

The One Who Served.

HOW LOVE AND DEVOTION DID THEIR VERY BEST TO KNOWLEDGE SELFISHNESS.

(Concluded).

That was four months ago, and only one of the illustrations was finished. In vain Mr. Frampton had written, stating that his firm would not allow him to make a second extension of the time mentioned in the agreement. For weeks Mary had toiled neither pen nor brush.

Now the blow dreaded by Martha had fallen. What could she say to Dr. O'Connor? She could not in self-respect look for the same consideration from a stranger as had been shown her by an old friend. Yet to tell him that she could not pay his bill seemed tantamount to asking for snob.

'Crying, Miss Dalia? What is the matter?' 'Martha started. She had not heard Dr. O'Connor enter. 'N—nothing,' she stammered, hurriedly brushing her eyes with her hand.

'What a charming picture!' he exclaimed. 'It was Mary's picture of the Magdalen, still pinned to the drawing-board on which she had painted it. And it was Mary herself to the life, draped in a flowing white robe, with her beautiful hair streaming loose over her shoulders.

'A work of genius!' cried the enthusiastic Irishman. 'But how could she paint it and sit for it at the same time?' 'An oil-painting of our dead mother helped her,' was the reply. 'But her chief model was her own reflection in the glass.'

'She could make money by her painting. Why doesn't she try?' Martha hesitated. But his frank blue eyes invited confidence, and she needed some one to confide in. She told him the story of Mr. Frampton's offer.

'And you would have let this go—that?' he asked indignantly, meaning by 'that' the sum offered for the whole set of illustrations. 'You must sell it to some one who knows its real value.'

And before she could reply he had written a cheque for double the amount just mentioned by her. 'This is too much,' she gasped. 'Not half enough, you mean.' He raved about the picture as if it had been the Sistine Madonna. Martha stopped him by asking for his account.

'There is no hurry,' he objected. 'Yes, there is. Debt always worries me.'

'Very well. As you insist, you shall have it by tonight's post.' His bill startled her. Her first thought was that he had forgotten most of the items. 'I have heard,' she said to herself, 'that some Irish men are very unbusinesslike.'

'These illustrations finished on her. She remembered the softened look and strangely tender tone with which he had lately spoken to her of his sister. They explained all—the anxiety to have Mary's portrait, the extravagant price he had paid for it, and this absurdly small account.

Her duty was clear; she knew that Mary disliked him intensely. It would be cruel to let him indulge false hopes. She must tell him the truth, and that at once. It was a difficult task. She accomplished it by preparing her speech beforehand, and delivering it with downcast eyes.

On looking up, she could have sworn through the floor for mortification. His smile of amusement convinced her of unwomanly rashness. All her misadventure flew to her face in a shame-crimson blush.

'You have placed me in a most awkward position, Miss Dalia.' 'I know—I know,' she stammered with increased confusion. 'I mis- miscalculated.'

'It's awkwardness lies in this,' he went on. 'I had meant not to speak till Miss Mary was quite well. But now—'

'Then you do—do I—love Mary?' 'Martha, I love you,' he said, taking her hands masterfully in his. 'And what is more, I am going to marry you.'

'Martha was bewildered, not so much by his declaration of his own feelings as by his confident taking for granted of hers. Did she love him? She had never felt occasion to ask herself such a question. To the indefinite gaze of her eyes, as her relationship had been that of sister-in-law.

The question was wholly unfamiliar. Why, notwithstanding her fears of his bill, had she been disappointed when the doctor failed to call? Why had the sound of his foot on the stair put her whole being in a flutter? Why had her heart felt frozen to stone at the thought that he loved her sister?

His drawing her to himself as one who claims a lawful right, as well as these questions by putting her heart to the test. Her ecstatic though blushing yielding acknowledged that she was his, body and soul. If her mind suggested obstacles, they ceased her no misgivings; her will was no longer free to dissent. But, far from regretting

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 headache, 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. Max. Hous. Toronto, West. Lacombe, N.S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures catarrh—It softens and strengthens the mucous membrane and builds up the whole system.

her lost liberty she felt thankful that she had been coerced into surrendering it, glad to be in the irrevocable possession of the man she loved. His strong arm symbolized for the hand of God leading her to what his kiss had told her was her destiny.

'Martha!' called out Mary from above in her most peevish tone. 'Crying, Miss Dalia? What is the matter?' 'Martha started. She had not heard Dr. O'Connor enter. 'N—nothing,' she stammered, hurriedly brushing her eyes with her hand.

