

Suppose.

Suppose you keep a diary of the hurtful things you say... And the heedless deeds you're doing in the turmoil of the day...

Thanksgiving.

I thank Thee, Lord, for mine unanswered prayers, Unanswered save Thy quiet, kindly "Nay." Yet it seems hard among my heavy cares...

Another's Birthday.

Lord Jesus, Thou hast known A mother's love and tender care; And Thou wilt hear While for my own Mother most dear I make this birthday prayer...

To the Order of Eleanor

(Concluded.) Six weeks later he was called suddenly out to Denver concerning a legacy of a few thousands left to Mrs. Hallimore. He had arranged everything for her safety and comfort before he went, and it was a shock to him when he was boarding the train for home to receive a telegram that she was very ill. He had never allowed

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is hereditary as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes hunches 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.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands. his mind to dwell on her trying peculiarities, and now he only recalled her utter reliance on himself. He hoped that she might be spared until he could hold her once more in his arms and stroke her soft, pretty white hair.

When he unlatched the gate of his home in the dusk of the third day he breathed more freely, for no sign of trouble was visible. The house wore a cheerful appearance. Shades were lifted that were usually drawn down closely, and the light from the low lamp in the library shone out upon the twilight. He let himself in quietly and felt a changed atmosphere. A white-covered stand bearing a bronze jar filled with early golden glow stood in the angle of the stairs. He sprang lightly up the staircase and turned to go into his mother's room. Some one came out from her door—some one all in white, who seemed to be the center of all the light and peace and sweetness of the house. He gave one swift comprehending look. His face glowed as it did when he first saw her. "It is you, you!" he said holding out both hands. The nurse drew back in confusion.

"Oh!" she cried softly. "I did not think when they sent for me—" She did not finish her sentence, but covered her face with her hands. John realized the folly of his greeting. "Pardon me," he said humbly. "How is my mother?" Eleanor Odell pointed to the half-open door. "She is better. She will recover. She has just asked for you."

John entered his mother's room and kissed the hand which lay outside the counterpane. Just then the doctor stopped in on his way home to supper. "We are fortunate in securing Miss Odell," he said cheerily. "She was at French's for a little furlough. They think the world of her. I went there to get her address and found herself instead. I hope you'll like her."

John thought he would. This strangely prevent arrangement and the legacy had set his scruples at rest. He did not take account of her selfishness. But if John Hallimore had imagined that he would see Miss Odell frequently, now that she was under his roof, he was grievously mistaken. It was only rarely that he had even a glimpse of her. She ignored him at every turn and eluded his most ingenious snares. He often saw a vanishing fold of her white gown, heard her dear voice, observed on every hand the tokens of her fine sense of beauty and order, but like Arnold Scholar Gypsy, she was ever just out of reach. Once he confiscated her thimble and carried it in his pocket until one evening when he had made every audible and ostentatious preparation for attending a lecture, leaving the house noisily, and then returned silently as a burglar through the cellar laundry.

Eleanor ventured down into the library for a book. She started back when she saw him, but he called her with such a thrill of mastery in the tone that she stood still with downcast eyes. "Here is your thimble," he said

gently. "I've had it in my pocket for a week. She took the thimble and flashed a look of defiance in his face, but her eyes softened into tears beneath the unspeakable sadness and tenderness in his own. Then she turned to flee from him, but he caught her wrists with his powerful hands. "Tell me," he said, in a low tone, "why do you avoid me?" She struggled to free herself, but in vain. "Mr. Hallimore," she said, pleadingly, the lovely mouth quivering, "you know you have no right to speak, nor I to listen. Your mother wants you all to herself. She has often told me so. My work is done here, and I shall leave on Monday."

