

HOPE.

(Written for the Sacred Heart Review)

BY MARY HARDMAN SHERRIDAN.

As glows the beacon light upon the harbor To guide the storm-tossed vessel safely home, So shines the star of Hope for each poor mortal That thro' this dark, tempestuous world does roam. When sorrow comes, and heavy clouds hang o'er us, And when with gloom our weary hearts are filled; When God has taken from us some dear loved one, And lips we often kissed, by death are chilled. 'Tis then, O Lord, we turn to Thee for comfort, Thou'st promised aid to all who call on Thee; Then shine, once more, that star of Hope, so brightly, And with our tear-dimmed eyes, its light we see.

Growth and Folly of Socialism.

We cannot blink the fact that socialism is making rapid growth in this country, where, of all others, there would seem to be the least inspiration for it. In lands where common right is abridged by monarchical institutions there is no such growth. Apostles of socialism will doubtless say that the very reason why their creed has not been accepted there is because the common sense is too ignorant to see its advantages, and that their ignorance is best proved by the patient endurance of their monarchical systems. The liberty we have achieved in our own country, instead of satisfying us, has made us only eager for more. We look with envy, nevertheless, on those who have made fullest use of their liberty to prosper, in a worldly sense, and the rank and file are growing anxious to limit that liberty in other ways, as they believe, they may obtain a large measure of it themselves.

A strange and fallacious doctrine has obtained among us that mechanization rather than agricultural labor is the foundation of existence—at any rate, of all prosperity; hence, mechanization labor has organized itself, to the extent of something like ten per cent, with a view to exacting shorter hours, larger pay, the monopoly of employment, the forcing of employers to accept terms from men in their hire, in short, the protection of the wage earners against the men of capital. Confidence in this success of trade unionism is leading to a more general belief in the efficacy of socialism as an agency in securing to the majority the complete measure of these rights and privileges that were supposed a hundred years ago to have obtained in democracy. And the preservers of socialism are at this day more hopeful and more active than those of any other propaganda whatsoever.

In spite of the concessions we have made towards socialism, the adoption of that system would signify revolution. It would mean that the individual would lapse into inconsequence, and that the multitude, which now rules only in our politics, would take an authoritative position in all matters that affected the social body. It would not only work on the railroads, in the mills and mines and gas houses, on the farms, but it would own them; its representatives would apportion to every man his employment, arrange his hours and wage, grant or withhold his leisure, compel him to attend a certain school, live in a certain house, and prophesies have even told us that marriages would be arranged without reference to the wishes of either party, the governors considering such compacts only from the view point of probable perfection in the offspring.

A programme like this is alluring to those whose personal ambitions are of so slight importance that they can be readily subverted to ostensible welfare of the multitude, for they reckon themselves merely as units in that multitude, and not as men apart who can serve society but by a higher personal development that seems possible under socialism. For socialism abolishes wealth and distributes all funds in a fairly equal proportion among the people, so that the tramp who collects the drainage of her begs would suddenly find himself in possession of enough to keep drunk for two days, and the man who by thrift, foresight, industry and moral living had secured a fortune, would find it reduced to a sum on which he might live for a week. Banks and interest loans would pass into history. The savings of men who now have something to draw upon in case of need, would disappear; the investments of people who now benefit from the earnings of corporations would cease. But the socialist says that these are small and individual instances, and that the whole community would

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. Have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. Ida E. Ward, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

gain because living would be assured to every man; that there would be no more slums, no more starving in garrets, no more sweatshops, as there would be no longer a little fraction of society to devote itself to itself, and uphold amusement as the end and aim of being. After the mines, railways, factories, mills, grain fields, cattle ranges and slaughter houses had become public properties, the amusements of the populace would also be undertaken by that populace, and concerts, plays, exhibitions and games would be given without charge, and of a character to appeal to the majority. In its amusements the majority never desires quality; hence, we would see the last of Shakespeare and hear the last of Wagner and Beethoven.

