the appetite.

To cure catarrh, treatment must be constitutional—alterative and tonic.

"I was ill for four months with catarrh in the head and throat. Had a bad cough and raised blood. I had become discouraged when my husband bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and persuaded me to try it. I advise all to take it, it has cured and built me up." Mrs. Peter Roberts, West Lincoln, N. S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—it soothes and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

Grist For The Mill

How An Early Experience in a Man's Life Comes Back to Him as a Message From Out Long Last to Him.

(Continued.)

She did not pretend to recognize him. In a flash, he decided not to reveal his identity—until he had found out why she had wrote that story.

'I am a writer for a new syndicate of magazines,' he fibbed glibly, 'and we are getting out a series of articles about authors in their private homes. You are Len Graham? I have been sent to interview you.'

The ruse worked with startling success. The woman smiled brightly, a smile that brought out faint laughter wrinkles about her gentle mouth and dreamy eyes. 'The syndicate in which Mr. Martin is interested, I suppose?' she said. 'I had a letter from him this morning. He has been such a good friend to me that I can not refused to be interviewed.'

The man's knees were weak as he followed her up and into the old-fashioned porch. What on earth should he say to her. Already he regretted his deceit. He sank into a chair, and the woman settled herself in the straightest quaint settle opposite him. She began to arrange the lilacs in her lap, bending her fair head over them. The shadow of the light, soft curls and of the porch quite gilded her face again with the touch of youth! Yet when she spoke, her voice was the soft, rich music of a mature woman, one who had lived and learned.

'Now, what do you want to know?' she asked, looking up.

'Why—er—' stammered he. He felt his wits deserting him. Then he shook himself. 'Take your story in the March Catholic H——,' he began briskly, in his selling tone: 'what was your source of plot? I mean, I want to tell our readers where you get your characters and your situations. Are they taken at all from real life? from your own observation?'

She stared at him queerly a moment, a twinkle in her eye. Then she returned to her flowers.

'I can tell you that in a few words,' she said softly. 'I write most of my stories about myself. I am invariably my own heroine! Don't start it's a very good way to write. Then I know what I am talking about. The complications in my stories are usually real incidents from my own life; but editors demand a happy denouement, which affairs in real life do not have, you know, so I must marry myself to every one of my heroes! It is a little complicated, I have been married hundreds of times!'

The man moistened his hot lips. 'In the case of this story published by the Catholic H——, it's a striking tale,—isn't it—er—a bit sacred to expose to the public? I mean—don't you feel——'

'Not at all' interrupted the lady brightly. 'I need a plot, and I recall something that has happened to me. I use it. That is all.'

'It is very interesting,' commented the man dazedly. 'I had an idea that things of that sort, in a woman's life, were too sacred to her—to sell.'

Len Graham laughed. 'Everything that comes to my mill is grist,' she cried lightly.

There seemed to be no floor on the porch. The man wondered where his feet would rest when he arose. Suppose the—er—man in this story has cared all these years?' he faltered.

'Goodness!' she cried 'I wouldn't know him if I should see him! I have forgotten his name!' Then she looked mischievous. 'They can't all sue!' she protested. 'I've written about every beau I ever had!'

The man managed to get up. 'I think I have enough material for my article, he said with painful effort. 'It is most interesting. Good-by.'

The woman rose and shook hands cordially. 'Remember me kindly to Mr. Martin. Good-by.'

Somehow he got to the gate. He opened it and went outside, clicking it behind him. He turned and looked back with misty eyes. He saw a girl, Nell Maharg, sitting with a lap heaped with lilacs in the porch where he had left her. The woman of thirty one who had sold the love story of his life to an editor, an unknowing public and critics, the theme to her great success, was an erring creature of evil dreams. The day, the air was unreal. He staggered away.

A ripple of laughter followed him startling him in its suddenness and familiarity. He turned to see the woman hurrying down the path and across the old fashioned garden toward the fence without which he stood. She halted under a huge white lilac bush.

'Bob Donovan!' she cried. 'You are as stupid as you were twelve years ago!'

'You—you knew me?' he stammered.

'Almost at once,' she laughed, 'It was great fun.'

He got her hands over the fence. 'You do not look a day older——'

'You do,' she retorted. 'You look a great deal more than thirty, and I manage to look a great deal less.'

'I love you,' he choked, 'I did not know how foolish and disheveled he looked. 'And you said—our story—was grist——'

'Look here, Bob,' interrupted Len Graham, 'you needed that blow! But it isn't so!'

'Not?' incredulously.

The girlish face grew very tender. 'I never used but one experience in my own life—and that was the story.'

'Why did you use that?' he implored.