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ALCOHOL is almost the worst thing for consumptives. Many of the "just-as-good" preparations contain as much as 20% of alcohol. Scott's Emulsion not a drop. Insist on having Scott's Emulsion FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS

WAS TROUBLED WITH HEART DISEASE AND NERVOUSNESS

SEVERAL DOCTORS COULD DO HER NO GOOD. THREE BOXES OF MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS COMPLETELY CURED HER.

Miss Mary Lebeau, Edison, Sask., writes:—'I was troubled with heart disease and nervousness for over two years, and was so bad at times I had to sit up at night being unable to breathe, and every little noise would make me shake and shiver. I tried several doctors, but they were unable to do me any good. A neighbor then advised me to try a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. As soon as I began to take them I began to feel much better, and by the time I had used the third box I was completely cured. I would advise anybody suffering from heart disease and nervousness to try these pills. They will save quite a bill in doctor's fees.'

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills cure all heart and nerve troubles by their restorative influence on every organ and tissue of the body. Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for \$1.25 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

HIS CHOICE.

He was engaged in the—for him—unusual occupation of bard thinking. But yesterday the last of his three boyhood chums had married, and the aching void of their defection, he told himself, could never be filled but by the forming of a permanent comradeship with one of the opposite sex. For of course at 24 a fellow cannot be expected to form again that thicker-than-water friendship that goes with the hot blood of youth. Obviously then it was a fitting time to cast about him for the young woman destined to make him happy.

These were two he felt (and that without any undue egotism) might feel themselves sufficiently interested in him to listen to his serious-story. Of course up to this point there was nothing of love in their friendship. So the choice was between Lucy Romine, the non-Catholic, and Margaret Lacy, the Catholic. He placed them before him mentally.

Miss Lacy was decidedly the prettier of the two, well educated and possessed of a charming disposition. Miss Romine was further along in the social scale, and made up for any lack of facial attractions by her pleasing manner and bright, up-to-date fascinations. Exteriorly, a flip of the coin might decide the one to be chosen because of her attractions. Best of all he seemed to stand well with both.

Either one was ready to accept any of the ordinary courtesies at his hands, and neither had ever expressed a preference for another fellow within his knowledge. So which should it be? How was he to determine the one he hoped to ask to be his wife? The casual observer might suggest the Catholicity of the one as being sufficient to turn the scales in her favor, but Frank was looking this thing over from the material standpoint. He wanted a good wife, and would debate the religious aspect of his leisure—when nothing more important was up. And so the perplexed Mr. Murray laid things drift and the matter slid through his mind as he went to his accustomed way.

On Sunday evening about two weeks later he drifted into the club rooms; the same old gang was industriously amusing itself, but in the crowd he failed to see one he could pick out in the happier way he met his three recalcitrant chums. He ran away in disgust, and wandering aimlessly about the city suddenly awoke to the fact that he was strolling down the street where Miss Lacy dwelt. He had scarcely seen her since that night she had come so seriously into his thoughts and spurred by a happy impulse he sought her house.

His ring was answered by Mrs. Lacy, who, standing in the hallway with Miss Margaret and a younger sister, had evidently finished preparations for going out.

'Oh, good evening, Mr. Murray,' she greeted heartily, as her daughter helped with her finishing touches, 'you're just in time to take Mr. Lacy's place.' She either could not or would not take cognizance of Margaret's frowning signals, but went on with an invitation to Frank to accompany them to church.

To church! Great Scott, was it for this he had run away from the club? Miss Lacy, with a roguish smile, saw the drooping crest, and sought to save him.

'Perhaps Mr. Murray has another engagement, mother,' she frowned—but the parent was obdurate.

'And what engagement wouldn't a man break to go to Vespers?' she protested. 'Mr. Lacy,' she explained in a voice raised evidently for the benefit of someone else, 'promised to take us, but at the last minute he decided that his rheumatism was too bad. Now he's in there reading, and it ain't his prayerbook either.'

If the beneficiary of this board he was too wily to venture a reply. Frank was having a hard time holding himself down long enough to frame a sensible sounding excuse, but hang it all! there stood one of the girls of his dreams laughing in her sleeve at his predicament. A ticklish situation—believe him!

'Don't insist now, mother,' soothed Margaret, 'I am sure be—'

'Oh, that's all right,' broke in the victim of circumstances with a rather hark-from-the-tomb voice, 'why sure I'll be delighted to go with you!' Then in a voice ringing genuine—'I'm very sorry, Mr. Lacy—but that worthy's wife broke in scornfully:—'

'Don't worry about him—like most of the men he's always ready with an excuse to get out of going to church! Then through a crack in the door he heard shrilly: 'Where was your rheumatism the night you went to see the gassin' match?' and slammed it shut in time to tender his indignant rejoinder unthinkingly. The little comedy put Frank in good humor and he joined his laughter with Margaret's as they set out together.