Socialism does not proceed to the extreme of communism, yet it is significant that the more advanced socialists demand wider powers of government than those who first declared the theory. Communism abolishes personal property altogether. The individual does not own his coat nor his jack knife. The state gives all and takes all. Socialism contents itself, for the present, with confiscation of sources of supply and the supremacy of government in industrial rather than in domestic affairs. It will allow our children to live with us while communism will remove them from home and put them into a communal training school. The individual is suppressed in socialism. In communism he is eliminated.

Socialism to be effective must embrace the whole world. Factories operated under its easy system would be instantly outlashed by factories of other countries where the driver of hope and ambition, and the need of a wage were still operative, hence there would be no foreign commerce to bring wealth into a country that had become isolated in its socialism. The average worker who realized that there was nothing for him but food, clothes, lodging and cheap governmental amusements, would work as little as possible. He would have no incentive to save, nor to progress, since the best workman would receive but little more than the most shrewd. In Australia, where the ownership of public properties has grown so that socialism is but a step removed, there is alarm at the industrial condition which has been brought about, for people are leaving that continent, prices of living have increased, the service of the public properties is poor, personal ambition fails of adequate outlet, and the moral and intellectual tone of society has not been raised.

For socialism defies liberty, the primal instinct of every man whose liberty means something not merely to himself, but to the world. He who serves to compulsion will never serve well. He who consents to become a cog in a machine will

All Run Down

THIS is a common expression we hear on every side. Unless there is some organic trouble, the condition can doubtless be remedied. Your doctor is the best adviser. Do not dose yourself with all kinds of advertised remedies—get his opinion. More than likely you need a concentrated fat food to enrich your blood and tone up the system.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil

is just such a food in its best form. It will build up the weakened and wasted body when all other foods fail to nourish. If you are run down or emaciated, give it a trial: it cannot hurt you. It is essentially the best possible nourishment for delicate children and pale, anaemic girls. We will send you a sample free.



never be the engine that drives it. He who works for humanity fulfills a lofty destiny; but he who demands that all humanity shall work for him is comparatively useless. Certain concessions as to municipal ownership can be and have been made to socialism, although they are often failures. We would not go back to individual streets, nor individual water supply, nor individual police protection, nor individual schools if we could; but we regard differently the plan to enter our shops and offices and regulate our business and our conduct. If socialism becomes a factor in our national politics, as is threatened, the menace implied in it may result in reforms that can be effected only through the fear of the too rich; but the complete acceptance of the socialist platform is not for our day. And it will be the twilight of the race if it ever is accepted.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Religious Maxims.

(Sacred Heart Review.)

SUNDAY.

Do not be discouraged in your work for God, should you find but few to follow you to the heights to which you long to lead them. Will it not be better for you to have inspired one soul to uplift itself nearer to God, than to have gained the praise of the multitude? —From Spiritual Letters

Mother-Maid! hallowed throne upon thy knee, Evermore the Almighty Child and Lord we see, While with awe thou gazeest on His wondrous face, Blest among all women, Mary, full of grace!

MONDAY.

What you have done is magnificent, but it fills me with awe. I feel as if you had written with your heart's blood. Dear, dear friend, no one is successful in all directions. When God has given you so much manifest power, why do you worry if you do not accomplish all you could desire? God means to leave us with limitations. Sung by million millions since the distant day That she walked among us her sweet stainless way, How should we, unworthy, to her praise draw near; How uplift the chorus, meet for heaven to hear?

TUESDAY.

Ab, dear friend, the more I think, the more do I see that prayer, prayers are needed. Fretting over personal slight is not worthy of you. You are usually glad to gather up all such mortifications to offer them to God. Of thy perfect childhood, of thy youth-like hair, Scarce a whisper lingers what thou wast, and where. Flower amid the flowers, Faith holds thee so, Myrtle Rose of Sharon, Lily pure as snow.

WEDNESDAY.

Graces, capable of bearing great fruit, are ready to drop down upon us, like the seeds fluting down about us in thousands in the bright spring days; but we ourselves must send the breeze of prayer to loosen them. O'er her holy bosom she her faithful hands Folds, in silence waiting highest heaven's commands, Till the sun-bright angel spoke his awful word. Then—"Thy will is my will, handmaid of the Lord."