'I heard you were not married,' the woman said softly, shyly, 'and I thought you might read it—and understand.'—Jerome Harte, in Benziger's Magazine.

In Vine-Covered Palace of Popes.

Columns have been written regarding the personal appearance of the pope, his part in the ceremony of the consistory and the pomp and splendor that surrounds the papal court, yet relatively little is known of his intimate personality. This in part may be explained by reason of the ceremony that surrounds the pontiff and by reason of the care that had been taken to guard him from the approach of ill-intentioned plebeians.

The vatican itself is a magnificent old pile whose spires, roofs and gables rise high above a encircling grove of ancient trees that decorate its gardens. The quiet serenity of the vine-covered masonry the peaceful majesty lent by the hand of age and the atmosphere that seems to surround the hallowed spot through its long associations with the ecclesiastical history, makes its imposing architecture the most prominent in Rome.

This feature is all the more accentuated after a visit to the ancient Roman amphitheatre and the great aqueducts and mausoleums of the Roman emperors. These in truth, are imposing, but they contrast sharply with the buildings that house the pope and from the front of the Roman Catholic church. The Roman buildings are inanimated and magnificent in their death: while the vatican is animate and doubly imposing through the soul that lives within.

ISOLATED.

The vatican, indeed lies apart and distinct from the rest of the city. It is not removed through its isolation, but through its atmosphere. On the one hand is the magnificent palace of King Victor Emmanuel, busy with the toil of war and leading the countless avenues that lead to the Ghetto, and on the other is the palace of the pope, vast, silent and imposing, set in an atmosphere of its own and as much apart from the busy city as though it were surrounded by a desert.

Of the pope himself, his rites and character there are a thousand stories current. Pius X., the son of a poor peasant, is hailed everywhere as the Father and to his people he has always retained those simple manners and customs that marked his novitiate as parish priest and teacher of the peasants.

Something besides mere anecdote, however forms the foundation for these stories of simplicity and nobility of character. There isin Rome at the present day physical proof of the pontiff's former obscurity. This proof lies with his two sisters, Lucrecia and Teresa, unobtrusive pesant women who have followed the pope from his humble home.

Lucrecia, the cook, in particular, is keen and critical in the interest of the pontiff. It was she whom he called from Riese when he was first attacked by the rheumatic gout that has proved so painful and so dangerous during his later years. And it is she assisted by her sister Teresa who now supervises the pope's meals and tends him in his illness.

Another interesting figure of the pope's household is his brother, Angelo Sarto, a humble postman who spends what time he may in company with the pontiff and his sisters. It is his brother upon whom the pope relies for that masculine companionship that is a part of every mortal. And these two old men, both handsome and with thick white hair, alike and yet not alike, are the closest companions.—Dubuque Herald.

Flying Machines

A few years ago flying machines were hardly thought of, nor was

Scott's Emulsion

in summer. Now *Scott's Emulsion* is as much a summer as a winter medicine. Science has

Whooping Cough Left A Nasty, Dry Cough.

Doctors Could Do No Good.

Mrs. A. Mainwright, St. Mary's, Ont., writes:—"I feel it my duty to write and tell you the good your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup did for my little boy. He had whooping cough, which left him with a nasty, dry hard cough. I took him to several doctors, but they did him no good, and I could see my little lad failing day by day. I was advised to take him to another doctor, which I did, and he told me he was going into a decline. I was telling a neighbour about it, and she told me to get a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and give it to him regularly. She then got to tell me how much good it did her children, so I got a bottle, and gave it to my little boy, and was so pleased with the result that I bought another one; and by the time he had finished it he had no cough. He is now fat and strong, and I would not be without a bottle in the house on any account."

Whooping cough generally begins as a common cold, accompanied with coughing and a slight discharge from the nose. It is, as a rule, more of a child's trouble but also affects adults.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is a sure preventative if taken in time, and is also a positive cure for any of the after effects.

"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark; price 25 and 50 cents.

Manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Take Notice.

We publish simple, straight testimonials, not press agents' interviews, from well-known people.

From all over America they testify to the merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT, the best of Household Remedies.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO., L'd

'Miss Gwendoline, I have something to say to you.'

'Yes?'

'I hardly know how to say it.'

She decided to help him a little.

'One need have no hesitancy,' said she graciously, 'in speaking freely to one who feels toward you as I do.'

'That's what I thought. Well, you have a little too much powder on your nose.'

Beware Of Worms.

Don't let worms gnaw at the vitals of your children. Give them Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup and they'll soon be rid of these parasites. Price 25c.

Waiter (to an old gentleman who is hunting for something on the floor)—'What have you lost sir?'

Old Gent—'A piece of toffee.'

Waiter—'That is not very important sir.'