(Concluded in our next).

MINARD'S LINIMENT

REV. WM. BROWN

I was cured of a bad case of earache by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. S. KAULBAK

I was cured of sensitive lungs by MINARD'S LINIMENT. MRS. S. MASTERS.

The mistress of the house had been to a concert, and when she returned she was met by the servant with: 'Baby was very ill while you were out, mum.'

'Oh, dear!' said the alarmed parent. 'Is he better?' 'Oh, yes, mum, he's all right now, but he was bad at first. I found his medicine in the cupboard.'

'Good gracious! What have you given the child? There's no medicine in the cupboard.'

'Oh, yes, there is; it's written on it.' And then the girl triumphantly produced a bottle labelled 'Kid Restorer.'

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.'

'What drove the lady exchange editor crazy?' 'Reading of bargains in cities a thousand miles away.'

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

In one of the public schools the other day, the teacher presented a problem for the scholars, which would require the use of fractions. She expected the answer, 'I don't know.'

The problem was: 'If I had eight potatoes how could I divide them among nine boys?' One bright looking youngster raised his hand.

'Well,' said the teacher. 'Mash them,' promptly replied the young mathematician.

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.'

Bill—'What is silence?' Hall—'The college yell of the school of experience.'

BRONCHITIS

Was So Choked Up She Could Hardly Breathe.

Bronchitis is an acute inflammation of the mucous membrane lining the air tubes of the lungs, and should never be neglected, for if it is very often the disease becomes chronic, and then it is only a short step to consumption.

On the first sign of bronchitis Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup should be taken, and thus prevent it becoming chronic.

Mr. John D. MacDonald, College Grant, N.S., writes:—'My little girl, seven years old, caught a bad cold which developed into bronchitis. She was so choked up she could hardly breathe. Reading about your wonderful medicine, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, I decided to try a bottle, and with such good results that I got another which completely cured her. I cannot say too much in its praise, and would not be without it in the house.'

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

Prince Edward Island Railway

Commencing Monday, Oct. 2nd, 1911, trains will run daily, Sunday excepted, as follows:

Table with columns: Trains Outward Read Down, P.M., A.M., Trains Inward Read Up, A.M., P.M., P.M.

Table with columns: Daily ex. Saturday and Sunday, P.M., A.M., Saturday, P.M., A.M., Sunday, P.M., A.M.

Trains are run by Atlantic Standard Time. G. A. SHARP, Supt. P. E. I. Railway

For New Buildings Hardware



Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability. Also a full line of pumps and piping. Stanley, Shaw & Peardon. June 12, 1907.

Fall and Winter Weather

Fall and Winter weather calls for prompt attention to the Repairing, Cleaning and Making of Clothing. We beg to remind our numerous patrons that we have REMOVED from 23 Prince Street to our new stand 122 DORCHESTER STREET, Next door to Dr. Conroy's Office, where we shall be pleased to see all our friends.

All Orders Receive Strict Attention. Our work is reliable, and our prices please our customers. H. McMILLAN

HARDWARE!

Largest Assortment, Lowest Prices. WHOLESALE and RETAIL

Fennel and Chandler

STEWART & CAMPBELL, Barristers, Solicitors, et. Offices in Des Rues Block, Corner Queen and Grafton Streets, Charlottetown, P. E. Island. MONEY TO LOAN.

MORSON & DUFFY, Barristers & Attorneys. Brown's Block, Charlottetown, P. E. I. MONEY TO LOAN.

W. S. STEWART, E. C. CAMPBELL, July 3, 1911—ly.

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THE UNDERSIGNED DEALERS IN Hard and Soft Coal HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND

At their Old Stand, Peake's No. 2 Wharf. A large supply of Coal suitable for all purposes. Orders verbal, by mail or by telephone promptly attended to. Our telephone No. is 312, and we should be pleased to have orders.

Peake Bros. & Co. Ch'town, July 19, 1911—3m

A BIG TEN DAYS' SHOE SALE!

Here is a chance you will never get again 150 Pairs of Men's American Lace Boots

Goodyear Welted, Veltour Calf, made on two different lasts, medium heavy oak sole — "a beauty" comfort. Compare them with any Five Dollar Boot in the city.

Ten Days Only—\$3.50 a Pair. We have also RUSSIAN CALF and PATENT at the same price. All new stock. They've got the lead, they've got the style. They've got all others beat a mile.

Hockey Boots! Hockey Boots! We lead for Low Prices on Hockey Boots. A good Boy's Hockey Boot at \$1.65. Men's \$3.00 a pair. Others at \$1.75, \$1.85 and \$2.25 a pair.

A. E. McEACHEN

THE SHOEMAN 82 Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.