THURSDAY.

You are so near to our dear Lord—so near in every way—why do you not take the whole matter to Him? He can tell you what to do as no one else can. We all of us need so many graces, and our Lord knows all that your loving heart has suffered. For all of us it should be "God alone." Be as quiet as you can. Angels and seraphs now are round the Maid, Where the world's Creator on her breast is laid; Where she worships O'er Him, God and Man in one, Son of highest heaven, Mary's royal Son.

FRIDAY.

I have heard that one may judge of people by the letters that they receive. They themselves are the inspiration—if that is not too strong a word. Does not this apply to teachers, authors, lecturers, preachers? There are numbers of persons whose opinion you will never know, till you meet them in heaven, and they tell you how you helped them to get there. Now through rest translated to the realm assigned, Crowned with grace we greet thee, crown of human kind; Yet, through all the ages, throned upon thy knee, Mother-Maid! the Almighty Child and God we see, F. T. Palgrave.

SATURDAY.

I have just been reading this: Let us beg of Our Lady to obtain of God for us that inestimable gift, a perfect oneness of our will with His will, till at last our every movement shall proceed like hers from the

Holy Ghost, and our hearts shall become, in their love and purity and meekness, humble copies of her spotless heart." A little old prayer-book of mine quotes in this connection our Lord's own words: "He that doth the will of My Father in heaven is My brother, and sister, and mother." —From Spiritual Letters.

Let us so do Thy will from day to day, (To Thee, O Jesu, Mary's Son I pray.) That in our little lives Thou mayest trace Some faint, sweet semblance of Thy mother's face! —S. L. E.

"As a Man Lives So Shall He Die."

I was once travelling with the late venerable Archdeacon Halpin, of Rathkeale, and the conversation turned on a death under saddest circumstances, of which he had just read an account in the papers. He thereupon gave me a relation of what happened to himself in the year of the famine.

At that time "the sickness" was sweeping away thousands. Every city erected a fever hospital, and all through the country large buildings, mills and factories, were turned into auxiliary workhouses. The Archdeacon was attached to one of these fever hospitals on the outskirts of the city of Limerick. Priests were incessant there; day and night he had to stand there by the bedside of the dying.

One stricken with the fever was an "unfortunate" of the streets. She was taken to the hospital on Sunday morning and word was brought to the Archdeacon, as he was finishing the parish Mass, that she was dying. A poor "unfortunate" dying—dying in her sins! Perhaps all the "calls" that come to a priest, none appeals to his heart with such pity as the case of such a one. He went to her without delay. She was "very bad," she might live a day or so, but could scarcely hold out much longer. She told him she did not want him, she was not very ill, she knew she was not going to die yet, and when she felt herself getting worse she would not fail to send for him.

At that moment a corpse was carried out before their eyes. He thought that the sight might impress her much better than he could; but she seemed to be no way moved. He asked her if she wanted to die in her sins? No, she did not; and, please God, when she came to confess she would make up her mind to confess her sins and be reconciled to her Creator. At present she could not. He put on the stole and told her now that God's mercy was open to her. No, she did not want it just now. He quoted the Scripture in its terrible warnings and denunciations; but it was all to no purpose—he was obliged to leave.

Just as evening fell he went to the door of the hospital and knocked. The slightest knock always met with an immediate response. This time there was no answer. He knocked again and louder—no answer. He waited and listened, and his mind began to picture the poor unfortunate woman on her bed, approaching her judgment—and with such dispositions! He breathed a prayer and waited, looking up at the stars that began to appear in the heavens. Brighter than these man's soul and woman's was made to be. And here was a redeemed soul, blurred and soiled!

He turned round and knocked again. He listened, thought he heard a footstep, but it was only a breath of wind or the noise of a vehicle at a distance. Again he turned to the huge knocker, and long and loud he thundered—it seemed to him as if the whole city might have heard it. No answer came. Accordingly he went home, and was just retiring to rest for some hours—or as long as he might be permitted—when he heard a hurried step approaching the door, and a knocking quick and sharp followed. He hastened down stairs. The girl was dying and desired to see him. He flew to the hospital. He knew where the bed was. He had his stole and oil-socks ready. He was thanking God in his heart for His long and patient mercies. He came to the bedside all out of breath. He looked on the girl's face, and stood aghast. She was dead! May the Lord give us all a happy death and a favorable judgment! —The Archdeacon said.—K. K.