Old Gent—'Excuse me, it is. My teeth are in it.'

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

'The landlady taught him a lesson. He started to praise her cooking.'

'Didn't she like it?'

'Like it? She raised his board.'

W. H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont, 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.

Gaoler—'That new prisoner made an awful fuss when I was washing him.'

Governor—'Then iron him.'

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont, writes:—"My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then I got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents."

Lawyer—'In this will you really insist upon being buried at sea.'

'Yes—You see my wife says that when I'm dead she's going to dance on my grave.'

Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

'Distance lends enchantment.'

'But not when you're taking your girl home in a taxi.'

Had a Weak Heart.

Doctored For Three Years Without Any Benefit.

Through one cause or another a large majority of people are troubled, more or less, with some form of heart trouble.

Little attention is paid to the slight weakness, but when it starts to beat irregularly, and every once in a while, pain seems to shoot through it, then it causes great anxiety and alarm.

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will give prompt and permanent relief to all those suffering from any weakness of the heart or nerves.

Mrs. M. Shea, 193 Holland Ave., Ottawa, Ont., writes:—"I write you these lines to let you know that I have used Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. After doctoring for the last three years with all kinds of medicines and pills for weak heart, I heard of your Heart and Nerve Pills, so thinking I had never tried anything that did me so much good, I kept on using them, and I had only used four boxes, when I was perfectly cured."

Price, 50 cents 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.

Prince Edward Island Railway.

Commencing on December 23, 1912, trains on this Railway will run as follows:

Read Down: Mon Wed Fri	Tues Thur Sat	Dly ex Sun	Dly ex Sun		Read Up: Dly ex Sun	Dly ex Sun	Mon Wed Fri	Tues Thur Sat	Mon Wed Fri
P.M	P.M	P.M	A.M	STATIONS	A.M	P.M	P.M	A.M	A.M
2 45		2 00	7 15	lv Ch'town ar		5 15	12 20	11 30	10 10
4 07		2 54	8 25	Hunter R		4 07	11 12	10 35	8 57
4 50		3 23	9 07	Emerald		3 23	10 29	10 07	8 10
		3 47	9 55	Kensington		2 49	9 55	9 43	
		4 10	10 25	sr Sumr'side lv		2 20	9 20	9 20	
	1 00	4 25		lv Sumr'side ar	9 00	P.M	A.M	A.M	
	2 29	5 23		Port Hill	8 01				
	3 42	6 12		O'Leary	7 12				
	5 35	7 25		ar Tignish lv	6 00				

		P.M				A.M	
	4 55	3 25		lv Emerald Jun ar		8 05	
	5 45	4 15		ar C. Traverse lv		7 15	

P.M	P.M	P.M	P.M			A.M	P.M
3 00		3 00	3 00	lv Ch'town ar		11 05	10 20
4 25		4 25	4 05	lv Mt Stewart ar		9 40	9 15
6 05	3 00	5 36	5 08	Cardigan		8 24	8 10
6 50	4 05	6 05	5 35	Montague		7 55	7 49
	4 50	6 50	6 15	ar Geo'town lv		7 10	7 10

P.M	P.M					A.M	A.M
4 25	4 05			lv Mt Stewart ar		9 35	9 10
5 31	4 54			S Peter's		8 32	8 20
6 50	6 00			Souris		7 15	7 15
8 05	7 10			ar Elmira lv		6 00	6.00
						Daily except Sat & Sun	Sat only
Sat Only	Daily except Sun & Sat						

P.M	P.M		A.M	A.M
3 10	3 10	lv Ch'town ar	10 15	9 45
4 25	4 57	Vernon R	8 36	8 31
5 55	7 00	ar Murray H lv	6 40	7 00

H. McEWEN, Supt. P. E. I. Railway.

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In Rolls and Reams, all sizes and all weights.

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Twines, Twines,

No. 1 and White Cotton, Twines, Sea Island and Hemp Twines.

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Fall and winter weather calls for prompt attention to the

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All Orders Receive Strict Attention.

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Fresh Burned Lime

in large and small quantities suitable for farming and building purposes.

Orders left at Kilns on St. Peter's Road, or at our office, will receive prompt attention.

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June 13 1907.

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July 26, 1911—tf

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Tickets
Dodgers
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Check Books
Note Books of Hand
Receipt Books
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Note Heads

Synopsis of Canadian North-West Land Regulations.

Any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, 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 intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon 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 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

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

Duties—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 earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

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

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

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Barrister, etc.,

Has Removed his Office from the City Hotel Building, Great George Street, to rooms over Grant's Implement Warehouse, Corner of Queen and Sydney Streets.

Collections attended to. Money to loan.

Ch'town, Feb. 22, 1911—6m