The ringing of the door-bell released her from John's mighty grasp, and she escaped to her room. She dreaded to go away. She loved the old-time house, with its air of long-accustomed comfort and solidity; she loved the irritable invalid, who had grown less and less peevish under her smoothing care, and she had loved this ardent masterful, noble John Hallimore ever since the moment she had first met him at the bank. But she was strong and brave and conscientious, and she would never take what would not be rightfully hers. The next day was Sunday, and she succeeded in avoiding all day an interview with the man of the house. In the twilight, when he came as usual to sit with his mother, she went over to see Mrs. French. John perceived that his mother had grown more appreciative and affectionate during her illness. Tonight as he sat by her couch he was almost startled by the kindness in her tone. "John!" "Well, mother?" "I can't live without Eleanor." "Neither can I, mother?" "Why, John?" The great fellow was sobbing on his mother's pillow. Her hand patted his cheek. "Don't you think, John," she said, her face transfigured by an absolutely new emotion in her small nature. "Don't you think that between us we can manage to keep her?" A little later the French boys brought Eleanor home. John met her at the door and let her up to his mother's room. "Eleanor," she said lovingly, "we hope you will never go away. Stay, dear girl, for my sake and for John's sake." The next morning Eleanor went up to Mrs. Hallimore from the breakfast room with John's kiss on her lips and her six weeks' pay in her hand. "You know your time is up today," he had said laughingly. "Here is your money in bright gold, and I have added a check in memory of the first check you know. Please endorse it properly, and I hope to spend my entire years in cashing it." The check was on the First National Bank paper, but it read "Pay to Eleanor the beloved, my heart, my life, my all, John Hallimore." — Elizabeth Cheney, in the Christian Advocate.

Society of St. Jerome

In connection with the letter which His Holiness Pope Benedict XV sent to Cardinal Casazza, President of the Society of St. Jerome for the spreading of the Holy Gospels, and in which he highly praised its work, it is interesting to note that he was its first president. The Pious Society of St. Jerome for the spreading of the Holy Gospels was founded in Rome in 1902, and its first President was Mgr. Della Chiesa, then Sostituto at the Secretariate of State. The first Protector was Cardinal Casazza, after his death Cardinal Casazza. The meetings used to be held monthly in the Vatican in Mgr. Della Chiesa's apartments. In November 1903, the Holy Father, Pius X, received the Society in audience, praised and blessed their work, saying, among other things, that the argument that country people could not understand the holy book was not true. He had lived his life among them and knew them. They, just as well as others reputed more intelligent, could draw all spiritual profit from frequent reading of the Gospels. "The book which serves for all and for everything," and for that reason the work of the Society in spreading it far and wide among the people was a good and holy work. The Society languished after its first president was nominated Archbishop

of Bologna and left Rome, but when Archbishop Della Chiesa came to Rome in May last to receive the Cardinalial Hat, he called the members together and urged them to continue the work. The letter which he sent them put new energy into the members.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CO. LIMITED. GENELEMEN—Last Winter I received great benefit from the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT in a severe attack of Lagrippe and I have frequently proved it to be very effective in case of Inflammation.

Yours, W. A. HUTCHINSON. "Will Italy and Roumania join the Allies?" is the question of the hour. 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."

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES NEURALGIA. Egerton—"It's easy to make friends but hard to keep them. Easywork—"Oh, I don't know. I've got a number of friends who seem perfectly willing to let me keep them."

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 a box 50c."

Suburban Resident—"It's simply fine to wake up in the morning and hear the leaves whispering outside your window. City Man—"It's all right to hear the leaves whisper, but I never could stand hearing the grass mown!"

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DANDRUFF. "Yes, I can secure you a divorce. And without publicity too." "You don't understand. I am an actress."

"Pardon me, I understand. All the publicity you want."

NERVES WERE BAD Hands Would Tremble So She Could Not Hold Paper to Read. When the nerves become shaky the whole system seems to become unstrung and a general feeling of collapse occurs, as the heart works in sympathy with the nerves.

Mrs. Win. Weaver, Shallow Lake, Ont., writes—"I doctored for a year, for my heart and nerves, with three different doctors, but they did not seem to know what was the matter with me. My nerves got so bad at last that I could not hold a paper in my hands to read, the way they trembled. I gave up doctoring thinking I could not get better. A lady living a few doors from me advised me to try a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, so to please her I did, and I am thankful to-day for doing so, for I am strong, and doing my own work without help."

Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills are 50 cents per box, 3 boxes for \$1.25; at all druggists or dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

DON'T GIVE CONSUMPTION A CHANCE

To Get a Foothold on Your System. Check the First Sign of a Cold By Using DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP.