Rev. Charles R. Chase, formerly an Anglican clergyman and now a missionary priest attached to the diocese of Westminster, Eng., has addressed the following letter to the "O'ristian," a Protestant journal: "Sir,—In your paper of September 1, 1904, I read: 'A contemporary has just stated, . . . that more than half of the congregation of St. Michael's, Shore-ditch, who succeeded to the Church of Rome, have now lapsed and gone back.' I do not know what contemporary journal you quote from, but as one who had a good deal to do with the reception into the Catholic Church of a number of persons from St. Michael's, Shore-ditch, the names of each of whom I have now before me, I can assure you that I have not heard of any one of them having returned to the Church of England."

The King of Terrors Is Consumption.

And Consumption is caused by neglecting to cure the dangerous Coughs and Colds.

The balsamic odor of the newly cut pine heals and invigorates the lungs, and even consumptives improve and revive amid the perfume of the pines. This fact has long been known to physicians, but the essential healing principle of the pine has never before been separated and refined as it is in

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. It combines the life-giving lung-healing virtue of the Norway Pine with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing Herbs and Balsams. It cures Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, and all affections of the bronchial tubes and air passages. Mrs. M. B. Lisle, Eagle Head, N.S., writes:—I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and think it is the finest remedy the best we have ever used. A number of people here have great faith in it as it cures every time. Price 25 cents per bottle.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Amateur Lecturer?—My misguided friend, do you not know that success is only achieved by hard labor?

Roving Ike.—I done six months of it at a stretch, an' come out no richer'n when I went in.

Hoarseness.

Helen Decker, Jordan Ferry, N. S., writes: "A few months ago I had a severe cold in my throat and chest and became quite hoarse—A bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup soon relieved the Hoarseness and cured the cold."

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said the individual who had just moved into the little town as he entered the grocery, "but is there a chicken-raiser here?" "Why don't you take an axe?" asked the village Tailor. "A razor will lose its edge if you use it on a chicken."

Minard's Liniment relieves neuralgia.

Fond Parent (to young hopeful).—Unless you keep your face and hands clean, your teeth brushed, and look neat, the children of nice people won't have anything to do with you—they won't play with you. Young Hopeful.—I bet if I had a goat and a wagon they would.

Oastor Oil or other Cathartic is not needed after giving Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. This remedy contains its own purgative and not only destroys but carries off the worms. Price 25c.

Young Mother.—Now Harold whom do you love most, papa or me? Little Harold.—Papa. Young Mother.—But yesterday you said you loved me most. Little Harold.—Yes, but I've thought it over since and decided that we men must stick together.

Grippe Headache.

Mrs. C. Appleton, Whitewood, N. W. T., writes: "Milburn's Stirling Headache Powders have given me great relief from the terrible pains of La Grippe in my head and through my back." Price 15c. and 25c., all dealers.

"My good woman, do I understand your husband is active in church work?" asked the clerical looking man. "Yes, sir," replied the woman picking up her basket; "he's doin' some repairin' on the steeple now, sir."

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

The old saying that it rains on the just and the unjust alike is not true. The latter always have umbrellas.

Treated by Three Doctors for a Severe Attack of Dyspepsia,

Got No Relief From Medicines, But Found It At Last In Burdock Blood Bitters.

Mrs. Frank Hutt, Morrisburg, Ont., was one of those troubled with this most common of stomach troubles. She writes:—"After being treated by three doctors, and using many advertised medicines, for a severe attack of Dyspepsia, and receiving no benefit, I gave up all hope of ever being cured. Hearing Burdock Blood Bitters so highly spoken of, I decided to get a bottle, and give it a trial. Before I had taken it I began to feel better, and by the time I had taken the second one I was completely cured. I cannot recommend Burdock Blood Bitters too highly, and would advise all sufferers from dyspepsia to give it a trial."



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