A cold, if neglected, will sooner or later develop into some sort of lung trouble, so we would advise you that on the first sign of a cold or cough you get rid of it immediately. For this purpose we know of nothing better than Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. This preparation has been on the market for the past twenty-five years, and those who have used it have nothing but words of praise for its efficacy.

Mrs. H. N. Gill, Truro, N.S., writes: "Last January, 1913, I developed an awful cold, and it hung on to me for so long I was afraid it would turn into consumption. I would go to bed nights, and could not get any sleep at all for the choking feeling in my throat and lungs, and sometimes I would cough till I would turn black in the face. A friend came to see me, and told me of your remedy, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I got a bottle of it, and after I had taken it I could see a great change for the better, so I got another, and when I had taken the two bottles my cough was all gone, and I have never had an attack of it since, and that is now a year ago."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark; and price, 25c and 50c. It is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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Men's Suits and Overcoats AT A BARGAIN

A recent purchase of a lot of Men's Suits and Overcoats as part of a Bankrupt Stock has enabled me to put these Goods on the market away below regular retail prices.

Men's Suits Style single breast Saque—in assorted Tweeds—Medium Brown—Dark Brown and Grey—sizes 34, 36, 38, 39, 40, 42, 44. Sold regularly at 15 and 16 dollars—our price \$10.00 and \$10.50.

Men's Overcoats In Brown and Grey Tweeds—sizes 37, 38, 39, 40. Regular 15 and 16 dollars—our price \$10.00.

Also Men's Bk Beaver Coats with Persian Lamb Collars, \$15. for \$12.—and a lot of boys' and youths' overcoats and suits at reduced prices.

Men's Underwear 10 dozen Suits Men's all wool Underwear double back and front and unshrinkable, worth \$2.50 per suit. Price now \$1.79.

Men's Waterproof Coats The good kind that will keep you dry in a regular downpour—Regular price \$9.85 and \$10.50, but selling now at \$7.00 and \$7.50.

Men's Duck Coats Sheep lined and cloth lined at special prices.

Men's Oilskin Coats Some good ones just received from England—double to the waist and buttons reinforced with leather \$3.50.

Sweaters We are well stocked in Men's and Ladies' Sweaters. You will save money by buying from—"My Store."

L. J. REDDIN

117 Queen Street.

FLEICHMAN'S Yeast Cakes!

If you have never used FLEICHMAN'S YEAST CAKES it will be to your advantage to do so.

SOLD by all GROCERS IN THE CITY.

The trade supplied by R. F. Maddigan & Co. Agents for P. E. Island.

LET US MAKE Your New Suit

When it comes to the question of buying clothes, there are several things to be considered.

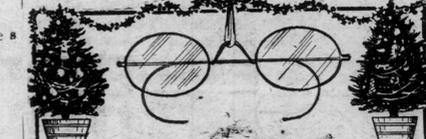
You want good material, you want perfect fitting qualities, and you want your clothes to be made fashionable and stylish, and then you want to get them at a reasonable price.

This store is noted for the excellent quality of the goods carried in stock, and nothing but the very best in trimmings of every kind allowed to go into a suit.

We guarantee to fit you perfectly, and all our clothes have that smooth, stylish, well tailored appearance, which is approved by all good dressers.

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

MacLellan Bros. TAILORS AND FURNISHERS, 153 Queen Street.



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This is the object of every Xmas Gift—to make someone happy. A pair of modern Spectacles or Eyeglasses will make the "Old Folks" happy—enable them to read and see in comfort, make them "see young" again.

What more useful or acceptable gift could you select for mother or father? We are making a specialty of Spectacleware this Xmas and have a scheme whereby they can be suitably presented as a gift.

Make it Glasses for the Old Folks.

You're Welcome To any article in our store by paying the very reasonable amount asked for it. Among the new things are sets of brushes and combs, nail files, etc., in cases. These come in large and small sizes and are sterling or quadruple plate. New designs in

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Boys Watches, \$1.00 up
White Metal Chains, 25c. up
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Nice Reading Glasses
Telescopes, from \$3.00 up to \$20.00
Rimless Eyeglasses

E. W. TAYLOR The Old Stand, 142 Richmond St. Charlottetown.

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